The English table in history and literature / by Charles Cooper.

Contributors

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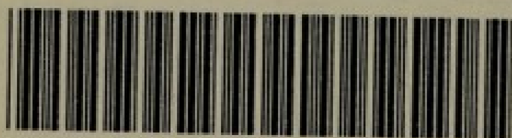

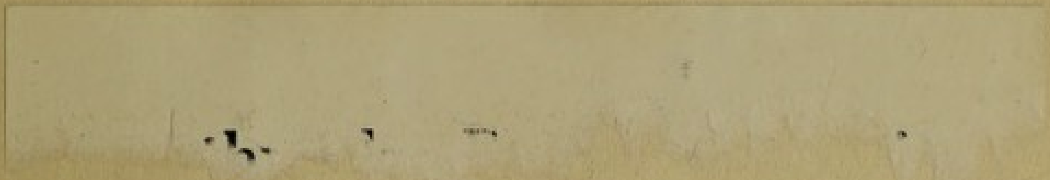

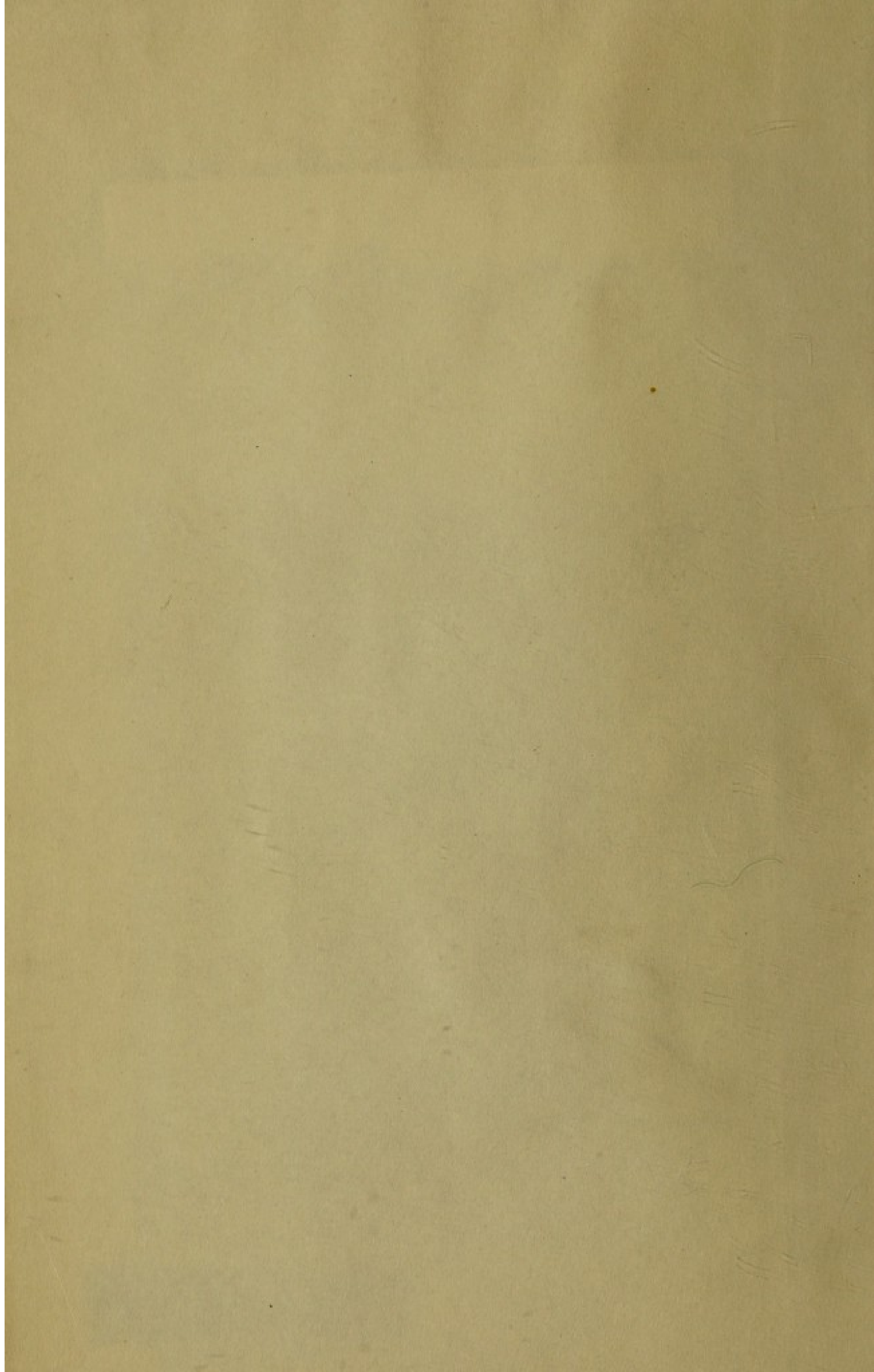

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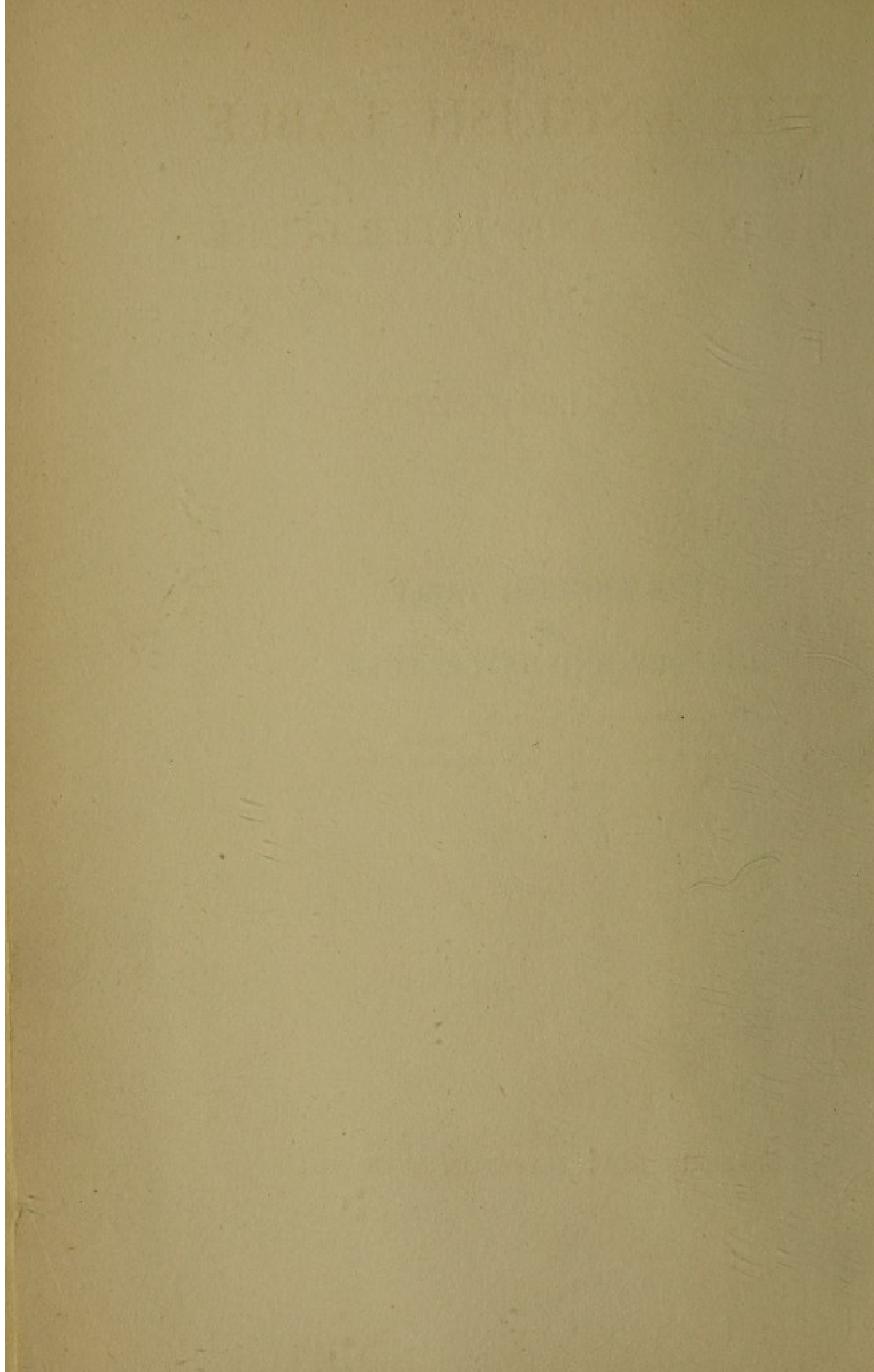
IN
HISTORY AND LITERATURE



THE ENGLISH TABLE
IN
HISTORY AND LITERATURE

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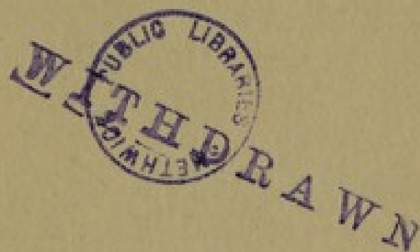
BY

CHARLES COOPER



"True Philosophers, methinks,
Who love all sort of natural beauties,
Should love good victuals and good drinks."

—*Thackeray*

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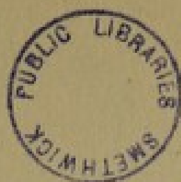
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PREFACE

THIS book does not pretend to be a history, its aim being simply to depict certain aspects of English table habits and customs at successive periods from the fourteenth to the nineteenth century, and to give some account of the works of writers who have contributed to our knowledge of the subject, admitting my obligation to the research among others of Dr. Furnivall, J. Cordy Jeaffreson and William Carew Hazlitt.

Some material used in articles contributed to *The Epicure* and *The Table*, periodicals I edited for many years, has been revised, added to or re-written.

A great deal of additional matter relating to native products, national dishes, food habits and social conventions has been held over, and may, if time and opportunity permit, find place in another volume.

CHARLES COOPER.

65 *Lansdowne Place,*
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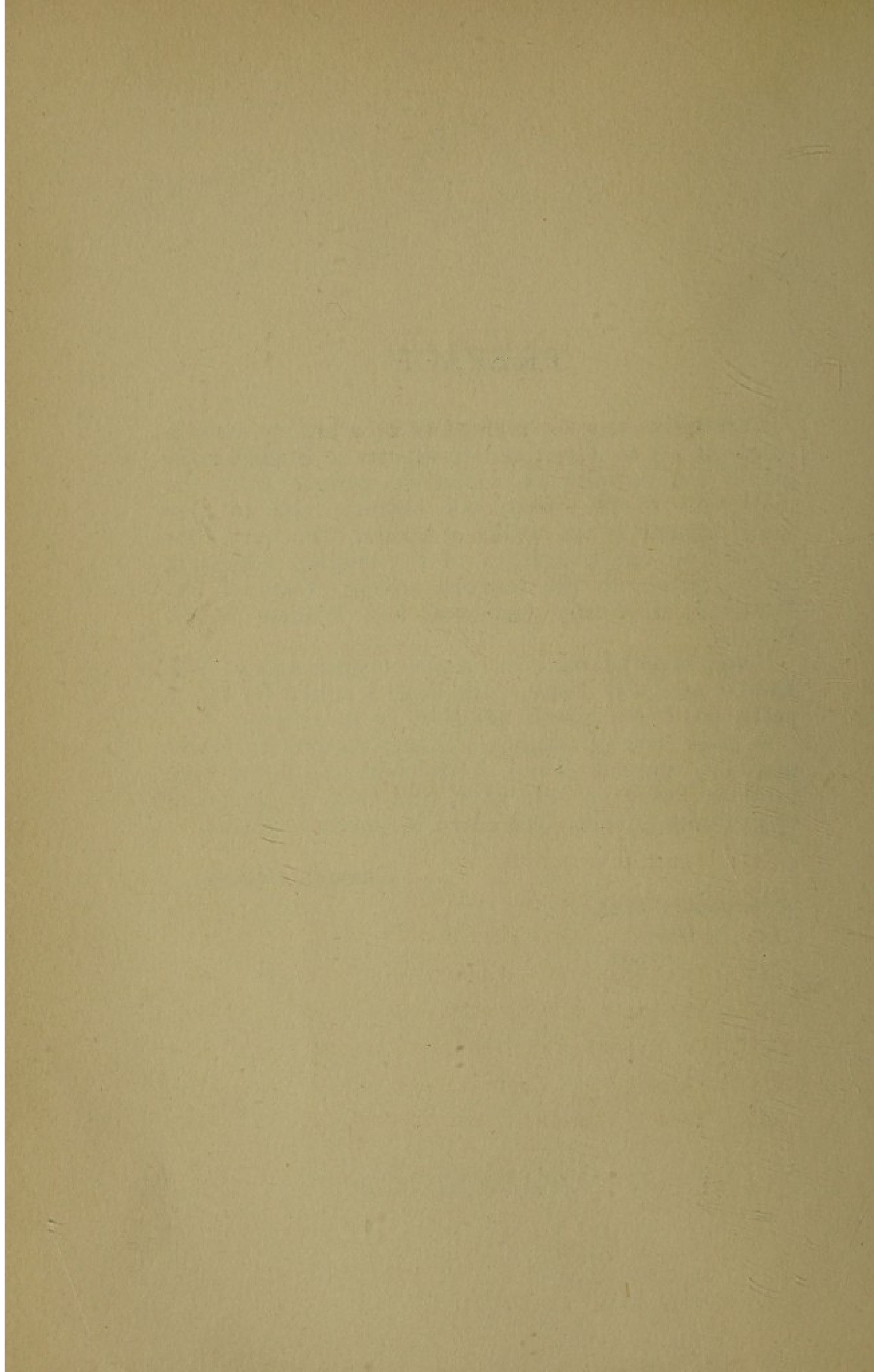

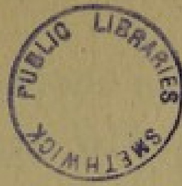
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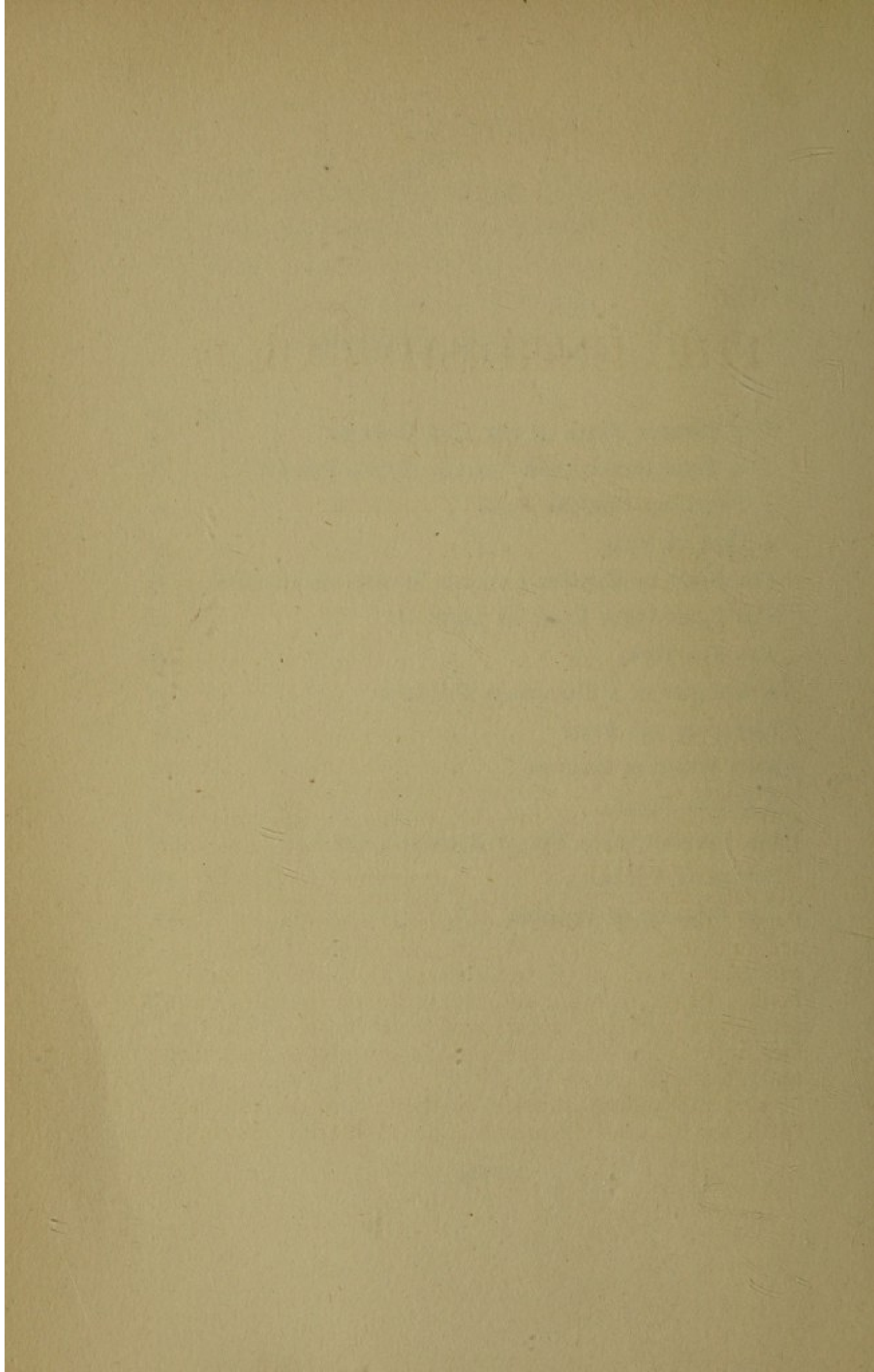

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THE ENGLISH TABLE

CHAPTER I

DINING UNDER THE PLANTAGENETS

THE manuscript entitled *The Forme of Cury* is the oldest standard work on the subject of cookery in our language. The story of the document, now in the British Museum, is extremely interesting. It was compiled about A.D. 1390 by the Master Cooks of King Richard II. In its long history the fact that it was presented to Queen Elizabeth in the twenty-eighth year of her reign (1586), by Lord Stafford, as a curiosity, is perhaps the most remarkable. At a later date it was the property of the Earl of Oxford, and was acquired at the sale of his manuscripts by James West. After West's death it passed into the hands of Gustavus Brander, curator of the British Museum, and here it attracted the attention of Samuel Pegge, the well-known antiquary, who published an account of it in 1780. We are indebted to his preface for many interesting facts about this early cookery book. Pegge prints a full transcript of the roll, with numerous valuable comments, and he also gives a facsimile of one of the recipes, together with an index and glossary.

A memorandum in Latin at the end of the roll sets forth the fact of its presentation to Queen Elizabeth

already noted, and the roll begins with a short preamble indicating the object the compilers had in view in its preparation, followed by a "tabula" or list of contents. Certain of the recipes might be written out in modern English for use in our own kitchens, but the names in Norman French of many of the dishes, and the quaint early spelling, render it difficult in some cases to follow the author's meaning.

Here is a modernised specimen recipe for "Cream of Almonds." Take almonds blanched, grind them and boil them up thick; set them over the fire and boil them, set them down and sprinkle them with sweet wine; cast them abroad upon a cloth and cast upon them sugar. When it is cold spread it on a dish.

Pegge points out that the quantities to be used are seldom specified in these recipes, as this was left to the taste and judgment of the cook, and the dishes are chiefly soups, potages, ragoûts, hashes and the like, entire joints being never served. This would seem to show that the food was intended to be eaten with the spoon or with the fingers; knives and forks were not used until much later; the latter, in fact, not until the reign of James I. One of our earliest printers, Wynkyn de Worde, issued in 1508 a *Book of Kervinge*, so that carving at table was the practice at any rate at the beginning of the sixteenth century. Together with the above work, Pegge prints a treatise on cookery, written in 1381, which deals with much the same subjects, and helps to throw light on many obscure passages. One of the peculiarities of this second manual is that in numerous cases the word "Nym" is used at the beginning instead of "Take"; hence the recipes are spoken of as "nyms."

King Richard II, hailed as the "Royalist vyander of all Christian kings," appears to have been the first of our monarchs to have established any reputation as

a gourmet, and we may imagine that his table was very bountifully supplied.

It is said that Edward IV gave the most elaborate and extravagantly profuse dinners of any early English monarch, and he must certainly have gone far to outvie Edward III, and Richard II. The tastes of these earlier epicures seem to have run more in the direction of quantity than quality, such mammoth dishes as porpoises, a *pièce de résistance* at Henry V's table, huge venison pasties, peacocks, &c., being their idea of a dainty dish to set before a king.

While kings and great nobles might feast extravagantly, the food range of the community was restricted, and was chiefly carnivorous. Our ancestors ate practically everything that had wings, from a bustard to a sparrow, and everything that swam, from a porpoise to a minnow; but in the matter of fruit and vegetables, they came off very badly. The game list was prodigious, and included many birds, such as herons, egrets, bitterns, etc., that have long passed out of use.

A curious enactment of the sixteenth century forbade street fruiterers from selling plums and apples, because the sight of them offered such temptations to apprentices and servants that they were led to steal their employers' money in order to gratify their longing. In the face of contradictory statements, the fact that such a law was ever found necessary appears conclusive evidence that fruit was hard to be obtained by other than the richest.

With the age of Elizabeth, that witnessed many awakenings, a vegetable renaissance may be said to have set in. The hygienic virtue of vegetable foods was beginning to be well recognised, and though there was much that was fanciful and a good deal that was merely superstitious in some of the theories that found currency, the writers on diet were, generally speaking, on the right track.

A *Briefe Treatyse on Gardeninge*, by Thomas Hylle, published in 1560, gives a list of various vegetables and herbs that a garden ought to contain, which by no means implies that the garden did always so contain them. The potato, it may be observed, does not find place in this list, but within a few years of the introduction of the American tuber the potato came into cultivation in this country, and Gerarde, writing in 1697, was able to refer to it as familiar fare.

In the earlier periods, the scarcity of vegetable foods bore severely upon the health of the people: cutaneous diseases were rife, leprosy was a frequent disease, and the practice of touching for the king's evil, prevailed even to late Stuart times. Dr. Felix Oswald has suggested that the reputed efficacy of the treatment was probably due to the fact that people journeying from their country homes to the Royal presence were forced to supplement their food supplies on the road by wild herbs and berries, and to this change of diet was probably due the improvement in their condition which was credited to the touch of the King's hand.

While the countryman might fare indifferently, the growth of luxurious habits in towns in Plantagenet times led to the passing of sumptuary laws regulating the dress and food of the citizens.

In an enactment of Edward III, were pointed out the evils which had arisen "through the excessive and over-many sorts of costly meats" used in this realm more than elsewhere, and it was enacted "that no man, of what estate or condition so ever he be, shall cause himself to be served in his own house or elsewhere, at dinner, meal, or supper, or at any other time, with more than two courses, and each mess of two sorts of victuals at the utmost, be it of flesh or of fish, with the common sorts of pottage, without

sauce or any other sorts of victuals. And if any man choose to have sauce for his mess he may, provided it be not made at great cost; and if fish or flesh be to be mixed therein, it shall be of two sorts only at the utmost, either fish or flesh, and shall stand instead of a mess, except only on the principal feasts of the year, on which days every man may be served with three courses at the utmost after the manner aforesaid."

In 1363, at the same time when costumes were regulated, it was enacted that the servants of gentlemen, merchants, and artificers should have only one meal of flesh or fish in the day, and that their other food should consist of milk, butter and cheese. Similar Acts to those above mentioned were passed in Scotland also. In 1433, by an Act of Parliament which sat at Perth, the manner of living of all orders in Scotland was prescribed, and in particular the use of pies and baked meats, which had been only lately introduced into the country, was forbidden to all under the rank of baron. In 1457, an Act was passed against "sumptuous cleithing." A Scottish Sumptuary Law of 1621 was the last of the kind in Great Britain.

Sumptuary laws were inspired by various considerations, political, economic, and religious. How far they were rigidly administered we have little means of knowing; probably, like all other inquisitorial laws, like American prohibition, they were often systematically evaded, and as the mercantile classes advanced in wealth and importance, they finally fell into disuse.

These regulations, at any rate, did not affect the ordering of great feasts. When George Nevile was installed Archbishop of York in 1466 he made a mighty feast to his friends and their adherents. They sat down three thousand five hundred strong, and they continued sitting, more or less, for several days. The

bill of fare was worthy of the occasion, and included an immense amount of solid feeding. There were, for instance 80 oxen, and 6 wild bulls, 1,004 sheep, 300 calves, 2,000 pigs, 400 harts, bucks, and does, 2,300 capons, 3,000 geese, etc., etc. The miscellaneous items included various gastronomical eccentricities, such as 8 seals, and 4 porpoises, viands as attractive, one would fancy, as the ghastly devil-fish that is a luxury of the Mediterranean cuisine.

A manuscript of about 1430, No. 279 among the Harleian MSS., and a somewhat later one, numbered 4,016 in the same collection, dating from about 1450, were ably edited by Thomas Austin in 1888, and published for the Early English Text Society. The former of these works contains in all 258 recipes, whilst the latter has but 182. Together with these manuscripts the editor prints recipes for sauces from the Ashmole MSS., and some ancient recipes from the Bodleian Library. The first manuscript is in three parts, headed respectively, *Kalendare de Potages Dyvers*, *Kalendare de Leche Metys and Dyverse bake metis*. The only difficulty here is presented by the second title, which means "meat in slices." Both of these manuscripts contain references to feasts and the provision made for banquets, with lists of the different dishes.

Mention occurs in several places of "Subtleties," which were in the nature of trophies carried in at the end of a course, or exposed on the tables for ornament. In some cases these devices, made in sugar and paste or in jelly, were very elaborate, and they seem to have preceded the various courses and also to have closed them. In the first instance they were called "warners," as giving warning of the entry of a fresh service. These were certainly the most ambitious efforts of the culinary art; one of them is thus described: "A sotelte. Seint Andrew sitting on an hie Auter of

a-state, with bemes of golde; afore him knelyng ye Bisshoppe in pontificalibus; his Croser kneling behinde him coped." This subtlety was brought in at the close of the first course, composed of eleven dishes, at the feast given at the installation of John Stafford, Archbishop of Canterbury, in 1443.

LIBER CURE COCORUM

There is no more interesting document relating to cookery before the days of printing than the singular poem with the above title in the Sloane Collection of MSS., where it occurs as an appendix to the *Boke of Curtasye*. Richard Morris, who edited this poem for the Philological Society in 1862, tells us that "it is written in a Northern dialect of the XVth Century probably not much earlier than the time of Henry VI" (1422-61) and the author furnishes an appropriate English title when he speaks of his subject as *The Sightes of Cure*, or as expressed in more modern English, *The Art of Cookery*. There are in all 127 recipes, set forth in stanzas of very various lengths; some dishes only need four lines to describe them, while others require over twenty. Here is a characteristic specimen, with a few terms modernised: "Caudel dalmone" (almond caudle):

> Take almonds unblanched and these you bray (pound);
> Strain them with wine I dare well say;
> Thereto add powder of good ginger
> And sugar, and boil all these together,
> And colour with saffron and salt it wele (well)
> And serve it forth [good] Sir at your mele (meal).

These ancient productions were the true progenitors of what we now regard as the standard works on the

subject. One of them, the *Noble Boke of Cookry*, was edited by Pynson, among the earliest of English printers, in the year 1500, and again at a subsequent date, in 1650, by John Byddell. Mrs. Napier published this work as recently as 1882 in ignorance of these previous issues.

CHAPTER II

EARLY TABLE SERVICE

Treen is a word unfamiliar to most modern ears, yet it is quite good English of an old brand. Spenser uses it as meaning "of a tree"; hence it is properly used to designate those early table appliances, drinking vessels, cups and bowls and the many other articles of household use that were fashioned of wood in the days before china, glass, earthenware, pewter, or other metal had been brought into general use.

Princes might possess cups of precious metal, but the ordinary drinking vessels were of horn or wood, and the tankard was preceded by the leathern blackjack, which until properly seasoned, must have given a strong tang to the liquor. The insignia of the palmer's calling was the scallop-shell, which served him for all purposes; a dish to collect alms, a cup to drink from, and a spoon to dip into his pottage.

Treen, once the common ware of the people, has in these times become the quarry of collectors, foremost among whom is Mr. Owen Evan-Thomas, of Dover Street, whose collection of nearly a thousand pieces illustrates the whole history of this industry from its rudest beginnings to the most finished articles of the wood-worker's art.

The most primitive, and, I believe, the rarest specimens, are the earliest used dinner platters—simple squares of sycamore wood hollowed in the middle. The oval meat platter, with well for gravy, is on lines that we have not improved upon; these dishes indicate that although hashes and stews were the common fare, the joint held its place on great tables.

In Elizabethan days we come to some exquisite little sweet-meat plates, plain on one side, but on the reverse decorated in colour with arabesques and conventionalised floral designs and inscriptions.

Salt-cellars, which filled so important a function on old-time tables, as marking the line of demarcation between the quality and the common herd, are well represented; some of the earlier specimens are roughly made, capacious double bowls, with spoons of the dimensions of ladles; later on they become more ornate, and show very fine workmanship.

Of other utensils in wood there are mortars—an early lignum-vitæ one with pestle was originally used to grind ingredients for incense in Castle Morton Church. Specimens of Early English coffee-mills in lignum-vitæ are very interesting; coffee-mills in this ware seem to have escaped the attention of Mr. Ukers, and are not illustrated in his book *All About Coffee.* Wooden moulds for moulding gingerbread for fairs, apparatus for triturating snuff, pepper castors, nut crackers with carved heads, nutmeg graters, spice-boxes, small salt-cellars are some among the many items of interest. It is in the direction of drinking vessels and receptacles for wine and other liquids that Mr. Owen Thomas' collection is especially rich. The earliest of these are known as mazers, bowls turned out of wood, preferably maple; they were in use in the religious houses, and many are still in the possession of the Church and the Universities. The depth of the

mazer is increased by the silver band round the rim, otherwise, owing to the limitations of the wood, they are comparatively shallow, especially as compared with the larger and deeper wassail bowls of lignum-vitæ which seem to have taken their place in the seventeenth century. These were of large capacity, known as a wassail or punch bowl. One interesting example is a sort of three-tier bowl; it has a flat lid on which is a receptacle to contain lemons, etc., and this again has a lid which serves as a spice box. There are several fine specimens of these wassail bowls.

It is not possible in this space to do justice to the splendid craftmanship and many attractive aspects of this collection. An interesting light on early manners is given by several examples of love spoons and stay busks which, carved and decorated by lovers' hands were given as love tokens to their sweethearts. The busks are quite handsome, but one would imagine would prove rather rigid; perhaps they did not lace very tightly. The spoons, no doubt, were always welcome, for before Tom Coryate brought the fork from Italy, the spoon was really the sheet-anchor of the English diner. Mr. Owen Thomas contends that our word spoony came from this custom of lovers giving spoons to sweethearts. It may well be so, for though our older literature gives us no example of the use of the word spoony, spoons were certainly associated with the idea of love and remembrance. There was a Christmas custom of holding up hands and spoons in wishing health to absent friends, which is referred to in a letter to the poet Herrick from his uncle.

Spoons, as I have said, were an indispensable item of personal equipment. Hosts were under no obligation to supply them to their guests, and the man who went out to dine took his spoon with him. The

practice obtained at a later date, as Pepys, when he dined with the Lord Mayor, carried his own table implements to the feast. The spoon was a common christening present, the fork was added later on. The saying, "born with a silver spoon in his mouth," was probably first applied to those infants who were lucky enough to have godparents who could give them silver spoons instead of those of baser metal or wood.

To dine in a hash-eating company, where the only implements were wooden spoons and fingers, would be a sore trial to modern susceptibilities, but native delicacy triumphed over these disadvantages, and Chaucer specially commends Madame Eglantine the Prioress for her pretty table manners:

> "At mete was she wele ytaughte withalle,
> She lette no morsel from her lippes falle,
> Ne wette hire fingeres with her sauce depe,
> Wel coulde she carie a morsel, and wel kepe,
> Thar no drope ne fell upon hire brest."

In the *Rules of Civility*, published in 1685, the author is particular in his insistence upon what is due to a "person of quality," should one have the fortune to be entertained at the table of such. "If a person of quality," he says, "desires you to help him with anything that is to be carved with a spoon, you must by no means make use of your spoon if you have eaten anything with it, but call for another, unless he sends his own spoon along with his plate, when there will be no occasion for yours. If we eat out of the dish we must have a care of putting in our spoons before our superiors or of eating out of any other part of the dish than that which is directed before us. Having served yourself with your spoon you must remember

THE ENGLISH TABLE IN THE 12TH CENTURY.
From a Manuscript in the British Museum.

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to wipe it, and, indeed, as often as you use it; for some are so nice that they will not eat potage or anything of that nature in which you have put your spoon unwiped after you have put it into your mouth."

As spoons of silver or other metals came into use, the saying that "he was a man who always fed himself with a wooden spoon," was to imply that he was a person of no account.

The Anglo-Saxons spread their tables with pure napery; and from the Conquest to the era of the Stuarts our forefathers of the higher grades used table-linen lavishly, and made much parade of washing before and after meat. The sloppiness of their repasts forbade them to do otherwise. In feudal England at the conclusion of a meal, the surnappe was drawn over the soiled table-cloth, and the satisfied feasters washed from their lips and hands the uncleanness which they had necessarily contracted during the banquet. It was the special office of the ewerer and his subordinates to provide lavers and linen for this purpose.

In those times of no forks and much washing at meat, the napkin, as a thing to be used rather than trifled with, was produced in a form convenient to the feasters. The case was otherwise when the fork had made eating a performance from which a fairly careful feeder might retire with clean hands. No longer an actual necessity, the napkin became a mere ornament and a thing of ceremony; and in their desire to use for decorative effect the article which was no longer required for positive cleanliness, the Restoration chefs displayed curious ingenuity in folding it in new ways.

Charles the Second's favourite artist, Giles Rose, gave his "Officers of the Mouth" minute instructions for folding dinner napkins in twenty-six different

fashions. They might assume the form of a melon, a hen and chickens, a partridge, a sucking pig, a turbot, a bishop's mitre, two capons in a pye, the cross of Lorraine, and many other devices.

In Ben Jonson's *Devil's an Ass* Meercraft speaks of:

> "The laudable use of forks
> Brought into custom here as they are in Italy,
> To the sparing of napkins"

so early was it foreseen that the adoption of the fork would spare the napkins, by greatly diminishing the need for them. And forks had not been for many years in use ere they had the effect predicted by the dramatist. Napkins disappeared from the tables of economical housekeepers, and the few still placed upon more sumptuous tables showed, by their fantastic foldings, that they were exhibited only for ornament. To undo a napkin folded like a turkey was to destroy a work of art; and in Charles the Second's time the guest who would be guilty of demolishing so beautiful an object would have been frowned upon by his host and cursed by his host's butler.

Generally discarded from fashionable tables at the close of the eighteenth century, the napkin was seldom used or seen, by the more modest epicures of Horace Walpole's time. A finger glass and a dessert doily in George the Third's time were placed on the table, on the removal of the cloth, and the latter was regarded as the elegant and sufficient substitute for the old table-towel.

In later days of luxury and refinement, the full-sized white napkin is seen on every table set for English folk who take their meals comfortably. Whether it should be rated more highly as an adornment, or a

requisite for cleanliness, is a question that everyone must decide for himself. No critic of the festal board will underrate its decorative importance; on the other hand, everyone will admit that, though less needful than in ancient times, it is a convenient and useful article of table furniture.

CHAPTER III

KNIVES AND FORKS

FORKS as table implements were in use in Italy long before their introduction to this country by Thomas Coryate in 1601.

Tom Coryate was an enterprising young country squire of Odcombe, in the County of Somerset. "Adventure is after the adventurous," so Tom went for a tour on the Continent, where he had many novel and exciting experiences, which he recorded in *Coryate's Crudities*, an entertaining book which he published soon after his return. He drank wine from the great tun at Heidelberg, and he saw women acting on the stage at Venice, a thing he had never seen before, but he was not easily shocked, and he noticed with admiration that they played their parts as well as any male actors could have done. His great achievement was his discovery of the fork, and his bringing it home with him to England, whereby he earned a place for himself in history.

"I observed," he writes, "a custom in all those Italian cities and towns through which I passed that is not used in any other country that I saw in my travels, neither do I thinke that any other nation of Christendome doth use it, but only Italy. The Italian, and also most strangers that are commorant in Italy, do alwaies at their meats use a little forke when they cut their meat. For while with their knife, which they hold in one hand, they cut the meate out of the

dish, they fasten their forke, which they hold on the other hand, upon the same dish, so that whatsoever he be that sittith in the company of others at meals, should unadvisedly touche the dish of meate with his fingers from which all at the table doe cut, he will give occasion of offence to the company, as having transgressed the lawes of good manners, insomuch that for his error, he shalle at least be browbeaten, if not reprehended in wordes. This forme of feeding, I understand, is used in all places in Italy; their forks for the most being of yron or steele, and some silver, but those are mostly used by gentlemen. The reason of their curiosity is, the Italian cannot indure to have his dish touched by fingers, seeing that all men's fingers are not alike clean. Hereupon I myself thought good to imitate the Italian fashion by this forked cutting of meate, not only while I was in Italy, but also in Germany, and oftertimes in England since I came home, being once quipped for that frequent using of my forke by a certain learned gentleman, a familiar friend of mine, one Mr. Lawrence Whitaker, who in his merrie humour doubted not to call me Furcifer only for using a fork at feeding, but for no other cause."

Coryate's innovation was very ill received by his contemporaries; he was laughed at for his affectation, satirised on the stage as "the fork-carrying traveller," and sternly rebuked from the pulpit for his impiety in assuming that God's good gifts were unfit to be touched by human hands. But Coryate persevered; Society came to acknowledge that he was right, and the fork remained, to bring about welcome change in English table habits.

There has been acquired by the Victoria and Albert Museum a silver fork which was made about twenty-five years after Coryate's introduction, and is the earliest English hall-marked table fork known. It

bears the London marks for 1632-3, and the initials of an unknown London maker, R.C. On the handle are engraved the crests of two noble families—Manners and Montagu of Boughton. From these it has been possible to identify it as the property of John Manners, afterwards eighth Earl of Rutland, who, in 1628, married Frances, daughter of Edward Lord Montagu of Boughton.

The fork is a very simple instrument, consisting merely of a plain bar of silver divided at one end into two prongs. It is not known how the fork passed from the possession of John Manners; indeed, for two hundred and fifty years its whereabouts cannot be traced. In the late nineteenth century it was in the hands of a Worcestershire family, who have no clear idea how it came to them. It passed to one of the sons of the family, and travelled in distant lands in his company. In 1923 he showed it to an expert of the Victoria and Albert Museum and, surprised to learn its value, decided that it was best to let the Museum have it.

The vendor of the fork was Sir Robert Bourne, K.B.E., C.M.G., lately Secretary for Defence in South Africa under General Botha and General Smuts.

Very few people, I imagine, have seriously considered why, when our carving-knives are sharp-pointed at the ends, our other knives, with which we do our individual carving on our plates, should be rounded. The pointed end would seem most obviously convenient in all cases. It was, indeed, absolutely necessary before Tom Coryate outraged the feelings of his society by introducing the affectation of the Italian fork.

