AE.

IN

Prose and Verse,

BY