According to tradition the change in the shape of the knife was due to no less a person than Cardinal Richelieu. Entertaining the Chancellor Seguier at his table, the great Cardinal was, so Taillemont des Reaux

tells us, so disgusted to observe that the Chancellor not only "se lavait les mains tout à son aise dans la sauce," but also proceeded to use his knife as a toothpick, that he forthwith ordered his steward to round the end of every knife in his possession. It is a remarkable illustration of the tremendous influence of Richelieu in social matters as in policy, that knives with rounded ends not only became at once well-nigh universal, but that an edict was promulgated in 1669 prohibiting "toutes personnes de quelque qualité qu'elles soient de porter couteaux pointus aux couteliers, et autres marchands d'en fabriquer, vendre et débiter."

Carving as an artistic accomplishment has an early literature of its own, and carvers in Royal and noble households were often knights and gentlemen of lineage. Indeed, before the introduction of forks, the work of the skilful carver called for no small amount of dexterity and legerdemain. In his *Boke of Nurture*, John Russell gives us a chapter on the "kervying of flesh," and another on the "kervying of fische," from which it appears that Duke Humphrey's carver had a distinct set of observances for almost every "creature" that came under his knife. He might not touch venison with his hand, but, having sliced the piece deftly, he put the best slice on his lord's plate by means of his broad-bladed carving knife. Birds he might raise by their legs with his left hand before dismembering them; but his skill was seen in the quickness and certainty with which he passed each portion on his knife and conveyed it to the plate without touching it with his fingers. At moments of difficulty he had recourse to the spoon; but in days prior to the introduction of table forks the perfect carver used the spoon as little as possible, and would have been overcome by shame had he been seen to put his fingers upon a viand in a way prohibited by

the laws of his art. It was expressly conceded by those laws that he might touch beef and mutton with his left hand; but he always exercised this privilege discreetly, and with sensitive care for his lord's feelings and his own honour.

It was customary for the carver, when he had cut and prepared a slice of meat, to cut it into four strips to the greater part of its length, held together at the end; this undivided endpiece served as a handle to the feaster, who held it in his fingers, while he gnawed or nibbled off the strips; then he discarded the handle piece as unfit to be eaten. One imagines that the performance of the carver must in most cases have been more agreeable to watch than the manipulations of the diner.

In *The Boke of Kervynge*, printed by Wynkyn de Worde, Caxton's successor, the author, whoever he might have been, was good enough to give a complete list of the terms used in carving; to remember all these and to apply them properly in each case must have been as notable an accomplishment as the actual carving itself. Thus, while you must break a deer, you must lesche brawn, rear a goose, lift a swan, sauce a capon, but "frusshe" a chicken and spoyle a hen, a mallard must be unbraced, a heron dismembered, a crane displayed, a peacock disfigured; you must unjoint a bittern, untach a curlew, allay a pheasant, wing a partridge, wing a quail, mince a plover, thigh a pigeon, thigh a woodcock, and all manner of small birds. A pasty must be bordered and an egg "tyered." Fish carving had its niceties also. You chine a salmon, string a lamprey, splatt a pike, sauce a tench, splay a bream, side a haddock, tusk a barbel, culpon a trout, "fynne a chevon" (whatever that may be), traunsene an eel, traunche a sturgeon, undertraunche a porpoise, tame a crab, and barbe a lobster. "Here endeth," he says, "the goodly termes."

Two Feast Scenes from "Queen Mary's Psalter."

The Psalter was given to Mary, Queen of Scots, but was illuminated in the early 14th Century.

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This list makes no mention of what we nowadays call joints. Russell in his book indeed gives directions for the cutting and distribution of beef, veal, mutton, and pork, but the artistic carver refused to recognise them as proper subjects for the exercise of his art.

These fantastic terms, which had been employed by carvers for centuries before Wynkyn de Worde's time, survived the fashions of the Tudor period and may be found in Robert May's *Accomplisht Cook*, and other similar works of the Restoration, and it was not until the eighteenth century was passing that they dropped altogether from the talk of old-fashioned tables.

When, in Elizabethan England, the lady of the house took the head of the table, it was not that the dignity of that position was then recognised, but it was simply for the very ungallant reason that she might do the work which could no longer be executed conveniently by professional carvers, and carve for the rest of the company. "Having been thus called to the top of the table for her lord's convenience instead of her own dignity, the mistress of the house," Mr. Cordy Jeaffreson says, "soon made it a point of honour to occupy the place, which had in the first instance been conceded to her as a servant, rather than as principal lady. Ere long, with her characteristic cleverness in making the best of things and stating her own case in the way most agreeable to her self-love, she regarded her carver's stool as a throne of state, and affected to preside over the company, though the terms of her commission only authorised her to help them to food."

Roger North in his lively *Lives* of his three brothers, has several allusions to this and other social customs of his period. Roger, though a successful barrister and Recorder of Bristol, was accountant and major-domo to his brother, the Lord Keeper Guildford, and when the latter gave a dinner, used to take

the head of the table "for want of a lady to carve." Carving having thus come to be recognised as essentially a feminine occupation, it behoved every young lady to qualify herself for her future destiny as head of a household, or at rate, a table, by taking lessons in the art; so a profitable field was made open for its professors, and schools of carving flourished. There was one in Beak Street as late as the forties of the past century, where a young lady on the eve of marriage might acquire the art of cutting meat, in a course of twelve lessons at a guinea a lesson, exclusive of the cost of the dishes upon which she operated. Changes of fashion gave the *coup de grâce* to this last survivor of the old régime, and the custom of carving dishes at the sideboard has relieved the modern hostess of duties that must have made the conduct of a dinner party a serious travail to her great-grandmother.

CHAPTER IV

THE WISDOM OF ANDREW BORDE

ANCIENT as is the association of the professions of medicine and cookery, Dr. Andrew Borde, the author of the aphorism: "A good cook is half a physician, for the chief physic (the counsel of a physician except) doth come from the kitchen; wherefore the physician and the cook for sick men must consult together," appears to have been the first of English doctors to have fully appreciated the saving virtues of diet and hygiene in the treatment and prevention of disease, and the rules which he laid down for the securing and maintaining health have hardly, to quote the words of a late medical officer of health, "been surpassed in quality in any book of modern times." Dr. Borde, indeed, in his anticipation of a great many of what we believe to be modern theories compels a readjustment of a very prevalent idea of the sixteenth century, as of a period when medicine was in its primitive stage, and sanitary science practically non-existent.

In modern times, Borde may almost be regarded as a discovery of the late Dr. Furnivall, who edited a selection from his works for the Early English Text Society, in 1870. Before that date, although he had been frequently quoted by older writers, no material portion of his works had been rescued from the obscurity of their original black-letter.

Furnivall's book, from the conditions of its publication, is not easily accessible to the general reader,

who, although he may read Andrew Borde's eventful life history in the *Dictionary of National Biography*, has still some matter, good for edification, to learn from this old-world worthy, who lived and practised in the troublous times of the Reformation.

Born at Bord's Hill, in Holmesdale, near Cuckfield, in Sussex, somewhere about the year 1490, Andrew Borde, or Boord, appears to have been a scion of an old Catholic family. He was educated at Oxford, where in early youth he became a monk in the Carthusian fraternity. The admission of boys under age was an abuse of the rules of the order, which, not uncommon in the years preceding the Reformation, was reprobated by many good churchmen. The brethren of the Charterhouse could certainly have secured no recruit to whom their ways could have been less congenial than Andrew Borde. He was born with a roving inclination, a cheery disposition, and, although ever a preacher of moderation, he never disguised his love of good living. Of all orders, the Carthusians were among the strictest; the brothers spoke seldom, never passed beyond the monastery gates, fasted at least one day in the week on bread and water, their fare at other times being of the strictest order of vegetarianism, and scanty at that. The wonder is less that Borde eventually left the order than that he remained full twenty years in thraldom to it. In 1517 he obtained release from his orders, ostensibly to become suffragan Bishop of Chichester, but in reality to go abroad to study medicine.

Borde's first Continental tour lasted four years, and on his return to England, as a duly qualified physician, in 1530, he attended and cured the Duke of Norfolk, by whom, who had not yet fallen under the Royal displeasure, he was "convocated to wayte upon his prepotent Majeste, Henry VIII." Then, as he tells us, he "passed over the seas agayne and dyd go to all

the unyversities and scholes approbated and beynge within the precinct of Chrysendome."

Of these he enumerates Orleans, Poictiers, and Montpellier, in France, and Wittenberg, in Germany: he quotes the practice of surgeons in Rome and Compostella in Navarre, whither he went in pilgrimage.

By the 29th of May, 1534, he was back at the London Charterhouse, and took the oath of conformity. He was for a while "kept in thrawldom there, but owed his release to Thomas Cromwell, by whom he was sent abroad again to report upon the state of feeling upon the Continent about the policy of Henry VIII."

It is not easy to appreciate Borde's attitude in religious matters thenceforth. Nominally, he remained a monk of the Romish order, and, as such, was always regarded in after years with especial rancour by professors of the reformed religion. That he was under the patronage of Thomas Cromwell, and was, to a great extent in that statesman's confidence, is certainly proof that he accepted the Reformation with perfect complacency.

To Cromwell he wrote from Bordeaux, on 20th of June, 1535:

"Since my departure I have perlustrated Normandy, France, Gascony and Bayonne, the regions also of Castile, Biscay, Spayne, part of Portugal, and returned through Araton and Navarre, and am now at Bordeaux, and few frendys Yngland hath in these parts as Jesus your lover knoweth."

It was from Spain at this time that Borde sent Cromwell some seeds of the rhubarb, "the whiche come owte of Barbery. In these parts," he wrote, "it is had for a great treasure."

Nothing came of his well-meant efforts for the introduction of the plant into England, as it was not cultivated here until 1742, nearly two hundred years

later. It was Borde's fate to be always before his time.

On his return from this tour he settled for a while in medical practice in Scotland. He wrote to Cromwell on 1st of April, 1536: "I am now in Scotland in a lytle unyversite or study named Glasco, where I study and practyce physyk for the sustentacyon of my lyvyng." The living seems to have been adequate, for the Glaswegians appreciated his skill, but he was not happy among them, complaining that: "it is of a devellysh dyspocion in a Scottysh man not to love or favour an Englishman."

"Trust you no Skott," he warns Cromwell, "for they wyll yowse flatteryng wordes and all ys falshode."

After a year's residence in Scotland, Borde returned to London, and, late in 1537, or after the dissolution of the religious houses in 1538, he departed on his longest foreign tour and went through Calais, Gravelines, Antwerp, Cologne, Coblentz, Worms, Venice; thence by ship to Rhodes and Joppa, and on to Jerusalem, returning through Naples and Rome, crossing the Alps, and settling for a while at his favourite university, Montpellier, "the most noblis unyversite of the world for physicians and surgeons."

At Montpellier, by 1542, he had written his *Fyrst Boke of the introduction of Knowledge*, his *Dyetary* and *Brevyary of Helthe* (published in England in 1547) as well as his *Itinery of Europe*, and a book against beards, both of which are lost.

The latter years of Borde's life are clouded by a grave scandal, the facts concerning which can never now be made clear. He settled in Winchester, where for some time he carried on a successful practice as a physician. Here he was hauled before the justices on a charge of harbouring women of loose character in his house, which was said to be frequented by dissolute young priests. Whether it were upon this

or upon some other account we hear of him shortly afterwards as being confined in the Fleet Prison, where his death occurred in 1549, he then being in or about the sixtieth year of his age.

It was a tragic ending to a life of usefulness and honour, and though it is possible that Borde did not always walk circumspectly and was indiscreet in his habits, it is unthinkable that a man of his professions can be guilty of the full depravity implied in the accusations levelled against him. At this time he had many mislikers, and can have had few influential friends in any quarter. He was a mark for professional jealousy, the old Catholics cannot but have regarded with suspicion one upon whom its vows sat so lightly, while it is certain that he was cordially detested by the Clergy of the Reformed party, who were in the ascendant in the days of Edward VI.

It might seem unlikely that a charge of immorality, even if well founded, should be enough to bring about a man's ruin in the mid-sixteenth century, when the standard can hardly be supposed to have been high, but if practice were lax, civil law could be severe, if there were influences strong enough to set it in motion, and if it be conceded that Borde gave some occasion to his enemies, it may with equal reason be contended that his misdoings were grossly exaggerated by their rancour. The vindictive reference to him after his death as a "lewd monk" by a Protestant Bishop, is evidence of the spirit that inspired his persecutors.

It is doubtless due to the prejudice thus created that no re-issue of Borde's works was called for after his death, and that some of them are, consequently, irretrievably lost. One regrets especially, the *Itinery of Europe*, which, considering its author's experience in travel, and habit of keen observation of men and manners, would certainly have been found a work

of considerable value. A collection of his sermons also should have been very interesting.

Of the works which did survive, if they failed to maintain their general popularity in the years after his death, they at least served as a source of inspiration to others.

Thomas Cogan, the Manchester doctor, who presented Galen's works to the library of Oriel, of which college he was a fellow, published his *Haven of Health* in 1584. Thirty-six years afterwards, Tobias Venner, the famous Bath physician, produced his *Via recta ad vitam longam, a Plaine, Philisophicall Discourse on the Nature, Faculties and Effects of all such things as by way of Nourishment and Dieteticall Observations made for the Preservation of Health.*

Nobody carefully comparing these two works with Borde's *Breviary of Diet* can fail to be assured that they were directly inspired by it, even following it textually in parts, and that without acknowledgment. Cogan does indeed mention Borde twice in the course of his book, but the Bath doctor fails in even that much of grace.

In the chapter referring to the planning and construction of the home, Borde insists that there shall be no stagnant ditches, ponds or standing water of any kind in its immediate neighbourhood, and that all stables and out-buildings of every description be erected some distance from the dwelling.

"Of all things," he says, "let the buttery, the cellar, the kitchen, the bakehouse, with all other houses of offices to be kept clene, that there be no filth in them, but good and odiferous savours."

"Sweeping of houses and chambers ought not to be done so long as any honest man is within the precinct of the house, for the dust doth putrify the air."

"Also, nigh to the place let neither flax nor hemp be watered, and beware of the snuff of candles and the

savour of apples, for these things be contagious and infective."

Such passages may almost seem to infer a provision of the germ theory of the inception of disease; they show at any rate that Borde was acquainted with the property of stored apples to absorb oxygen and give off carbonic acid gas.

Another of his injunctions is:

"Use to have a fire in your chamber to waste and consume the evil vapours, for the breath of man may putrify the air within the chamber."

"Lie not," he says, "in such chambers, the which be deprived clean from the sun and open air."

Sunshine and fresh air have not warmer advocates even in our times than they had in Andrew Borde. We are apt to believe that Charles Kingsley was the only man who ever had a good word to say for the east wind, but even Kingsley had not the effrontery to tell us that the "East wind is temperate, frisk and fragrant."

About sleep, and the taking of rest he had much to say. For some reasons not fully explained, he attached great importance to the wearing of a scarlet nightcap; indeed he was much in favour of garments of that sanguine hue, especially in summer time, for articles of clothing of the more intimate kind.

"Old ancient doctors of physic," he tells us, "saith eight hours of sleep in summer and nine hours of sleep in winter is sufficient for any man, but I do think that sleep ought to be taken as the complexion of man is. . . . Healthy men should not sleep in the daytime."

"Moderate sleep is most praised, for it doth make parfyte digestion; it doth nourish the blood and doth qualify the heat of the liver, it doth restore nature and doth animate and doth comfort natural and animal and spiritual powers of man."

"Contrarily immoderate sleep and sluggishness doth humect and make light the brain; it doth engender reums and impostumes; it induceth and causeth obliviousness, and doth obnebulate the memory and the quickness of wit, and, shortly, to conclude, it doth perturb the natural and animal and spiritual powers of man, and, specially, it doth instigate and lead a man to sin, and doth induce and infer brevity of life, and detestably it displeaseth God."

This may be said practically to exhaust the subject.

The instruction that on rising one should stretch forth the arms, legs and body and should wash in cold water, seems to anticipate Swedish exercises and the institution of the morning bath.

This book of knowledge is exhaustive in character; it concerns itself not only with the building of the home and habits of life, but even with the regulations of affairs and apportionment of income; thus, one third is to be set aside for food, one third for wages, livery, alms and dress, and one third for urgent occasions—sickness, repairs and funeral expenses. Especially does he warn young persons against setting up housekeeping upon insufficient means. "Every man must do after his possessions and abilities, otherwise these men do brew in a bottle and bake in a wallet."

There is kindliness and a touch of humanity in his remarks upon a man's behaviour to his wife.

"For a woman," he says "the syllables converted is no more to say that a man in WO; and set WO before MAN, and then it is WOMAN; and well she may be named Woman, for as much as she doth bear children with woe and pain, and also she is subject to man, except it be there where the white mare is the better horse. Therefore let every man please his wife in all matters, and displease her not, but let her have her own will, for that she will have, whosoever say nay."

The Breviary of Health is a kind of manual of practice, which as such might interest the modern practitioner, although he would hardly be expected to derive much edification therefrom. It is to be remarked that Borde's treatment of disease depended very greatly upon diet, and very little upon the fantastic remedies which we have learned to regard as characteristic of the domestic medicine of mediæval England.

In his readiness to give nature her chance, he showed himself very much again in sympathy with the modern school: "I would not," he writes, "counsel a man for every trifle sickness to go to Physic or Chierurgy; let nature operate in such matters in expulsing such humours and meddle no further."

Also does he warn his patients against the consequences of worry: "Have a merry heart for pensifulness doth hurt the stomach."

The Breviary of Diet contains many gems of wisdom that are in accord with a great deal of the advice that has been freely offered us lately. Here are a few of them:

"Two meals a day is sufficient for a rest man, and a labourer may eat three times a day, and he that doth eat after, liveth a beastly life."

"At dinner and supper use not to drink of sundry drinks, and eat not of divers meats, but feed of two or three dishes at the most. At your supper use light meats of digestion and refrain from gross meats; go not unto bed with a full nor empty stomach."

At Montpellier, he says, the custom was to eat boiled meats at dinner and roast meats at supper. Why, he knew not, as he considered boiled meat the easier of digestion. All manner of flesh which is inclined to humidity should be roasted, and that meat which is inclined to dryness should be boiled; which is no bad general rule in cookery.

"One meal should be digested before the next be taken, for there is nothing more hurtful for man's body than to eat meat upon meat."

"Surfeit comes as much from eating more meat than doth suffice from much drinking. The stomach, which is the pot, is overfilled, and the liver, which is the fire under the pot, is suppressed and cannot act."

"Man's mind is so avidious, although he have eaten enough, when he seeth better meat come before him against his appetite he will eat." "Abstinence is the best remedy for overeating."

Here be aphorisms upon which the most modern of diet authorities would find it hard to improve. What follows may be more open to controversy.

Moderate as he was in precept, Dr. Borde would have held no terms with teetotallers. "Water," he opined, "is not wholesome sole by itself for an Englishman. Good wine moderately drunken doth actuate and doth quicken a man's wits; it doth comfort his heart; it doth scour the liver; it doth engender good blood; it doth comfort and nourish the brain, wherefore it is medicinal."

"I myself," he continues, "which am a physician, cannot away with water, wherefore I do leave all water, and do take myself to good ale, and otherwhile for ale I do take good Gascon wine, but I will not drink strong wines. Mean wines, as wines of Gascony, French wines is good with meats, specially claret wine. All sweet wines and grass wines doth make a man fat."

But in Dr. Borde's estimation there were but one drink for an Englishman—good ale brewed from malt and water alone—for he shared the common prejudice against hops, then recently introduced. "Beer made of malt, hops and water is a natural drink for a Dutchman. And now of late days it is much used in England,

A Fifteenth Century Feast.
With Music from the Musicians' Gallery.

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to the detriment of many Englishmen, for the drink is a cold drink."

Food adulteration, if cruder in its methods, flourished not less in the sixteenth century than in the twentieth, and it found a determined enemy in Andrew Borde.

"It is a common proverb," he says, "that God may send a man good meat, but the devil may send an evil cook to destroy it. Wherefore, gentle bakers, sophisticate not your bread made of pure wheat. Gentle bakers make good bread, for good bread doth comfort, confirm and stablish a man's heart."

"Bread, the which is nutritive and praised in physic should have these properties. It must not be new, but a day and a night old, nor is it good when it is passed four or five days old. Nor it must not be mouldy nor musty; it must be well moulded; it must be thoroughly baked; it must be light and not heavy, and it must be temperately salted."

He had a stalwart faith in the virtues of beef, bread and ale, but the beef must not be old beef, nor cow's flesh which engendereth melancholy. Veal is nourishing, for it is soonest digested, an opinion at which we may cavil. Mutton he regarded with some disfavour, "as there doth happen so great murrain and sickness to no quadruped as doth fall to the sheep." Pork, although Galen praised it, he had no love for, and in their abstention from it he found something commendable in the practices of Jews and Mahomedans. In the matter of venison, his science and inclination came into conflict. "Although the flesh of the deer be dispraised in physic, I pray God send me some of the flesh to eat, physic notwithstanding. All physicians saith that venison doth engender humours, and of a truth it doth so; wherefore let them take the skin and let me have the flesh. I am sure it is a lord's dish, and I am sure it is good for an Englishman, for it doth animate him to be what he is, strong and hardy."

Among game birds, he placed the pheasant first, although partridges are soonest of all fowls digested. Woodcock is meat of good temperance; quails, plovers and lapwing nourish but little; a capon is most nutritive and soonest digested of all domestic fowls. All small birds are good, except sparrows, titmouses and calmouses (whatever they may be). Wrens, which do eat spiders and poison are not commendable. Larks are the best of all small birds, then are praised the blackbird and the thrush.

In those days as now, England was of all nations served best with fish, and to her sea fisheries were then added the great store of freshwater fish in the yet existing stews and fish ponds of the religious houses. While appreciative of the value of these latter as food, Borde gave a decided preference to sea fish with the exception of the porpoise, a kind of fish which, as he says with justice, "is neither praised in the old Testament nor in physic."

Soup making is in our time so essentially an accomplishment of the Continental housewife, that it is curious to read that "potage is not so much used in all Christendom as it is used in England." "Potage," he explains, "is made of the liquor in which flesh is sodden, with putting to it chopped herbs, if they be pure, good and clean, not worm eaten, nor infected with the corrupt air descending upon them, doth comfort many men, ventosity notwithstanding. Pease potage and bean potage doth replete a man with ventosity, albeit they be competent of nourishment."

Herbs is an elastic term, which includes everything vegetable. "There is no herb or weed," he writes in one place, "but God hath given virtue to them to help man." Albeit they would restrict their use in time of plague.

At another time he writes: "It is a commodious and pleasant thing to a mansion to have an orchard

of sundry fruits; but it is more commodious to have a fair garden, replete with herbs of aromatic and redolent savour."

Milk, as an article of diet, Dr. Borde found to be nutritive, as it doth humect and moisten the members, but it is not good for them which have gurgulations in the body, nor is it all the best for sanguine men, but it is very good for melancholy men, and for old men and children, especially if it be sodden, adding to it a little sugar.

As regards fruits, Borde found figs the most nourishing; raisins stir up appetite; grapes comfort the liver; strawberries be praised above all berries, for they do gratify the heat of the liver, and doth engendereth good blood, eaten with sugar. Nuts be hard and slow of digestion, but they be nutritive. Mellow pears make men fat, roast wardens comfort the stomach, and apples should be eaten with comfits and fennel seeds. Almonds, eaten before meat, preserve a man from drunkenness.

Dietaries for persons of various temperaments illustrate many current beliefs about the mental and moral effects of foods. Thus, the melancholy man is enjoined to abstain from fried and salt meats, to drink light wines and milk, and eat boiled eggs. If dyspeptic be the synonym for melancholy, there is reason in the regimen. Phlegmatic men are cautioned against raw (uncooked) vegetables, and for choleric men nettles and wild hops are good, while spices and strong wines are provocative.

Citizen of the world as he became, Andrew Borde was ever at heart a good Englishman, of the genuine old bull-dog breed, with a settled faith in the destiny of his race.

"The people of England," he says, "be as good as any people in any other lands, and much more better in many things, specially in manners and manhood."

In the *Natural disposition of an Englishman*, he makes him say:

> " I do fear no man; all men feareth me;
> I overcome my enemies by land and by sea;
> I had no peer, if to myself I were true;
> Because I am not so, divers times I do rue."

His estimate of his countrymen did not blind him to their extravagancies, and he anticipated Shakespeare in satirising the travelled Englishman's weakness for borrowing his fashions and manners from abroad. A woodcut of the Englishman, standing naked with a roll of cloth over his arm, and a pair of tailor's shears in his hand, appears above his lines:

> " I am an Englishman, and naked I stand here;
> Musing in my mind what raiment I shall wear;
> For now I will wear this, and now I will wear that;
> Now I will wear I cannot tell what;
> All new fashions be pleasant to me;
> I will have them whether I thrive or thee."

Montpellier, "the most noblis unyversite," was Borde's professional, if not spiritual home, and he had a great love for the French, and appreciation of their ingenuity and inventiveness.

The Natural Disposition of a Frenchman:

> " I am a Frenchman, lusty and stout,
> My rayment is jagged and cut roundabout,
> I am full of new inventions
> And daily I do make new toys and fashions,
> All nations of me example do take,
> When any garment they go about to make."

Another bond of sympathy between Borde and ourselves is that he had no liking for the German. Of these of "Base Alemayne" he said the chief char-

acteristic is that they will be drunken and uncleanly in their drunkenness. He is somewhat more particular in detail than we may consider necessary.

"The people of High Alemayne they be very rude and rusticall, and very boystrous in their speech, and humbly in their apparel. Yet, if some of them can get a fox-tail or two, standing upright upon their caps, set up with sticks, or that he may have a capon's feather, or a goose feather upon his cap, then he is called a 'yonker.' They do feed grossly, and they will eat maggots as fast as we eat comfits. They have a way to breed them in cheese."

Besides his acknowledged works, Borde has been credited, on doubtful authority, with some pieces of humorous character. *The Mylner of Abynton. Nos Vagabunduli*, a jocose poem upon friars, *Scogin's Jests*, "an idle thing," says Anthony Wood, "unjustly foisted upon Dr. Borde." There is a little more presumptive evidence to connect him with authorship of *The Merry Tales of the Mad Men of Gotham*, which the title page stated to have been "collected by A.B. of Physicke doctor." This is the famous old jest book which recounts the doings of rustic wiseacres, who threw an eel into a pond to drown it, built a hedge round the tree in which a cuckoo perched, to prevent it flying away, and similar extravagancies.

Horsfield, the historian of Lewes, believed the book to be a satire upon the proceedings of a commission appointed by King Henry VIII to prevent unauthorised persons taking fish within the privileges of the marsh of Pevensey in Borde's county of Sussex. The King's commission was directed to John, Prior of Lewes, Richard, Abbot of Begeham, John, Prior of Mychollym, Lord Dacre and others. Gotham was the property of Lord Dacre and near his residence, Herstmonceaux Castle.

This is, of course, very far from conclusive, and Dr. Furnivall, who discussed the matter at some length, would by no means allow Borde to be responsible for this or any other of these frivolous productions. From what one knows of Borde, however, there would seem no inherent improbability in his writing a jest book, or in making fun of an abbot.

The matter is of very little importance, Andrew Borde's reputation rests upon his acknowledged works, for the wisdom of which posterity must give him credit, believing the best it can about his morals.

CHAPTER V

THE ELIZABETHAN TABLE

An interesting relic of the Elizabethan period is a huge Imperial Folio Account Book consisting of twenty-six pages of vellum, and representing the household expenses of the Princess Elizabeth during her residence at Hatfield, and covers the entire year from October 1, 1551, to September 30th, 1552.

From the point of view of illuminated lettering and scroll work alone, apart from the household entries, which are in script and interspersed with pen and ink emblematic drawings, the MS. is a beautiful work of art, and shows the care with which the expenses of great households were regarded in the sixteenth century in the interests of domestic economy.

As a collection of Royal autographs alone the book is of exceptional interest, for every page is signed by "Elizabeth" with a graceful flourish, and countersigned by her chamberlain, Sir Walter Buckler.

The MS. passed from owner to owner, including Viscount Strangford, who in 1853 had a facsimile of it printed for the Camden Society.

The various entries show that there was no lack of good cheer at Hatfield during the Princess Elizabeth's sojourn there. There are numerous items of wheat and "divers necessaries" in respect of the "bakehouse and pantrye"; while the "buttrye and sellor purchases of bere, swete wine, Raynishe wine, Rochelle wine, and Gascoigne wine" are frequent though

"tonnes and hogsheddes of bere" are most conspicuous in the list.

The "kechyn and larder" items include 15s. to "John Brydyes for his borde wages," and 31s. to "Richard Hampden for the like"; besides payments to others for "seafishe, fresh-water fishe and sowsing drinke." "Lamprey pyes and veneson" also figure in the list, with occasional payments for "making shirtes and tornebroches coates."

Then there are payments for "veales, muttons, hogges of bacon"; and an item of 30s. for one bore. An item of £17 7s. 2d. appears for "Lenten stoare," and, needless to say, various payments for "pultrie and pultrie stuffe, herbes," etc.

The "Squillerie" expenses show that £6 5s. 10d. are paid for twenty-three "loades of coales," and as much as 35s. 4d. for a pewter vessel.

"Wages, lyveries and almes" are duly recorded. Almes were not given indiscriminately in the good old days, for an item mentions £7 15s. 8d. "given in almes to dyverse pore men and women at sundrie times as appereth by severall billes."

An item dated May 17 shows that 27s. 4d. was paid to "John Spithonius for bokes, and to Mr. Allin for a bible," also 20s. to the latter for a "bible."

"A Frenchman that gave a boke to her grace" received 10s. A like sum was paid to the bellringers at Barnet, and 10s. to the "th'underkepar of S. James'."

The total household expenses for the year are duly shown as £3,938 18s. 7d., from which £207 3s. 8d. is deducted for hides, entrails, etc.

Notwithstanding the perils of her position, the Princess seems to have been lodged and fed as became a king's daughter, and that she had little reason to complain of her keeping, which was a point to which that gracious lady seems to have given considerable importance all her life.

The Elizabethan Table

As Doctor Doran wrote: "The royal table of Elizabeth was a solemnity indeed. But it was all a majestically stupendous sham. The attendants thrice bent the knee as they approached to offer her the different dishes; and when these ceremonies had been gone through, the queen rose and retired to a private room, where the meats were placed before her, and she was left to dine as comfortably as the citizens and their wives of Eastcheap and Aldersgate."

"Among the numerous New Year's gifts made to Elizabeth, and by which she contrived to maintain a splendid wardrobe, gifts of good things for her table were not wanting. One of her physicians presented her with a box of foreign sweetmeats; another doctor with a pot of green ginger; while her apothecaries gave her lozenges, ginger candy and other conserves." "Mrs. Morgan gave a box of cherries and one of apricots." The Queen's master cook, and her serjeant of the pastry presented her with various confectionery and preserves.

"Elizabeth and her maids both dined and breakfasted upon very solid principles and materials. Beef and beer were consumed at breakfast—'a repast for a ploughman!' it may be said. . . ."

The Queen's fondness for roast goose created the legend that she was dining on that bird on Michaelmas Day when she received news of the destruction of the Spanish Armada. The fact that the rout of the Spanish fleet happened about two months earlier has not affected the vitality of the legend, which still persists.

When Kings and Queens go a-visiting there are, even in these democratic days, formalities to be observed, of which, in the intercourse of humbler folk, nothing is known, but whatever they be they are trifles compared to the pother that was created by the royal progresses of three or four hundred years ago. Something of what happened when Queen Elizabeth honoured

Robert Dudley, Earl of Leicester, with her august presence at Kenilworth may be learned from the pages of Sir Walter Scott, but details that escaped Sir Walter have come to us by grace of the Historical Manuscripts Commission. Among its publications are the MSS. which Pepys borrowed from Evelyn, and, after the immemorial practice of borrowers, forgot to return, and one of them is the "Remembrance for the Progress."

This ordered a letter to be sent to the Sheriffs of Oxford and Warwick to levy 300 quarters of wheat in each shire, besides the privy bakehouse, or to say whether they can serve baked bread.

What Gloriana was most particular about was the quality of her malt liquor, and particular care was enjoined to ascertain how far the beer of the country would suit the Queen's taste, as otherwise it would be necessary to forward supplies from London.

The earliest printed English cookery book, *A Proper Newe Booke of Cookerye*,* was published about the year 1575. It is a slim volume of twenty-seven pages. Like most of the ancient books of cookery, *The Proper Newe Booke*, is by no means overloaded with detail as to processes or quantities. Some of the recipes are indeed terse to the point of vagueness. As a whole it illustrates interestingly the well-known characteristics of English cookery of that period; the paucity of green vegetables and the replacing of them in meat dishes with dried fruits, dates, raisins, etc., of which we have a survival in the mince pie and the taste for heavy seasoning with sugar and spices. The recipes are not numerous, and include such items as:

"To make a tarte of borage floures."

"To make a tarte of marigolds, prymroses or cowslips."

* See Appendix, *A Proper Newe Booke of Cookerye.*

A Dish of Birds.

A Moral Study from the late 15th Century, showing a profligate young man feeding on rare singing birds.

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SMETHWICK

"To make a Frayse at Nyght."
"To Stew Stekes of Mutton."
"To make a Whyte Broathe."
"Another Broathe with Longwortes."

The influence of Italian culture was increasingly apparent in the later years of Elizabeth's reign and in those of her successor; the lavish magnificence of the banquets, described by such sixteenth and seventeenth century writers as Domerico Romoli, Vincenzo Cervio, and Barteromio Scappi, who had been private cook to Pius V, surpass even the wildest imaginations of the American millionaire, and had a marked effect upon the tables of western nations. Massinger, in the City Madam, adverts to the extravagance of the age when he wrote:

"Men may talk of country Christmasses, their thirty pounds of buttered eggs, their pies of carps' tongues, their pheasants, drenched with ambergris; but the carcases of three fat wethers were bruised for gravy to make a sauce for one peacock!"

George Wither at a later date was severe upon the excesses of the age in the following lines:

> The Diet we have grown unto of late
> Excels the Feasts that men of high estate
> Had in times past for there's both flesh and fish,
> With many a new devisèd dish.
> For bread they can compare with Lord and Knight,
> They have both revel'd manchet, brown and white,
> Of finest wheat; their drinks and good and stale,
> Of Perry, cider, mead, metheglin, ale,
> Of Beer they have abundant, but then
> This does not serve the richer sort of men;
> They with all sorts of foreign are sped,
> Their cellars are all fraught with white and red,
> Be it Italian, French, Spanish, if they crave it,
> Nay, Grecian or Canarian, they may have it,

Cete, Pument, Vervage, if they so desire,
Or Romney, Bastard, Capricks, Osey, Tire.
Muscadell, Malmsey, Clarey—what they will,
Both head and belly each may have their fill.
Then if their stomachs do disdain to eat
Beef, mutton, lamb, or such like butcher's meat,
If they that cannot feed of capon, swan,
Duck, goose, or common household poultry, then,
Their storehouse will not very often fail
To yield them partridge, pheasant, plover, quaile,
Or any dainty foul that may delight
Their gluttonous and beastly appetite.
So they are pampered while the poor man starves,
Yet there's not all; for custards, tarts, conserves,
Must follow too, and yet they not be let
For suckets, marchpanes, nor for marmalet,
Fruits, Florentines, sweet sugar-meats and spices,
With many other idle fond devices,
Such as I cannot name, nor care to know;
And then besides the taste, this made for show,
For they must have it coloured, gilded, printed
With shapes of beasts and fowls, cut, pinched, indented.

CHAPTER VI

ARCHIMAGIRUS ANGLO-GALLICUS

MODERN cooks and their employers would find a new trouble added to housekeeping were their treasured oracles presented to them with titles so appalling, but the learned men of the seventeenth century were nothing if not classical in their style, and it is only to be hoped that Sir Theodore de Mayerne's readers understood his Latin, and were not deterred by it from profiting by his recipes.

Freely rendered, his title may be translated as The Anglo-French Super-Cook. The exact transcript of the title page is as follows:

"Archimagirus Anglo-Gallicus, or Excellent and Approved Receipts and Experiments in Cookery, together with the best way of Preserving. As also Rare Formes of Sugar Works: According to the French mode, and English manner. Copied from a choice Manuscript of Sir Theodore Mayerne, Knight, Physician to the late K. Charles. Magister Artis, Edere est Esse. Printed for G. Bedell and P. Collins and are to be sold at their shop at the Middle Temple Gate, in Fleet Street, 1658."

Published three years after Sir Theodore's death, his authorship of the work has sometimes been called in question, but there seems no sufficient reason to doubt the correctness of its ascription to him. Mayerne was a many-sided genius, and it seems evident that he took as much interest in the practical side of the art

of cookery as it is certain he did in the practical side of the science of distilling.

The small selection of recipes that I give will serve to indicate his quality, and to indicate the contemporary conception of what constituted refined cookery. It is remarkable that the book, prolific in recipes for pies, pasties and boiled foods, contains but a single recipe for a roast. It cannot be assumed from this that roast meats were not in general consumption. Pepys' Diary supplies evidence to the contrary: the probable explanation is that as roast meats did not give the scope for elaborate treatment and multiplicity of adjuncts that the other dishes afforded, they were purposely omitted in Sir Theodore's manuscript. The solitary recipe he gives is for a calf's head, which, after being parboiled, is stuffed with oysters and other ingredients and then roasted.

There is no doubt, however, that boiled meats found much more favour at high-class dinners than they do in our time. They seem to have boiled everything, from sparrows to ducks, and gudgeons to haunches of venison. Pigeons were boiled with rice; and capons boiled in an orange broth or sauce suggest rather an interesting novelty to us.

Pies and pasties were evidently very high in favour, and offered scope for the cook's ingenuity in getting as much "fine confused feeding" into one dish as possible. Pies were made in a deep dish, known by the lugubrious name of a coffin, and were not covered with a lid of paste. Pasties, on the other hand, were entirely enclosed in paste, the bottom crust being of considerable thickness. The recipe for royal pasty, which I quote, is typical. It also illustrates the author's painstaking way of conveying his instructions. He is determined that the most dull-witted of cooks shall have no excuse for misapprehension. In this respect his recipes compare very favourably with the loosely

worded ones of most early cookery books, more especially the compilations of the eighteenth century. It may be remarked that physicians who have written cookery books have always been careful about quantities and proportions, which is probably due to their habit of care in writing prescriptions.

The recipe for London pie, to which I give pride of place, has been not infrequently quoted as the classic example of sparrow cookery, no other cookery book to the best of my belief having given instructions about the treatment of this small game. It may be noted from this and another recipe I quote that sparrows and larks were used indiscriminately, and probably there is little difference between them.

THE LONDON PYE

Take of marrow bones, eight; cock sparrowes or larks, eighteen; potato roots, one pound; eringo roots, a quarter of a pound; luttice stalks, 2 ounces; chestnuts, forty; dates, half a pound; oysters, a peck; citron rinds, preserved, a quarter of a pound; hartichokes, two or three; yolks of hard eggs, twelve; lemmons (sliced), two; barberies, picked, one handful; gross pepper, a quarter of an ounce; nutmeg, sliced, one half ounce. Cinnamon, whole, half an ounce; cloves, whole, a quarter of an ounce; large mace, half an ounce; corrents, a quarter of a pound. Liquor it, when it is baked, with white wine, butter and sugar.

TO BAKE A STEAKE PYE WITH A FRENCH PUDDING IN THE PYE

Season your steaks with pepper, salt and nutmeg, and let it stand on a tray one hour, then take a peece

of the leanest of a legg of mutton, and mince it small with ox suet, and a few sweet herbs, tops of young thyme, and a branch of pennyroyal, two or three of red sage, grated bread, yolks of eggs, sweet cream, raisins of the sunne, work together like a pudding with your hand stiffe, and roule it like balls, and put them in the steakes in a deep coffin with a good piece of sweet butter; sprinkle a little verjuyce on it, and bake it, then cut it up and roule sage leaves in butter and frye them and stick them upright on the walls, and serve the pye without a cover with the juice of an orange or lemon.

PASTY ROYAL

Take a leg of mutton, strip the skin off from it, take out the bones and the sinues, after which beat the flesh to mortify it and then cause it to be well chopt. And as you chop it, you must season it with salt spices.

Now your meat being thus well chopped, you must make up your paste of rye-crust, and give it at least two inches in thickness, proportionately according unto the bignesse of your pasty, and raise the paste thereof high enough.

You must line the bottom and sides thereof with fat bacon in slices and in the bottom you must also place a good handful of ox suet, which is small minced and thereunto add your meat. After it shall have been well minced: and in case chestnuts be in season, you may add thereunto a reasonable proportion after they shall have been first half roasted.

When your meat shall be thus in your pasty, you must add thereunto one handful of beef suet, well minced, and about half a pound of beef marrow, cut into small pieces about the bigness of a walnut. All which composition you must cover or overspread with some slices of fat bacon.

Finally, you shall cover this pasty with rye-crust at least a finger's breadth thick, and you must make a hole in the said lidd. Such a like pasty as this must be at least twenty or four and twenty hours in the oven, which said oven you must all the while keep shut, to the end that it may yield a sufficient heat whereby the said pasty may be thoroughly baked. Which said pasty you must often take out of the said oven to supply it with broath or gravie as often as it shall be wanting.

To which purpose take the bones and the skin and the sinewes which ye have cut away from the said legg of mutton, bruise them indifferently and afterwards boyl them together with the said skin and sinewes for the space of one houre and a half in water without salt, and when as the said liquor and broath shall be concocted in such manner as that there shall be but a pint left you shall make use of it in the following manner, viz:

After your royal pasty shall have been about the space of four hours in the oven, you must draw it, and you must poure thereunto with a funnel about the quantity of a quarter of a pint of the said liquor or broath, being well heated, after which you shall again put your pasty in the oven and within two or three houres you shall draw it, and you shall see whether or no it doth want any sauce or liquor, in case whereof you shall add more sauce unto it, and in this manner you shall draw your pasty out several times till it hath continued in the oven for the space of fifteen or sixteen hours; whereas you shall again draw it forth of the oven, and shall take off its lidd, for to embellish your pasty with the yolks of eggs hard-boyled, cut in quarters; you may also add thereunto muserons, the gills and combs of cocks and other like sweetbreads; you may also thereunto add a small clove of garlic and a drop or two of vinegar for to make the sauce more

pleasing and tart; observe also that your sweetbreads must be seasoned with sweet spices.

After which you may return the said pasty into the oven again and you shall let it remain there till it be thoroughly baked at least three houres afterwards, and you must have a care that the sauce or liquor thereof be perfectly consumed before you take your pasty out of the oven for good and all; so likewise must you have a care to maintain the fire in the said oven, in such manner that there may be a sufficient heat to bake the said pasty without burning it.

When the like pasty is thoroughly baked, you shall take out of it the clove of garlic which you did put into it before you do serve it up to the table, and after that you shall fasten in the lidd of your pasty again so that your pasty may be brought whole to the table; and if so be that the said pye be not eaten up at one meal, you may cause it to be heated again in the oven until such time as it is quite expended.

It will be seen from this recipe that in the kitchen economy of the period time and trouble were immaterial considerations.

TO BOYLE DUCKS AFTER THE FRENCH FASHION

Take and lard them and put them upon a spit and half rost them, then draw them and put them into a pipkin, and put a quart of claret wine into it, and chestnuts, and a pint of great oysters, taking the beards from them and three onyons minced very small, some mace and a little beaten ginger, a little thyme stript, a crust of a French roll grated, put into it to thicken it, and so dish it upon sops; this may be diversified; if there be strong broth there need not be so much wine put in, and if there be no oysters or chestnuts, you may put in hartickoke bottoms, turneps and colly flowers, bacon in thin slices, sweetbreads, etc.

TO BOYL LARKES OR SPARROWS IN WHITE BROTH

Take larks and sparrowes truss't and put the tops of young parsley in their bellies, and so put them into a pipkin, with a ladlefull of mutton broth and a little white wine; thicken it with two or three yolkes of eggs drawne through a strainer with a little of the same broth, season it with a little sugar and pepper, put into it before you take it up a few parboiled currants and pieces of marrow cut into square pieces like dice, and so serve them in upon sippets, garnish your dish with preserved skirrets or lettice sallets, have sugar on the dish side and so serve it.

TO MAKE THE BEST SAWSIDGES THAT EVER WERE EAT

Proceed as follows:

Take a leg of pork, and cut off all the lean, and shred it very small, but leave none of the strings or skin among it; then take two pounds of beef suet and shred it very small, then take two handfulls of red sage, a little pepper and salt and nutmeg and a small piece of an onion, chop them altogether with the flesh and salt; if it is small enough put the yolkes of two or three egges and mix all together, and make it up in a paste if you will use it, roule out as many pieces as you please in the form of an ordinary sawcidge, and so fry them; this paste will serve a fortnight upon occasion.

Recipes for creams and other sweet dishes are numerous. Here is a good one for an apple cream:

CODLING CREAM

After your codlings are thoroughly scalded and peeled, put them into a silver dish and fill the dish

almost half full of damask rose water, and put in half a pound of sugar, boil these together, still turning the codlings in the liquor till it be almost consumed; then fill up your dish with sweet cream, and when it hath boiled a little, everywhere about the dish, then take it from the fire, strew sugar upon it and eat it cold.

Tanseys need not, it seems, contain any tansey.

A TANSY (OF CREAM)

Take a pint of cream and put to it the yolks of eight eggs and two whites well beaten, and half a pint of sack, a good deal of sugar and nutmeg; mingle all these well together, and bake it in a frying pan with sweet butter, and serve it on a plate with a little sugar on the top of it.

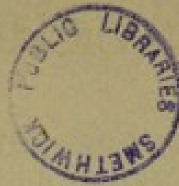
We should give this another name in our cookery. These problems of nomenclature are sometimes puzzling. Few modern cooks would be able to say off-hand what a Quindiniack is. Here is the explanation, which shows it to be something not unfamiliar:

TO MAKE QUINDINIACKS OF RUBY COLOUR TO PRINT WITH MOULDS

Take two pounds of pippins pared and cut in small pieces, put them into a pipkin, with as much fair water as will cover them, and when they be boyled tender, strain all the liquid substance from them; into every pint of that liquor put half a pound of sugar; so let it boil leasurably until it come to the colour of claret, being close covered; then uncover it and let it boyl as fast as it can till you see it be as thick as a jelly; you shall know when it comes to this thickness by seeing a drop on the back of a spoon like stiffe jelly,

and then take it off the fire and cool it a little, then pour it into your moulds.

If the moulds be made of wood, you must boyl the moulds first, and if they be made of tin, you need but wet them, and when your jelly is cold, take them up on a wet trencher and so convey them in your boxes; so keep it all the year.



CHAPTER VII

COUNTRY HOUSEKEEPING IN THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY

NEARLY fifty years ago there was discovered, in the lumber-room of an old house in Newcastle, a MS. household book dating from the sixteenth century. The finder, the late Mr. George Weddell, was greatly interested in the medical and household recipes, and devoted much time and trouble to seeking out the history of the book and of its possessors. The result of his researches being given in an introduction prefixed to a facsimile reprint of the book, of which only a few copies were produced.

The first owner of the book to which he gave the name *Arcana Fairfaxiana* was Margaret Babthorpe, who married Sir Henry Cholmondeley, of Whitby, towards the close of the sixteenth century. She gave it to her younger daughter, Mary, on the latter's marriage to the Rev. Henry Fairfax, son of the first Lord Fairfax, and uncle of the Parliamentary general. By the marriage of their daughter it passed into the family of Carr, of Cockin, and was later in the possession of Robert Green, of Cockin, after which nothing is known of its history.

The early entries are all medical prescriptions inscribed in a very fine Italian hand; the interests of the housewife begins with the Fairfax period.

Henry Fairfax kept himself aloof from the political struggles of his time, and devoted himself to the care

of his parish and family. His parsonage, it is said, becoming a haven of refuge to friends engaged on both sides of the Civil War. He was a typical parish priest, who aspired to be not alone the spiritual adviser but the temporal physician of his flock. So, far and near, he laid his friends and neighbours under contribution for additions to his wife's mother's household book, and in his own characteristic handwriting added many pages to it.

The pages devoted to household medicine make up probably the larger portion of the book; still, the cookery recipes are numerous and interesting and, on the whole, are calculated to inspire one with respect for seventeenth-century notions of good living. Here are some recipes of Mistress Mary Fairfax's:

TO BAKE VENISON IN A GOOD CRUST

Take your side of venison and wipe it with a cloth, the bones being out. Lay it fit for your pastry, season it with pepper and salt, lay it in press, if you please, two or three days. Then take to a peck of fine white flour, four pounds of butter broken into little bits and soe wrought together with ye flour. Lay it a-broad of your table and take eighteen eggs, but nine of ye whites and soe work them in very well, then sprinkle cold water and still work it till it be well in stiffness. Pluck it in little pieces three or four times over and then mould it and roll it fit for your pasty, laying minced suett under ye meat and a narrow piece of paste about it.

TO ROAST A SHOULDER OF MUTTON

Take a shoulder of good mutton and take halfe a peck of good oysters; wash them well and drain the

water from them, take the tops of rosemary, thyme and parsley, chop them small; also the yolkes of three hard eggs, with a lemon and an onion minced together, put a quantity of gross pepper and four spoonfuls of wine vinegar, mingle all these together with your oysters, then stuffe your shoulder of mutton and baste it with sweet butter. When it is roasted take four spoonfuls of white wine vinegar and put it to some of the gravy and so serve it.

One assumes that the shoulder should be boned although the recipe is silent upon that important point. It certainly offers a suggestion for giving extraordinary distinction to a very ordinary dish.

TO MAKE BISCUIT BREAD OF YE BEST

Take ye whites of ten eggs and ye yolkes of eight, a pound of sugar and a pound of flour, ye finest ye can get, being very finely sifted through a sieve. Put your eggs into a wood basin and beat them one full houre and looke there be no strings in them, and when ye think they be well, put in your sugar by a good spoonful or two at once and so until ye have put in all your sugar, still keeping on continually beating, and when ye have beaten your sugar another houre, put in your floure as ye did your sugar by a spoonful or two at once and beat them as before a whole houre. Then put in a little musk blend with a little sugar, and two or three spoonful of rose water. Then put your seedes as many as you think like, and when you have beaten it three full houres and your plates ready rubbed with a little fresh butter, then you may make them to what fashion you please and set them in your oven, letting them stand till they be well baked.

It is not very clear whether the total time to be occupied in beating is three hours or six hours, either

THE FEAST OF CHARLES I TO THE SPANISH AMBASSADOR.

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would be probably rather more than a modern domestic help would think a reasonable item in her day's work.

TO MAKE PUFFE-PASTE

Take a quantity of fine flour, four whites of eggs, a little rose water or other cold water, mould your paste together or beat it with your rolling pin, for the stiffer you make it the better, then roll your paste forth and lay your butter on in bits; turn it up of both sides and so do it four or five times and then make it up. Ye may lay a bit on a little paper and so set it in ye oven to see if it rises. Ye must be sure to beat your butter with a rolling pin till ye water be very clean forth of it.

TO MAKE PANCAKES

Take six eggs yolkes and a pint of cream and a half pint of sacke, nutmegs and ginger as much as will season it. Make your batter of a reasonable thickness with flour and so fry them.

TO MAKE ALMOND BREAD OR FRITTERS

Take five yolkes of eggs and two whites and beat them as aforesaid and put in half a pound of sifted sugar and so beat it a quarter of an houre. Then put in half a pound of flour and so beat it half an hour more. Then have ready a pound of almonds finely beaten in a little rose water and soe mingle them well together and put them upon your plates with a spoon, ye plates being done over with a little sugar, and soe bake them as ye other biscuit bread, scraping a little fine sugar upon them. You may, if you please, make fritters in ye same manner, dropping of ye same stuffe

with a spoon upon a plate in what forme you will. You may, if you will, put in a quarter of an ounce of mace, finely beaten.

It is to be noted that rose water is more frequently employed in pastry making than plain water. Dr. Fernie suggests that by it is meant an infusion of rose petals in brandy, but I do not find that there is sufficient warrant for such an assumption.

Candied blossoms of roses and violets which have survived as a sweetmeat even to the present day, are no new thing, as may be seen from the following directions:

TO MAKE SUGAR PLATE

Take half a pound of double refined sugar, finely sifted and put thereto a little gumdragon steeped in rose water and a little musk or ambergresse finely ground, then mingle it well together in a stone mortar, till you may work it like paste, then roll it out very thin and cut it into little lozenges or prints. You may make the like with the powder of Violettes, Roses, Marigolds, Cinnamon or such like but in these you shall not need neither musk nor ambergresse.

Fashion threatens a revival on English dinner tables of dishes in the preparation of which fresh flowers are employed. It is interesting, therefore, to note how well recognised was their place in the cuisine of three centuries ago. From the spicy clove blossom was made a fragrant syrup used as a sauce for puddings.

TO MAKE A SKIRRET PIE

Boyle and peel your skirrets and put them into your paste and season them with nutmeg, a little pepper and whole mace and a quarter of a pound of sugar and a few barberries, then take the marrow of

six bones, being broken, and put them in cold water, then take the yolks of three eggs beaten, and put the marrow into it and Roll it up in the eggs, till it have taken all up, and so lie it into your paste, then take a quarter of a pound of dates and cut them, take out the stones and put them in, then take sweet butter, break it over all your dates and so stop it up, and after it is baked take a penny pott of white wine, as much of white wine vinegar, a quarter of a pound of melted butter and a quarter of a pound of sugar, mix all these well together and pour into your pie and so serve.

In studying the collection as a whole it is impossible to avoid being impressed with the mingled sense and nonsense of our ancestors, the sometimes fantastic, sometimes absolutely revolting nature of the remedies recommended as infallible; here some simple rule of health commends itself to the judgment, there one is startled by some absolutely untenable superstitious observance that could have never stood the test of practical experience. Did Henry Cholmondely, for example, ever really pull out a tooth by applying powdered earthworms to it? Yet we have it under his own hand that, if the worms be dried upon a hot stone and then made powder of, or if you make a paste of wheat flour and milk of spurge, and lay it in the hollow of the tooth it will fall out, as he discreetly says, "in a certain time." It must have been a hard time for the earthworm, who seems to have been the sheet anchor of the domestic mediciner of the period.

There was a fine courage about the compilers of many of these prescriptions. They were ready with cures for consumption, and dropsy, to minister to a mind diseased, even to cheat Death himself of his prey.

"A most pretious water to recover one at the point of death," was compounded of spirit of wine four times rectified, with oil of sulphur and of vitriol, and

syrup of violets. Of this potent elixir, we are assured that "it recovereth them that lie at the point of death, it mittigateth all pains and dissolveth all infirmities, it breaketh all cholerick humours, preserveth the stomach, it causeth appetite, it helpeth all kinds of fevers and preserveth both man and woman in good state using it sometimes."

Melancholy was amenable to bodily treatment, and to bathe in a kind of stew of camomile flowers, mallows, hollyhocks, etc., was a favourite remedy more pleasant than many. Lunacy, again, was to be treated by diet. If a man went mad, all you had to do was to make broth of a hedgehog, and make the patient eat both broth and flesh. If that did not bring him to his senses nothing would.

Medicine was a great respecter of persons, and the costliness of the drugs seems to have increased in exact ratio with the rank of the patient. Queen Mary was a sad valetudinarian, dyspeptic, and given to swimming in the head, which may account in some degree for her attitude in religious matters.

That monarchs should medicine themselves upon precious stones, doubtless seemed fitting to the courtly physicians of the period, but the quality was always carefully considered. A simple syrup made from herbs, as coltsfoot, scurvigrass, etc., was good enough to cure rickets in the children of the commonalty, but for "rich folkes" it is prescribed that this syrup be mixed with a distilled water, in the composition of which the prescriber's fancy seems fairly to have run away with him. First a sucking pig was to be half roasted and then put in a gallon of new milk with the crumb of a whole loaf, a pound of dates stoned, an ounce of pine kernels bruised, a quarter of a pound of almonds blanched and beaten, a pound of Lent figs cut in pieces, half a pound of raisins of the sun stoned, a pound of currants washed, a handful of

speedwell, the like of burnett, betony, thirty or forty garden snails well cleaned; these after being steeped four hours are to be distilled in a common still, and the water must even then be mixed with powdered pearls and amber before the syrup be added to it.

As time goes on, the fanciful element in domestic medicine becomes modified with the evolution of scientific treatment. Remedies for the plague begin to abound about the middle of the seventeenth century. The principle of disinfectants seems to have been appreciated about the plague time. My Lady Selby, sister to the third Lord Fairfax, contributes what would seem to be a thoroughly effectual way of cleansing an infected house: "Stop up," she says, "ye chimneys and windows. Then take tallowe, tarre, pitch, soot, and vinegar, boile these in an earthen pott upon a chafing dish of coales and make a perfume." Perfume seems hardly the correct word.

A curious prescription for ague which occurs about this time consists in swallowing a clean spider web every morning. How should one judge accurately of the cleanliness of a spider's web? The respectable antiquity of Daffy's Elixir is evidenced by a recipe for the making of it which occurs in the Fairfax book about the Green period, and philosopher Square's "Eternal fitness of things" is once more vindicated when we find the Marquis of Granby furnishing a recipe for the brewing of small beer. There is a little uncertainty as to when most of the Green section of the book was written. Mr. Hedworth, M.P. for Durham at the time, sent down from London a recipe for the ague in 1728. Almost the last entry in the book affords a clue to the date when it was written, as it gives some specifics copied from "Mr. Blackrie's treatise, just published." Mr. Blackrie, it may be noted, contributed a paper to the *Scots Magazine* in 1763, in which he revealed the secret of Dr. Chittick's

cure for gravel. After this time nobody wrote in the book of Margaret Cholmondely and Mary Fairfax, her daughter.

It is a book of rare fascination—there is no other word for it. To the physician, to the chemist, to the housewife, it is alike interesting, as reflecting the science and domestic methods of a long-past time. To all it is attractive in its touches of humanity. One reads between the lines, and gathers knowledge, as one goes, of those who wrote them. Sweet Mary Fairfax, who expounds, in crabbed hand enough, the mysteries of "puffe paste," more commends herself to one's affectionate remembrance in the beautiful letter, preserved in the "Fairfax Correspondence," and written to her absent husband, eight years after their marriage: "My ever dearest love"—she writes—"I did nott so much rejoys att thy safe pasage as at that Bleised and al suficiente gide whoss thou art, and whom I know thou truly sarves, yt hath for a small time parted us, and I fearmly hope will give us a joyfull meating. Dear hart, take eassy jernays, and preferr thy own heilth before all other wordly respects whatsoever. Thy three boys at Ashton are well; thy little Harry is weaned; all that love us pray for thy safe return. I pray yu beg a blessing for us all, for I must needs committ yu to His gracious protection, yt will never fail us nor forsake us.

"Thine ever,

"Ashton, Feb. 2, 1632. MARY FAIRFAX."

Somebody has writ large on one cover of the volume what purports to be his washing bill: iiixx hankerchares"—sure a good allowance for those days—"ii fallenge bandes of kambreke" and the like. Boldly inscribed in the fly-leaf is "A Note of Mrs. Barbara, her lessons on ye virginalle, which she hath learned and can play them." She was Mary's elder sister

was Mrs. Barbara, who married some time after with Sir Thomas Bellasis, to whom, maybe, it was that she played, "The Lo: Willoughbie's Welcome Home," of the ingenious Mr. Bird, organist to the Queen's Grace, and "My trew love is to ye greenwood gon," of Mr. Fardinand. Little of Mrs. Barbara's life history may be told; how she fared with Sir Thomas, her lord, whether in good or ill report she lived; whether rich or poor, happy or sick at heart, none can tell us now, only that she learned the virginalle, and the tunes she played upon it remain on the record. They are dust long centuries since these knights and ladies—long, long ago have those "fallenge bandes of kambreke" disappeared in a wash long forgotten, but out of the silence of the centuries come, like the speech and music of a dream, the faint echo of Mistress Barbara's tinkling virginalle, the soft whisper of Mary Fairfax's loving prayers, as one turns the stained pages of this quaint old volume of the dead.

CHAPTER VIII

WHEN CHARLES II WAS KING

CHARLES II had known what it was to cook his own dinner; there is a story of how, when he was hiding at Boscobel, Colonel Carlis killed and stole a farmer's sheep overnight, and the King, though the meat was hardly cold, cut some of it into collops and fried them himself in his chamber, eating thereof heartily. Colonel Carlis, as under-cook, made up the fire and turned the collops in the pan.

It does not seem that Charles's table in the days of his prosperity was remarkable for its distinction if we may believe the story of de Grammont. Charles, dining in state, called the Count's attention to the fact that he was served upon the knees, an extent of respect not usually observed in other courts. "I am obliged to your Majesty for the explanation," the Count answered, "I thought they were begging your Majesty's pardon for offering so indifferent a dinner."

As the King's household affairs were very irregularly administered, it is possible that the table service may have suffered. When he was pouring the public money in the lap of the Lady Castlemaine, he was leaving his own servants unpaid; and on one occasion, when these could not obtain their salaries, they carried off their master's linen, and left him without a clean shirt or tablecloth!

Whatever may have been the shortcomings of the royal ménage, the diary of the excellent Mr.

Pepys allows us to understand that a man of some means and social position could keep a very good table.

Pepys was typically English in his liking for a good square meal, and the dinners and suppers at his own house provided very substantial fare. On Christmas Day, 1666, he dined on roast ribs of beef and mince pies, on the making of which Mrs. Pepys had been engaged until four o'clock in the morning. There is no mention of other accompaniments, not even of the traditional plum porridge. The diary makes frequent reference to powdered beef, haunches of venison, venison pasties, pullets with sauce, etc., and the occasional purchase of luxuries, such as the hundred heads of sparrowgrass, for which he gave eighteen pence, and the salmon, the price of which was three shillings —very good prices for those days. The sparrowgrass appears to be the only vegetable of which specific mention is made.

There were more ceremonial dinners which pleased Samuel mightily, but he is provokingly silent about the nature of the dishes. One such dinner, of which he was very proud, was given by him at the office on 23rd January, 1669, and the company included Lord Sandwich, Lord Peterboro' and Sir Charles Harbord; my Lord Hinchingbroke, Mr. Sydney Montagu, and Sir William Godolphin. As Pepys says " . . . dinner was brought up, one dish after another, but one dish at a time, but all so good; but above all things the variety of wine, and the excellence of their kind, I had for them and all in so good order that they were mightily pleased, and I myself full of content at it: and indeed it was, of a dinner of eight or ten dishes, as noble as any man need to have, I think, at least. All was done in the noblest manner that ever I had any, and I have rarely seen in my life better any where else, even at the court."

A sounder gastronomical authority than Pepys, was his contemporary and rival diarist, Evelyn, whose *Acetaria, a Discourse on Salads*, is a standard treatise on the subject.

Salad is he says: "a Particular Composition of certain crude and fresh Herbs, such as usually are or may be Eaten with some Acetuous Juice, Oyl, Salt, etc., to give them a grateful gust and vehicle. . . . In the composure of a Sallet, every plant should come in to bear it's part, without being overpowered by some herb of a Stronger Taste, so as to endanger the native SAPON and vertue of the rest; but fall into their places like the notes in music, in which there should be nothing harsh or grating; and the admitting some Discords, (to distinguish and illustrate the rest) striking in the more sprightly and sometimes gentler Notes, reconcile all dissonancies and melt them into an agreeable compotion. . . . The very same that Diabesseron, Diapente and Diapason have to another in a Consert of Music."

This is the law of the simple salad as laid down by John Evelyn two hundred and twenty years ago, and it has never been abrogated, amended, or materially improved upon.

Brillat Savarin's circumstantial story of the Chevalier d'Albigniac who made a handsome living during the French Revolution by driving about London in his carriage and mixing salads at the houses of the nobility and gentry, has done much to encourage the notion that the art of salad mixing came to us from the French, and the persistence with which *Salade à la Française* appears upon our dinner menus, tends to encourage the belief.

The salad is an English institution of great antiquity; a survival from the tables of the Middle Ages.

Cogan in his *Haven of Health*, writes: "Lettuce is much used in salets in the summer tyme, with vinegar,

oyle and sugar and salt, and is formed to procure appetite for meate, and to temper the heate of the stomach and liver."

The range of salad herbs in Elizabethan days was far wider than we should now admit. Gerarde quotes over thirty, as being in general use, i.e., "the Spanish nut, a kinde of floare de luce, onions, leeks, chives, garlic, turnip-tops, winter cresses, rocket, tarragon, other cresses, garden succorie, dandelion leaves, endive, lettuces of the garden, wild lettuces, beets, leaves and roots, spinach, orach, dock leaves sorrel, roots of rampions, lesser house leeks, purslane, sampier leaves, water cresses, brook lime or water pimpernal, borage, bugloss leaves, hops, the buds or first sprouts, garden burnet, leaves of musk-roses, rosemary."

A modern greengrocer would probably be sorely puzzled to fill an order for some of these saladings. Many of these herbs were believed to have medicinal properties of especial value in the spring season, after the salt-meat diet of the winter months, and they were indeed frequently prescribed separately by the learned mediciners of the period.

Although our ancestors appreciated salads there was some uncertainty of opinion among authorities as to the wisdom of taking the ingredients of a salad raw, and even Cogan and Gerarde, misled by the doctors, advocated the terrible heresy of "boyling" the salads, as better for digestion.

It remained for John Evelyn to lay down once for all in his *Acetaria* the true principles of salad making, and no later authority has, in any respect, materially improved upon Evelyn's theory.

Of Evelyn, Mr. Cordy Jeaffreson remarks: "He brought to the undertaking a fine judgement, a mind free from prejudice, and a palate that, never shaken or torpified by excess, had attained in declining age the fine sensitiveness and exquisite delicacy which

can afford the virtuous veteran in gastronomy abundant consolation for the loss of other powers."

Distinguishing between "olera," vegetables for the pot, which should never be eaten raw, and "acetaria," vegetables which should never be boiled, Evelyn declared that to cook a salad by heat or by any slow process of pickling was to deprive it utterly of its distinguishing attributes. He declined to regard fruits as an ingredient in salads, though he admitted that they might be occasionally employed as a curious addition. One wonders what his opinion would have been about the admissibility of the tomato.

As regards the dressing, he held that an "artful mixture of mustard, oil and vinegar, with or without the addition of hard-boiled yolks of new-laid eggs, carefully rubbed into the dressing," was all-sufficient.

A point that he strongly insisted upon was the material of the salad bowl. To pour acetous dressing into a metal bowl, be it silver or pewter, was an outrage. The proper salad bowl would be of "porcelaine or of the Holland Delft Ware."

Giles Rose, the master cook of his time, published his book *School of Instruction for the Officers of the Mouth*, in 1682, but this being a translation from the French, as Mr. Hazlitt wrote, "is of less interest for us . . . and does not throw a direct light on our own kitchens at this period."

Robert May, whose *Accomplished Cook* was published in 1685, delighted especially in devising dinner-table novelties, and describes banquets at which pasteboard castles were bombarded, when ladies threw egg shells filled with rose water at each other, and there were served pies which contained live birds and frogs: " . . . when lifting first the lid off the one pie, out skip some frogs, which make the ladies to skip and shreek: next after the other pye, when out come the birds, who by natural instinct flying into the lights

will put out the candles, so that what with the flying birds and the skipping frogs, the one above, the other beneath, will cause much delight and pleasure to the whole company. . . ."

As a contrast to these Town diversions, I may fittingly conclude this chapter by quoting from an interesting manuscript which, by one of those lucky chances which sometimes happen, was rescued from the hands of a grocer before he had been able to use more than a few pages of it for waste paper.

This is the account book of Sarah Fell, who was one of the seven step-daughters of the famous Quaker, George Fox, for whom she kept house at Swarthmoor Hall, in the Furness district of Lancashire. The book covers the period from 1673 to 1678 and a handsome, well-edited reprint has been published by the Cambridge University Press.

The scantiness of supplies that a small country town could give is made evident. Shopping was done at Ulverston and Dalton on weekly market days, but much had to be brought from Lancaster, twenty miles away, across treacherous river estuaries, and horsed messengers were constantly being sent to Kendal and Kirby Lonsdale. Brown sugar, oranges, and gloves were received from London, and the great house had direct business relations with many distant towns. Purchases of beeswax for candlewick indicates how the house was lighted. It was largely heated by local peat. Cost of carriage made coal prohibitive; as much as £1 2s. 5d. was paid for 3 qrs., and again £1 8s. for 4 qrs.—money having four or five times its depreciated value of to-day. The Quaker household had wine brought from Kendal, and ale and brandy, and medicinal aids purchased included cinnamon waters, juniper berries, saffron, and "treacle," blooding leeches, and a "jannes drink," which needs

explanation. Janacks are an old name for oaten cakes, but that does not carry us much farther.

An entry concerning "tobacco pipes for Sister Susannah" suggests that smoking may not be so modern a feminine habit as is generally believed.

Sarah Fell and her sisters did not restrict themselves to sober grey; green, black, and white ribbons were purchased to lighten the Quaker dress; stockings were dyed sea-green and sky-colour, and a petticoat dove-colour; Sarah had her muffs, Sister Rachael her whisk, or neckerchief, and Susannah was gratified by a little pocket looking-glass. Feminine nature will out, in even George Fox's household. But what did these good ladies want with vizard masks? Possibly a protection from wind and rain when travelling on horseback in all weathers—a most unromantic explanation.

It is possible to deduce from wages paid alone the real position of domestic and farm helps. Anne Standish's wage for a year was £1 17s. 6d., but she restored 8s. for a silver spoon lost and 6d. for a pot broken. What modern lady help, one wonders, would give up nearly three months' wage for a lost spoon?—but times have changed. In the hayfield women received only a penny a day each; boys harrowing for thirty days had only a halfpenny each day. The marketing of the dairy produce of Swarthmoor appears to have been entrusted wholly to a woman servant, Elin Pollard, whose wage was £2 a year. Wage rates were fixed by the justices at Quarter Sessions, and it was a terrible offence to ask for more, though as servants then mostly lived in or enjoyed estate cottages, there were many small ameliorations of their lot. Meat and drink were given to all day workers, evidently to greater value than the penny or two they received in coins for their hire.

The Coronation Feast of James II.
From an old print.

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CHAPTER IX

THE ART OF COOKERY

THE *Art of Cookery* by the author of *A Tale of a Tub* was published in 1708. This appears to have been a piracy, as it was published without the authority of the real author, Dr. King, and the ascription of the authorship to Dean Swift was a deliberate imposture. Edward Solly in the *Bibliographer*, 1708, wrote that the work was published without the author's consent. The publisher was responsible for attributing it to the author of *A Tale of a Tub*, but as Swift steadfastly refrained from acknowledging that he wrote the latter, the public continued to be deceived.

The authorised edition appeared in the following year, 1709. This contained the original Latin text of Horace's *Art of Poetry*, printed on pages facing the parody, together with epistles to Dr. Lister and others.

Dr. William King, D.C.L., the author, was a student of Christ Church, a lawyer and man of letters, and sometimes filled the office of judge of the Admiralty Court in Ireland.

He dedicated the work to Richard Estcourt, the actor, the founder of the first Beefsteak Club of which there is record.

> " He that of honour, wit and mirth partakes
> May be a fit companion o'er beefsteaks;
> His name may be for future times enrolled
> In Estcourt's books, whose gridiron's framed in gold."

Estcourt died in 1712, and his club died with him, and was succeeded by the more famed Sublime Society of Beefsteaks, founded by Rich about 1737, but that is another story.

Martin Lister, Queen Anne's physician, had printed an annotated edition of Aspicius' *De Opsioniis et Condimentis Sive Arte Coquinaria.* It is said that a hundred and twenty copies only were printed, but if it were not a best-seller, the work certainly secured plenty of attention.

King's epistle to Lister is a parody, or rather a burlesque on the latter's learned attempt to account for the origins of table manners and customs:

"I am a plain Man," he wrote, "and therefore never use Compliments; but I must tell you, that I have a great Ambition to hold a Correspondence with you, especially that I may beg you to communicate your Remarks from the *Antients*, concerning Dentiscoilps, vulgarly call'd Tooth-picks. I take the use of them to have been of great Antiquity, and the Original to come from the Instinct of Nature, which is the best Mistress upon all occasions. The *Egyptians* were a People excellent for their Philosophical and Mathematical Observations, they search'd into all the springs of Action; and tho' I must condemn their superstition; I cannot but applaud their inventions. This People had a vast District that worshipp'd the *Crocodile*, which is an Animal, whose jaws being very oblong, give him the Opportunity of having a great many Teeth; and his Habitation and Business lying most in the Water, he, like our modern *Dutch-whisters* in *Southwark*, had a very good Stomach, and was extremely voracious. It is certain that he had the *Water* of *Nile* always ready, and consequently the Opportunity of washing his Mouth after meals; yet he had further occasion for other Instruments to cleanse his Teeth, which are serrate, or like a Saw. To this end

Nature has provided an Animal call'd the *Ichneumon*, which performs this Office, and is so maintained by the Product of its own Labour. The *Egyptians* seeing such an useful Sagacity in the *Crocodile* which they so much reverenc'd, soon began to imitate it: Great Examples easily drawing the multitude, so that it became their constant Custom, to pick their Teeth, and wash their Mouths after eating. I cannot find in *Marsham's Dynasties*, nor in the *Fragments* of *Manethon*, what Year of the Moon, (for I hold the *Egyptians* Years to have been Lunar, that is, but of a Month's continuance) so venerable an Usage first begun. For it is the fault of great Philologers to omit such things as are most material. Whither *Sesostris* in his large Conquests might extend the use of them, is as uncertain; for the glorious Actions of those Ages lie very much in the dark.

"The *Egyptians* often extended their Conquests into *Africa* and *Ethiopia*, and tho' the *Cafre Blacks* have very fine Teeth yet I cannot find that they make use of any such Instrument; nor does *Ludolfus*, tho' very exact as to the *Abyssine* Empire, give any account of a matter so important; for which he is to blame, as I shall show in my Treatise of *Forks and Napkins*, of which I shall send you an *Essay* with all Expedition. I shall in that Treatise fully illustrate, or confute this Passage of Dr. *Heylin*, in the Third Book of his *Cosmography*, where he says of the Chinese, *That they eat their Meat with two sticks of Ivory*, Ebony, *or the like; not touching it with their Hands at all, and therefore no great Foulers of Linen. The use of Silver Forks with us, by some of our Spruce Gallants taken up of late, came from hence into Italy*, and from thence into England. I cannot agree with this Learned Doctor in many of these Particulars.

"For first the use of these Sticks is not so much *to save Linnen*, as out of pure Necessity, which arises

from the length of their Nails, which Persons of great Quality in those Countries wear at a prodigious length, to prevent all possibility of working, or being serviceable to themselves or others; and therefore if they would, they could not easily feed themselves with those Claws; and I have very good Authority that in the *East*, and especially in *Japan*, the Princes have the Meat put into their Mouths by their Attendants. Besides, these Sticks are of no use but for their sort of Meat, which being of *Pilau*, is all boil'd to Rags. But what would those Sticks signifie to carve a Turkey-cock, or a Chine of Beef? Therefore our Forks are of quite different Shape, the steel ones are *Bidental*, and the silver generally resembling *Tridents;* which makes me think them to be as ancient as the *Saturnian* Race, where the former is appropriated to Pluto, and the latter to Neptune."

King's verses are not strictly Horatian, but they are interesting in the reference to bygone habits, and customs. Of Christmas fare he wrote:

"At Christmas time be careful of your fame;
See the old tenant's table be the same.
Then if you would send up the brawner's head,
Sweet rosemary and bays around it spread;
His foaming tusks let some large pippin grace,
Or mids't those thund'ring spears an orange place,
Sauce like himself, offensive to its foes,
The roguish mustard, dang'rous to the nose,
Sack and the well spiced Hippocras the wine.
Wassail the bowl with ancient ribbands fine,
Porridge with plumbs, and turkeys with the chine."

Before turkey and plum pudding became orthodox Christmas fare the boar's head was the ceremonial dish, and was borne in procession to the singing of the carol of which are several versions; that of Balliol being the most authentic:

Caput Apri Defero,
Reddens laudes domino.
The bore's hed in handy bringe.
With garlandis gay and byrds syngynge.
I pray you all helpe me to synge,
Qui estis in convivio.

The bore's hed I understonde
Ys chaffe seruyce in all this londe,
Where-so-ever it may be fonde.
Exiuit tunc de patria.

Addressing Lister Dr King wrote:

Ingenious L—— were a Picture drawn
With Cynthia's Face, but with a Neck like Brawn;
With Wings of Turkey and with the Feet of Calf,
Tho' drawn by Kneller it would make you laugh!
Such is (good Sir) the Figure of a Feast,
By some rich Farmer's Wife and Sister drest.

He wrote concerning dinners:

Which, were it not for plenty and for Steam,
Might be resembled to a sick man's Dream,
Where all Ideas run so fast
That Syllibubs come first and Soups the last.
Not but that Cooks and Poets still were free,
To use their Power in nice Variety;
Hence Mac'rel seem delightful to the Eyes,
Tho' dress'd with incoherent Gooseberries.
Crabs, Salmon, Lobsters are with Fennel spread
Who never touch'd that Herb till they were dead;
Yet no Man lards salt Pork with Orange Peel,
Or garnishes his Lamb with Spitchcockt Eel.
A Cook perhaps has mighty things profest,
Then sent up two Dishes nicely drest,
What Signifie Scotcht-Collops to a Feast?
Or you can make whip'd Cream; Pray what Relief
Will that be to a Saylor who wants Beef?

Who, lately Ship-wreckt, never can have ease,
Till re-establish'd in his Pork and Pease,
When once begun let Industry ne'er cease
Till it has render'd all things of one Piece:
At your Desert bright Pewter comes too late,
When your first course was all serv'd up in Plate.

Swol'd mutton in the following passage means, I believe, sheep cooked in its skin, but the flavour of the meat could hardly be improved by the aroma of burnt wool.

Most knowing Sir! the greatest part of Cooks
Searching for truth, and couzan'd by its Looks,
One wou'd have all things little, hence has try'd
Turkey Poults fresh, from th' Egg in Batter fry'd
Others, to shew the largeness of their Soul,
Prepare you Muttons swol'd and Oxen whole
To vary the same things some think is Art.
By larding of Hogs-feet and Bacon Tart.
The Tast is now to that Perfection brought
That care, when wanting Skill, creates the Fault.

Be cautious how you change old Bills of Fare,
Such alterations shou'd at least be rare;
Yet credit to the Artist will acrue,
Who in known things still makes th' appearance new,
Fresh Dainties are by Britain's Traffick known,
And now by constant Use familiar grown;
What Lord of old wou'd bid his Cook prepare
Mangoes, Botargo, Champignons, Caviare?
Or wou'd our thrum-cap'd Ancestors find fault
For want of Sugar-Tongs or Spoons for Salt.

Botargo was a kind of fish sausage or black pudding made from eggs and the blood of the mullet. Dr. King was only half in earnest about the presumed influence of food on mind and morals:

The things we eat by various juice control
The narrowness or largeness of our Soul,
Onions will make ev'n Heirs or Widows weep,
The tender lettuce brings on softer sleep.
Eat beef or Pye-crust if you'd serious be:
Your Shell-fish raises Venus from the sea,
For Nature that inclines to Ill or Good,
Still nourishes our Passions by our Food.

A few more extracts may be quoted:

Crowd not your table let your Number be
Not more than seven and never less than three.

* * * *

'Tis the Desert that graces all the Feast,
For an ill end disparages the rest.
A thousand things well done, and one forgot,
Defaces Obligation by that Blot.
Make your transparent Sweet-meats truly nice
With Indian Sugar and Arabian Spice;
And let your various Creams incircl'd be
With swelling Fruit just ravish'd from the Tree.
Let Plates and Dishes be from China brought
With lively Paint and Earth transparent wrought.
The Feast now done Discourses are renew'd,
And witty Arguments with Mirth pursu'd;
The cheerful Master midst his jovial Friends.
His Glass to their best Wishes recommends,
The Grace Cup follows to his Sovereign's Health,
And to his Country Plenty, Peace and Wealth.
Performing then the Piety of Grace,
Each Man that pleases reassumes his place:
While at his Gate from such abundant Store
He show'rs his God-like Blessings on the Poor.

* * *

In days of old our Fathers went to War,
Expedings sturdy Blows and hardy Fate;
Their Beef they often in their Murrions stew'd
Some officer perhaps might give Consent,

To a large covered Pipkin in his Tent,
Where everything that ev'ry soldier got,
Fowl, Bacon, Cabbage, Mutton, and what not,
Was all thrown into Bank and went to Pot.
But when our Conquests were extensive grown,
And thro' the World our British Worth was known,
Wealth on Commanders then flow'd in apace
Their Champain sparkled equal with their Lace;
Quails, Beccoficos, Ortelans were sent
To grace the Levee of a Gen'rals Tent.
In their Gilt Plate all Delicates were seen.
And what was Earth before became a rich terrene.

* * *

When the young Players get to Islington,
They fondly think that all the World's their own;
'Prentices, Parish Clerks and Hector's meet,
He that is drunk or bullied pays the Treat.
Their Talk is loose, and o'er their bouncing Ale,
At Constables and Justices they rail,
Not thinking Custard such a serious thing
That Common Council Men 'twill thither bring,
Where many a Man at variance with his Wife
With softening Mead and Cheese-Cake ends the strife.

* * *

New things produce new words, and thus Menteth
Has by one Vessel sav'd his Name from Death.
The Seasons change us all, by Autumn's Frost
The shady Leaves of Trees and Fruit are lost
But then the Spring breaks forth with fresh Supplies.
So stuble Geese at Michaelmas are seen
Upon the spit, Next May produces green.
The Fate of things lies always in the dark,
What Cavalier wou'd know St. James Park?
For Locket's stands where Gardens once did spring,
And Wild Ducks quack where Grass-hoppers did sing,
A princely Palace on that Space does rise
Where Sidley's noble Muse found Mulberries.
Since Places after thus, what constant Thought
Of filling various Dishes can be taught!

THE TEA-TABLE.

An Eighteenth Century Print.

The significance of the allegorical figures in the background must not be missed.

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PUBLIC LIBRARIES
SMETHWICK

For he pretends too much, or is a Fool
Who'd fix those things where Fashion is the Rule.

* * *

Tom Bold did first begin the Strolling Mart,
And drove about his Turnips in a Cart;
Sometimes his Wife the Citizens wou'd please
And from the same machine sell Pecks of Pease.
Then Pippins did in Wheel-barrows abound,
And Oranges in Whimsey-boards went round.
Bess Hoy first found it troublesome to bawl,
And therefore plac'd her Cherries on a Stall;
Her Currants there and Gooseberries were spread,
With the enticing Gold of Ginger-bread:
But Flounders, Sprats and Cucumbers were cry'd
And ev'ry sound and ev'ry Voice was try'd
At last the Law this hideous Din suppress,
And order'd that the Sunday should have rest,
And that no Nymph her noisy Food should sell,
Except it were new Milk or Maccarel.

The age of Queen Anne was a time of generous feasting and of fare more varied than the previous generation; the Queen herself, being, if report is true, somewhat overmuch addicted to the pleasure of the table.

A menu of high class dinner is given in an interesting old book, *The Complete Family Piece*, and is typical of the fare of the period:

At the upper end of the Table a Dish of Fish;
Afterwards removed for a Soop;
Under that a Venison Pasty;
And last, under the Venison Pasty, a Chine of Mutton.

On the further side, a little below the first Dish,
A White Fricassee;
And under that Bacon and Beans.

And on the near side, facing the White Fricassee, an
Orange Pudding.
And on the same side, facing the Bacon and Beans,
Tongue and Colliflowers.

Second Course.
At the upper end of the table, Partridges;
Under that, Sweetmeat Tarts of all sorts;
And last, under the Sweetmeat Tarts, three young
Rabbits.
On the further side, below the first dish,
Marrow Pasties;
And under that Roasted Pidgeons.
And on the near side, facing the Marrow Pasties,
Veal Sweetbreads.
And on the same side, facing the Roasted Pidgeons,
a Dish of young Peas.

Now the most prejudiced of modern *bon vivants* could not be found to deny that this is a real good dinner, although exception might be taken to its arrangement. One would have preferred, for example, to have had the "soop" before the fish, and not *vice versa*, and the presence of an orange pudding in the same course seems to need explanation. In the second course there is a hint of yet darker doings, into which it would be well, perhaps, not to inquire too curiously, for the simultaneous appearance of partridges and young peas is a phenomenon which could not be satisfactorily accounted for in days when the forcing of vegetables was hardly in its infancy. Still, allowing for this, for beans and bacon, and for all other peculiarities, there is a promise of much good fare in such a menu, the preparation of which, one would dare swear, would do no injustice to the excellence of the viands.

CHAPTER X

THE SUBLIME SOCIETY OF BEEFSTEAKS

What a host of bright names to our memories dear,
In its magical circle enchanted appear,
Crowding round the old bar that once furnished their cheer,
To the jolly old steakers of England.—*The Anthem.*

Of clubs promoted for the ostensible and very English purpose of eating beefsteaks there have been many, the earliest dating from the days of Queen Anne, and having for its founder or "providore" Dick Estcourt of merry fame.

But of all these clubs, none have rivalled in historic interest or longevity the famous Sublime Society. Timbs in his *Clubs of London* gives the following account of its founding:

Rich had left the Lincoln's Inn Theatre in 1732 for Covent Garden, the success of *The Beggar's Opera* having made "Gay rich and Rich gay." Being as well as a pantomimist of genius a man of wit, his private room at Covent Garden was frequented by many men of rank and fashion who enjoyed his conversation. Among them it was said that his most constant visitor was the old Earl of Peterborough, the friend of Pope, who, on one occasion, his carriage being delayed, stayed so late that Rich, who was no respecter of persons, set about preparing his modest dinner, which consisted of a beefsteak cooked by himself over his

own fire. The steak gave forth an appetising odour, and the old lord was persuaded to stay and share it. He liked his entertainment so well that he proposed a weekly renewal of it at the same time and place. So we are told did the Sublime Society come into being. As, however, Peterborough's name was never enrolled in the list of members the presumption is that the story is purely apocryphal.

Rich was unquestionably the founder of the Society, and it is most probable that he, and he alone, originated the conception of it. From the outset the membership was strictly limited to twenty-four, the first list including the names of John Rich (founder), George Lambert, William Hogart, Lacy Ryan, Ebenezer Forrest, Robert Scott, Thomas Chapman, Dennis Delane, John Thornhill, Francis Nivelon, Sir William Saunderson, John Mitchell, Thomas Boson, Henry Smart, Hugh Watson, William Watson, William Huggins, Edward Tufnell, Thomas Saltway, Charles Neale, William Tothall, Gabriel Hunt, and Alexander Gordon.

Garrick became a member in the early days. The Society's anthem fitly celebrates the distinction of some of these early brothers:

"Rich, who the feast of the Gridiron planned,
And formed with a touch of his Harlequin wand
Out of mighty rude matter this Brotherly Band,
The jolly old steakers of England.

Then Hogarth was a steaker devoted and true,
For in France, when the gate of proud Calais he drew,
A good English sirloin he placed in full view,
Singing, Oh! the roast beef of old England!

And Garrick, the wonder and boast of his age,
The pet of the Muses, the pride of the stage,
How he loved in the struggle of wit to engage,
With the jolly old steakers of England."

From the earliest period of the Society's history, it was subject to sumptuary laws of extreme severity. The membership was limited to twenty-four, and this number was never exceeded. It has been said that George IV, when Prince of Wales, having expressed a wish to join the Society, he was elected an extra member, raising the number to twenty-five. The statement is, however, devoid of foundation. The Prince came up for election in the usual course, and did not even come out of his turn for Charles Morris was elected a member in February, 1785, while the Prince did not secure that distinction before the following May.

The officers of the Society were first the President of the day, each member filling that office in turn. In Rich's time the privilege of the President was to pay for the steaks, but that does not seem to have been enforced in later days.

The President, having been formally invested by the Boots with the badge of the Society, was inducted into the chair. His duty was to observe and enforce all rules, but he had no independent power, and his behaviour in the chair was closely watched by all the party, and the least breach of the Society's laws led to his instant impeachment and condemnation to do penance in a white sheet. A beefeater's hat and plume hung on the right-hand of the chair behind him, and a three-cornered hat popularly, but erroneously, supposed to have been worn by Garrick as "Ranger," on the left. When proposing a resolution the President placed the plumed hat on his head and instantly removed it. A failure to observe any of these points was sufficient for an immediate call for order. Another of his duties was to sing the song of the day, an obligation which, whether he could or could not sing, there was no evading.

The inflexibility with which the Society's laws were enforced is amusingly illustrated in a story told by James Hodd, the Ettrick Shepherd, who was a guest of the Society on one occasion when Lord Saltoun, being in the chair, was adjudged to stand in a white sheet and be reprimanded by the Recorder for the serious offence of having sent a dozen bottles of fine old Highland whisky from his own cellar for the use of the Society without having first asked and received permission to do so.

A similar fate befell Walter Arnold, the Society's historian, at a much later date. Lord Dalhousie had resigned his membership, but was present as an honorary member, and Arnold, as President, included his name in the usual toast "Our Worthy Visitors." It was immediately moved, seconded, and carried unanimously "that the President be put into a white sheet and rebuked for his want of courtesy to a Brother and for his utter ignorance of the rules of the Society."

Other officers of the Society were the Vice, who was always the oldest member of the Society present; the Bishop, who sang the grace and the anthem; the Recorder, whose duty it was to rebuke everybody and to administer the oath to new members; and the Boots, who was the fag to the brethren. His duty was to fetch the wine from the cellar and decant a bottle, whenever called upon to do so, and it was the humour of the brethren to call for a fresh bottle every time the unlucky Boots attempted to sit down to his steak. This office was held by the junior member. The Duke of Sussex was Boots for a long year, from his election in April, 1808, to April, 1809, when, a vacancy happening, Mr. Arnold was elected. The Duke of Leinster, although he never drank anything but water himself, often voluntarily performed the duties of Boots.

Under Rich's original regulations, absence from three meetings entailed expulsion from the Society, but this rule was not enforced in after years. The fare was invariably steaks served on hot pewter plates, followed by Welsh rabbit, and the beverages were porter in the pewter, port wine, punch, and whisky toddy.

For seventy years the old Society held its meetings at Covent Garden Theatre. When that house was burned down in 1808 it migrated to the Bedford Coffee House, and in the following year transferred its quarters to the Lyceum until that was destroyed by fire in 1830. It then held its meetings at the Lyceum Tavern and then at the Bedford again until 1838, when a suite of rooms was provided in the rebuilt Lyceum.

The invaluable early records of the Society and its stock of wines were lost in the Covent Garden fire, but the gridiron upon which Rich cooked his solitary steak was found among the ruins and restored to its position above the President's chair.

The Society had a badge, a motto, and a uniform. The badge was a gridiron; the motto "Beef and Liberty"; the uniform blue coat and buff waistcoat adorned with brass buttons engraved with the gridiron and the legend. There was also a ring bearing the same device which in the earlier days of the Society it was obligatory for every member to wear at dinner. Every member of the Society was allowed to introduce one visitor except on the first and last Saturdays of the term, which lasted from November to May. These were private days when accounts were gone into. It was not an economical Society to belong to. The entrance fee, originally twenty-five guineas, was reduced in 1849 to ten guineas. Each member paid 5s. for his dinner and 10s. 6d. for his guest, in addition to which

there were occasional whips, never less than two in the year, of £5 each.

In the years following the first establishment of the Society it attracted a crowd of well-known men. Theo. Cibber was a member, also Isaac Ware, Henry Gifford, and Dr. Anthony Askew. The accession of John Wilkes caused the retirement of Mr. Justice Welsh, the father of Mrs. Nollekens. The justice was a staunch Tory, and "Wilkes and Liberty" were anathema to him. Wilkes introduced Churchill to the Society, but although one of its wittiest members, his irregularities so disgusted the Brethren that he was forced to resign to avoid expulsion. Among the members at this period were George Colman, the Earls of Effingham and Surrey, and the Earl of Sandwich—Jemmy Twitcher. To the latter Churchill attributed his disgrace, and ever afterwards made him the mark of his bitterest satire:

> "Lothario, holding honour at no price,
> Folly to folly added, vice to vice,
> Wrought sin with greediness and courted shame,
> With greater zeal than good men seek for fame."

Jemmy Twitcher's turn soon came, for he was expelled from the Society in the same year in which he moved in the House of Lords the arrest of his brother member, Wilkes, on account of the publication of his infamous "Essay on Woman." Wilkes had been ill-advised enough to send a copy to the Society, but the feeling it excited was so unmistakable that, although the author escaped expulsion, he never again dared to show his face at the weekly dinners. Garrick, who was an honoured member of the Steaks, dallied so long over his dinner one night that the pit at Drury Lane grew restless, waiting for the curtain to rise, and a riot seemed imminent. "I think, David,"

said Ford, one of the patentees, as Garrick hurried panting into the theatre, "considering the stake you and I have in the house, you might pay more attention to its business."

"True, my friend," returned Garrick, "but I was thinking of my steak in the other house."

Bubb Dodington, Aaron Hill, Hoadley, author of *The Suspicious Husband*, and Leonidas Glover, are a few other names that occur in an early list of the members. The Society was remarkably democratic in its ways. Numbering among its members, from time to time, princes, great nobles, authors, actors, and artists, all distinctions of rank were ignored in the club room. All were alike Brothers, and were exposed indiscriminately to the practical joking that was one of the most cherished privileges of the Brethren.

Visitors were frequently misled by this absence of all ceremony, and on one occasion a Liverpool merchant who had been brought as a visitor by Lonsdale, the painter, being at first rather impressed by finding himself in the society of dukes and lords, soon came to the conclusion that he was being hoaxed and that the members were masquerading under false titles. He whispered his discovery to his host, telling him that the joke was a good one, but that he had seen through it. Lonsdale passed the communication round and the Brothers were not slow to avail themselves of the opportunities offered by the humour of the situation. The Duke of Sussex abused Sir Matthew Wood for the tough quality of the steaks he had supplied on the previous Saturday, and Wood retaliated by complaining bitterly of the bad fit of the stays that his wife had bought at his Royal Brother's shop the day before. Then Sir Francis Burdett told Whitbread that his last cask of beer was sour, to which the latter slily retorted that it had been kept too long in the

Tower. The guest was delighted at finding his suspicions confirmed and seeing the members, as he supposed, revealing themselves in their true colours, so to keep up the joke, he continued to address them by their real titles, which he supposed to be assumed. What finally confirmed him in his belief was an accident that occurred in moving the table, when the chair with the Duke of Leinster in it fell backwards into the grate. Everybody laughed but nobody moved to help the prostrate President, who picked himself up, out of the ashes as best he could. This was conclusive proof. "Why," said the visitor, "they wanted me to believe that the chairman was the Duke of Leinster, as if, when he fell into the grate, had he been a real duke, they would not all have helped to pick him up."

James Hogg, in recounting his experiences of a visit to the Steaks, wrote: "It is a club in which no man can tell whether he is doing right or wrong. The greatest offence of all is to lose temper. No man is there allowed to lose his temper on pain of being turned out of the Society. It is no uncommon thing for a gentleman to be rebuked for his face growing red. The club seems to have been originally formed to teach men good temper, good humour, and forbearance; and certainly there never was a better school established for there is no sly insinuation that can be brought forward against each other that is neglected, and always brought forward in the most laughable and extravagant terms."

The jests were sometimes very trying, but the Brotherhood kept their tempers on the whole remarkably well. Sometimes a member grew sulky under provocation, and Mr. Arnold mentions the case of one gentleman who, having been obliged to don the white sheet and listen to the Recorder's rebukes, went through the ordeal with a grim face and sent

in his resignation the next day. Even the good-natured Duke of Sussex once grew restless. It happened that His Royal Highness had walked to the club dinner that day with Brother Hallet, who, on the way, was relieved of his watch and chain by a street thief. To anybody who knew the ways of the Steaks nothing would appear more natural than that Brother Hallet should, after dinner, recount the story of his loss, and accuse the Duke of the theft. Conviction invariably followed trial by the Steaks, and the Duke was promptly found guilty, invested with the white sheet, and lectured by the Recorder on the heinousness of an offence which, if trivial under other circumstances, became serious when practised at the expense of a Brother. His Royal Highness went through the penance with a very ill grace, and remained so glum and silent all the evening that Mr. Arnold, the Recorder, thought it advisable to call upon the Duke the next morning and assure him that, in spite of the damnatory evidence, the Steaks held him incapable of stealing a friend's portable property. The Arnolds, father and son, arrived just as the Duke was starting for his morning ride. Taking his foot out of the stirrup the good-natured Duke rushed forward, hands outstretched, shouting, "I know what you are come about. I made a fool of myself last night. You were quite right, and I quite wrong, so I shall come again next Saturday and do penance again for my bad temper."

The circumstances that lost Sir John Hippisley to the Society were peculiar, and arose out of his extraordinary interest in the case of Patch, the murderer. The man had been convicted upon purely circumstantial evidence, and many persons doubting his guilt, pressure was put upon the prisoner by some well-meaning busybodies to ease the public conscience by a confession. Sir John was foremost among

these, and so worried Patch that the latter promised to reveal to him the true history of the crime upon the scaffold. Accordingly, Sir John mounted the scaffold with Patch, and was seen for some time in close conference with him. An old countrywoman who had taken up her position near the scaffold, but did not wait for the final act of the drama, took close note of Sir John Hippisley's face, taking him for the criminal. A few days afterwards meeting Sir John in Cheapside, she screamed out to the crowd, "It's Patch! I saw him hanged!" and forthwith fainted away. The story went all over the town, and was, of course, too good a joke to be lost upon the Steaks, who held a mock inquest to decide whether Sir John was himself or Patch, the decision being, as a matter of course, in favour of the latter theory, after which the baronet's life was made such a burden to him that he resigned from the Society to escape from his tormentors.

The second period of the Society's extraordinary prosperity may be said to have begun with the election in 1785 of the Prince of Wales and Captain Charles Morris of the Life Guards—the Prince made the Society fashionable, Morris made it popular. The Duke of York became a member in 1790. The Duke of Sussex, the last of the Royal brothers to join, was not elected until 1808, but he retained his membership for thirty-one years, only resigning in 1839. Charles Morris was for many years the life and soul of the weekly meetings; his wit and vivacity were unfailing, and most of his best songs and poems were written for and sung at the dinners of the Society. The famous "Toper's Apology" is well known. "Die when you will, Charles," said Curran on one occasion, "you will die young," and the prediction was amply verified, for Charles Morris, although he survived to the good old age of ninety-three, retained his high

spirits and *bonhomie* to the last. Advancing years had compelled him to bid adieu to the Society in 1831, when he was in his eighty-sixth year, but he revisited the Steaks in 1835 to receive a gift of a large silver bowl, appropriately inscribed, as a testimonial of affectionate esteem from the members, which gift was acknowledged in a suitable ode.

Notwithstanding his popularity, Charles Morris was a poor man, and his last days were clouded with straitened means, though it is said that he was the recipient of an annuity from a brother Steaker, Charles Duke of Norfolk.

This Duke of Norfolk was a mighty trencherman, and none ever filled the chair of the Steaks with more dignity. The chair was elevated some steps above the table and was decorated with the insignia of the Society. As the clock struck five a curtain drew up, discovering the kitchen, in which the cooks were seen at work through a sort of grating, above which was this inscription from Macbeth: "If 'twere done, when 'tis done, then 'twere well it were done quickly." The steaks were in the finest order, and in devouring them no one surpassed His Grace of Norfolk; two or three steaks, fragrant from the gridiron, vanished, and when his labours were thought to be over he might be seen rubbing a clean plate with a shallot for the reception of another. A pause of ten minutes ensued, and His Grace rested upon his knife and fork; he was tarrying for a steak from the middle of the rump of beef, where lurks a fifth essence, the perfect ideal of tenderness and flavour. The Duke was an enormous eater and would often eat between three and four pounds of beefsteak.

In the early years of the nineteenth century the Society included among its members Richard Wilson, the landscape painter, Samuel Arnold, Lord Mountmorris, Henry Brougham, Sir Matthew Wood, William

Linley, W. J. Denison, W. H. Whitbread, The Earl of Suffolk, Sir Ronald Ferguson, Admiral Dundas, the Duke of Leinster, the Knight of Kerry, John Cam Hobhouse, Lord Broughton, Sir Francis Burdett, C. W. Hallett, Lord Dalhousie, etc.

Brougham was at one time a frequent visitor at the steak dinners, where he sang his one song, "La Pipe de Tabac." Dalhousie obliged the company with "Cam ye by Athol," and the songs of Morris, Samuel Lover, James Hallett, and in latter days Thackeray's "Little Billee" were often heard. Of the good things said and sung at the Society's meetings the record is but scanty. Its most valuable possessions were, as before stated, lost in the disastrous fire at Covent Garden. It was also a point of honour with members that nothing that passed in the club-room should be given publicity. William Jerdan, the editor of the *Literary Gazette*, who was a visitor upon one occasion, was observed to be making a note of a *bon mot* which had just been uttered when the President at once directed his attention to the motto over the fireplace:

> "Ne fidos inter amicos
> Sit, qui dicta foras eliminet."

Four years before Brougham became Lord Chancellor the following resolution was inscribed in the books of the Society:

"It is resolved that a pipe of port be presented by permission to the Society by Brother Brougham, or Brother Stephenson; by him who shall first be appointed to the office of Lord High Chancellor of Great Britain, first singer at the French opera; Master of the Rolls or Master in Chancery."

A later entry states that:

"Brother Brougham was promoted to the office of

Lord Chancellor on the 28th November, 1820, and therefore is permitted to present a pipe of port to the Society."

A further resolution sets forth that:

"As the destruction of Covent Garden Theatre by fire on February, 1830, has left the Society homeless and compelled it to seek a temporary refuge in a house of public entertainment, and as the Society does not consider it consistent with the dignity of Lord Chancellor that he should visit the Society at such a place, it is resolved that the next meeting shall be held at the house of Brother Brougham in Berkeley Square."

Brougham only dined twice with the Society after his retirement in 1835. A late addition to the Anthem runs thus:

> "Lord Chancellor Brougham is now pensioned in clover,
> He spends all his time between Calais and Dover,
> And thinks, with regret, when he gets half-seas over,
> Of the jolly old Steakers of England."

The resignation of Lord Broughton in 1856, after thirty-three years' membership was the beginning of the end. Writing to the Treasurer, Henry Frederick Stephenson, from Erle Stoke, Westbury, he said: "There is a time for all things, the wise man has said, and I feel that the day has come when I must retire from the Society in which I have passed so many happy hours. If I have ever added anything to the gaiety and good fellowship of the Brotherhood I am aware that I can contribute nothing to them now, and I am unwilling to linger amongst those to whom it would be more becoming in me and agreeable to them that I should bid an affectionate farewell."

To this Stephenson replied: "My dear Broughton, I have received your letter of resignation with regret,

but not with surprise. I have long observed the lingering wish to go, and you have taken courage to depart, like the Roman in the Capitol, that you may adjust your mantle ere you fall. I had hoped that as you and I had so long journeyed together we should have travelled on till the final departure of one of us. As to myself, I have somewhat of the gameson spirit of the old Roman Antony—although the grey doth somewhat mingle with my brown—and shall consider the good old Steaks as my Cleopatra whose 'custom cannot stale her infinite variety,' and who still makes hungry where most she satisfies. You have, according to the light of your understanding, done what you think to be right. I shall blunder yet a little longer in my twilight, and shall always remember with affectionate pleasure the many canty days we have had with one another in our fraternal intercourse."

In a subsequent letter Lord Broughton ventured the prediction that Stephenson's loss to the Society would be fatal. "It would not and will not survive you."

This prophecy was justified by the event. Henry Frederick Stephenson died in 1858, and though the Society lingered on for nine years longer, it was expiring of senile decay all the time.

Stephenson had been elected a member in 1813, on the introduction of the Duke of Norfolk, and had been intimately associated with all the distinguished men who had made the history of the Society in the latter half of its career. His membership covered the long period of forty-five years, but the record was equalled by the Duke of Leinster, who remained faithful to the Steaks until their final dissolution. The Duke and Lord Dalhousie were the only old members left on the rota when Stephenson died.

> "Our Stephenson's gone, whose bright fancy gave birth
> To shrewd maxims of wit set in flashes of mirth,
> The last of the giants that lingered on earth,
> 'Mid the jolly old Steakers of England."

Writing of the causes which led to the final dissolution of the famous old Society, John Cordy Jeaffreson says: "Familiarity with Princes made the senile club disdainful of clever nobodies, and, preferring great men who had once been brilliant to brilliant men who were only making the first steps to greatness, the Society elected to its vacancies eminent persons out of regard for their names rather than their clubbable faculties. Had it, on entering the new Lyceum, doubled the number of its members, reformed its cellar, required half-a-dozen annual attendances from each brother, and recruited itself from the boys about town the Sublime Society would have flourished to this day."

There is a measure of truth in this opinion. If the course suggested had been adopted no doubt the Society, or a Society, would have survived, but it would probably have had little in common with the historic club. Mr. Arnold is no doubt right in the opinion that the old tradition had died out, not to be revived. New members scorned the rigid old laws of the Society, and failed to realise the old spirit of camaraderie that had kept it alive for so many generations. Some of them considered that the payment of their subscriptions fulfilled all their obligations, and they seldom or never attended the weekly dinners. Whitbread, who had been a brother for twenty-eight years, only dined once with the Society. At the last twenty-nine dinners the total attendance numbered only fifty-nine, often a single member eating his steak and drinking his bottle of port in solitary grandeur.

Under these circumstances the dissolution of the Society was inevitable, and it was wound up in 1869,

its effects sold at Christie's on April 7th in that year, realising the sum of £659 10s. 3d. Only eighteen members were left at the finish, the oldest in point of seniority being the Duke of Leinster, the Earl of Dalhousie, Walter Arnold, W. H. Whitbread, and the Earl of Stair. Among the more recently elected Brothers occur the names of Baron Heath, Lord Strathmore, Sir Charles Locock, and Junius Spencer Morgan, the father of Mr. Pierpont Morgan.

CHAPTER XI

DRINKS OF THE COUNTRY

NOTWITHSTANDING occasional reports of successful experiments in the production of wine from English-grown grapes, such as those of the famous Castle Coch enterprise of the late Marquis of Bute, the inquiry still remains open as to whether the product of English vineyards has ever been, or is ever likely to be, a commercial asset to be seriously reckoned with.

Reviewing the results of some researches into this somewhat obscure subject made some years ago I am bound to say that the case for English wine has never, to my mind, been made out satisfactorily. I would not quite endorse the sceptical attitude of Daines Barrington, who professed to disbelieve in the English vineyards altogether, and roundly asserted that the chroniclers who wrote of vines and wines, thus euphemistically described orchards and apple-juice. It is an ingenious theory but untenable, for William of Malmesbury and other of the chroniclers of old were quite able clearly to convey their meaning, and little likely to confound fermented grape juice with cider.

Vines were cultivated in Britain at the commencement of the eight century according to the Venerable Bede:

> "Vinea quibasdum in locis germinans."

They were mentioned in the laws of Alfred, and thirty-eight vineyards are enumerated in Domesday Book. At the end of the Conquest vines were planted at Westminster, at Ware, in Hertfordshire, Chenetone in Middlesex, at Holebourne, too, where was a vineyard afterwards an appanage of the Bishops of Ely, who practised viticulture on the classic spot principally associated in these later days with the name of Sir George Lewis.

Churchmen then preponderated among viticulturists. The Bishop of Rochester, according to Lombarde, sent a present of wine vintaged at Halling, near Rochester, to King Edward II. Attached to Canterbury Church and St. Augustine's Abbey were many vineyards, but the archives of the Church of Ely supply most conclusive evidence, for they contain the record of the vineyard for some two or three seasons, whereof one was so unfavourable that no wine was that year made, but verjuice, a contingency which one is at liberty to fancy must have frequently occurred to our early vignerons.

Dr. Henderson suggests that the Church enjoyed peculiar advantages for wine-making, since the abbeys were invariably situated in fertile, well-sheltered valleys, favourable for the ripening of the grape, and since many of the monks, being foreigners, probably brought with them from beyond the seas a more practical knowledge of grape-culture and wine-making than the native-born agriculturist would be likely to possess.

By the middle of the twelfth century, according to William of Malmesbury, the English vineyards covered vast tracts of country. Describing the fertility of the vale of Gloucester, he says: "This district exhibits a greater number of vineyards than any other county in England, yielding abundant crops of superior quality. Nor are the wines made from them by any means harsh or ungrateful to the palate, for in point of sweet-

A Banquet in a Tapestried Chamber.
15th Century.

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ness they may also bear comparison with the growths of France."

This is a noteworthy passage, for although it is obvious that the chronicler of Malmesbury was loyally-minded to say the best he could for the vintage of his native land, it is equally evident that he was honestly able to urge very little in its favour; yet his commendation, guarded as it is, stands almost alone, for it is a curiously significant fact that although we read a good deal about the early English vineyards, on the character of their produce every man is dumb.

The passion which men have for talking or writing about the liquor they drink is independent of time, age or nationality. Horace sang the praises of Falernian in his odes, and Shakespeare has told us a great deal about sack in his comedies; there are oceans of hot brandy and water in *Pickwick*, and the soundness of the claret is a constant theme of the Irish novelist at his best. But what writer in prose or verse for the past five hundred years has ever penned a line that goes to prove that English vintaged wine was ever a common drink of priest or lord, franklin or squire? They, these writers of plays, poems or romances, are the truest of historians, for the habits and temper of their times are unconsciously reflected in their works.

There is, for instance, a metrical romance—"The Squire of Low Degree"—unearthed by Warton, which dates from the very period in which, according to William of Malmesbury, the land was overrun by vineyards. A certain king of Hungary is amongst its personæ, a monarch of convivial turn who romances about his cellar's contents in the spirit of a modern stockbroker. He offers his guests their choice—wine of France, Italy, Spain, Greece—even of Syria—of every land within the compass of the civilised world save England alone. Surely in this exhaustive catalogue English wine would have had some place if it

were fit at all to bring to table. Chaucer's references to wines invariably point to foreign vintages, as "clarrie" —or claret; vernage—a rough red wine of Tuscan growth, etc. Dr. Andrew Borde, in his *Dyetary of Helthe*, published in the reign of Edward VI, has this significant passage: "There be many wines in divers regions that we have not in England, but this I do say, that all the kingdoms of the world have not so many sundry kinds of wines as be in England, and yet there is nothing to make wine of."

One might readily multiply passages from the writers of three centuries to show what foreign wines were commonly drunk, and, inferentially, to prove that English wines in ordinary society were not drunk at all. What, then, is the explanation? Dr. Henderson somewhat weakly contends that vine-growing was a fad of the rich, and that imported wine was probably at all times better and cheaper than any which could be grown at home. This is a conclusion altogether unsound and unworthy of the logical mind of the historian of wine. The monks of old were an eminently practical race, in their husbandry at least, and not given to indulgence in expensive fancies. If they made wine, and made wine in large quantities, which it seems that they did, the inference is clear that they made it cheaply, and that if it were not really good it was at least good enough for the purposes for which it was intended—for domestic use as verjuice (vinegar), as a beverage for hinds and servitors, or to be given away to the poor, as benevolent old country ladies nowadays produce curious vintages of currant or parsnip. Now and again a bishop might indulge the costly idea of making wine good enough for a king's present; but of the bulk of the English wine made in the Middle Ages it may undoubtedly be assumed that it was nothing but the thinnest and most acid kind of liqour, which bore no more relation to the popular

beverages of the period than the vinegar and water of the Neapolitan peasant does to the ordinary table drinks of the modern middle-class Englishman.

Although larger knowledge and more approved methods have been brought to bear upon the various experimental productions of wines in England in more modern times, the results do not tend to disturb that conclusion, although the historians of these experiments invariably try to make the best of them. Sir Richard Worsley, in the last century, totally failed in viticulture in the Isle of Wight, a locality apparently most favourable for the purpose; but a contemporary writer, who records the experiment in vine-growing at Arundel, carries his frankness to the point of admitting that the wine produced, though undoubtedly very good, "was not of quite so fine a flavour as that of Beaune."

The most self-satisfied of the English vignerons on record, however, was Mr. Hamilton, of Painshill, in whose time, if we may trust his account, Rheims and Épernay had to take a back place. "The first year," he says, "my wine nearly resembled the flavour of champagne, and in two or three years, as the vines grew stronger, to my great amazement, my wine had a finer flavour than the best champagne I ever tasted." The best judges it seems were deceived. The Duke de Mirepoix would drink no other wine. Wine merchants competed for it at fifty guineas a hogshead, and retailed it at half a guinea a bottle. One does not want to be disrespectful to Mr. Hamilton's memory, but it is a fact recorded by Charles Dudley Warner, and supported by the best authorities, that the cabbages a man grows in his own back garden invariably beat the world for quality.

In the old days, and in some cases even now, every apple-grower in the West Country was a cider-maker. Not only could you find a hogshead of cider in the

lean-to-shed behind every cottage, but many of the cottagers and all the farmers, possessed a mill-house, where, in the autumn, the harvest of the orchard was converted into a pure drink, with a mere suspicion of alcohol.

But science has made inroads on the old ways, and all for the good of liquor, and in the ultimate advantage of the grower. Machinery and capital have raised up great central factories, where the apples of an entire district are sorted and blended and converted, with almost absolute certainty of securing uniformity of type, into graded vintages of "sweet," "dry," and "extra dry" ciders. Such cider is fit for the table of the epicure, and patriotism combines with economy to enforce its claims, for cider of even the premier brands is inexpensive in comparison with the cost of foreign wines; but on hygienic grounds it makes an equal if not stronger appeal to the judicious drinker who has accepted conviction as to the desirability of beverages of low alcoholic strength, for cider, of all popular fermented drinks, has the lowest percentage of alcohol, and, unlike fermented malt liquor, it acts as an antidote to gout and uric acid rheumatism. "Chemically," writes Dr. Fernie, "the sub-acid juices of the apple become converted by combustion within the body into alkaline salts, which neutralise all the gouty elements. A good cider contains a considerable quantity of potash and soda, so that from drinking it there is almost no acid resultant within the body." It is also said that cider districts enjoy a remarkable immunity from disorders of a choleraic nature.

There is an old Wessex saying that "an apple tree is up and down in a man's life," and as with most country sayings, it is true because based on experience. At the age of fifteen a tree will bear a sack of apples, at thirty years of age it is in its prime, bearing readily four sacks of apples—which are equivalent to a hogs-

head of cider, and then as it approaches the ordinary limit of a man's life, its power rapidly declines, and, as a rule, at the age of three-score years and ten it cumbers the ground. Still, even here, science has wrought a change, and the art of grafting has hastened the maturity of the apple tree greatly.

In some Wessex villages cider is still made in the rough and ready fashion of the old days; the press and the wooden mill may still be found standing in a shed behind many a farmhouse. But the old ways are dying out. Science and machinery are less picturesque, but more certain in their effect. During the short season of the apple harvest the work goes on day and night in buildings lighted by electricity. Mills, pumps and presses are worked by steam or hydraulic power. Steam equalises temperatures and sterilises vats and casks. The apple juice passes through porcelain tubes to separate vats for the blending, or marriage as they call it in Brittany. Chemical analysis proclaims the moment when the proportion of tannic acid and sugar is just, then natural fermentation ensues and apple-juice becomes cider.

It is the fashion to regard cider as a summer beverage; but this is a fashionable heresy. It is even more important to drink cider in the winter than in the summer. For rheumatism, gout and their allied diseases are more prevalent in the winter than in the summer, and consequently cider, the pure juice of the apple, and the best natural antidote to these diseases should be drunk throughout the autumn and winter months. In the cider districts of Normandy and Brittany gout and rheumatism in their worst complications are, it is said, practically unknown.

Testimony of its health-giving properties abound in the writings of our older authors. "It will beggar a physician," wrote Austen, "to live where cider and perry are of general use." But Evelyn's enthusiasm

was unbounded, "It is good of a thousand kinds," he said, "proper for the cure of many diseases, a kind vehicle for any sanitive vegetable or other medical ingredients. In a word we pronounce it the most wholesome drink in Europe."

The employment of cider in cookery has hitherto but little engaged the attention of town cooks, although it forms an important element in the Norman cuisine, and has from time immemorial been employed with advantage by old-fashioned Devonshire housewives in the improvement of apple pies and other homely dishes. Writing on this subject, Mr. Henry Whiteway says: "It is a very old custom in many country houses to add a little cider to apple pies, especially late in the year when the apple has lost some of its briskness; and therefore it is certain that the addition would be still more beneficial in the present day, when the apples used for cooking are largely of the imported varieties, which lack the juicy crispness of the best kinds of English cooking apples. . . . Careful experiments have gone to prove conclusively that a proper cider, judiciously employed, will vastly improve such dishes as apple pie, apple sauce, apple charlotte, apple trifle, apple fool and apple gâteau."

Here are suggestions which offer to our cookery expert readers hints for more extended experiments.

In high-class cookery in Normandy cider fills an important place in the preparation of sauces instead of wine. M. Escoffier, who has so employed it, quoted a recipe of historic interest which was prepared for the first time in the Château de Navarre, during the residence there of the Empress Josephine. The Château was founded in 1330 by Jeanne de Navarre, in whose honour the recipe was entitled Caneton Jeanne de Navarre. In this recipe, which M. Escoffier tried with satisfactory result, a stuffing of apples, liberally moistened with old cider, formed the chief feature in the

treatment of the duck, which was partly cooked in a casserole and finished in the oven enclosed in a brioche paste.

The wine of Devon is nowadays produced in such a range of brands of varying characteristics as would have mightily astonished the cider makers of old days. There are ciders in bottle and ciders in cask, ciders still and ciders sparkling, dry ciders and sweet, for the gouty a specially dry cider with an alcohol percentage of between six and seven, and for the teetotallers a de-alcoholised cider with no alcohol percentage at all. For salad making there is nothing to beat cider vinegar; it is equal to a good wine vinegar, and far superior to malt, but it is hard to come by: nobody advertises it, and it has no place in any store's catalogue.

Few people—town dwellers that is—know anything from personal experience about mead, nor, like myself, had any belief that there are places in this island of ours where that old-world beverage was still a drink in common use. The late Maurice Hewlett came to enlighten our ignorance. In that country whence he wrote—somewhere in Wiltshire, I believe—they send their turkeys to the London market, and for their own Christmas fare they eat their pigs "literally from head to foot, and for their drink it is mead." "Mead," he continued, "is a noble liquor, but asks, even demands, moderation. Personally, I take it in a liqueur glass, like cherry brandy, which, however, it does not at all resemble. There is nothing sweet about good mead, nothing sticky or viscid. It is a thin, clear, amber-coloured beverage, slightly aromatic, very insidious and ruthless to those who exceed."

Whereupon he relates a cautionary tale concerning the experiences of Farmer Hackbush, Farmer Norton, and Farmer Gell, who met at the house of a friend on the border of this shire one Boxing Day, and revelled,

not wisely, upon mead. They revelled long and deeply, until they were conveyed somehow to the station and heaved into the milk train of the small hours, consigned to the guard; all for the same destination, and, as it turned out, destiny. For at their wayside station, where they were duly heaved out into the breathless, dewy dark—that intense dark of the hours before dawn—they were convoyed into the yard, to the three tax-carts and slumbering boys which awaited them. They were heaved in—Farmer Hackbush, Farmer Norton, Farmer Gell. Mechanically they took and shook the reins, and murmured "Coorroop!" And each of them, thanks to a sober, instructed cob, reached a house, an open front door, and an awaiting matron in a dressing-gown.

But none reached his own front door. For Farmer Hackbush was heaved into the front door and arms of Mrs. Gell, and Farmer Gell into those of Mrs. Norton, and Farmer Norton into those of Mrs. Hackbush. All that at 5 a.m. And what happened next, in each or any case, I don't know.

Soon after the death of that erratic genius, Sir Kenelm Digby, there was published by his son an interesting little book. "The closet of the eminently learned Sir Kenelm Digby Kt., Opened, Whereby is discovered Several Ways of Making Metheglin, Sider, Cherry Wine etc., together with excellent directions for Cookery, as also for Preserving, Conserving, Candying, etc."*

This is quite an interesting item in the culinary literature of the seventeenth century, although, curiously, it escaped mention by W. Carew Hazlitt in his work on Old Cookery-books. The remarkable feature of the work is its wealth of recipes for beverages, especially those for mead and metheglin, which alone occupy one hundred and twelve pages. Sir Kenelm appears

* See Appendix, Sir Kenelm Digby.

to have laid all his friends and correspondents under contribution for this section of the book, for we have recipes supplied by My Lady Gower, My Lord Morice, My Lady Bellasis, My Lord Herbert, Sir William Paston, Sir John Arundel, &c., as well as some from foreign sources.

The distinction, if any, between mead, or meathe, as Sir Kenelm calls it, and metheglin is difficult to define. Metheglin is the Welsh name for the beverage, but a study of these recipes—the largest collection we possess—conveys the idea that while mead is a simple form of fermented honey solution, with possibly some added herbs or spices, metheglin admits an immense wealth and variety of the latter flavourings. One recipe calls for two handfuls of dock-leaves, a "reasonable burthen" of saxifrage, wild sage, blew-button, scabious, bettony, agrimony, wild marjoram and a peck of wild thyme, roots and all. These to be gathered in the fields, while the garden is to supply bayleaves and rosemary, a sieveful of avens (whatever they may be), violet leaves, sage, sweet marjoram, borage—leaves, roots and all—parsley roots, elecampane, fennel and thyme.

The character and quality of these old-world beverages were determined by a very lavish employment of fragrant herbs, wild and cultivated, most of which have either fallen into disuse or been altogether forgotten.

The following may be selected as typical recipes from Sir Kenelm's compilation:

WHITE METHEGLIN OF MY LADY HUNGERFORD; WHICH IS EXCEEDINGLY PRAISED

Take your Honey, and mix it with fair water, until the Honey be quite dissolved. If it will bear an Egge to be above the liquor, the breadth of a groat, it is strong enough; if not put more Honey to it, till

it be so strong: then boil it, till it be clearly and well Skimmed. Then put in one good handful of Strawberry leaves, and half a handful of Violet leaves; and half as much Sorrel, a dozen tops of Rosemary, four or five tops of Balm leaves, a handful of Harts' tongue, and a handful of Liver wort, a little Thyme, and a little Red Sage. Let it boil about an hour; then put it into a Wooden Vessel, where let it stand, till it be quite cold. Then put it into the Barrel. Then take half an ounce of Cloves, as much Nutmeg, four or five slices of Ginger, bruise it and put it into a fine bag with a stone to make it sink, that it may hang below the middle. Then stop it very close.

The Herbs and Spices are in proportion for Six Gallons.

Since my Lady Hungerford sent me this Receipt, she sent me word, that she now useth (and liketh better) to make the Decoction of Herbs before you put the Honey to it. This proportion of Herbs is to make Six Gallons of Decoction, so that you may take eight or nine gallons of Water. When you have drawn out into your water, all the vertue of the Herbs, throw them away and take the clear Decoction (leaving the settlings) and, when it is lukewarm dissolve your proportion of Honey in it. After it is well dissolved and laved with strong Arms or wooden Instruments like Battle-doors or Scoops, boil it gently, till you have taken away all the scum; then make an end of well boyling it about an hour in all. Then pour it into a wooden vessel, and let it stand till it be cold. Then pour the clear through a sieve of hair, ceasing pouring when you come to the foul, thick settling. Turn the clear into your Vessel (without Barm) and stop it up close, with the Spices in it, till you perceive by the hissing that it begins to work. Then give it some little vent, else the Barrel would break. When it is at the end of the working stop it up close.

She useth to make it the end of Summer, when she takes up her Honey, and begins to drink it in Lent. But it will be better if you defer piercing it till next Winter. When part of the Barrel is drunk, she botteleth the rest, which maketh it quicker and better. You clear the Decoction from the Herbs by a Hair-sieve.

The Honey of dry open Countries, he says, where there is much Wild thyme, Rosemary, and Flowers is best.

TO MAKE EXCELLENT MEATHE (MEAD)

To every quart of Honey, take four quarts of water. Put your water in a Clean Kettle over the fire, and with a stick take the just measure how high the water cometh, making a notch, where the superficies toucheth the stick. As soon as the water is warm, put in your Honey, and let it boil, skimming it always, till it be very clear. Then put to every Gallon of water, one pound of the best Blew-raisins of the Sun, first clean picked from the stalks, and clean washed. Let them remain in the boiling Liquor, till they be thoroughly swollen and soft. Then take them out and put them into a Hair bag, and strain all the juice and pulp and substance from them in the Apothecaries Press, which put back into your liquor, and let it boil till it be consumed just to the notch you took at first, for the measure of your water alone. Then let your Liquor run through a Hair-strainer into an empty Woodden vat, which must stand endwise, with the head of the upper end out, and there let it remain till the next day, that the Liquor be quite cold. Then Tun it up into a good Barrel, not filled quite full, but within three or four fingers' breadth (where Sack hath been is the best), and let the bung remain open for six weeks with a double butter-cloth lying upon it, to keep out any

foulness from falling in. Then stop it up close, and drink not of it till after nine months.

This Meathe is singularly good for a Consumption, Stone, Gravel, Weak-sight, and many more things. A Chief Burgomaster of Antwerp used for many years to drink no other drink but this, at Meals and all times, even for pledging of healths, and though he were an old man, he was of an extraordinary vigour every way and had always a great appetite, and good digestion, and yet was not fat.

Sir Kenelm himself is responsible for the following:

HYDROMEL AS I MADE IT FOR THE QUEEN MOTHER

Take eighteen quarts of spring water and a quart of honey. When the water is warm, put the honey into it. When it boileth up skim very well, and continue skimming it as long as any scum will rise. Then put in one Race Ginger (sliced in thin slices), four Cloves, and a little sprig of green Rosemary. Let these boil in the Liquor so long till in all it hath been one hour. Then set it to cool, till it be blood warm, and then put to it a teaspoonful of Ale yest. When it is worked up, put it into a vessel of fit size, and after two or three days bottle it up. You may drink it after six weeks or two months.

Thus was the hydromel made that I gave the Queen, which was exceedingly liked by Everybody.

Space fails to quote recipes for ciders, strawberry and cherry wines, possets, syllabubs, a pleasant drink of ale and honey.

A VERY PLEASANT DRINK OF APPLE

Take about fifty pippins, quarter and core them without paring them, for the paring is the Cordialest

part of them. Therefore only wipe or wash them well, and pick away the black excrescence at the top, and be sure to leave out all the seeds that are hot. You may cut them after all the superfluities are taken away into thinner slices if you please. Put three gallons of fountain water to them in a great Pipkin, and let them boil, till the Apples become clear and transparent, which is a sign they are perfectly tender, and will be in a good half hour, or a little more. Then with your ladle break them into mash and pulp, incorporated with the water, letting all boil half an hour longer that the water may draw into itself all the vertue of the apples. Then put to them a pound and a-half of pure double-refined sugar in powder, which will soon dissolve in that hot liquor. Then pour it into a Hippocras bag, and let it run through it two or three times to be very clear. Then put it up into bottles, and after a little time it will be a most pleasant, quick cooling, smoothing drink.

Mead is seldom mentioned in modern books of reference but *The Experienced English Housekeeper*, 1808, gives some sound practical recipes, two of which are worth quoting.

TO MAKE COWSLIP MEAD

To fifteen gallons of water put thirty pounds of Honey, boil it till one gallon is wasted, scum it, then take it off the fire, have ready sixteen lemons cut in halves, take a gallon of the liquor and put it to the lemons, put the rest of the liquor into a tub, with seven pecks of cowslips, and let them stand all night, then put it in the liquor with the lemons, eight spoonfuls of new yeast, and a handful of sweet briar, stir them well together, and let it work three or four days, then strain it and put it in your cask, and in six months time you may bottle it.

TO MAKE WALNUT MEAD

To every gallon of water put three pounds and a half of honey, boil them together three quarters of an hour; to every gallon of liquor put about two dozen of walnut leaves, pour your liquor boiling hot upon them, let them stand all night, then take out the leaves, put in a spoonful of yeast, and let it work two or three days, then make it up, let it stand three months, then bottle it.

. . . . .

Home-made wines are still made and drunk in many country houses, and elderberry wine retains a good deal of its popularity; a glass of hot elderberry on a cold winter's night, is, as Cobbet said, "Something to be run for!" The variety of these beverages is by no means as great as in former years. What a wealth of variety they had in the matter of home-made wines!

Herb beers made from various wild herbs, are made and sold by cottagers in various parts of the country. Tramping in the rural parts of Staffordshire, I have found a bottle of this country beverage an excellent and refreshing thirst quencher; it has a slight and agreeable bitterness, but how it is prepared I was never able to discover. The ingredients could not have been expensive, as the beer was sold at the price of a penny for a good-sized bottle. It is slightly effervescent, and should be made for a quick sale, as, if kept long, bottle fermentation is set up, and an excisable amount of alcohol develops, as some of the makers have found out to their cost.

Mrs. Grieve, in one of her pamphlets, remarks that many farmhouses used to brew their own STINGO from wayside herbs, employing old rustic recipes that had been handed down from generation to generation.

Drinks of the Country

The true value of vegetable bitters and of herb beers have yet to be recognised by all sections of the community. Workmen in puddling furnaces and potteries in the Midland and Northern counties, find, however, that a tea made of tonic herbs is cheaper and less intoxicating than ordinary beer and patronise the herb beers freely, Dandelion Stout ranking as one of the favourites. It is also made in Canada.

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CHAPTER XII

THE RISE OF THE BREWER

Beer, or rather ale, is an institution which lays claim to hoar antiquity. Diodorus Siculus has it that Bacchus, finding that the vine would not grow everywhere, first taught men to make strong liquor from barley, holding it misfortune that opportunities for intoxication should not be offered to inhabitants of every clime. However that may be, it is certain that in ancient Egypt, where they had a way of anticipating most modern discoveries, a fermented liquor was made from wheat or barley. Herodotus tells us so, and is confirmed by the learned Dr. Shaw, who says that "they put something in it to make it intoxicate," which, if it were a fermented liquor, appears to have been a work of supererogation. Also, he says, they called it "Bouzy," the derivative of which is obvious, and he tells us that it would not keep longer than three or four days, which was probably a general characteristic of all beers brewed before the introduction of improved brewing methods. Ale was an early English passion. It was drunk in mighty draughts by our Saxon and Danish ancestors; it was specified among the liquors provided for a royal banquet by the saintly Edward the Confessor, and the price of it was regulated by enactment of our Norman conquerors.

An exact definition of what beer is would probably have varied considerably at different periods of its

history. Even now it is difficult to arrive at one. The man in the street, if questioned, would probably reply that beer is fermented liquor made from malt and hops, but the definition, although not devoid of plausibility, is not universally exact; a leading authority in the brewing trade having declared before a committee of the House of Commons that beer is not, has never been, and never will be, correctly so defined. "It is merely," he said, "a fermented saccharine solution flavoured with some bittering principle," a description which clearly prepares one for a good deal of variety.

The popular liquor of our ancestors was little else than "sweet wurt," and we, educated up to an appreciation of Bass or Allsopp, Lager or Dublin stout, would probably reject it in disgust. The important ingredient in modern malt liquor—the hop—was unknown to the English brewer until the beginning of the sixteenth century, although it had been used by the Germans two hundred years before.

A handbook on popular beverages tells us that the original difference between ale and beer was owing to the malt from which they were prepared. Ale malt was dried at a very low heat, and was consequently of a very fair colour; while beer or porter malt was dried at a higher temperature, and had therefore acquired a brown colour. This incipient charring had developed a peculiar and agreeable taste, which was communicated to the beer along with the dark colour, and rendered it more palatable and also more nutritious. It was consequently manufactured in greater quantities, and soon became the drink of the lower ranks in England.

Without impugning the correctness of this definition, it seems clear that the use of hops had at first, in the vulgar estimation, something to do with the distinction between ale and beer. Hops and heresy grew together

in England, and beer, in the brewing of which hops were employed, was hardly an orthodox tipple at first in the eyes of those who held to the old ways.

> With this same beer
> Came in heresy here—

ran a rhyme of the period, which also recommended ale as your "Catholic drink."

Leigh tells us that the malt liquors in use before 1730, were ale, beer, and twopenny, and it was customary to call for a tankard of half-and-half, i.e., half of ale and half of beer. In the course of time it became also the practice to ask for a pint of three-thirds, meaning a third of ale, beer, and twopenny. To avoid trouble, Harwood, a brewer, then made a liquor which partook of the united flavours of the three, calling it "entire," meaning that it was drawn entirely from one cask or butt. Being patronised chiefly by working people, it received the name of porter. According to Mr. Alfred Barnard, the list of beers brewed in England in the eighteenth century was much more extensive. There was porter; brown stout; Reading beer, which was much praised; amber beer, or twopenny, a pleasant wholesome beer, usually drunk warm in the winter time; London ale, the most delicate of all; Windsor ale, a liquor brewed for winter use; Welsh ale, the most luxurious and richly flavoured of any; Wurtemberg ale; hock, a beer that had a great run for many years; scurvygrass ale, said to be a great purifier of the blood; table beer, a family beverage; and shipping beer, sold for the use of haymakers and workhouses.

These distinctions for the most part have long been obsolete, but what modern brewing may lack in variety, it has more than made up in bulk. From information collected by Stowe, it appears that in the year 1585

PREPARING THE FEAST.

A 16th Century print showing the elaborate kitchen with its latticed game cupboard, roasting spit and many utensils.

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there were in the cities of London and Westminster and the suburbs twenty-six breweries, one-half of which were owned by foreigners, the others by English, who brewed between them 648,960 barrels of beer, which they delivered to their customers in open barrels before the process of fermentation was completed.

Anyone familiar with the early records of the brewing industry is aware that the making of ale was chiefly in the hands of, if it did not originate with, the monks in the various monasteries (Burton amongst the number), which at the time flourished all over England. The reason why this industry, no older in Burton than in many other places, has flourished there, and to some extent in certain other towns, while it has disappeared elsewhere, may be almost certainly put down to the quality of the water. The water or "liquor," as it is called in the craft, is a factor of immense importance in brewing. A soft water, such as exists in Dublin, may be ideal for the making of porter, but for the production of ale of the Burton type a particular kind of hard water is essential. The Burton well-water, rich in gypsum, seems to have a solvent influence on the constituents of the malt and possibly of the hops. To the qualities of this water must be ascribed the fact that the making of beer, practised in Burton since the earliest times, finally took root there a coupe of hundred years ago, and has become the immense industry which it now is.

The old Benedictine Abbey of St. Mary, of which only a few ruins still stand, was founded in Burton in 1002. As in other abbeys the monks devoted a good deal of attention to the brewing of beer, or ale, as it was called in those days before hops were used. In early leases of mills granted by the abbey the stipulation is made that the malt belonging to the monks should be ground free of charge, but the first mention

of Burton beer which has come down to us dates from the year 1295, when the abbey agreed to supply Matilda, daughter of Nicolas de Shobnall, "one gallon of conventual beer" daily for herself and seven gallons for her men in exchange for certain tenements. In 1586, when Mary Queen of Scots was imprisoned in Tutbury Castle, it is recorded that her secretary inquired where beer might be procured for her Majesty's use, to which Sir Ralph Sadlier, the Governor, replied, "Beer can be had at Burton, three miles off." The dissolution of the abbey in 1549 had, however, seriously injured not only the brewing industry but also the general trade of the town.

The revival of brewing in Burton dates back some two centuries. In 1700 Hill's brewery, now no more, was established. In 1708, according to Shaw's *Staffordshire*, an export trade was begun by a brewer of the name of Printon. Some forty years later a good market had been established for the town's product in Russia and the Baltic via Gainsborough and Hull, and both Peter the Great and the Empress Catherine are said to have loved the Burton strong ale—"peeva Burtonski."

In 1750 the firm of Worthington first made its appearance; Bass, the largest of the Burton brewers, followed in 1777, and Allsopp about 1801. The Russian trade was stopped by the Napoleonic wars from 1806 to 1814, when it was renewed, but the heavy import duties imposed in 1822 finally put an end to it. Thereupon the Burton brewers commenced to give more attention to English trade. Up to about 1820 the Burton ales were strong and rather dark in colour. The competition of Hodgson, a London brewer, in that year, who began to export a light pale ale to India, induced Burton to attempt the making of a similar product, and the pale ales of Burton soon became famous, and gradually spread all over the world.

The Rise of the Brewer

The Merrie England of mediæval times was pre-eminently a land of ale and good cheer.

Festivals and holy days were all recognised occasions for feasting and merriment, and none was complete without the national beverage. Indeed, so popular was ale that it gave its name to a number of social gatherings held under ecclesiastical auspices, and hence known as Church Ales, or briefly, Ales. Those were the days before Pussyfoot had made an appearance to frown on the people's innocent recreations, to assail their reasonable liberty, and to suggest that there was impropriety in associating ale with the Church.

In addition to Church Ales proper there were Christening and Bride Ales, or Bredales, family rejoicings rather than parochial institutions. The Helpe Ale was one at which contributions were made specially to help some poor person in distress; sometimes it was termed a Bid Ale, because of the general bidding or invitation sent out.

The "Whitsun Ales" were derived from the Agapai, or love-feasts of the early Christians, and were so denominated from the churchwardens buying, and laying in from presents also, a large quantity of malt, which they brewed into beer, and sold out in the Church or elsewhere. The profits, as well as those from sundry games, there being no Poor Rates, were given to the poor, for whom this was one mode of provision, according to the Christian rule that all festivities should be rendered innocent by alms. Aubrey thus describes a Whitsun Ale: "In every parish was a church-house, to which belonged spits, crocks, and other utensils for dressing provisions. Here the house-keepers met. The young people were there, too, and had dancing, bowling, shooting at butts, etc., the ancients sitting gravely by, and looking on."

If we must accept the belief that Bishop Still was the author of the drinking song in *Gammer Gurton's Needle* we have further proof of the indulgent attitude of the early Church towards malt liquor. It is not a song that would meet with approval from a modern bench of Bishops, but it is a jolly one nevertheless.

"Back and side go bare, go bare,
  Both foot and hand go cold;
But, belly, God send thee good ale enough,
  Whether it be new or old.

I cannot eat but little meat,
  My stomach is not good;
But sure I think that I can drink
  With him that wears a hood.
Though I go bare, take ye no care,
  I am nothing a-cold;
I stuff my skin so full within
  Of jolly good ale and old.
I love no roast, but a nut-brown toast
  And a crab laid on the fire.
A little bread shall do me stead:
  Much bread I not desire.
No frost, nor snow, no wind, I trow,
  Can hurt me if I would;
I am so wrapt, and thoroughly lapt
  Of jolly good ale and old.

And Tib, my wife, that as her life
  Loveth well good ale to seek,
Full oft drinks she till ye may see
  The tears run down her cheek,
Then doth she trowl to me the bowl
  Even as a malt-worm should;
And saith, sweetheart, I took my part
  Of this jolly good ale and old.

The Rise of the Brewer

Now let them drink, till they nod and wink,
  Even as good fellows should do;
They shall not miss to have the bliss
  Good ale doth bring men to;
And all poor souls that have scoured bowls,
  Or have them lustly troll'd,
God save the lives of them and their wives,
  Whether they be young or old."

(*See Appendix Note, Bishop Still.*)

CHAPTER XIII

THE SCIENCE OF DISTILLING

WHILE so many of our medical advisers incline to set their faces against strong drink, it is interesting to bear in mind that the Distillers' Company, which received its charter from Charles I in 1638, owes its foundation to no less a person than the King's physician, Sir Theodore Mayerne. Before the date of this incorporation there is reason to think that the followers of the mystery of distilling were independent of control and carried on their operations according to their individual discretion, which was often exercised in a manner not very conducive to the public welfare. It is on record that a certain Richard Drake obtained a patent in 1593 empowering him to see that the makers of vinegar and aqua vitæ were provided with wholesome materials instead of the "hogwash, the washing of the coolbacks and the brewers' dregs," which it was alleged had been habitually supplied to the distillers.

This patent proved, in large measure, inoperative, and it was with a view to correct these and similar abuses that Sir Theodore Mayerne exerted himself to establish the Distillers' Company, in the charter of which he is named as the "Founder," an exceptional title which may perhaps be taken to imply that the company had no predecessors as a recognised craft.

Mayerne was a man of high repute as one of the most skilful physicians of his time, and had been physician to Henry IV. of France before his appointment to the English Court. His object in founding the Distillers' Company was to put the whole art of distilling on a footing at once scientific and sanitary, and in 1639, the year after the incorporation of the Company, he drew up an elaborate series of instructions for its members, which was printed and entitled "The Distiller of London, Compiled and set forth by the Special Licence and Command of the King's most Excellent Majesty: For the sole use of the Company of Distillers of London. And by them to be duly observed and practised." This tractate was reprinted with additions in 1668.

In this book he gives many prescriptions for Preparing, Composing, Distilling, Extracting and Making of Rich Spirits, Strong Waters, Aqua Vitæ, &c. Some of them are very elaborate, and seem to show that had his example and precepts been followed in later times the art of making what were formerly known as Cordials and are now known as Liqueurs would not, as their name implies, have deserted England for foreign parts so largely as they have done. One of them contains the following ingredients: "Strong proof spirit, Juniper berries, Enula Campana roots, Calamus Aromaticus, Gallingall, Worm Wood, Speire Mint, Red Mint, Caraway and Angelica seeds, Saffron root with the bark, White Cynnamon, Nutmegs, Mace, Ginger, Cloves, Red poppie flowers and Aniseedes." The proper qualities of these multifarious ingredients are all given and the distiller is directed to "Bruise them all, Distill them into proof spirit, and Dulcifie, with white sugar." If variety of flavour be the criterion of a good cordial that would surely be a cordial fit to set before a king.

Liqueurs are eminently creatures of fashion and are even more capricious in this respect than "vintages" of unquestioned pedigree. In England in the eighteenth century they were regarded as mere exotic additions to the list of home-made cordials which were then held in universal esteem. But times have changed; cordials have, at least under that name, practically ceased to exist; and even the cherry brandy, so warmly cherished by our ancestors, has largely given place to the manufactured article. Some of the old cordials, however, were not necessarily preparations of "strong waters," for the experienced housewife applied the term to many domestic recipes which were simply stomachic and comforting.

And in this she only followed the lead of the apothecary, who had long annexed the word "cordial," as denoting a remedy designed to increase the action of the heart. But as nothing did this so promptly as a small quantity of alcohol, the custom grew of combining this with various herbs, and aromatic substances, which, with the addition of a syrup, forthwith became a cordial in the old-world sense. Of course, the professional liqueurists had long been doing the same thing, and were able to give a greater air of art and finish to the liqueurs which were destined to dethrone their domestic predecessors. But these were warmly regarded in their own day, and were perhaps on the whole more wholesome than are some of their fanciful descendants.

That our great-grandmothers only by degrees freed themselves from the therapeutic idea of their compounds is clear from the order in which their recipes advanced. Distilled "waters" of many kinds head the portentous list, and the making of walnut, cherry, cinnamon, and all similar waters was regarded as their first duty by our still-room authorities. But they soon proceeded to such compounds as ratafia, angelica,

EARL WARWICK FEASTING.

One of the most interesting of 16th Century Records is "The Pageants of Richard Beauchamp, Earl of Warwick," from which this illustration is taken.

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annisette, and noyeau, and at that time some of the best curaçoa was proudly recommended as home-made. Raspberry and cherry brandy were things of course, the latter being, perhaps, only surpassed by the once famous cherry-bounce, which many good judges prefer. But these excellent and truly "stomachic" cordials were presently to give way to others of a more complex nature.

The liqueurs fabricated in the French West India Islands became fashionable in Paris, though it was not from this source that the inspiration of our own makers was derived. We imported cordials and liqueurs from our own West India possessions, especially from Jamaica and Barbados, but the manufacturers of these were indebted for many of their methods to the French, one of whose most successful centres of production was Martinique. Thus the "eau de Barbados," once the most fashionable of all our West India liqueurs, was certainly "taken from the French," but it was warmly adopted by our own makers, and, under the name of "Barbados Cream," was the pride of many a skilful housewife. It involved no more mysterious ingredients than lemon peel, cloves, cinnamon, mace, spirits of wine and capillaire; but it also involved the art of combining them to a successful result, which, of course, is the one great art underlying the whole complex system of liqueurs. A "drier" cordial of the same character, called "Barbados water," was once extremely popular in Scotland; and one feels assured that Miss Grizel Oldbuck, whose "mum" and "balm wine" were so appreciated, must have hastened to add the recipe for Barbados water to her household list.

A drink compounded of rum, sugar and oranges, and known as "Santa," was once very popular in Jamaica, and soon became common in this country under the name of "shrub." To this day a shrub

cask maintains its place in most taverns, though only a very small proportion of their customers take any interest in its contents. True to her instincts, however, the British housewife took the matter in hand, and gave her friends many varieties, ranging from white currant to pineapple shrub, all of which yielded to later novelties as they arose. The latter was the immediate forerunner of pineapple rum, the cordial so agreeable to the taste of Mr. Stiggins, but which even a reconstituted "Marquess of Granby" would no longer provide.

But a greater art than of shrub-making was to be brought to perfection in our old-fashioned country houses. Readers of "Rob Roy" may remember that when Frank Osbaldiston and Owen, his father's head clerk, dined with Bailie Nicol Jarvie in Glasgow, the latter, with many signs of complacency, compounded a special bowl of punch. He was particular in explaining that the limes came from his "own little farm yonder awa'" (in the West Indies), and that he had learned the art of composing the mixture from a certain Captain Coffinkey, who "acquired it among the buccaneers." There is no reason to doubt its excellence; but the great art of punch-making took yet deeper root in the common household practice of bottling it for keeping. As a matter of fact, much of this fine old liquor used to lie years mellowing in half-forgotten limbos, and only coming to light long after its maker was beyond the reach of its seductions. The brand known as Norfolk Punch was an especial favourite. It was made of the best French brandy, grew better every year it was kept, and any old stock of assured make was certain to command a high price. "Verder," or, to speak of it by its better-known name, milk-punch, was another prime favourite, which may now be said to live only on the memory of its past praises. But in its day it was esteemed choicely

good, and it cannot be forgotten that it was a case bottle filled with this cordial which softened the heart of Mr. Pickwick, when on his famous post-chaise enterprise with Bob Sawyer and Mr. Benjamin Allen.

It is only in the pages of the old novelists and dramatists that we can realise how great a part these domestic cordials played in the social life of their day. The use of our modern liqueurs is limited to the conventional occasion which few would desire to enlarge. But so many and various were our home-made cordials that one or other was sure to be found suitable for any occasion, and some for all.

Sack Posset, a favourite drink of old, was celebrated in verse as follows, by Sir Fleetwood Shepherd:

> " From fam'd Barbadoes on the Western Main
> Fetch sugar ounces four—fetch Sack from Spain
> A pint,—and from the Eastern Indian coast
> Nutmeg, the glory of our Northern toast;
> O'er flaming coals let them together heat,
> Till the all-conquering sack dissolve the sweet;
> O'er such another fire, put eggs just ten,
> Newborn from tread of Cock and rump of Hen:
> Stir them with steady hand and conscience pricking
> To see the untimely end of ten fine chicken;
> From shining shelf take down the brazen skillet,
> A quart of milk from gentle cow will fill it.
> When boiled and cold put milk and sack to eggs,
> Unite them firmly like the triple league,
> And on the fire let them together dwell
> Till Miss sing twice—you must not kiss and tell
> Each lad and lass take up a silver spoon,
> And fall on fiercely like a starved dragoon."

Whisky, according to popular belief, is a spirit distilled from malt. Sometimes the belief is justified; very frequently it is not. It is well, therefore, to

understand at the outset that the word whisky is merely a popular expression of doubtful significance, and of no legal value whatever, for the law does not recognise it at all. According to the Excise all spirits distilled in the United Kingdom are merely "plain British spirits." This designation covers everything from a pure malt Highland whisky to any patent still product of raw grain, damaged rice, or other abomination that enterprising traders may think well to put on the market. The *Encyclopædia Britannica*, the ready refuge of those in search of a definition, describes whisky in a non-committal manner as "a spirit distilled for drinking." The same authority goes on to remark that it is not easy at the present day to define whisky. Originally it was made from malted barley, the fermented wort from which was distilled in the common pot still; but with the introduction of the Coffey and other continuous stills, which yield a "silent" or flavourless spirit, it has become possible to prepare alcoholic liquor, which is sold as whisky, from any cereal grain, malted or unmalted, and from potato starch and sugar-yielding substances. As a rule, however, whisky is made from grain and by preference from barley, malted or raw. The bulk of the whisky made in the United Kingdom can be separated into three classes. (1) Malt whisky is the product of malted barley alone, distilled in the ordinary pot still. Its flavour is partly due to the circumstance that the malt is dried over a peat fire; and a spirit so prepared constitutes the pure Highland malt whisky of Scotland. (2) Grain whisky is made in the pot still, principally from raw barley, with only a small proportion of malted barley to favour the transformation of starch into sugar in the preparation of the wort. (3) Plain spirit is produced from barley, rice, and other cereals distilled in the Coffey patent still. Plain spirit forms the basis from which gin, British

brandy, and other rectifiers' drinks are prepared; and it is used for blending with other flavoured pot-still spirits, to produce a certain character of potable spirit sold by wholesale dealers and known by special names. It is only the finer qualities of matured malt and grain whisky that can be used as single or unblended spirit.

The popularity of whisky as a beverage is a matter of comparatively recent growth, and the whisky industry which has assumed a position of such importance in recent years started not so long ago from quite small and obscure beginnings.

In the earlier half of the past century whisky was no common beverage. Mr. Pickwick and his friends consumed a great deal of brandy and water and punch on occasions, but I doubt whether the word whisky occurs once in the whole of his veracious history. The few consumers of whisky in those days were probably indebted for their supplies to the illicit stills. The word itself is derived from a corruption of the Irish usquebaugh, which appears to have been employed as a general name for all compound spirits. Smith in his work entitled, *The Compleat Body of Distilling*, published in 1729,* gives various recipes for its composition, but, in common with many others, he always refers to it as a compound by rectification of proof spirits.

Distillation before the year 1825 was in the hands of a few capitalists, and English spirits, although made from the finest materials, could not, from the grossness of the wash, be rendered palatable without undergoing rectification. According to Morewood, a number of traders, called rectifiers, stepped in between the distiller and the consumer. These rectifiers redistilled the spirits with the addition of certain drugs and flavourings, such as spirits of turpentine, juniper

* Spirit Drinking in the 18th Century. See Appendix.

berries, &c., by which they made a compound known as British gin; or else with spirits of nitre, prunes, &c., with the aid of which they produced an imitation of brandy and foreign liqueurs.

The rectifiers at that period practically controlled the situation, until their monopoly was broken down by the action of the Earl of Ripon, then Chancellor of the Exchequer. According to a contemporary writer: "He saw that were the distillers enabled to make a good pure spirit, not only would there be a direct supply to the consumer, but the liquor would be unquestionably more palatable and wholesome in the natural state than when compounded and impregnated with such materials as have been described. From this the most beneficial effects would ensue, the trade would become prosperous, and an augmented consumption increase the revenue; geneva and brandy would decrease in proportion, smuggling would be checked, foreigners no longer enrich themselves at our expense, and an impetus be given to our agriculture." The subsequent state of the British whisky industry supplies a more brilliant vindication of the policy of Lord Ripon than has been granted to that of most chancellors.

Next to, or possibly even before, the Earl of Ripon, credit for pioneering the whisky trade must be given to the smugglers of the past century. The passion for smuggling is probably innate in the human breast, and although the temptation to run an illicit still is nowadays comparatively trifling, there are still people who will do it, it is to be supposed, mainly for the fun of the thing, for the product of the modern "sma' still" is not good.

Mr. Anderson Graham, who was privileged to make acquaintance with one some time ago, says that potatoes and even heather roots are used in the absence of malt. Maturing the spirit is impossible, and the fiery

liquor produced is endurable only by the strongest stomachs.

Things were different in the palmy days of smuggling. Then the popularity of the product of the illicit still was to be sought in its vast superiority in quality to the rectifier's spirits. The smugglers made whisky from malt, without adulteration, which found ready favour with whisky-drinkers in all classes of society, so that, in spite of the efforts of the revenue, they flourished by favour of the encouragement afforded them by persons of the highest consideration and social standing. They were, moreover, skilful and practical distillers, and the soundness of their knowledge of the conditions necessary for the production of good spirits is, to this day, verified in the fact that many of the oldest of the existing distilleries are established upon sites chosen by the smugglers of the last century as places where the purest mountain streams, flowing over moss and peat, could be used to distill and produce spirits of the finest quality. This is notably the case as regards one of the oldest Irish distilleries, which has been worked in accordance with the law for over a century, having been recognised as a legitimate distillery as far back as 1784. Long prior to that date, however, it is famous as the resort of a band of smugglers, who managed systematically to evade the law, and to carry on one of the most daring, extensive, and successful illicit trades that ever troubled the authorities.

Illicit distilling has always been a passion in Ireland. In 1806 one third of the whisky production of the country—3,800,000 gallons—was estimated as having been furnished by the illicit stills. No fewer than 19,067 of these were put down by the revenue authorities in the three years 1811, 1812, and 1813. In later days the life has been taken out of the calling of the illicit distiller; the working of our distilleries grew

into a legalised and vast revenue-producing industry. Illicit distilling no longer pays—its profit is small, its risk is great, its detection easy. Nevertheless, in the decennial period 1874–84, Ireland supplied a record of 829 convictions for illegal distilling out of a grand total of 856 for the whole kingdom.

CHAPTER XIV

FLOWERS IN OLD TIME COOKERY

Our ancestors, who had many quaint and original notions of their own on the subject of cookery, had a decided leaning towards the inclusion of flowers in their dishes, partly, it may be, for diversity's sake, the range of garden vegetables being not extensive, partly, perhaps, for their æsthetic attractions and principally, no doubt, for the specific medicinal value attributed to various blossoms by the wise men of the period, an attribution which modern science has in most cases failed to confirm.

In a black-letter cookery book of the sixteenth century in my possession I find quite delectable recipes for tartes of borage flowers, marigoldes, prymroses and cowslips, but as eggs and curd form no inconsiderable part of the recipes, it is evident that the author did not depend upon the flowers alone for nourishment. In a somewhat disguised form there are flowers which have long held places of honour upon our tables, of such are the condensed inflorescence of the cauliflower, and the solid receptacle of the globe artichoke; the latter, developed by cultivation from the wild cardoon, was early "accounted a dainty dish boyled with the broth of fat flesh, but it engendereth melancholy" the reason for which is not very apparent.

Evelyn experimented with the sunflower in the same way. "Ere it comes to expand," he says, "and shows

its golden face, being dressed as a artichook, it is eaten as a daintie." He continues, "I once made macaroons with the ripe blanched seeds but the turpentine so domineered over all that it did not answer expectation." Buds of the clove and caper are other obvious examples of flowers in constant culinary use.

Saffron, the blossom of the crocus sativus, is a remarkable example of a flower, to which an exaggerated and wholly unjustified value was attached in olden times. As perfume, as flavouring, as medicine, it was held in equal esteem. Gerarde regarded it as a preventive of the plague. As a colouring it pleased the artistic sense of cook and epicure. No dish could make its appearance upon any table of pretention without it. Broths, thick soups, hashes, stews, bread, pastry, puddings were all yellowed up to lemon or orange tint with the favourite dye. It haunted the mediæval family from its cradle to its grave; it was essential alike in the diet of the expectant and the nursing mother, it coloured the posset at the christening festivities, and gave a cheering complexion to the cakes of the funeral feast.

Great, too, was the old time appreciation of the humble elder to which we pay but too little regard. I confess to a special admiration for this hardy aboriginal, one of the oldest inhabitants of these our islands of Great Britain, which grows where it lists, and how it lists, independent of soil and cultivation. No man was ever yet known to plant an elder tree, and yet the elder tree is everywhere—regardless of seasons, cold or warm, wet or dry, it always furnishes its accustomed crop of blossom and fruit. There was no part of the tree, buds, blossom, fruit, leaves, bark, but served some useful purpose in old English cookery or medicine. Evelyn went so far as to say that were its valuable properties but fully known "there

was no sickness or hurt for which men might not find a remedy in every hedge."

Somewhere in our land, in farmhouses and old-fashioned households, the elder is still held in some honour for the production of "that cup of mulled elder wine served with nutmeg and sippets of toast" which on a cold winter night, was, as Cobbett said, "a thing to be run for." But the flowers are the subject now and these, having a peculiar and agreeable flavour of their own, were beaten up in the dough of cakes, were boiled in a gruel as a fever drink, were distilled to flavour vinegar, and the unopened buds were pickled to serve as capers, or, served in a salad, were recommended as a spring-time diet good for those of scorbutic habits. The elder blossom is five fingered, like ourselves; in every bloom there is an unvarying number of five branches; these detached, tied in little bunches, dipped in batter, fried lightly in hot lard or butter and plentifully sprinkled with sugar, are served as an afternoon tea dainty in some parts of Germany.

A recognised employment of elder blossoms is to give the valued muscatel flavour to Moselle wines. There is no grape grown upon the Moselle that has this flavour naturally, so it is imparted by adding to the wine a few drops of a very strong solution of elder blossoms in spirits of wine. Dr. Thudicum, who refers to the practice, finds no objection to it, and considers that there should be no concealment about it. "Elder flower," he says, "has an agreeable flavour, is in no way prejudicial to health, and has, from time immemorial been used to make a highly flavoured infusion for the treatment of slight indisposition, particularly of the gastric organs."

In early English salads elder blossoms figured with many other flowers, such as daisies, daffodils, hop buds, gilliflowers, primroses, cowslips, etc. A cowslip

salad, a modern authority tells us, made from the golden petals with white sugar and other adjuncts is an excellent and refreshing dish. The sedative quality of cowslips is, I think, a recognised fact. A syrup made from an infusion of cowslip blossoms in hot water and simmered down to a proper consistence is said to be an excellent remedy for nervous derangements. Our great-grandmothers dried cowslip blossoms in the sun and mixed them with their tea; they did it probably to eke out the tea, which was expensive, but it is possible that the sedative property of the cowslip counteracted the nerve stimulant of the tea; it is an experiment which might be tried again by those to whom tea-drinking means sleeplessness. Hop tea which was introduced some years ago, though I have heard lately, was recommended on the same ground. Primroses have the same properties as cowslips, and go well with lettuce in a salad. Gerarde recommends primrose tea to be drunk in May as a cure for "phrensie." To "minister to a mind diseased" presented no difficulty whatsoever to our early mediciners.

An old herbal tells us that an ointment made of cowslip flowers "taketh away the spots and wrinkles of the skin and doth add beauty exceedingly, as divers ladies and gentlewomen, and the citizens, whether wives or widows, know well enough."

But this is not cookery. A salad of violets made after this formula promises pleasant things. "Take endive, finely curled celery, a sprinkling of chopped parsley, a single olive and the petals of two or three dozen blue violets; mix these with the purest olive oil, a seasoning of salt and pepper, a dash of Bordeaux and a soupçon of white wine vinegar."

Crystallised violets and rose petals, familiar enough nowadays, are but modern forms of old world sweetmeats. "Violet plate" was a favourite confection of Charles I. An old writer says "it is most pleasant

A PARISH FEAST.

A mid-eighteenth century print showing the Parish Wardens feasting. The Bill of Costs is shown on the left, and on the pedestals at the back a charity boy and girl hold a scroll, bearing the legend: "Our Church Wardens spend of Silver and give us of farthings."

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and wholesome and especially it comforteth the heart and inward parts." "Plate" seems to have been a recognised name for sugar confections. There is a recipe for "Sugar Plate" in the Fairfax Household Book, which includes such elements as amber-gris, powder of violets, roses, marigoldes, etc.

In this, as in other old-world books of recipes, rose water is almost always prescribed in the making of pastry and sweets, in the place of plain water. Dr. Fernie assumes, I think on insufficient grounds, that this "water" was really good old brandy, or peach or cherry brandy in which rose petals had already been macerated. Whether this were so or not, it is clear that in every form the rose enjoyed extraordinary vogue for both culinary and medicinal purposes. The volumes of domestic medicine of the Middle Ages abound in prescriptions for well-nigh every ill to which flesh is liable, in which red rosebuds contend for prominence with powdered precious stones or such simple ingredients as dried toads or powdered earthworms.

Rose petals were at one time placed over cherries in pies before the crust was laid on. Rose petal jam is nowadays regarded as a Greek specialité, although I believe it is made in Paris, and it is certainly common enough in old English recipe books. The formula given to me by a Greek friend runs thus: "Choose the dark pink roses that are used for perfumery. Carefully remove the small hard inner petals, and cut off the yellowish ends that are near the centre. Take one ounce of pure fresh petals and rub one pound of sifted sugar into them, crushing them without tearing them. Place these petals on a good fire till a drop of the syrup thrown into the saucer of cold water will stand apart without mixing with the water. Then the jam is made, but if it is wanted to keep, a little lemon juice should be dropped into it before it

is removed from the fire. Rose jam (rhodozachari) is not only a most refined delicacy, but it makes a useful refreshing beverage for invalids when mixed with water."

Allowing for some variation in proportions this modern Greek recipe is essentially identical with instructions for making "Conserves of red roses" given in the *Compleat Housewife* and *Adam's Luxury and Eve's Cookery* (1744).

Nasturtium blossoms make an attractive and fragrant addition to a lettuce salad, prepared according to the usual formula.

The almond-flavoured buds of the yellow broom were at one time used for capers, and the spicy clove carnation furnished a rich syrup used as a sauce for puddings. "Sops-in-wine," a popular name for this flower, owed its origin to the custom of throwing the blossoms into casks of wine "to give a pleasant taste and gallant color." Drayton calls these flowers "Cloves of Paradise" and says "their use is much in ornament and comforting the spirits by the sense of smelling," but Gerarde declares that a "conserve" of flowers of clove, gillifloure and sage, "exceedingly above measure doth comfort the heart being eaten now and then with meate."

The "maitrank" of the primitive Germans owed its quality to the flowers of the fragrant woodruff. Another beverage of early days was the famous ale made from the purple heather bloom. It was a Pictish specialité, the secret of compounding which was handed down from generation to generation and so sacred was the mystery that, so the legend goes, the last remnant of the race refused to buy their lives at the price of its revelation, so we shall never know what heather-ale was like.

Orange blossom, sacred to the bridal wreath, serves yet to find some place in the recherché cuisine. Mrs.

Fletcher Berry, tells us how to make an "Orange Flower Soufflé" which promises a delectable experience: Break in bits in a bowl six macaroons (well flavoured with almonds) and mix them with a handful of orange blossoms or buds, pounding them well together. Orange flower water may be substituted (a large wineglassful). Also stir in six ounces of powdered sugar. Beat separately now the whites and yolks of six eggs. Add the smooth yolks to the other ingredients and stir in lightly the stiff whites. Have four ounces of butter heating in the omelet pan, and when beginning to turn brown, pour in on it the "batter." When it begins to colour transfer it to the soufflé dish (buttered); place in hot oven and bake about ten minutes, till slightly browned and puffed quite high. On it sift powdered sugar and serve at once.

CHAPTER XV

THE FAMOUS MRS. GLASSE

It is a fame that, as Mrs. Pennell has tersely pointed out, is due partly to the disbelief of her contemporaries that she ever existed in the flesh, and partly to the belief of after generations that she was the author of a phrase that never was written.

The phrase was, of course, the alleged injunction to first "catch your hare" before proceeding to cook it. It seems no very subtle piece of humour, but it mightily amused two or three generations, until it apparently occurred to somebody to verify the quotation by a reference to the book, when the myth was at once exploded, for you may search *The Art of Cookery* through from cover to cover, and find nothing nearer the supposed jest than the direction "take your hare when it is cased," cased being then sufficiently good English for skinned, although one would have considered uncased to have been the better word.

It has been alleged that an over-officious compositor, not being acquainted with cased in this connection, altered the word to "catched" in one edition of the book, and that thence the legend arose, but this is pure surmise, for there seems no evidence of it in any known edition.

As to the problem of the identity of the author, that is still to some extent a matter of controversy, although most competent judges incline to the belief that the contemporary evidence of Edward Dilly, the

publisher, is suficiently good authority for crediting John Hill with the authorship.

Edward Dilly was one of the brothers Dilly, who were well-known booksellers in the Poultry; they were men of character and probity, and were distinguished by the particularly friendly regard of Dr. Johnson. It was at a meeting, at which were present, besides Boswell and Johnson, Mrs. Seward, Dr. Mayo and Mr. Beresford, tutor to the Duke of Bedford, that Dilly remarked: "that Mrs. Glasse's cookery, which is the best, was written by Dr. Hill. Half the trade knows this." The statement did not go entirely unchallenged, for Dr. Johnson objected: "I doubt if the book be written by Dr. Hill, for in Mrs. Glasse's Cookery, which I have looked into, salt petre, and sal prunella are spoken of as different substances, whereas salt petre is only sal prunella burned on charcoal, and Hill could not be ignorant of this. However," and he then proceeded to qualify his objection, "as the greater part of such a book is made by transcription, the mistake may have been carelessly adopted."

Abraham Hayward, in *The Art of Dining*, says briefly that "Mrs. Glasse's Cookery was written by Dr. Hunter." That, however, was but a hasty and careless assertion for which there was never any warrant—Dr. Hunter of York was the author of *Culina Famulatrix Medecinæ;* or Receipts in Modern Cookery, a work which was humbly dedicated to: "Those gentlemen who freely give two guineas for a Turtle dinner at the tavern when they might have a more wholesome one at home for ten shillings," but he was in no way responsible for Mrs. Glasse.

It was in 1747 that there was published *The Art of Cookery Made Plain and Easy which far exceeds anything yet published*, *by a Lady*. It was printed for the author and was sold at Mrs. Ashburn's (or Ashburners—the name is spelled differently in various editions), a china

and glass shop in Fleet Street. It achieved an instant success, a second edition was soon called for, as much to the satisfaction of Mrs. Ashburn as of the unknown author, for the former, while getting more than she had anticipated from her percentage of the sales, saw that the book was an attraction which filled her shop with new customers.

On the appearance of the third edition, the name of "Mrs. Glasse" appeared as the author, the plausible suggestion being that the *nom-de-plume* was inspired by the fact of the book being on sale in a glass shop.

In due course this last-named edition was followed by the *Complete Confectioner, or the whole Art of Confectionery made Plain and Easy*, by H. Glasse; author of *The Art of Cookery*, sold at Mrs. Ashburner's China Shop, the corner of Fleet Ditch; at Yewd's Hat warehouse near Somerset House; at Kirk's Toy shop in St. Paul's Churchyard and at Dend's Toy Shop facing Arlington Street, Piccadilly, London. Here it may be noticed that the initial "H" first appears, and Mr. Cordy Jeaffreson suggests that Hill was thus feeling his way towards an acknowledgment of the authorship. One may take this suggestion for what it is worth. In subsequent editions the name "Hannah Glasse" appeared, but this was eventually dropped, and in the eighth edition (1763) now before me, the original ascription "By a Lady" appears on the title page, and the name Glasse is nowhere given.

Now assuming that such a person as Mrs. Hannah Glasse ever existed, it seems incomprehensible that there should be no facts on record concerning her life and history. There was, it is said, a person named Glasse who was "habit maker to the Royal family," and an advertisement of her goods is said to have been printed in one edition of the Cookery Book, but without any intimation that she was its author. Hill, if it

was indeed his book, had always reasons of his own for concealing his connection with it, and it might well be that he inserted the habit maker's announcement as a blind, or he may even have invented her for the occasion.

George Augustus Sala was a firm believer in the existence of a real Mrs. Glasse, and some thirty-five years ago a lively discussion was carried on in the London Press between him and Mr. W. F. Waller on the subject. Sala was, as the cabman said of Jacob Omnium, "a harbitrary gent," and when he formed an opinion was very tenacious in upholding it, and poured the vials of his contempt on any who ventured to disagree with him. It is fair to say that Sala's opinion is maintained by Mr. Russell Barker, the writer of the article on Hill in the *Dictionary of National Biography*, but with such exceptions, I believe, that the generality of writers in gastronomic literature incline to support Hill's claim to authorship, and even the *Dictionary of National Biography* is not always impeccable.

John Hill is rather an interesting example of a successful literary adventurer, counting success in a worldly point of view. He had much ability, more impudence and no principle. He began life as an apothecary in a small shop in Westminster; then he studied botany, in which branch of knowledge he appears to have been proficient. Ingratiating himself with the Duke of Richmond and Lord Petre, he was employed by them in the arrangement of their gardens and collections of dried plants. Making little money in his business, he turned actor and promptly failed. Afterwards he returned to his apothecary business and took a shop in Covent Garden. Here he dropped into journalism and became an industrious bookseller's hack, his output of books and pamphlets upon all kinds of subjects being enormous. It was at this time that he is supposed to have conceived the idea of making a compilation of

cookery recipes from a number of old books, and working them up with a little new material into a cookery book, the copyright of which he would keep in his own hands, selling the book, not through the ordinary trade channels, but in shops frequented by women. This was just such a departure from ordinary custom as might suggest itself to a clever adventurer of Hill's type. As he could not be supposed to be an expert in cookery, it would be obviously inexpedient for him to put his own name on the title page, but to say the book was "By a Lady" was sufficient to inspire confidence in it.

There was no lack of material whence Hill might make his selections. Ready access might be had to such works as Sarah Jackson's *Cook's Director;* La Chapelle's *Modern Cook;* Kidder's *Receipts;* Harrison's *Family Cook; Adam's Luxury and Eve's Cookery; The Accomplished Housewife; Lemery on Food; Alarm to all Persons touching their Health and Lives;* Smith's *Cookery;* Hall's *Royal Cookery* and many others.

Hill's prosperity seems to have been coincident with the successful sale of the cookery book. The earnings of a bookseller's hack of the period could not be great, whatever his industry, but Hill is said to have been making an income of £1,500 a year at this period. In 1746 *The British Magazine* appeared under his editorship, and some years later a daily letter called *The Inspector* which Isaac D'Israeli declared as "a light scandalous chronicle all the week with a sermon for Sundays." The success of the cookery book might, one supposes, have been good ground for Hill to acknowledge his offspring, but he had then obtained a diploma in medicine from the University of St. Andrews, and blossomed forth as Dr. Hill, and, aspiring to the reputation of a man of science, he tried hard to become a Fellow of the Royal Society, and probably considered that the acknowledged authorship of a popular cookery

book would do little to help him with that august body. But the Royal Society would have none of Dr. John Hill, whose pretensions were scouted by all serious men of letters or of science, whereupon he attacked the society fiercely in several satirical pamphlets. Hill was a literary swashbuckler who was always ready to attack his adversaries in print with a virulence that in these days of libel actions, appears incredible. It usually happened, however, that he got worse than he gave. On one occasion he was publicly horsewhipped at Ranelagh by a man whom he had insulted. He tried a fall with no less a person than Henry Fielding who castigated him severely in *The Covent Garden Journal*. Then he brought out a publication appropriately named *The Impertinent* in which he libelled Christopher Smart. *The Impertinent* died after its first number, and Smart wrote an epic called "The Hilliad" in which he addressed Hill as "Pimp! Poet! Paffer! Pothecary! Player!"

He tried his hand at dramatic authorship and a farce of his called *The Rout* was produced and summarily damned. Attributing its failure to Garrick, Hill, in accordance with his usual custom, attacked David in a pamphlet. Perhaps Garrick's Epigrammatic rejoinder has done more than anything to keep Hill's memory green:

> For physic and farces, his equal there scarce is;
> His farces are physic; his physic a farce is.

However, Hill was an adept at gulling the public, and one way or another he contrived to make money although he was recklessly extravagant in his way of living "in a chariot one month, in jail next for rent." He brought out a huge work in twenty-six volumes on *The Vegetable System* which involved him in heavy pecuniary loss, but, as a compensation, procured him

the order of Vasa from the King of Sweden, whereupon he ordered a compliant world to address him as Sir John Hill. He actually prevailed upon Lord Bute to appoint him superintendent of Kew Gardens, but the grant was never confirmed. He married the sister of Charles, Viscount Ranelagh, and, in his later days, turned quack doctor and flourished exceedingly, making a large income by the sale of various nostrums, and dying in his sixtieth year of gout, a disease for which he professed to have an infallible specific.

Such was the man who is generally accredited with the authorship of one of the most talked about of English cookery books. One says "talked about" advisedly, for of the book's actual merits I do not find that modern critics have much to say. Mrs. Pennell, indeed, would allow the author no genius whatever; nevertheless, I find very much that is interesting in Mrs. Glasse. In its precepts the book is admirable, and, with but few modifications, they remain in force to this day. The author, whoever he, or she, may have been, was contemptuous of the extravagancies of French cookery, and would appear to inculcate a simplicity which would hardly appear simple to some plain livers of to-day. The introduction is charmingly ingenuous: "If I have not wrote in the high polite stile," says the author, "I hope I shall be forgiven; for it is my intention to instruct the lower sort, and therefore must treat them in their own way. In many things in cookery, the great cooks have such a high way of expressing themselves that the poor girls are at a loss to know what they mean, and in all receipt books yet printed there are such an odd jumble of things as would quite spoil a good dish, and indeed, some things so extravagant that it would be almost a shame to make use of them when a dish can be made full as good or better, without them."

Some recipes for French sauces are given, but only for the purpose of criticism. "Read this chapter,

and you will find how expensive a French cook's sauce is." The chapter in question includes a recipe for the French way of cooking partridges, with a note appended: "This dish I do not recommend; for I think it an odd jumble of trash." The criticism is not altogether unjust, but, unfortunately for its writer's consistency, it might apply with equal force to not a few of the recipes which ARE recommended, to wit, such fantasies as the way "to make a collar of fish in ragoo to look like a breast of veal collared."

Does anybody in these days know how to roast a pound of butter? If not, here is the formula: "Lay it in salt and water two or three hours, then spit it, and rub it over with crumbs of bread with a little grated nutmeg, lay it to the fire, and as it wastes, baste it with the yolks of two eggs, and then with crumbs of bread all the time it is wasting, but have ready a pint of oysters stewed in their liquor, and lay in the dish under the butter; when the bread has soaked up all the butter brown the outside and lay it on your oysters. Your fire must be very low."

This may be regarded as a sort of culinary joke in which cooks and writers of the period seem to have taken an innocent pleasure. As was inevitable in a generation when the multitude of labour-saving devices and appliances, and cookery-made-easy preparations, which modern housewives have ready to their hands, were unknown, the cookery processes were painstaking and laborious to a degree which would seem intolerable to the cook of to-day, but there was certainly a much greater variety in the ways of preparing simple foods, and some of the old-time formulas might, one believes, be studied with advantage by her who would welcome relief from the monotony of the plain roast and boiled.

The first edition of the *Art of Cookery Made Plain and Easy* by a Lady was published in pott-folio in 1747;

the second edition in octavo was published in the same year. Both these are very scarce.

The name of Hannah Glasse first occurs in connection with the book in her "Trade Card" inserted at the end of the third edition, and at the beginning of the fourth. This card is not to be found in all copies.

There have probably been in all about forty editions, including piracies.

CHAPTER XVI

THE EXPERIENCED ENGLISH HOUSEKEEPER

WHATEVER may be the case as regards "Mrs. Glasse," there is fortunately no question as to the identity of the author of this excellent old book, for we have almost a plethora of information about Mrs. Elizabeth Raffald, whose portrait in lace-edged kerchief and high cap adorns the title page of the volume. Born somewhere about 1733, she passed some fifteen years of her life in the service of several county families, her last employer being Lady Elizabeth Warburton, of Arley Hall, Cheshire, to whom, in the flowery language of the period, she dedicated her work, feeling that it would be a great encouragement, "should my endeavours for the service of the sex be honoured with the favourable opinion of so good a judge of propriety and elegance." Mrs. Raffald left Arley Hall in 1763, when she married John Raffald, the head gardener, said to be an able botanist, but a man of irregular habits. Madam Elizabeth herself would appear to have been rather a remarkable woman, and had she flourished in these days there is no reckoning upon how far her energy and enterprise might have carried her. As it was, she contrived to crowd a good deal into the ensuing eighteen years, until she died at the comparatively early age of forty-eight.

The newly-married couple removed to Manchester, where Mrs. Raffald, besides writing her cookery book, established a confectionery business; a little later she

took the Bull's Head Inn, in the Market Place, and afterwards the King's Head, at Salford. She was a woman of much shrewdness, tact and strength of will; she had contrived to educate herself well, and she had a good working knowledge of French. She opened a school of cookery and domestic economy for young ladies; this being probably the first cooking school of which the world has record; also she established the first registry office for domestic servants in Manchester, compiled a directory of Manchester and Salford, took to journalism, started Prescott's *Journal* and assisted in carrying on Harrop's *Manchester Mercury*. Just before her death she completed a book on midwifery, which she did not live to see published, and to crown her achievements she established the remarkable record of being the mother of sixteen daughters. Truly an extraordinary woman.

The Experienced English Housekeeper, for the use and Ease of Ladies, Housekeepers, Cooks, etc., Written Purely from Practice, to give it its full title, was published in 1769: between that year and 1806 thirteen genuine editions appeared, and it was pirated at least twenty-three times in the same interval. It has the distinguishing merit of all books that are written by experts from practical knowledge. There are no frills about it, except perhaps in the dedication, but in other respects Mrs. Raffald is severely practical and explicit in her instructions. Like "Mrs. Glasse," she is somewhat out of date in an age which has seen the introduction of many aids to cookery, which were never dreamed of in her philosophy, but there is much of her writing that may still be read with appreciation. The English country houses, wherein she gained her experiences, were so far isolated in the early eighteenth century that, as regards the commissariat, they were compelled to be practically self-supporting. Travel was difficult and dangerous; off the main roads transit

DR. JOHNSON TAKES TEA AT BOSWELL'S HOUSE.

A cartoon by Collings & Rowlandson, 1786, of a great occasion, when Dr. Johnson visited Scotland.

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of goods was often impossible for many months of the year and there was, consequently, no dependence to be placed upon outside sources of supply, so that, beyond the supervision of the kitchen and store-room, there were many duties in the provisioning of the establishment that fell within the purview of the housekeeper.

Brewing and baking were, of course, home industries. The still room, unfortunately obsolete, was a living institution then, and we are told how many exquisite distillations, rose and lavender and elder flower waters, may be prepared, besides preparations of a medicinal character, such as Hephnatic water, a specific for the gout.

Of home-made wines and cordials, catsups and vinegars, the list is stupendous: these good women were equal to making wine out of anything that came to hand, orange, lemon, raisin, ginger, gooseberry, raspberry, blackberry, currants, cowslips, sycamore, birch, walnut, elder flower, balm, etc., etc. Mead, a forgotten beverage, once quaffed by the Norse Gods, had its varieties; there was sack mead, cowslip mead, walnut mead. They pickled everything, including samphire, green parsley, radish pods, elder buds, grapes, artichokes and mushrooms. They were not ignorant of other methods of food preservation, drying, bottling, potting; they potted and salted and smoked all kinds of flesh and fowl. The store-room of a great country house of those days might have seemed even a fortress provisioned for a siege. But the lighter side was not lost sight of; there seems a delectable variety of sweets and dainties whereof little but the names remain to us.

In how many places may one yet taste a real old-fashioned syllabub? They had a daring invention, too, in those days, and adorned the dinner tables with floating islands with candy sheep "pecking" (it is

the printed word) at a greenery of myrtle. Who would not wish to have seen the sight, or who would not yearn for a spoonful or two of "Soloman's Temple in Flummery"? As Smollett's doctor once upon a time gave a dinner after the manner of the ancients, perhaps some day some eccentric gastronome may be inspired to give an English dinner after the manner of early Georgian days. He could have no better guide in arranging his menu than our excellent Mrs. Raffald, whose book is an epitome of the best class English family cookery of a hundred years ago.

What these stupendous dinners were like may be judged from the diagram of a table laid for the second course. This included twenty-five dishes. At the top was a roast pheasant, at the bottom a hare roasted, in the middle a transparent pudding covered with a silver web, and side dishes included Rocky Island, Pistach Cream, Roast Woodcocks, Fish Mottoes in them, Pea Chick with Asparagus, Floating Island, Burnt Cream, Snipes in Savoury Jelly, etc., Collared Pig, Potted Lamprey, Stewed Mushrooms, Macaroni, etc., etc.—a great deal of fine confused feeding. One trembles to think of what the first course could have provided.

CHAPTER XVII

DR. KITCHINER AND THE COOK'S ORACLE

William Kitchiner had studied medicine and obtained his M.D. degree at Glasgow. At that time a Scotch degree did not qualify the holder to practise medicine in England, but this was a matter upon which Dr. William Kitchiner could afford to be indifferent, for the fortune of £2,000 a year bequeathed him by his father made him independent of his profession, and left him free to follow his inclination for scientific study, for the cultivation of the somewhat dissimilar arts of music and cookery, and for the practice of an organised hospitality which became famous. Indeed, in all fields of his activity he achieved distinction. He was an authority on Optics and published two volumes on *The Economy of the Eyes*, with precepts for the improvement and preservation of the sight, the second volume embodying the results of thirty years' experiments with fifty-one telescopes in his own possession. As a musician he was highly accomplished; he had a good voice, sang with expression and feeling, and played well on several instruments. He was the owner of a very fine library of music, and published a folio volume of "Loyal National and Sea Songs of England," selected from original MSS. and early printed copies in his own library. It is worthy of note that Dr. John Bull's "God Save the King" was first printed in this volume, with a complete score for full band, voices and instruments. He also pub-

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lished a treatise on "Singing" and an edition of Charles Dibdin's sea songs with an original memoir, as well as other works on a variety of subjects. But with all these claims to remembrance, Kitchiner lives in the memory of most people only as the author of the much-talked-of-but-nowadays-seldom-read cookery book, which under the title of *Aspicius Redivivus* or the *Cook's Oracle* was first published in the year 1817. This was something quite new in cookery books and achieved an instant popularity. The title page told that the book contained "Six Hundred Recipes, the results of actual experiments instituted in the kitchen of a physician, comprising a culinary code for the Rational Epicure." With the third edition the Latin title was dropped, the book appearing simply as the *Cook's Oracle*. Six editions were called for in the course of five years, fifteen thousand copies having been sold in that interval.

The *Cook's Oracle* was followed in 1822 by *The Art of Invigorating and Prolonging Life by Food, Clothes, Air, Exercise, Wine, Sleep, etc.*, a work which never appears to have met with the same success as its predecessor although four editions were called for.

The latter, apart from its practical value, is an extremely interesting book; its notes, drawn from a variety of sources, are exhaustive and illuminating, and the author's personality is impressed upon one throughout. Kitchiner approached his subject in a spirit entirely alien to that of his predecessors in cookery-book production, who were for the most part mere compilers, sometimes practical, sometimes the reverse. His aim was to associate the science of nutrition with the refinements of the art of cookery and the amenities of the table, always with some regard for the economics of the home. That health depended upon the careful preparation of food was a fundamental article of his belief. He maintained that the art of

cookery is not merely a mechanical operation, fit only for working cooks, but the analeptic part of the art of physics. "If medicine," he wrote, "be ranked among those arts which dignify their professors, cookery may lay claim to an equal, if not a superior distinction; to prevent diseases is surely a more advantageous art than to cure them," from which it may be seen that Dr. Kitchiner was a good deal in advance of his time.

The claim upon his title page that all his recipes were the outcome of personal experiment was not advanced without warrant. He began his labours according to his own showing, with little practical knowledge of his subject. "I did not presume," he says, "to offer any observations of my own until I had read all that I could find written on the subject and submitted, with no small pains, to a patient and attentive consideration of every preceding work relating to culinary concerns that I could meet with. I have perused not less than two hundred and fifty of these volumes. They vary very little from each other, cutting and pasting have been much oftener employed than pen and ink; anyone who has occasion to refer to two or three of them will find the receipts equally unintelligible to those who are ignorant, and useless to those who are acquainted with the business of the kitchen."

"It is astonishing," he writes elsewhere, "how cheap cookery books are held by practical cooks; when I applied to an experienced artist to recommend me some books that would give me a notion of the rudiments of cookery, he replied with a smile, 'You may read *Don Quixote* or *Peregrine Pickle*, they are both very good books.'"

Thus forced to depend upon his own efforts, Kitchiner devoted himself to study the actual work of the kitchen, with the guidance and assistance of

Henry Osborne, who was cook to Sir Joseph Banks, then President of the Royal Society. He became in effect, a really accomplished cook, and the boast made in the introduction to his book was no idle one. "The following receipts," he says, "are no marrowless collection of shreds and patches, cuttings and pastings, but a *bona fide* register of Practical Facts; moreover the author has submitted to a labor no preceding cookery bookmaker, perhaps, ever attempted to encounter, having eaten each receipt before he set it down in his book."

Dr. Kitchiner had very much in common with a distinguished epicure of our own period, the late famous surgeon, Sir Henry Thompson. They both combined a scientific knowledge of the principles of dietetics, with an intimate acquaintance with the minutiæ of the cook's art; appreciative of the higher refinements of *la haute cuisine*, they were both epicures in the true sense of the word, being studiously moderate in their personal habits, and they both delighted in the practice of a hospitality, to share in which was in itself, a mark of distinction. Sir Henry Thompson's dinners—"Octaves" he called them, the party being always limited to eight—were gastronomic treats, invitations to which were greatly coveted. In their time, Dr. Kitchiner's luncheons and dinners were no less famous or exclusive; to the former only a few intimates were bidden, Charles Kemble and Dr. Haslam being among the more frequent guests. The dinners were conducted with much ceremony. The dinner party was understood to represent a Committee of Taste whose function it was to pass a critical judgment upon the dishes prepared in the Doctor's kitchen, and as, in his cookery directions, Kitchiner made it an essential condition that each course should be so prepared, with an exact regard to time of cooking, that it should be brought to table at the moment that

it was just in right point for serving, so he would tolerate no irregularity of attendance on the part of his visitors. Nobody was allowed to be late for dinner. As the clock struck, he took his seat, the door was shut and the late arrival might clamour in vain for admittance.

Not always, however, were those who were asked to dine with Dr. Kitchiner regaled with unaccustomed dainties. There is a story told of Pope the actor, who having received a dinner invitation from the doctor, expected an unusual experience, and was proportionately disgusted when he was set down to a leg of mutton and a dish of potatoes. To the end of his days he never ceased to denounce Kitchiner as a confounded humbug; yet even a leg of mutton, selected and cooked with the meticulous care enjoined by Kitchiner in his notable chapter on "Roasting," and basted with a mixture of chopped sweet herbs, butter and claret, may have had a character all its own to distinguish it from the ordinary leg of mutton from the kitchen of less pretension.

At the present time, when most cookery books which carry any real weight of authority are the work of practical authors, who have had experience in the schools, the necessity of explicit directions as regards quantities and proportions of ingredients is too well recognised to call for any remark. It is a point, however, upon which the amateur compilers of recipes are lamentably lax, and the pre-Kitchiner cookery-book authors were notorious sinners in this respect. The rule of thumb methods of the uncultured cook, who by dint of practice, develops something like a sixth sense in this respect, may make her individually independent of the aid of weights and measures, but her ways afford no guidance to the novice, as may be read in the story of a lady who sought the recipe for a certain cake from an Irish cook and received it in

terms following: "You must take more than you'd think of flour, ma'am, just what you know of butter, the slightest taste in life of baking powder and the fill of the small jug of milk."

One of Kitchiner's special claims to distinction as a culinary writer was his institution of an exact system of instruction in this respect. He made it a feature on his title page: "The quantity of each article is accurately stated by weight and measure."

"This precision," he says, "has never before been attempted in cookery books, but I found it indispensable from the impossibility of guessing the quantities intended by such obscure expressions as have been usually employed for this purpose in former works; for instance, a bit of this, a handful of that, a pinch of t'other—do 'em over with an egg, and a shake of pepper, a squeeze of lemon or a dash of vinegar, are the constant phrases; season it to your palate (meaning the cook's) if she has any."

For the work in his own kitchen he had graduated measures made, and gave directions to his readers as to where they could be obtained, in this respect anticipating the system of cup measures in force to-day in American schools and kitchens.

Kitchiner was the first cookery author in England to appreciate the importance of a close study of the *Rudiments of Cookery* and many pages of his book are devoted to able and exhaustive disquisitions upon the theory and practice of the several processes. What he wrote may still be read with profit and edification, and to no material extent can it be said that later writers have added to or taken from his lessons. Sometimes under modern conditions of living some of them have lost the weight they once possessed. The gas cooker and electric oven have in our time so far dispossessed the spit and the roasting jack that Kitchiner's admirable chapter on "Roasting" will seem to the

modern cook almost as the exposition of the technique of a lost art. To tell her that she should be as anxiously attentive to the appearance and colour of her roasts, as a Court beauty is to her complexion at a birthday ball is, it may be feared, unlikely to awaken any responsive thrill in her bosom. Kitchiner was of one mind with the brilliant Frenchman who wrote, "On devient Cuisinier, rôtisseur est né." "Though roasting," he said, "is one of the most common and is generally considered one of the most easy and simple processes of cookery, it requires more unremitting attention to perform it properly than it does to make most made dishes." He would admit of no compromise, roasting was roasting only when it was done by the radiant heat of a glowing fire, otherwise it is baking, and although he did justice to Count Rumford's theories for the slow cooking of boiled foods by retained heat, he would none of the Count's so-called roasters.

It is interesting to note how often Kitchiner anticipated Brillat-Savarin, or how often Brillat-Savarin followed Kitchiner, whichever way one likes to put it. The *Physiologie du Goût* was published eight years after the *Cook's Oracle*, with which latter work there is no doubt but that Brillat-Savarin was well acquainted, and of the ideas in which he did not scruple to make use. There are similarities of phrase that are too close to be merely accidental. As an example, Kitchiner writes in his introduction "The Pleasures of the Table have been highly appreciated and carefully cultivated in all countries and in all ages —and in spite of all the Stoics, everyone will allow they are the first and last we enjoy, and those we taste the oftenest—above a thousand times a year every year of our lives." Compare with this Savarin's aphorism: "The pleasure of the table is of all ages, conditions, countries and times; it can be associated

with all other pleasures and remains behind in the last to console us for their loss."

It is more terse and far more gracefully phrased, but of its source of inspiration there can be little doubt. It would not, I think, be difficult to compile from Kitchiner a series of aphorisms hardly less impressive than those which serve as initial matter to the famous *Physiologie*.

The prevailing note in his *Rudiments* is the insistence upon the necessity of taking pains. "Those who wish to excel in their Art must only consider how the processes of it can be most perfectly performed." He evidently considered that this was, above all, the lesson that the cooks of his time most needed to have impressed upon them, for of their practice he is everywhere critical, not to say contemptuous. "Boiling, the most simple of culinary processes is not often performed in perfection." What he said about roasting has been quoted: "Frying, though one of the most common of culinary operations, is one that is least commonly performed perfectly well." The constant plaint of the difficulty of securing a perfectly cooked potato is at least one hundred years old. "The vegetable kingdom," he says, "affords no food more wholesome, more easily procured, more easily prepared or less expensive than the potato; yet although this most useful vegetable is dressed almost every day in almost every family, for one plate of potatoes that comes to table as it should, ten are spoiled." To the cookery of vegetables and their selection, he enjoins particular attention, and his counsel of perfection is "Take care that your vegetables are fresh, for as the fishmonger often suffers for the sins of the cook, so the cook often gets undeservedly blamed instead of the greengrocer."

With the rage for *Primeurs* he had little patience. "Vegetables," he says wisely, "are in greatest perfection when in greatest plenty, i.e. when in full

season. I do not mean those early days that luxury in the buyers, and avarice in the sellers, force the various vegetables; but that time of the year in which by nature and common culture, and the mere operation of the sun and climate, they are in most plenty and perfection."

The "judicious epicure" is the person to whom the *Cook's Oracle* was specially designed to appeal. It was, in fact, a manual of instruction for the family, that, sensible of the refinements of the table, could aspire to a comfortable and fairly luxurious style of living. Without disregarding the practice of a judicious economy, which was, without doubt, as urgent a consideration in English households of the Waterloo period as it is in our families in this present year of grace.

To this end equal pains were taken to impress upon the mistress the principles of good housewifery and upon the maid the attributes of good service. "The art of providing for a family is displayed so plainly and particularly, that a young lady may learn the delectable Arcana of Domestic Affairs, in as little time as is usually devoted to directing the position of her hands on a pianoforte or of her feet in a quadrille. This will enable her to make the Cage of Matrimony as comfortable as the Net of Courtship was charming."

Friendly advice to cooks and other servants is couched in plainer and less flowery terms, but is perhaps more hopelessly out-of-date, for the domestic help that fulfilled only half of the conditions laid down by our author would in these days be a *rara avis*, for whom every lady in the land would compete. Perhaps Kitchiner was only suggesting counsels of perfection, and knew that such continuity of perfect service as he recommended was a thing to be hoped for but seldom realised, for he quotes a lady's account of the progress

of a favourite maid as follows: "The first year she was an excellent servant; the second a kind mistress; the third an intolerable tyrant, at whose dismissal every creature about my house rejoiced heartily."

There is necessarily a good deal in the practical part of the book which makes no appeal to the housewife of to-day. For instance, the multiplicity of commercially prepared sauces and flavourings, which have taken the place of the store sauces, an indispensable adjunct of old-world housekeeping, render superfluous the instructions for the preparation of the latter, and Kitchiner's favourite invention, "The Magazine of Taste," would hardly take the place of the epergne in the centre of any modern dining-table. This was a cabinet containing twenty-eight bottles of every conceivable sauce and flavouring that the taste of the most exacting epicure could require, with a drawer containing weights and scales, graduated measure, corkscrew, nutmeg grater, small mortar and similar implements. We have learned a great deal since Kitchiner's day both in the science of nutrition and the art of cookery, and we still go on learning, but with these reservations there is still much in the *Cook's Oracle* of practical value to the housewife of our time. When it was first published there is no doubt that it was accepted as a real boon by the public of the day, and hailed by all sound critics as the most valuable of contemporary contributions to the literature of the kitchen, but, strange to say, its popularity does not seem to have survived its author, for the seventh, enlarged and revised, edition appeared in the year of his death, 1827, after which I do not find that the book has ever been reprinted in its entirety. Some portion of it, instructions to cooks and housewives and various tables, etc., appeared as *The Housekeeper's Oracle* in 1829, and in 1861 some of the recipes were published under the title of *The Shilling Kitchiner*.

Kitchiner and Cook's Oracle

Kitchiner died very suddenly on the 27th February, 1827, being seized with spasms of the heart on returning to his home in Warren Street after an evening spent with his friend, John Braham. He was then, as far as records tell us, about fifty-two years of age. He married a Miss Orme, from whom he was separated, and having no family by his marriage, the bulk of his fortune, which must have been considerable, was bequeathed to a natural son.

The Kitchiner philosophy of eating is perhaps best summed up in the following extract from his valedictory address to his readers, which is good sense, if it be bad verse:

We now have made in one design
The Utile and Dulce join,
And taught the poor and men of wealth
To reconcile their tastes to health.
Restrain each forward appetite
To dine with prudence and delight,
And, careful all our rules to follow,
To masticate before they swallow.
'Tis thus Hygeia guides our pen
To warn the greedy sons of men
To moderate their wine and meat
And eat to live, not live to eat.

CHAPTER XVIII

"MEG DODS'" COOKERY BOOK

"ST. RONAN'S WELL," that novel of Scott's which tells the tale of a luckless love affair evolved amid the humours of an obscure Scottish spa was so far different from what custom led the world to expect from the author of *Waverley* that it is perhaps little cause for wonder that there were reviewers who found in the book evidence of exhausted imagination, and loudly proclaimed that the magician had "written himself out." Scott lover as one may be, it must be confessed difficult to take more than a tepid interest in the tragic loves of Clara Mowbray and Francis Tyrrel, or be more than mildly amused at the airs of Lady Penelope or the subtleties of the politic Dr. Quackleben. But the novel's saving grace lies in the portrayal of those native characters whose fidelity as genuine Scottish portraits were promptly recognised in the author's own country. Foremost among these is the redoubtable Mistress Margaret Dods, landlady of the Cleikum Inn, in Auldtown of St. Ronan's.

Meg was a notable creation, a type doubtless of a class of old Scots hostess who has passed away. "In single blessedness, and with the despotism of Queen Bess herself, she ruled all matters with a high hand, not only over her men servants and maid servants but over the stranger within her gates who, if he ventured to oppose Meg's sovereign will and pleasure, or desire to have either fare or accommodation different from

that which she chose to provide for him was instantly ejected with that answer which Erasmus tells us silenced all complaints in the German inns of his time, *Quære aliud hospitium*, or, as Meg expressed it, "Troop aff wi' ye to another public." Nature had formed honest Meg for such encounters, and as her noble soul delighted in them, so her outward properties were in what Tony Lumpkin calls a concatenation accordingly. She had hair of brindled colour, betwixt black and grey, which was apt to escape in elf locks from under her mutch when she was thrown into violent agitation; long skinny hands, terminated by stout talons; grey eyes, thin lips, a robust person, a broad though flat chest; capital wind and a voice that could match a choir of fish-women. She was accustomed to say of herself in her more gentle moods that her bark was worse than her bite; but what teeth could have matched a tongue, which, when in full career, is vouched to have been heard "from the Kirk to the Castle of St. Ronan's."

No very attractive portrait, truly, but there were redeeming virtues in this good-hearted virago which reconciled the discerning to her peculiarities. Her cellar was stocked with excellent wines and her kitchen was her pride and glory; she looked to the dressing of every dish herself, and there was some with which she suffered no one to interfere; such were the cock-a-leekie and the savoury minced collops.

Meg Dods having secured a permanent place among the notable characters of fiction, it happened that Mrs. Christian Isabel Johnstone, who published *The Cook and Housewife's Manual* in 1827, was inspired, happily for her own and her book's prosperity, to adopt the *nom-de-plume* of Mistress Margaret Dods of the Cleikum Inn, St. Ronan's.

In all, save an enthusiasm in the noble art of cookery, Mrs. Johnstone would seem to have been the antithesis

of the sharp-tongued innkeeper of the novel. She was an amiable and highly accomplished woman to whom De Quincey refers as an example of a woman cultivating the profession of authorship with absolutely no sacrifice or loss of feminine dignity. It is a curious compliment, which, inferentially is much the reverse of complimentary to other writing women of his time. Mrs. Johnstone's husband, John Johnstone, was a schoolmaster at Dunfermline when she married him. He gave up the scholastic profession in 1812 and became editor and proprietor of the *Inverness Courier* to which his wife's contributions lent a more literary tone than was then usual in provincial newspapers. Subsequently, husband and wife became joint editors of *The Edinburgh Weekly Chronicle*. Mrs. Johnstone's journalistic activity was prodigious. *The Schoolmaster and Edinburgh Weekly Magazine* was almost entirely written by her. This publication was renamed *Johnstone's Edinburgh Magazine*, and was ultimately incorporated with *Tait's Magazine*, a famous half-crown monthly. The price was reduced to a shilling, and Mrs. Johnstone was editor down to the sale of the magazine in 1846. She wrote some very popular stories, many of which appeared in the magazines which she edited, but her most profitable work was the *Cook and Housewife's Manual*, which she wrote originally, it is said, at Inverness to keep the *Courier* press going. It brought her in a considerable and steady income for many years, ten editions having been called for during her lifetime. She died in 1857, aged seventy-six, her husband surviving her little more than two months. The pseudonym of Meg Dods which she had appropriated for the cookery book, also appeared under most, if not all, of her stories.

Her assumption of the name was certainly made with Scott's cognisance, or at any rate with his

SUPPER AT VAUXHALL.

A Cruikshank Drawing of the famous Pleasure Gardens of the early 19th Century.

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ultimate approval. In a note to a later edition of *St. Ronan's Well* he says, "Meg Dods has produced herself of late from obscurity as authoress of a work on Cookery, of which in justice to a lady who makes so distinguished a figure as this excellent dame we insert the title page" which then follows. He continues: "Though it is rather unconnected with our immediate subject, we cannot help adding that Mrs. Dods has preserved the recipes of certain excellent old dishes, which we should be loth should fall into oblivion in our day; and in bearing this testimony, we protest we are in no way biased by the receipt of two bottles of excellent sauce for cold meat, which were sent to us by the said Mrs. Dods, as a mark of her respect and regard, for which we return her our unfeigned thanks, having found them excellent."

Whether the two bottles of sauce served as a propitiatory offering or not, it is certain that Scott's interest in Mrs. Johnstone's venture was not exhausted by this handsome free advertisement, for to the second edition of the manual, which appeared a couple of years later, there is prefixed an induction which adds much to the book's literary interest, and is so obviously written in the style of Sir Walter Scott himself, that none can doubt his responsibility for it.

This addition, which introduces several of the characters in the novel, professes to describe the "Institution of the St. Ronan's Culinary Club." The founder and president of this association is the eccentric Nabob, Peregrine Touchwood, a permanent, if somewhat exacting, inmate of Meg's hostelry. "Never any man talked as much as Touchwood of his habitual indifference to food and accommodation in travelling, and probably there never was any traveller who gave more trouble in a house of entertainment. He had his own whims about cookery, and when these were contradicted, especially if he felt at the same time a

twinge of incipient gout, one would have thought he had taken his lesson in the pastry shop of Bedreddin Hassan and was ready to renew the scene of the unhappy cream tart, which was compounded without pepper. Every now and then he started some new doctrine in culinary matters, which Mrs. Dods deemed a heresy, and then the house rang with their disputes . . . He never denied himself the gratification of the slightest whim, whatever expense he might himself incur, or whatever trouble he might give to those about him, and all was done under protestation that the matter in question was the most indifferent thing to him in the world. 'What the devil did he care for Burgess' sauces, he that had eaten his Kouscousou, spiced with nothing but the sand of the desert? Only it was a shame for Mrs. Dods to be without what every decent house above the rank of an alehouse, ought to be largely provided with.'"

With the advent of Dr. Redgill, celebrated English gourmand and divine, the idea of the Culinary Club takes shape in the Nabob's mind. "The Cleikum Club, myself president, must keep order among them; Redgill, vice; Winterblossom, an old coxcomb, but deep in the mystery; Jekyl, a conceited fop, but has his uses; Meg for the executive, Meg with great practical skill and knowledge, the paragon of economy and cleanliness."

The Nabob, with characteristic vanity, proposes to make a beginning by the delivery of a series of lectures on the history of food and cookery from the days of the hairy man of the woods, digging roots with claws, downwards. "If," he says, "a Dr. King, a Sir John Hill, a Dr. Hunter, a Dr. John Sinclair, and a Count Rumford have devoted their time and talents to the service (this reference to Hill is evidence that Sir Walter Scott believed him to be the author of Glasse's Cookery Book) of their species in this important depart-

ment, why should not plain Peregrine Touchwood? No man cares less about what he himself eats than I do, gentlemen. A man who has shared horseflesh with the Tartar, and banqueted on dog's flesh with the Chinaman, is not likely to be dainty of his own gab."

The syllabus of the lectures, which is all that the book affords us, is certainly admirable in its comprehensiveness, but the delivery of the Nabob's initial remarks was marred by the interruptions of the more practical members of the Club. "What a style o' language," whispered Mistress Dods; "but for a' that it's me maun look after the scouring o' the kettles."

"Ay," said Dr. Redgill, "that will suffice for a general view of the subject, let us now get to the practical part of the science—arrange the dinners—the proof of the pudding is the eating."

The Club's discussions which are scattered through the book, in the form of occasional marginal notes, supply commentaries upon the text, each member giving his opinion upon this or that method of treatment of a dish, Meg usually enjoying the woman's privilege of the last word. As examples of these may be quoted Redgill's and Touchwood's dispute about alternative methods of stuffing a turkey, and Touchwood's admirable dissertation upon beefsteak. Sir Walter's hand is still plainly traceable in these notes, though it is probable that Mrs. Johnstone had her share in them.

While this collaboration of the author of *Waverley* has undoubtedly added much to the vogue of Mrs. Johnstone's book, its intrinsic merits are of the highest order. Hers was no case of a clever journalist reading up a subject and dressing it up in attractive style. She had evidently a sound practical knowledge of the art of cookery, and as an authority upon old standard English and Scottish dishes she is supreme. So it

happens that although the manual is not far short of a century old, it is never out-of-date, but still remains a standard.

In such matters as the cookery of salmon, grouse, venison, her authority remains unchallenged, and in the cookery sections of the *Fur*, *Feather and Fin* series books, Mr. Alexander Innes Shand freely owns his obligations to her. Colonel Kenney-Herbert said: "Mrs. Johnstone wrote very sensibly upon both Scottish and English cookery and introduced moreover a special section on French cuisine, which showed that she had worked the subject up from reliable sources. No better book than hers could be taken up to-day by anybody in search of information about the standard national dishes of England and Scotland, and in many respects the authoress exhibits an appreciation of a finer development of the art than had been shown by any of her English predecessors in the ranks of culinary literature."

This is high praise from a discriminating critic, and well deserved withal. But it is in these mysteries of the Scots cuisine, those distinctively national dishes that rarely cross the Tweed border, and upon the composition of which no Southron dare offer criticism that Meg is beyond criticism.

Here are her directions upon Robbie Burns' "Great Chieftain of the Pudding Race," "the Scotch Haggis." "Clean a fat sheep's pluck thoroughly. Make incisions in the heart and liver to allow the blood to flow out and parboil the whole, letting the windpipe lie over the side of the pot, to permit the phlegm and blood to disgorge from the lungs; the water may be changed after ten minutes' boiling for fresh water. The lights cannot be over-boiled. A half hour's boiling will be sufficient for the rest; but throw back the half of the liver to boil till, when cold, it will grate easily. Take the heart, the half of the liver and part of the

lights, trimming away all skins and black looking parts, and mince them together finely, mince also a pound of good beef suet. Grate the other half of the liver. Have four mild large onions peeled, scalded and minced to mix with the haggis-mince. Have also ready some finely ground oatmeal, toasted slowly before the fire till it is of a light brown colour, and perfectly nutty and dry; or high toasted oatcake may be crumbled down. A large teacupful of meal will do for this quantity of meat. Spread the mince on a board and strew the meal lightly over it, with a high seasoning of black pepper, salt, and a little red pepper, first well mixed. Have a haggis-bag (i.e. a sheep's paunch) perfectly clean, and see that there be no thin part in it, else your whole labour will be lost by its bursting. Some cooks use two bags or a cloth as an outer case. Put in the meat with half a pint of good beef gravy or as much strong stock. Be careful not to fill the bag too full, but allow the meat and meal room to swell. Add the juice of a lemon or a little good vinegar; press out the air, and sew up the bag; prick it with a long needle when it first swells in the pot to prevent bursting; let it boil slowly for three hours if large. Obs. This is a genuine Scotch haggis; the lemon and cayenne may be omitted and instead of beef gravy a little of the broth in which the pluck is parboiled may be taken, more suet may be given. A finer haggis may be made by parboiling and skinning sheeps' tongues and kidneys and substituting these, minced, for the most of the lights, and soaked bread or crisped crumbs for the toasted meal. There are, moreover, sundry modern refinements on the above receipt, such as eggs, milk, pounded biscuit, etc., but these, by good judges, are not deemed improvements. A haggis boiled for two hours may be kept for a week or two, and when cold, gets so firm that haggises are often sent from Scotland to distant places and countries.

They must in this case be made very dry, and covered with oatmeal; nor will a haggis keep so well if there is onion put to it." "Admirable cock-a-leekie," said Dr. Redgill, touching with the end of his whip the body of the victim in a duel of game-cocks, "all the better for the fight, it would raise the creatures' blood."

This consideration, however, was not held to be essential by Mistress Dods in her instructions for making the famous soup which Scotland probably owed originally to France.

"Boil from four to six pounds of good shin beef well broken till the liquor is very good. Strain it and put to it a capon or large fowl, trussed as for boiling, and when it boils, half the quantity of blanched leeks intended to be used, well cleaned and cut in inch lengths or longer. Skim this carefully. In half an hour add the remaining part of the leeks, and a seasoning of pepper and salt. The soup must be very thick of leeks and the first part of them must be boiled down into the soup till it becomes a lubricous compound. Sometimes the capon is served in the tureen with the soup. This makes good leek soup, without a fowl. Obs. Some people thicken cock-a-leekie with the flour of oatmeal. Those who dislike so much of the leeks may substitute German greens or spinach for one-half of them, and we consider this an improvement, especially if tender and long boiled and not too finely shred. Reject the coarse green of the leeks. Prunes and raisins used to be put in this soup. The practice is nearly obsolete."

Talleyrand decided that prunes should be boiled in the soup but taken out before it was served.

CHAPTER XIX

THOMAS WALKER'S "ARISTOLOGY"

BETWEEN the art of cookery and the art of dining there is a distinction wider, perhaps, than is often recognised. That may be defined as creative art, and this as critical, and it by no means follows that the professor of the one may be found expert in both. The cook of great accomplishment should certainly be the best of all competent guides in the arrangement of the perfect dinner, and so, indeed, he often proves to be; but, as often, he has the defects of his qualities, and in the enthusiasm of his art he is betrayed into exaggeration and extravagancies. On the other hand, the epicure who judges by result may not be expert in process. He who invented the convenient word "Aristology," to define comprehensively the dining art, was a lawyer, who probably never attempted to cook any of the dishes served at the dinners about which he discoursed so well and wisely.

Thomas Walker was M.A. of Trinity College, Cambridge; he was born in 1784, became a barrister at law, and in 1829 was appointed one of the Police Magistrates for London, which office he filled until his death in 1836. He was a many-sided man, who, in most respects was much in advance of his time. There seems to have been few subjects upon which he did not hold strong opinions, and as an effectual means of ventilating his theories he conceived the idea of establishing a periodical to be written entirely by

himself, through the medium of which he might communicate his views to the world at large. This publication, to which he gave the obviously appropriate name of *The Original*, appeared at somewhat irregular dates from the 20th of May to the 2nd of December, 1835. Sometimes a fortnight elapsed between the appearance of the numbers, occasionally as much as six weeks, but, short as was the magazine's career, the author made it the medium for the publication of many thoughtful papers upon many subjects of social and political interest, such as Principles of Government, Poverty and Pauperism, Poor Law and Prison Reform, Christian Socialism, Industrial Economies, National Workshops, Charity, True and False; Religion, Morals and Manners, The Arts of Travel, Dining, Attainment of Health, etc.

Many of the opinions Mr. Walker expressed, revolutionary as they seemed then, have, in later days, been accepted as commonplaces. He was a warm advocate of fresh air and exercise at a time when consumptive patients were kept closely secluded in hot and ill-ventilated rooms, from every breath of Heaven; he kept his bedroom windows open when night air was esteemed so deadly that persons in health shuttered their windows and stuffed beds up their chimneys to prevent draughts; and as regards his theories of dining, he was the first and only advocate of a refined simplicity, which has secured appreciation in later days.

Thomas Walker's acquaintance with the social life of London began in the earlier years of the nineteenth century, and extended up to two years before the accession of Queen Victoria.

To a community brought up in the traditions of the early nineteenth century it is probable that the theories of a man like Thomas Walker must have appeared "startling absurd and impossible," when he quoted as a perfect example of a Christmas dinner, one that he

enjoyed with a couple of friends. It consisted simply of crimped cod, woodcocks and plum pudding. "Just as much of each as we wanted and accompanied by champagne." "The ordinary course," he goes on to say, "would have been to have preceded the woodcocks by some substantial dish, thereby taking away from their relish. Delicacies are scarcely ever brought to table till they are quite superfluous, which is unsatisfactory if they are not eaten, and pernicious if they are."

Hayward's objection to this dinner is that it might not satisfy all appetites, and he cites the case of a Lord Lieutenant of a western county, who was said to eat a covey of partridges for breakfast every day in the season.

The introduction of high-class French cookery into the higher English circles brought with it no counsels of moderation, but rather the reverse, for the menus of great banquets were appalling in their extravagance. I have before me one of a dinner served by Francatelli to Queen Victoria in an early year of her reign. It included four soups, four fish, four hors d'œuvres, four relèves, sixteen entrées. There were three joints on the sideboard, including a haunch of venison, and the second service comprised six roasts, six relèves, two flancs, four countreflancs, sixteen entremets—a grand total of seventy dishes, the names of which in detail would fill a page of this book.

It is difficult to imagine what sort of appeal such dinners must have made to the young Queen, whose gastronomic tastes in her later years were rather of the boiled mutton and rice pudding order.

But to return to Mr. Walker:

"According to the lexicons," he says in his introduction, "the Greek for dinner is Ariston, and, therefore, for the convenience of terms, and without entering into any inquiry, critical or antiquarian, I call the

art of dining 'Aristology,' and those who study it aristologists. The maxim that practice makes perfect does not apply to our daily habits; for, so far as they are concerned we are ordinarily content with the standard of mediocrity or something rather below. Where study is not absolutely necessary it is by most people altogether dispensed with, but it is only by a union of study and practice that we can attain anything like perfection. Anybody can dine, so as to ensure the greatest quality of health and enjoyment."

The last sentence may be regarded as the text upon which the whole discourse enlarges. Many of his remarks apply to conditions which no longer obtain in modern arrangements, but there is much in what he says about service that is of universal application. Some of his aphorisms are quite admirable in their terseness and simplicity, as for example: "A chief maxim in dining in comfort is to have what you want when you want it."

"There is in the art of dining a matter of special importance, Attendance—the real end of which is to do that for you which you cannot do well for yourself. Unfortunately, this end is generally lost sight of, and the effect of attendance is to prevent you from doing that which you could do much better for yourself."

In this connection he cites the case of a hostess into whose ill graces he fell, because, sitting next to her at table, he offered to take some fish to which she had just helped him, instead of waiting until her one servant could have time to hand it to him. "State without the machinery of state is of all states the worst," he says aphoristically.

Mr. Walker was an advocate of small dinner parties, regarding eight as the ideal number.

"Large parties," he says, "have long been to me scenes of despair in the way of convivial enjoyment.

I think the affluent would render themselves and their country an essential service if they were to fall into the simple, refined style of living, discarding everything incompatible with real enjoyment; and I believe that, if the history of overgrown luxury were traced, it has always had its origin from the vulgar rich—the very last class worthy of imitation."

An example of what Walker considered a well-constructed dinner has already been quoted in his account of his Christmas feast. Here is a description of a dinner he arranged at Blackwall to which seven guests were invited: "Eight I hold to be the golden number," he said, "never to be exceeded without weakening the efficacy of concentration."

The dinner consisted of turtle soup, followed by no other fish than whitebait, with brown bread and butter, followed by grouse, to be succeeded by apple fritters and jelly. With the turtle, punch, with the whitebait, champagne, and with the grouse claret. He allowed no other wine at dinner, but conceded a bottle or two of port afterwards, if his guests particularly desired it.

Abraham Hayward, who reviewed Walker's *Aristology*, not always kindly, raised some objections to this dinner, I think with reason. Grouse is not in season with us until August 12th at which time whitebait is not at its best, and turtle soup is questionable at a whitebait dinner. To which I might add that modern taste discards punch as an accompaniment to turtle as cloying to the palate at the beginning of a dinner.

Hayward is not always fair to Walker, as with reference to the Christmas dinner aforesaid he complains of its want of harmony with the season. "Roast beef and roast turkey are indispensable on Christmas Day," to which it might be objected that Mr. Hayward was himself too much a slave to convention. At any rate, Mr. Walker found a place for the plum pudding,

which is, after all, the most indispensable item in the orthodox English Christmas dinner.

The flamboyant style of decorating dishes beloved to Continental cooks, of which we have so many awful examples at cookery exhibitions, excited his unsparing contempt.

Garnish and flowers, stuck on dishes to impede carving and helping, "is the true barbarian principle of ornament in no way distinguishable from the untutored Indians' fondness for feathers and shells. To my mind good meat, well cooked, the plainer it looks the better it looks."

"There are," he says, "two kinds of dinners—one simple consisting of few dishes; the other embracing a variety. Both kinds are good in their way and both deserving attention."

The true principle of epicurism is laid down in the following passage: "When the materials and the cooking are both of the best, and the dinner is served according to the most approved rules of comfort, the plainest, cheapest food has attractions which are seldom to be found in the most labored attempts. Herrings and hashed mutton, to those who like them, are capable of affording as much enjoyment when skilfully dressed as rare and costly dishes."

"Further," he remarks, "it is the mode of dinner that I wish to recommend, not any particular dishes or wines. Common soup made at home, fish of little cost—any joint, the cheapest vegetables, some happy and inexpensive introduction and a pudding, provided everything is good in quality and the dishes are well dressed, and served hot and in succession, with their adjuncts, will ensure a quantity of enjoyment which no one need be afraid to offer."

Here are a few more of his words of wisdom:

"The productions of the different seasons and of different climates point out to us unerringly that it is

proper for us to vary our food; and one good general rule I take to be, to select those things which are most in season and to abandon them as soon as they deteriorate in quality."

"I think, in general, there is far too little attention paid to varying the mode of dining according to the temperature of the seasons. Summer dinners are for the most part as heavy and as hot as those in winter, and the consequence is they are frequently very oppressive, both in themselves and from their effect in the room."

"One of the greatest luxuries in dining is to be able to command plenty of good vegetables well served up. But this is a luxury vainly hoped for at set parties. The vegetables are made to figure in a very secondary way, except, indeed, whilst they are considered as great delicacies, which is generally before they are at their best—excellent potatoes, smoking hot and accompanied by melted butter of the first quality would alone stamp merit on any dinner."

If by "melted butter" Walker means the white sauce we dignify by that name, the combination would hardly be grateful to most tastes, but I am disposed to believe that the words should be taken in their literal sense—butter melted.

The whole dinner philosophy of Thomas Walker may be summed up in the aphorism that the distinction between luxury and simplicity is a vain thing. A haunch of venison is as simple as a leg of mutton and the leg of mutton may, in its way, if that be a perfect way, be as luxurious as the haunch of venison.

Although his literary style is diffuse and its literary manner too much in the "Sir Oracle" vein, the common sense and sound judgment displayed in his *Aristology* cannot fail to impress themselves upon the modern reader, who must equally realise how entirely out of tune Thomas Walker must have been with the

men of his own generation. His reviewer, Abraham Hayward, was too much a fashionable diner-out of the period to be quite sympathetic, although he was constrained to admit the justice of many of Walker's conclusions.

Mr. Walker suffered the fate of many enthusiasts by becoming a victim of his own theories. His system of attaining high health by air, exercise and absence of coddling, was sound in the main, but, in carrying it to extreme lengths, by over-exertion and exposure to inclement weather insufficiently clad, he brought on pulmonary consumption, from which he died in Brussels on 20th January, 1836, in his fifty-second year.

CHAPTER XX

HAYWARD'S ART OF DINING AND ITS AUTHOR

In every volume of reminiscences which deals with English social life during the Victorian era, it is inevitable that one finds some reference to Abraham Hayward, barrister and Queen's Counsel, journalist, essayist and wit, and one of the most indefatigable and best known of the diners-out in London society.

An American chronicler of London life, M. G. W. Smalley, had much to say about Hayward, to whom he devoted an appreciative chapter in his *London Letters*.

"What made Hayward famous beyond all other things was," he said, "his genius for society. Genius is not too strong a word. A man, who, without any help but his own aptitude and force of character, makes his way into that jealously guarded company, and makes himself in the end a power there, can only be described by using words of wide range and rare application. It is to be remembered that he became famous in one of the most brilliant periods of English society. He had many competitors; Bernal Osborne, for example. He met on equal terms all the ablest men in public life. He was asked to almost every great house in town and country; asked not once or twice, but continually all his life long. He was the intimate friend and trusted adviser of great ladies as well as distinguished men. He became long since a sort of arbiter in the fashionable world. His influence and authority reached almost everywhere."

Mr. Smalley, although, and, perhaps, because, an enthusiastic admirer of Hayward, is not the most reliable of authorities, as came home to me about thirty years ago, when, having quoted him as to Hayward's alleged Jewish origin, and his having made his way in the world with no aid of birth or family connections, I fell into the ill-graces of surviving members of the Hayward family. Miss Hayward, the essayist's sister, then a lady of advanced years, informed me that the Haywards, although not a wealthy family, had been landowners in Wiltshire for many generations, and that the Abrahams, his mother's family, were one of the oldest families in Devonshire, and, as a reference to Debrett would show, have married into the peerage on various occasions.

It seems incontrovertible that Hayward had a very Semitic type of face, which became more marked in the later years of his life, and he possibly "threw back" to some remote Jewish strain which had been forgotten. He was, at any rate, well born and well educated and began life with the ordinary advantages enjoyed by a young man destined for a learned profession, although he entered neither University.

He was born on the 22nd of November, 1801, and was sent to his first school at the age of seven. This was at Bath and was kept by Mrs. Francis Twiss, the loveliest of Mrs. Siddons' sisters. Horace Twiss, her son, who became a distinguished member of Parliament, and his wife were Hayward's first and most useful friends when he came to London; it is to the same early connection that he owed his long and intimate friendship with Fanny and Adelaide Kemble, the nieces of Mrs. Twiss.

He came to London and entered himself as a student at the Inner Temple in 1824. Four years later he became editor of the *Law Magazine*, a position he retained until 1844. The magazine acquired a good

reputation under his editorship, and he became acquainted with men, foreign jurists of distinction by whom he was handsomely entertained at Göttingen, at that time a great centre of legal studies, when he visited the Continent in 1831. On his return he published a translation of Goethe's *Faust* in English prose, which gave him an assured position in literary society; he became a frequent contributor to the literary reviews and, in 1835, he was specially elected to the Athenæum Club by the Committee, that being an honour that always implies the recognition of special literary distinction. He was made Queen's Counsel in 1845.

Hayward, it is said, always cherished the idea that he was destined to make a figure in distinguished society, and one candid friend remarked of him that he had a vision, something like that playfully described by Sydney Smith, of an immense square, with the trees flowering with flambeaux, with gas for grass and every window illuminated by countless chandeliers, and voices, reiterating for ever and ever, "Mr. Hayward coming upstairs."

The stairs were successfully climbed, the progress being helped materially by the famous Mrs. Norton, the original of Meredith's *Diana of the Crossways*, whose legal adviser he was, though he said she would never take his advice.

In a private letter written in 1835, he writes:

"I am now a regular member of the best London society—by which I do not mean the highest in mere rank—but that which includes all the most distinguished politicians, lawyers, poets, painters, men of science, wits, etc., along with the most enlightened of the aristocracy. I go little to balls, which are too late; and not very much to dinners, except of Saturdays and Sundays, because I am often engaged in business till nine; but I can spend every evening in

the pleasantest parties if I like, and I do spend a good many so. I dine to-morrow with the celebrated Countess of Cork—aged ninety-two—the friend of Johnson and all the wits of his time. She has all her faculties unimpared, and gives three evening parties a week, to which all her friends go as they like. Sydney Smith has given me a pressing invitation to spend a day or two at his living in Somerset whilst on the circuit. There is an article of mine in the forthcoming Quarterly which will make some stir. It is on cookery and dinner-giving."

The article to which Mr. Hayward refers did, in effect, make a very much greater stir than ever he had anticipated. It appeared in the *Quarterly Review* for July, 1835, and was entitled "Gastronomy and Gastronomers," the peg upon which it was hung being a review of Brillat-Savarin's *La Physiologie du Goût* and *The French Cook* by Louis Eustache Ude.

"The popularity of my last article," he writes soon afterwards, "is inconceivable. It encounters me everywhere, and it is in vain that I declare my indifference to eating compared with other matters. The fact is, I got up that article just as I would get up a speech from a brief, and I would not eat half the things mentioned in it if they paid me for it."

Lord Houghton described Hayward at that time as "the head of our present English essayists," and Lytton spoke of him as "one of the most elegant critics our century has produced."

It is one of life's little ironies that Hayward's essays, greatly admired as they were, have never tempted any publisher to reprint them, while the one work of his that is ranked as a classic, and is always in print, is an amplification of what was avowedly a brilliant bit of journalism "got up as I would a speech from a brief."

Six months later the *Quarterly* published a second article, a review of Thomas Walker's *Original* containing his paper on "Aristology, the Art of Dining." Fifteen years later Hayward combined the two articles, re-edited them carefully with material additions and alterations and they were published in volume form by John Murray in 1851 under the title of *The Art of Dining*.

During the interval Hayward's experiences as a popular diner-out has assured him a more practical acquaintance with his subject, which he, no doubt, took further pains to study, accepting with complaisance the rôle of gastronomic authority that was forced upon him. At the same time, in the preparation of his volume, he was careful to admit his obligation for assistance and advice to many people in society, who were noted as hosts and *bon vivants*. Among those thus mentioned were Count d'Orsay, Lord Marcus Hill, Colonel Damer, the Hon. William Stuart of the British Embassy in Paris, Sir Alexander Grant, Sir Hugh Hume Campbell, Richard Ford, the author of *The Handbook of Spain*, John Gibson Lockhart, and last, but not least, the Hon. Mrs. Norton.

There is no disputing the value and interest of Hayward's *Art of Dining*, or the justice of its recognition as a standard work. His literary style is delightful; he has wit, humour, judgment and discrimination, a happy facility for quotation, and apposite anecdote. He is rarely detected in an inaccuracy. His statement that Dr. Hunter of York wrote *Mrs. Glasse's Cookery*, for which there was no shadow of foundation, is the only example of carelessness that readily occurs to one; he had in supreme degree the editorial skill in selection, condensation and presentation; he was no philosopher like Brillat-Savarin; no propagandist like Walker, but he skimmed some of the cream of the

voluminous *Physiologie*—to condense that monumental work were impossible—and he cut away Walker's verbiage, putting his essential points briefly, and thus gave the world a right pleasant and profitable work that may be taken up and dipped into at any time with renewed pleasure and interest. But it must, I think, be allowed that Hayward's genius was more critical than creative. He had no particular original opinions of his own to impart, and he seems always a little distrustful of others. He admitted Walker's comprehensiveness of view and soundness of principle, although he found "little show of refinement or delicacy of taste" in his exposition of the art of dinner-giving. One is disposed to think that this condemnation is inspired by the extreme moderation of Walker's menus which seemed simply Spartan in comparison with the dinners of his period. Hayward could not understand a man giving a Christmas dinner of crimped cod and woodcock. It would be inconceivable; the occasion imperatively demanded turkey and roast beef; whence it would seem that Mr. Hayward was not of the class of gastronomers who, greatly daring, will break away from convention, and essay untried experiments. "He who would hesitate to try rhinoceros on anchovy toast," said Mortimer Collins, "is unworthy of the name of epicure." Such adventures were not for Hayward, the invention of a new dish, more important to mankind than the discovery of a new planet, as said Savarin, was not one of his distinctions; he never suggested even a new salad, and that he ever took casserole or chafing dish in his own hands is unthinkable, but he overcame his early expressed indifference to eating, and became an excellent judge of good dishes and good wine, an admirable guide as to where they might be found, and, as an expert in ordering a first-rate dinner in a first-rate restaurant, he became impeccable.

Hayward's Art of Dining

The earlier part of Hayward's book gives a condensed sketch of the history of cookery, with accounts of the celebrated French cooks of the Empire and the Restoration, and of the famous restaurants of Paris and their specialities. Of the Rocher de Cancale we read that it came into fame by its oysters, which its founder, M. Baleine, contrived to bring to Paris fresh every month in the year, a heresy that would make most modern epicures shudder. The Rocher had also a reputation for frogs, and, alas for Christmas card sentiment, robin red-breasts The robin is said to have a delicate bitter flavour. Grimod de la Reynière remarked in justification of eating this amiable little bird, as he calls it, that if one had compassion on everything one would eat nothing, which, as Hayward says, is unanswerable.

A good dinner in Paris was not necessarily prohibitive in price eighty years ago. Hayward gives an account of one *très recherché* at twenty francs a head, exclusive of wine, served to a party of seven at Philippe's in 1850. The dinner was ordered by Hayward in consultation with D'Orsay. The occasion was a great one, as it was expressly planned for a meeting between Lord Brougham and Alexandre Dumas père. In addition to those named, the company was made up by Lord Dufferin, the Hon. H. Stuart from the Embassy and Mr. Dundas of Carron. One is inclined to suspect that this dinner is particularised as much on account of the dignity of the company, as for the excellence of the fare. Mr. Hayward was quite at the top of the stairs then. An elaborate dinner at Philippe's at that time was, Hayward declares, superior to a similar one at the more famous Trois Frères Provençaux. His account of the then principal restaurants, their specially successful dishes and their notable company, has only an historical interest now, as these famed houses have, in nearly every case,

ceased to exist. The Café de Paris was even then declining. Hardy and Riche were condemned to a critical kind of notoriety by a pun: "*Pour dîner chez Hardy, il faut être riche; et pour dîner chez Riche, il faut être hardi.*" A similar pun was perpetrated in England on the production of Gay's *Beggar's Opera* by Rich, the first harlequin, as its success was said to have made Gay rich, and Rich gay.

To those whose acquaintance with Brillat-Savarin's work is limited, the pages devoted to it by Hayward supply a want in giving a general impression of its scope and aim. The following paragraph of Hayward's is decidedly amusing:

"It may not be deemed beside the purpose to state that M. Brillat-Savarin was of a sober, moderate, easily satisfied disposition—so much so, indeed, that many have been misled into the supposition that his enthusiasm is unreal, and his book a piece of badinage, written to amuse his leisure hours. The writer of these pages has been frequently exposed to depreciating remarks of the same tendency, but has contrived to bear up against the calumny."

"To dine alone," says Hayward, "is neither wholesome nor agreeable," and, to do him justice, he seems to have been but rarely forced to try the experiment. He is in the right when he says that a busy man who values his health should sedulously eschew anxious topics of all kinds at the hour of dinner, and the anecdote he gives in point, as he delights to do, is quite convincing. "When M. de Suffrein was commanding for the French in the East, he was one day waited upon by a deputation of natives, who requested an audience just as he was sitting down to dinner. He desired an aide-de-camp to inform them that it was a precept of the Christian religion from which no earthly consideration would induce him to depart, never to attend to business at dinner time; and the

audience departed, lost in admiration at the piety of the commandant."

A good story is that of the Frenchman who combined the offices of landlord and chef of the Hôtel de France at Dresden. He had been eighteen years in Germany and knew not a word of any language but his own. "What is the good," he asked, "of learning the language of a people who have no cuisine?"

There is a brief but amusing sketch of Ude, "the veritable Gil Blas of the kitchen," but it is in the latter portion of the book, ostensibly concerned with a review of Thomas Walker, that one finds a good deal of sound information and sensible observations about English fare and English cookery. Whether his information were self-acquired or whether some items of it were the contribution of the friends to whom he owned himself indebted, one knows not, but certainly a great deal of industry was exercised in collecting information about local dainties, thus: "Salmon at Killarney, broiled, toasted or roasted on arbutus skewers is a thing apart and unfortunately inimitable"; "the Dublin haddock is another delicacy peculiar to the sister island but we will venture to place the fresh herring of Loch Fyne alongside it"; "Hampshire trout enjoys a prescriptive celebrity, but we incline to give the Colne and Carshalton river the preference" (one would be troubled to find trout there now); "Thames perch are best water souchéd or fried in butter as they used to be at Staines"; "pike is capitally dressed at The White Hart at Salisbury," etc., etc. One might multiply such quotations by the page.

The gastronomic weaknesses of great men are amusingly described—there was a Duke of Portland who used to visit Weymouth every summer solely with a view to red mullet which used to be plentiful there. The price for a large mullet was threepence or fourpence, but for one weighing a pound and a half with

a prospect of an exceptionally large liver, His Grace had been known to give two guineas. The eccentric Earl of Dudley could not dine comfortably without an apple pie. Dining when Foreign Secretary, at a grand dinner at Prince Esterhazy's, he was terribly put out on finding that his favourite delicacy was wanting, and kept on murmuring audibly in his absent way, "God bless my soul! No apple pie!"

It was this Earl of Dudley who declared that "a good soup, a small turbot, a neck of venison, ducklings with green peas or chicken with asparagus and an apricot tart is a dinner for an Emperor." "And," says Hayward, "such a dinner could be better served in England than in any other country in the world." The first Duke of Cambridge's weakness was roast pig and apple dumpling, and the Duke of Norfolk was wont to declare that there was "as much difference between beefsteaks as between faces; and that a man of taste would find as much variety in a dinner at the Beef-steaks Society, where he never missed a meeting, as at the most plentifully served table in town."

Here is a passage to provoke reflection:

"It may encourage many a would-be Amphitryon to learn by what simple expedients the prosperity of a dinner may be ensured, provided only it possess the interest of novelty. We have seen Painter's turtle prepare the way for a success which was crowned by a lark pudding. We have seen a kidney dumpling perform wonders; and a noble-looking shield of Canterbury brawn diffuse a sensation of unmitigated delight. One of Morel's Montanche hams or a wood-cock pie from Baviers of Bologne would be a sure card; but a home-made partridge pie would be more likely to come upon your company by surprise, provided a beefsteak be put over as well as under the birds and the birds be placed with their breasts downwards in the dish. Game or wild-fowl is never better than broiled; and a

boiled shoulder of mutton or boiled duck or pheasant might alone found a reputation. A still more original notion was struck out by a party of eminent connoisseurs who entertained the Rt. Hon. Sir Henry Ellis at Fricœur's, just before he started on his Persian embassy. They actually ordered a roasted turbot, and were boasting loudly at the success of the invention, when a friend of ours had the curiosity to ask M. Fricœur in what manner he set about the dressing of the fish. 'Why, soire, you no tell; we no roast him at all; we put him in the oven and bake him.'"

It was in the early sixties that Hayward was at the zenith of his society success, and was really a power in the London world. Palmerston was Prime Minister and old Lady Palmerston was a queen of society. Hayward stood high in her favour and was a much sought after guest. The writer of some reminiscences in a London magazine some years ago said:

"It was nearly impossible to enter a London drawing-room on festive occasions without seeing him. Certainly his looks at no time could have recommended him. He was a short man with a head much too large in proportion. He was bald but had a crown of white, curly hair, which stood out and always seemed angry. His face was very Jewish, with piercing eyes and a heavy jaw. All his gestures were quick and jerky and he hardly ever remained still. His intelligence was of the sharpest, and he possessed the most varied and wonderful store of anecdotes, both ancient and contemporary."

Hayward appears to have been generally popular but Lady Dorothy Nevill, as a rule the most kindly of social historians, had no good word for him. "Mr. Hayward's political convictions," she wrote, "were Liberal, and the small services he rendered a Palmerstonian satellite procured him the run of a good many social circles of which he was for some years a fairly

entertaining member, gradually deteriorated by society's toleration, and he grew addicted to rather aggressive noisiness, more especially after a copious dinner, such as his soul (to particularise no particular organ) greatly loved. One of his most irritating habits was a trick of constant misquotation in French, believing himself to be a master of the language and remaining sublimely unconscious of the errors into which he had blundered." This unquestionably spiteful attack was a woman's way of paying off old scores, and the interpretation is not difficult. Lady Dorothy was a close friend of Disraeli's for many years. Hayward had been a Peelite and hated "Dizzy" cordially and never in his life missed an opportunity of attacking him. A more sympathetic sketch is that of Mr. Smalley from whom I have already quoted.

In his middle age Hayward had seldom dined at home. As the infirmities of years grew upon him, he rarely went out to dinner. Five days out of six he was seated at the table in the north-eastern corner of the Athenæum dining-room. Years before he had withdrawn from the Carlton, chiefly because he had been changing his politics, but, also, as he once said, feelingly, because he preferred the Athenæum cuisine. He remarks that the reputation of clubs and restaurants are forever fluctuating with the changes in their kitchens. Refined as he was in his culinary taste, he was also dainty as to his company. Latterly, the chief members of the select coterie, over which he presided, were Kinglake and Bunbury, Chenery of the *Times* and Sir William Gregory, when in town, with some stray statesman, ambassador or colonial governor who had just turned up on furlough. He had outlived any laxity of indulgence, his repast for the most part was simple, though he was fastidious as to the dressing and serving. But it was a standing, although a generally silent, grievance that one of his best friends

and most familiar cronies was, what he sorrowfully called, a very free feeder. He would look askance at indigestible dishes casually introduced. He was a man of moods, and in silence he would sometimes sit, but no one could talk more eloquently when the reverberating chord was touched.

Hayward's writing is sparkling, but his table talk was more brilliant still. He had known almost everybody worth knowing. Political recollections and social reminiscences blended themselves naturally with the menus of recherché dinners. As he relates with honourable pride, he had often been charged with the ordering of these memorable repasts. Standing up in his animation after dinner over the coffee, he would almost walk into his interlocuter, laying out the tables again, recalling the repartees and repeating the *bon mots*.

Hayward died at his rooms in St. James Street on February 2nd, 1884, in his eighty-third year. He never married; the society diner-out never does.

CHAPTER XXI

DINNERS OF THE PAST CENTURY

CAPTAIN GRONOW* in his chronicle of social life in London in the years following Waterloo gives the following description of a dinner party of that period:

"When I was a young man," he writes, "the dinners were wonderfully solid, hot and stimulating. The menu of a grand dinner was thus composed:

"Mulligatawny and turtle soups were the first dishes placed before you; a little lower the eye met with the familiar salmon at one end of the table and the turbot surrounded by smelts at the other. The first course was sure to be followed by a saddle of mutton or a piece of roast beef; and then you could take your oath that fowls, tongue and ham would as assuredly succeed as darkness after day.

"Whilst these never-ending *pièces de résistance* were occupying the table, what were called French dishes were, for custom's sake added to the solid abundance. The French, or side dishes, consisted of very mild but very abortive attempts at Continental cooking; and I have always observed that they met with the neglect and contempt that they merited. The universally adored and ever-popular boiled potato, produced at the very earliest period of the dinner, was eaten with everything, up to the moment when sweets appeared.

"Our vegetables, the best in the world, were never honoured by an accompanying sauce, and generally

* See Appendix.

came to the table cold. A prime difficulty to overcome was the placing on your fork, and finally in your mouth, some half dozen different eatables which occupied your plate at the same time. For example, your plate would contain, say, a slice of turkey, a piece of stuffing, a sausage, pickles, a slice of tongue, cauliflower and potatoes. According to habit and custom a judicious and careful selection from this little bazaar of good things was to be made, with an endeavour to place a portion of each in your mouth at the same time. In fact, it appeared to me that we used to do all our compound cookery between our jaws.

"The dessert—generally ordered at Grange's, or at Owen's in Bond Street—if for a dozen people, would cost at least as many pounds. The wines were chiefly port, sherry and hock; claret and even Burgundy being then designated 'poor, thin, washy stuff.' A perpetual thirst seemed to come over people, both men and women, as soon as they had tasted their soup; as, from that moment, everybody was taking wine with everybody else till the close of the dinner; and such wine as produced that class of cordiality which frequently wanders into stupefaction. How all this sort of eating and drinking ended was obvious, from the prevalence of gout, and the necessity of everyone making the pill box their constant bedroom companion."

Sir Walter Besant, up to the end of his life, cherished an ambition to give a dinner after the manner of the ancients—not the ancients of remotest times—but those of a hundred years or so ago. A conscientious desire to be accurate in points of detail continually delayed the date of this festivity. "It would be wretched," he said, "to discover that anything had been left out." A little point of great importance was the proper way of eating an orange in society, and Sir Walter was fortunate in obtaining some special light on the subject. They used to squeeze the orange

into a wineglass and drink the juice. "Fancy," he said, "a whole dinner-party squeezing their oranges into wineglasses! Dr. Johnson always suffered his next neighbour to squeeze the China oranges into his wineglass after dinner, which else, perchance, had gone aside and trickled into his, for the good man had neither straight sight nor steady nerves."

Among the data which Sir Walter collected for guidance for his projected dinner was the account of a polite dinner-table conversation, all too short, suggestive of 1810. The party consisted of the host and hostess: Lord Vacant, who can only understand horses; a man of fashion; a guardsman; a captain in a line regiment; Miss Waltz, a young lady of *haut ton*, and Miss Bolster, the daughter of the host's upholsterer, invited on account of certain money obligations.

The dinner hour is seven. When dinner is announced, the party, "after the usual compliments," descend to the dining-room. What were the usual compliments? It is explained that a "water glass" stands for each guest, with the wineglasses reversed; that there are silver forks laid for each plate, and napkins, beautifully white and "mangled," for each person.

The detail of the silver fork for each person requires explanation. It was before the mention of plated forks and spoons. In middle-class houses the forks were of steel, two-pronged. A silver spoon was generally presented to each child by his godfather, but not a silver fork; the silver fork used for muffins, tea-cake and so forth, was a small delicately shaped thing; the master of the house and his wife might have silver forks, but the children, no. If there were any, the guests might have them. As for napkins they were used at great feasts, but not as a rule in private houses.

The first course consisted of "matelotte d'anguille et des carpes" and of "saumon en caisse" with "pommes de terres à la maître d'hôtel." The host distributes

the former, the hostess the latter; they invite each other to take Madeira. Miss Bolster says she would rather have beer.

The second course consists of a quarter of lamb, a boiled fowl and a tongue, which are carved on the table. The men make jokes, old, old jokes and puns. Nothing surprises one more than the hearty reception which used to be accorded to the oldest joke. The quarter of lamb suggests to the host that he will have no half measures; the fowl suggests to the guests that they are going to experience foul play, and the love of the ladies for tongue calls forth the most brilliant witticisms. A leveret follows. "You can now, ladies," says the host brilliantly, "see your dinner to a hare." Roars of laughter. They drink wine again. The cloth is then removed. Nothing is said about puddings, jellies, ices or cheese, nothing about fruit. The ladies take four glasses apiece, and then retire, when the men settle down to their port. Is this a fair picture of society in the year 1810? Some exaggeration, no doubt, is allowed; we are not introduced to an intellectual set or a professional set, and it was a drinking time. But that the ladies should take four glasses of wine each after three or four at dinner seems incredible. We will not believe it of our great-great-grandmothers.

In Dean Burgon's *Lives of Twelve Good Men*, one chapter gives a glimpse of country life in the dawn of the past century. Turvey Abbey, in Bedfordshire, was then the residence of Squire Higgins, to whom the village and all the surrounding land belonged. He was married in 1804, and kept the anniversary of the event by a family dinner. His eldest son, and successor to the estate, wrote many long years after: "It was the custom of those days to have all the substantial viands placed on the table at once. Six or seven ribs of roast beef stood before my father, a boiled turkey graced my mother's end of the table, and an

enormous ham figures in the centre. . . . Two assaults on the first only seemed to be provocative of further displays of vigour with reference to the second and third. It was certainly all very hospitable and 'jolly,' but I am thankful that things are done somewhat differently now. Two men-servants waited at table, in pea-green coats, cuffs and collars turned up with red, a large red waistcoat with plush shorts and white stockings, which displayed calves of extraordinary dimensions."

In a forgotten novel of the earlier years of the past century, *Phineas Quiddy*, there occurs a description of a City merchant's little dinner-party of the period, which reads convincingly:

"The dinner was plain but excellent of its kind, and consisted of a tureen of pea-soup, a fine cod's head and shoulders, a roast sirloin of beef, a stewed rumpsteak and an apple-pie. There were no impertinent and miserable attempts at foreign cookery, which, when it is not the best in the world, is the worst. Not a single dish appeared upon the table under false pretences; no mess, indescribable and unwholesome, endeavoured, like some transmarine adventurer, to palm itself off as a something of importance under cover of a French title. On the contrary each boldly showed its plain honest English face, and the very pie itself was (not that unsatisfactory abridgement called a tart) in its requisite conditions of size, form and contents, an unquestionable apple-pie. No, the Cheshires, though 'titled people,' retired from business and dwelling in that aristocratic quarter of the East—Finsbury Square—were content, like many even of their superiors, to employ a woman cook and eat good English dinners.

"If the fare was substantial the guests' appetites were equal to the demands made upon them, and the table manners were, to say the least, frank.

"'Will you take soup or fish, Mr. Quiddy?' inquired her ladyship.

"'Why, my lady, I'll take fish, though I don't care if I begin with a basin of your ladyship's soup. And, Sir G., as I see you are helping the fish, I'll thank you just to put a mouthful of liver and sound aside against I'm ready for it. I don't think cod worth eating without a little of the liver and sound.'

"'A glass of port,' said the host: 'port and Madeira—no claret, no champagne—no ceremony with you, eh, my boy? This Madeira I paid a hundred shillings a dozen for, and got it by a lucky accident——'

"'Stop, Sir Gog,' said Quiddy, 'let me see twelve in the hundred will go eight and fourpence per bottle. Now, reckoning fourteen of these glasses to the bottle that's um-um-um, why, Sir Gog, we are drinking this wine at the rate of sevenpence farthing a glass all but a fraction.'

"Afterwards there was music, but without instruments. A daughter of the house sang 'The Streamlet' to the accompaniment of the cracking of nuts and the crunching of apples, and the guest obliged with 'Flow, thou regal purple stream.'" Such were the pleasant, unsophisticated ways in which our ancestors dined, drank, conversed and amused themselves.

In the light they throw upon the social habits and customs of the early days of the Victorian era no writers of reminiscences are more interesting than that veteran man of society, Sir Algernon West.

Here is what he says about the conventional dinner menu: a large turbot, with red festoons of lobster, was an inevitable dish at a London dinner party; a saddle of mutton at the head of the table, which was carved by the host, and a couple of chickens with white sauce and tongue in the middle was a necessity, and led to various conventional compliments as to whether the hostess or her neighbour should carve them. Sir

David Dundas used to tell of a chicken being launched in his lap, and the lady, with a sweet smile, saying: "Would you kindly give me back that chicken?"

With six side dishes and two bottles of champagne in silver coolers, the table was complete. The champagne was only handed round after the second course, and was drunk in homœopathic doses out of small tubes of glass, which contained little but froth. Lord Alvanley was the first who had courage to protest, saying, "You might as well expect us to drink our wine out of thermometers." After dinner the cloth was removed, and the wine and dessert put on a shining mahogany table.

The Bishop of Oxford, at Cuddesdon, used to drink the health of each candidate for holy orders, but as he did not like drinking so much himself he always kept a decanter of toast and water by him. On one occasion a bumptious young man, on being asked what he would take, replied: "A little of your lordship's bottle, if you please," thinking to get something of special excellence. "Take my bottle to him," said the Bishop to the butler. The old custom of the host asking his guests to drink with him has long passed away, but in the early days of Queen Victoria's reign it was so much the fashion that when the change began, on a host asking a lady if she drank no wine, she replied: "Do you expect me to drink it with the butler?"

Dining was dining, and wine drinking was wine drinking in those days. "Thanks," says Sir Algernon, "to the introduction by the late King Edward, when Prince of Wales, of after dinner smoking, the latter serious infliction is long past." What it was in the old days would seem incredible to us now.

The late Lord Clanwilliam mentioned one occasion when he had dined at a friend's villa near Putney. The dinner was extraordinarily late for those days—eight o'clock. When they at last rose from the table,

and went up to their rooms, Lord Clanwilliam threw open his window, and saw the haymakers coming into the field. "I wonder," he thought, "what hour they begin work?" and, on consulting his watch he found it was 8.30. The haymakers were returning to work from their breakfasts. Twelve and a half hours seems a fairly long dinner séance; but our ancestors made up for their lengthy feasts by equally long periods of recuperation. Captain Gronow relates a story of Twistleton Fiennes, Lord Saye and Sele, to whom he, Gronow, once recommended a man-servant. On entering his service John made his appearance as Fiennes was going out to dinner, and asked his new master if he had any orders. To his astonishment he received the following answer: "Place two bottles of sherry by my bedside, and call me the day after to-morrow."

Fiennes was one of the greatest epicures of his day. His dinners were famous for their prodigality. Every country, every sea, was ransacked in the search for some new delicacy. At one of his breakfasts an omelet was served which was composed entirely of golden pheasants' eggs. He had a strong constitution, and, says Gronow, could drink absinthe and curaçoa in awful quantities, but while his potations did not affect his brain his health soon gave way under his excesses.

Churchmen were not exempt from an inclination to linger over the winecups, and Mr. Gladstone recalled that on one occasion, when a host put to a bishop who was dining with him the ordinary formula: "Will your lordship have any more wine?" the bishop replied in a solemn voice, "Thank you, not until we have drunk what we have before us."

Luncheon as a set meal did not exist in those days. In country houses breakfast was a heavy meal, with beef and substantial joints on the sideboard. Sportsmen of the old school preferred a tankard of ale to such

slops as tea or coffee. After such a repast at nine or ten o'clock there was no intervening meal until dinner, unless a hungry guest invaded the schoolroom, at th children's dinner hour, and snatched a sandwich or some bread and cheese. The elaborate covert luncheons of later days were not favoured by sportsmen of the Osbaldeston type, who contented themselves with a sandwich case or a pocketful of biscuits, and a flask of something strong.

Lady De La Warr says, on the authority of her mother, that afternoon tea had its origin at Belvoir Castle, its inventor being the then Duchess of Bedford, who was a frequent visitor there. She arrived there once, bringing with her a packet of tea, which was then an expensive luxury, and, says Lady De La Warr, "she used to invite my mother and other ladies staying in the castle to have tea with her, by turns, in her room. She continued the practice in town, and by slow degrees the fashion for afternoon teas spread, until they became indispensable."

The late Sir Henry Thompson, who combined in himself the not always associated qualifications of a discriminating epicure and an authority upon the science of dietetics, was celebrated for his famous Octave dinners, so called because the number of diners was always strictly limited to eight. These dinners he originally established to serve as a practical protest against the fashion prevalent in mid-Victorian days of serving dinners of many courses and innumerable dishes to large parties of guests who were condemned to sit at table for many hours at a stretch.

Sir Henry's dinners were given for many years, and his guests included from time to time most men of contemporary distinction in almost every walk of life, among them being Thackeray, Dickens, Sir Edwin Landseer, Sir Alexander Cockburn, Gladstone, Lord Randolph Churchill, Robert Browning, Sir Robert

THE BUSINESS OF PLEASURE.
A nineteenth century Drawing by George du Maurier.

Collier, Shirley Brooks, Tom Taylor, Sir Francis Grant, Lord Leighton, Sir John Millais, Anthony Trollope, George du Maurier, Professor Huxley, Gerome, Professor Syme, Van Buren, Bayard Taylor, Oliver Wendell Holmes, and many others, including men of distinction still living.

The following menu of an octave dinner given on March 6th, 1901, is a fair specimen of these carefully arranged *recherché* repasts.

Huîtres.
Consommé à la Royale.
Saumon de Severn, sauce verte.
Venaison de la Forêt noire.
"Renbrücken."
Soufflé de Volaille aux truffes fraîches.
Jambon braisé au Bourgogne.
Asperges vertes.
Becassines rôties.
Soufflé à la Vanille.
Canapés à l'Indienne.

As one of the older generation I can well remember the big dinners at which, in the 'seventies, I was sometimes a guest: the long hours spent at table, the number of courses, the number of dishes in every course—four or more soups, half a dozen fish, eight or ten entrées, and everything else in proportion to the bitter end. There was no obligation, of course, to eat everything that was offered, though there were valiant trenchermen who did their best to keep up with the procession, and their capacity was amazing. I have seen a man at a City banquet begin with four or five helpings of turtle soup—thick, clear, calipash, calipee, fins. The moderate man, starting with the best intentions was usually betrayed into eating more than he wanted or intended, for sheer lack of anything else to do, and as every

course, almost every dish had its attendant wine, the mixing of liquors meant deplorable "next mornings." The credit for checking this senseless extravagance and introducing simpler dinners, where quality was studied rather than quantity, was certainly due to King Edward in his Prince of Wales days. His reputation as gourmet stood high, and I am not shaken in my faith in it even by Lady Blanche Hozier's revelation of a dish which she tells us he invented.

This was a large loin chop, smothered in egg and bread-crumb, cooked on the grill and served hot, with the accompaniment of iced mayonnaise. It sounds daring—not quite so daring as the dish of pork and strawberries with a beer sauce, invented by Mr. Wells' artist-cook, but something in the same *genre*. However, as Mortimer Collins said, the true epicure should shrink from nothing in the way of experiment.

CHAPTER XXII

DINNERS OUT OF THE COMMON

EXTRAVAGANCE has generally been regarded as the short way to singularity with those who have been inspired with the ambition to give a dinner which shall differ from the dinners given by other people. Cleopatra was one of the earliest examples of the extravagant hostess, and Cleopatra's illegitimate methods of running up the dinner bill have been copied with more or less fidelity by her later imitators. There was a financier in the very early 'sixties of last century whose prosperity was followed by a tragic eclipse, who gave dinner parties at Brighton for no more sufficient reason, apparently, than that he might enjoy the luxury of paying for a special train to carry his guests to and from London. The *reductio ad absurdum* of this system of costly dinner-giving was probably compassed by a foolish young man who gave a dinner to twenty-two guests at a restaurant in the Bois de Boulogne some years ago. Each guest was conveyed to the place of feasting in a separate coupé and pair; before each one of them there were placed a whole leg of mutton, a whole salmon, a truffled fowl, a basket of peaches, and a double magnum of champagne, while at dessert a bag was handed round from which were fished up emerald sleeve-links, golden cigarette-cases, and other pretty trifles. It would be difficult to impose a limit to this sort of thing. Logically there is no reason why a coach and four a head should not have been provided,

or a prize ox roasted whole for each convive. One of the most costly dinners on record is said to have been given at the Albion, under the auspices of Sir William Curtis. The bill averaged between thirty and forty pounds a head, but the dinner committee revelled in wanton expenses, even dispatching a special messenger to Westphalia to select a ham upon the spot.

The most honest achievement in modern expensive gastronomy was probably the famous five-hundred-franc dinner of the Vicomte de Viel-Castel, which, for a wager, he undertook to eat and drink by himself within two hours. The prices were the prices of the Café de Paris, and were swelled, moreover, by the fact that the dinner took place in the middle of an unusually severe winter, so that twelve francs for a plate of young peas, twenty francs for a dish of strawberries, and twenty-four francs for a pine were not, in the circumstances, unreasonable items. The Vicomte, an accomplished gastronome, blessed, moreover, with a prodigious capacity, brought the total of his dinner bill up to five hundred and forty-eight francs fifty centimes, and finished his repast comfortably with twenty minutes in hand. Among the traditions of Delmonico's there is one of a certain mysterious foreign nobleman who dined there unaccompanied every night for three weeks, never spending less than ten to fifteen pounds upon his dinner. On one occasion he ordered for the roast a dozen woodcock, which were then selling at £6 a dozen. When they were brought he cut open the skull of each bird, scooped out and ate the brain, and ordered the rest to be removed.

Experiments in dining after obsolete fashions have not been common. Dr. Lister, Queen Anne's physician, who paid especial attention to the cuisine of mediæval England, practically illustrated his learned edition of the *De Opsoniis* by a series of banquets pre-

pared in classic fashion. A later imitator, Dr. Akenside, repeated the experiment, and was, for his pains, mercilessly caricatured by Smollet in *Humphrey Clinker* as the physician who gives a dinner after the manner of the ancients. Such experiments were but the diversion of the learned, and had few elements of popularity in them. A well-known New York diner, Mr. Laurence Jerome, once gave a classic dinner at which the guests reclined on couches and fed themselves as did the fashionables of Augustan Rome, but many generations of fork-using have made the reversion to earlier customs uncomfortable and embarrassing, although another experimentalist once entertained his guests at a *déjeuner sans fourchette* the menu of which was so contrived that they could feed themselves with their fingers with the minimum of discomfort and grease. Bouillon in cups, asparagus, fried smelts, lamb chops en papillotte, woodcock and cheese-straws constituted the bill of fare. To dine without knife and fork is, in certain circumstances, obligatory, and it is recorded that an American host once gave his friends a new and rather creepy sensation by receiving them in a very good imitation of a condemned cell, where they were served by attendants in convict garb with small beefsteaks between thin slices of bread to an accompaniment of clanking chains and other dungeon properties.

Propagandists of any particular food gospel naturally illustrate their theories by banquets which rarely carry conviction to the Philistine. Vegetarian dinners usually show want of originality and executive skill. Some of the mycological dinners that have been given in America are said, on the other hand, to be skilfully executed, and to give practical evidence of the culinary possibilities of the fungus. That the Entomological Society of Washington gives dinners in the menu of which figures bisque of grasshoppers thickened by a forcemeat of bark-boring grubs, is probably only the little

joke of the irrepressible reporter. The famous horse-dinner given in London many years ago by the advocates of hippophagy provided alternative courses of ordinary character for the weaker-stomached among the guests.

One of the most curious dinners on record is a dinner of sauces, the story of which was told by Dr. Doran. The dinner-giver was an old major who invited a party of three to this unique repast. The soup was represented by gravy sauce, and in lieu of fish, oyster and lobster sauces were handed round. Egg sauce did duty for a joint, and bread-sauce recalled the memory of pheasant, while the absent plum-pudding was suggested by brandy-sauce. After each sauce-boat was emptied the wine was freely indulged in, and between excess of lobster sauce and alcohol the guests were all, it is said, the worse for the banquet. After they had all gone, or had been carried away, the Major, it is said, wound up with a rump-steak supper.

Among eccentric gastronomes few were more remarkable than Mrs. Jeffreys, Wilkes' sister. At Bath it was her humour to sleep all the year round by an open window, and the snow often lay thick upon her bed. She breakfasted frugally on chocolate and dry toast, but dinner, which was the event of her day, she took at a boarding house, whither she proceeded in a sedan-chair with a bottle of Madeira by her side. Slices of fat cut from some huge joint specially prepared for her were swallowed alternately with lumps of chalk, procured for her especial enjoyment, and the whole was washed down with several glasses of old wine. This peculiar diet was based upon some theory of the neutralisation of the meat acids by the alkaline principle of the chalk. The lady lived to a good old age, and enjoyed perfect health—circumstances which, she maintained, testified the reasonableness of her theory of diet. The test is not, however, infallible, for incongruities in diet and the indulgence in habits

of life entirely opposed to all rules of hygiene have proved no bar to the attainment of patriarchal length of days, and the author of a standard work on longevity has supplied us with numerous examples of centenarians who have become so through long years of persistent intemperance and a consistent abstention from soap and water.

A wild dinner party was once suggested by Sir William Beach Thomas. This, be it understood, was to have nothing in common with the Mad Tea Party in Wonderland. It was to be a dinner exclusively composed of the wild product of field and hedgerow, and this was the proposed menu:

Nettle Soup.
Gudgeon from the brook.
Sparrow Pie, hot with boiled Hop Sprouts
and fried Pig-Nuts, or
cold with Daisy and Dandelion Salad.
Wild Raspberry Tart, with Crust of Dropwort,
or Silverweed Flour.
Seasonable Fruits, and Dried Flower Petals.

I can say nothing about the flour; perhaps the experts in food substitutes might oblige with an opinion. In other respects, the menu might be enlarged upon a good deal. A mushroom course might be added with advantage. Young bracken sprouts, it is said, make an agreeable vegetable, faintly reminiscent of asparagus, and the roots have been eaten in the absence of potatoes as a substitute of doubtful efficacy. Sir William resisted the temptation to include hedgehog, baked in gipsy fashion, which Frank Buckland was the first to recommend, and about which all subsequent writers on the subject have enthused, and a recent writer has strongly approved rats as a delicacy.

Then there are truffles. The English variety is a long way down the scale, as compared with the famous black truffle of Perigord. Still, it is eatable, and in olden times truffle-hunting was a recognised country industry. Gilbert White mentions a call made upon him by a truffle-hunter, who asked him 2*s*. 6*d*. a pound for his wares. I remember that the late Lord Winchelsea employed trained hogs, muzzled, to hunt for truffles over the chalk lands of Kent, but I do not know with what success, and it is said that the truffled dishes served in the low-priced foreign restaurants of Soho represent the spoils of excursions into the wilds of Epping and Hainault.

Water should, I suppose, be the correct drink at a Wild Dinner, but to those of less unsophisticated taste, the herb beer, brewed by the cottagers of North Staffordshire, might be recommended.

Those who are disposed to emulate Sir William Beach Thomas, and seek a dinner in the wilds, can have no better guide than Mr. L. C. R. Cameron, the author of *The Wild Foods of Great Britain*, *where to find them and how to cook them*, published by Routledge at the modest price of eighteen pence.

Mr. Cameron treats the subject exhaustively, his *pièce de résistance* include the hedgehog, the badger, which is very good eating, badger hams, cured and smoked in the usual way, are a great delicacy. Then there are squirrels red and grey, and he recommends a young brown rat not long weaned, but preference should be given to a country rat bred in a corn stack; dormice taken when they have begun to hibernate, and have laid up a store of winter fat, are very good in pies, or served on toast like kidneys. Wild birds of many kinds supply the game list, and good use may be made of their eggs. The fish list is considerable, as he includes many sea fish that can be caught off the coast. A good suggestion is to cook minnows

like whitebait, if you do not prefer to adopt Izaak Walton's mode of cooking with cowslip blossoms.

Vegetables are classed under three heads: those whose leaves may be used for salads; those whose leaves may be cooked like spinach; those whose shoots, like the common bracken, may be eaten like asparagus, and those with edible roots. There is a chapter of wild flowers and fruits, and an exhaustive one on mushrooms and other edible fungi. The French edible frog is plentiful in parts of the country, having probably been introduced many centuries ago by foreign monks in the old monasteries, but Mr. Cameron does not tell us that there is much local consumption of this dainty. The French edible snail introduced by the Romans is plentiful on the South Downs and on the Cornish headlands; there where it is gathered by the crews of French coasting vessels, and it is a surprise to know that a very large trade is done in the common garden snail.

In Gloucestershire many tons of garden snails are collected annually in the South Cotswold district, and sent into Bristol, where they are commonly eaten by the working classes, especially by the employees in tobacco factories. Vine-fed snails are best from October to April: others are good from spring to autumn.

After reading Mr. Cameron's interesting book, one wonders why, with this bountiful free larder open to all, anybody in England should ever go hungry.

CHAPTER XXIII

ENGLISH COOKERY OF TO-DAY

THAT English cookery is the worst cookery in the world, and Englishwomen the worst cooks, is a theory that has been so persistently advanced by some superior persons, that it is well to inquire what is really wrong with our cuisine? There is in truth very little. Like all national systems, it is the outcome of experiment and experience, governed by such considerations as climate, habits, and above all the natural products of the country. The nation's larder has at all times been abundantly supplied with flesh, fowl and fish, and our ancestors, as the foregoing chapters go to prove have made ample, and, on the whole, intelligent use of their resources.

If our produce is at the present time insufficient for our needs it is at any rate second to none in the world in quality, and in all natural productions which have inherent qualities of flavour and sapidity that method of preparation for table is the most judicious which preserves and develops those characteristics without disguise or sophistication.

The artistry of the Continental chef can, for instance, do nothing to improve the best of our game and meat, which make their most satisfactory appeal to the epicure when dressed with the simplicity enjoined by our old-world housewifery. This is the justification of what is understood by plain English cookery, which has always been skilful, conscientious and painstaking.

English Cookery of To-day

That the English kitchen has produced many culinary inventions of outstanding merit has always been recognised by competent critics of other nationalities. The late Alfred Suzanne, eminent as a chef and writer, paid generous tribute to the excellence of *la cuisine anglaise* in the book which he wrote under that title for the edification of his compatriots.

Almost every county in the kingdom has its special products, and its special delicacies. The history of Britain's local dainties has still to be written and should be written before it is too late, and many of these good things have been sophisticated out of recognition.

If the cook's art can do little to improve what needs no improvement, it is legitimately employed in giving distinction to the commonplace and flavour to the flavourless, and it is in this respect that our cookery is sometimes at fault. We cook our fish indifferently, and we have not learnt to make the best use of our garden vegetables.

For many years past there have been persistent efforts to promote the increased consumption of fish as an everyday article of diet of the urban population, with the dual object of promoting the interests of a great national industry and of supplying town dwellers with a meat substitute suited to the needs of those who lead more or less sedentary lives.

This propaganda has so far met with only a qualified success, and that for two reasons: first because fish is too dear, and secondly because people do not care for it.

Fish, at the prices at which it has been retailed in the years following the war, seldom offers any economic inducement to the careful housewife.

It is inevitable that there must be frequent fluctuations in price of a commodity which is irregular in supply, but even at the cheapest, the cost of the

commonest varieties of fish such as cod, haddock, plaice, etc., often compares unfavourably with that of beef and mutton. The subject has engaged the attention successively of Lord Linlithgow's committee, of the Royal Commission, and latterly of the Food Council, who do not seem able to discover a solution of the price problem.

Fish, however cheap, would hardly become popular until more attractive ways are devised for its presentation. The average middle-class housewife is unintelligent in her marketing, and inartistic in her cooking of it. She takes into account only some half-dozen varieties, and she has only two ways of cooking them: boiling or frying—both monotonous, and generally unattractive. Such white fish as cod, hake, haddock, and the like, although good food, are deficient in flavour, and exist as a challenge to the cook, by whose artistic treatment only they can be redeemed from insipidity. We have had no National fish cookery since the Reformation, the old religious houses, if not situated near the coast, or on the banks of rivers, had their own stews and fish ponds, and the monks depended upon their produce for the greater part of their fare, and invented many dainty and excellent recipes for fish cookery, the tradition of which survived even to the days of Izaak Walton, but have now been long lost.

It must be regretfully admitted that we do not make the best use of our vegetables, and the complaint that we dissipate and lose much of their valuable mineral salts by our wasteful methods of cooking them, is well justified. An elementary knowledge of food value is a necessary item in the cook's equipment, and as this forms part of the instructions in most cookery schools, it may be hoped that better counsels will in time prevail.

If English cookery is generally sound in principle

there is something to be said about its present-day practice.

It is possible, as is often alleged, that there are more bad cooks in England than elsewhere, although the assertion is not susceptible of proof. At any rate we have no monopoly of incompetence. The superstition that every French or Italian woman is a born cook, is a fond thing foolishly imagined; there are good, bad, and indifferent cooks everywhere, and everywhere the best are in the minority.

The housewife of former times, destitute of the many adventitious aids to cookery possessed by her great granddaughter, depended for her results upon her own skill, patience and imagination, qualities with which her descendant, possessed of a multitude of labour-saving appliances, often feels herself able to dispense.

There is danger of the housewife being demoralised by the advantages offered by modern science. Mechanical inventions have done much to save labour and waste; the gas cooker and electric oven have replaced the old kitchen range to the economising of fuel and time and trouble; vast supplies of preserved and chilled foods which are brought to our homes would, if they failed us as in war time, leave us in sorry plight, but the warmest advocate of new ways will not contend that the frozen joint baked in the gas oven makes an equal gastronomic appeal to the native joint cooked in the approved old fashion.

"Cooks are made, roasters are born," said Savarin, but roasters if they are born are born to blush unseen, for in this age of ovens, roasting is in danger of becoming a lost art.

The multiplicity of preserved foods and cookery-made-easy gadgets, offer constant temptations to the slothful and indifferent, and account for much of the slovenly and perfunctory cookery which gives occasion to our critics.

The domestic problem is no doubt a factor that has to be taken into consideration. If the millions that are spent in teaching cookery in the National schools had produced any appreciable result, we ought by now to have become a nation of cooks, but if the teaching be sound the taught have consistently neglected to profit by it since, while domestic help is hard to obtain, the cooking in working-class homes does not improve. There are countless homes in the country where the difficulty is overcome, and where the old standards are faithfully maintained, but these do not come into the limelight, while the troubles which press heavily upon the small households of modest means are patent to all the world.

These will in time solve themselves as people continue to readjust their lives to meet changed conditions. The teaching of cookery and domestic arts has become a part of the curriculum of the high school and women's college, and there is a constantly increasing attendance at the cookery classes of young women of higher social status than heretofore, who seek to perfect themselves in the art with the object either of directing the affairs of their own homes, or of taking up the work professionally. As the demand for high-class cooks tends to exceed the supply, the emolument of the artist reaches a point which makes the calling not unattractive to women of education and intelligence.

The domestic industries of bygone ages, spinning and weaving, brewing and baking, distilling and preserving, have one by one passed from the home to the shop or factory; of all the domestic arts home cookery alone remains, and that it should ever become a ready-made factory product seems unthinkable.

THE END

Appendix

APPENDIX

A PROPER NEWE BOOKE OF COKERYE

CHAPTER V. PAGE 42

IN the collection of MSS. and early printed books bequeathed to Corpus Christi College, Cambridge, by its famous master, Matthew Parker, Archbishop of Canterbury, there is to be found a little vellum-covered black letter volume, in which, among sundry political tracts, is bound up a sixteenth-century collection of cookery recipes running only to twenty-seven small pages, which bears, nevertheless, the proud title of *A Proper Newe Booke of Cokerye*. There is no author's name nor date to this edition, but the Cambridge copy is supposed to be the *editio princeps*, for the only other known copies of this book, both of which are in the British Museum, bear the date 1575 and 1576 respectively, whereas the owner of this volume, Archbishop Parker, died in 1575. Some years ago the book came under the notice of Miss Catherine Frances Frere, who obtained permission from the Master and Fellows of Corpus Christi College to prepare a new edition of it, which she did with excellent skill and judgment, the reprint being published by Messrs. W. Heffer & Sons, of Cambridge.

SIR KENELM DIGBY

CHAPTER XI. PAGE 106

THE seventeenth century presents us with few more interesting personalities than that of Sir Kenelm Digby —diplomatist and courtier, naval commander and author, chemist, physical philosopher and student of occult lore—a many-sided man of many interests and many inventions. Son of the unfortunate Sir Everard Digby, who suffered death upon the scaffold for his complicity in the Gunpowder Plot, neither his father's treason nor his own profession of the Catholic faith of his family seem to have materially affected his advancement in life. At the invitation of his cousin, Sir John Digby, ambassador to the Court of Madrid, he visited Spain in 1622, at the age of 19. Coincident with his visit was the famous Spanish expedition of Prince Charles and the Duke of Buckingham. Digby joined the Prince's retinue, and from that time appears to have dated the favours in which he was held by Charles. On his return James I, who had hanged his father, conferred upon him the honour of knighthood, and he was granted Letters-of-Marque, on the strength of which he equipped a squadron at his own expense and carried out a no doubt profitable naval expedition in the Mediterranean against the Algerines and Venetians. Charles I appointed him Gentleman of the Bedchamber, Commissioner of the Navy and

Governor of Trinity House, and for many years he held the appointment of Chancellor to Queen Henrietta Maria. The Long Parliament clapped him into prison, from which he was released at the intercession of the Queen-dowager of France, but he was banished the kingdom on pain of death, and his estates confiscated. He retired to France, where he enjoyed the friendship of Descartes and other eminent men, and, distinguished by the favour of the Court, was entrusted with an embassy to several of the Courts of Italy. Later on Digby is found in closer correspondence with Cromwell than his Royalist principles seem to have warranted, but it appears that his negotiations with the Protector were upon the subject of tolerance for his fellow Catholics. It seems certain, however, that he became friendly with Cromwell, their mutual interest in the new-born science of physics being the determining cause rather than any sympathy of political ideas. Digby returned to London at the Restoration and died there in 1665, at the age of sixty-two.

On the foundation of the Royal Society Sir Kenelm Digby was appointed one of its first council, and took a very active part in its management. There is no doubt that his interest in scientific pursuits was sincere, and that he had some claim to distinction as a man of science. His discourse on the "Vegetation of Plants" is regarded as a sound contribution to the early literature of the subject. He wrote much on various topics, as *A Conference about the Choice of a Religion*, *A Treatise of Adhering to God*, *Observations on the Religio Medici of Sir Thomas Browne*, but the work that gained him most notoriety was his *Treatise on the Cure of Wounds by the Powder of Sympathy*, which was supposed to heal wounds by being applied to the weapons that caused them. Digby was insistent in his belief in this fantastic theory, and related many instances of its successful application, which it is to be feared

only existed in his imagination. His extraordinary credulity prevented his acceptance as a serious man of science by many of his contemporaries. Evelyn, with whom he was on terms of close friendship, even described him as a mountebank. There is no doubt that Digby dabbled in alchemy and astrology, and that he anticipated Sir Arthur Conan Doyle by attending spiritualist séances. They called it "raising the dead" then, and its votaries were subject to the risks incurred by those who practised the Black Art. Speculative though many of his works are, Sir Kenelm did not neglect the practical things of life.

Digby related that when in Spain he met a young nobleman who was born deaf, but had been taught by his tutor, a priest, to converse by the movement of the lips. This is interesting as an early reference to the now familiar Oral System of instruction of the deaf. Digby's contemporaries refused to accept the story which they regarded as a mere traveller's tale.

Appendix

BISHOP STILL

Chapter XII. Page 121

Bishop Still was a many-sided man, whose name deserves to be held in remembrance. He was, one doubts not, a good and pious Churchman, for he was famed far and wide as a preacher. He was Master of St. John's and Trinity Colleges successively, and filled the see of Bath and Wells with dignity for fifteen years from 1592 to 1607, when he died, leaving a large fortune behind him, for the good bishop was also an excellent man of business, and worked lead mines in the Mendip Hills, to his great temporal advantage.

He is most known to fame, however, as the first of our dramatic authors—the remote predecessor of the Congreves, Sheridans, Pineros of later days—for *Gammer Gurton's Needle* is the first original comedy in the English language, and the rollicking ditty in praise of ale, which occurs in it, is the first of our drinking songs.

The English Table

SPIRIT DRINKING IN THE EIGHTEENTH CENTURY

CHAPTER XIII. PAGE 129

IT does not appear that the drinking of spirit made much headway in rural England by the middle of the eighteenth century. Thomas Turner, the Sussex tradesman whose diary was published in the archives of the Sussex Archæological Society, is severe upon the growing practice of drinking spirits and tea. Turner, like the Puritans of Hudibras, compounded for sins that he was inclined to, by damning those he had no mind to. His diary records a long series of drinking bouts generally in company with the parson of the parish, but their potations seem to have consisted of strong beer and occasional wine.

We find him remarking that "custom has brought tea and spirituous liquors so much into fashion that I dare be bold to say they often, too often, prove our ruin, and I doubt often, by the too frequent use of both, entail a weakness upon our progeny."

Appendix

REES HOWELL GRONOW

Chapter XXI. Page 194

Rees Howell Gronow, the son of a Welsh gentleman of fortune, was born in 1794, educated at Eton, where he formed a close friendship with Shelley, and, on leaving college at the age of eighteen, was gazetted to an ensigncy in the First Foot Guards. He saw service in Spain during the concluding years of the Peninsular War; in 1815 he was stationed with the depôt of his regiment in London, but, overlooking the formality of obtaining leave, he crossed to Belgium on Picton's staff and put in an appearance at Waterloo, much to the surprise of his commanding officer. In more particular times he would probably have been court-martialled. As it was, being there, his services were made use of, and he actually accompanied the Allied Armies to Paris; all of which was to the advantage of posterity, as Gronow's readable accounts of Waterloo and of Paris under occupation have the graphic personal touch which is so often wanting in the chronicles of more serious historians. It is noteworthy that Gronow liked the Prussians no better when they were our allies than our men did in recent years, when they were our enemies. The Prussian can, no more than the leopard, change his spots, and the spots were as foul in 1815 as in 1915. Wellington's authority curbed the brutalities of the Prussian and Russian

soldiers to some extent, but Gronow was witness of some of their atrocities, and records his satisfaction at having captured a miscreant on one occasion and having him summarily shot.

In London Captain Gronow became a great social success; he was handsome, accomplished and popular; he was admitted to the Prince Regent's set; he was one of the few officers who secured the entrée to Almacks. He knew everyone worth knowing in London and Paris. As years passed his career became somewhat chequered; he was a prisoner for debt in 1823, and took advantage of the Insolvent Debtors Act, but in 1832 his star was in the ascendant again, and he was elected M.P. for Stafford. In 1861 to 1865 Gronow published two or three volumes of recollections. They are the most informal of books, not divided into chapters, put together with very little regard to chronological sequence. The sub-title, *Anecdotes of the Court, the Camp and the Clubs*, very fairly describes his books. They are a storehouse of good stories, of characteristic sketches and anecdotes of celebrated personages, and a convincingly faithful portraiture of the manners, customs and social usages of the times in which the author lived. Gronow was twice married, to French ladies each time, and he died in Paris where he had lived for the latter years of his life, in 1865.

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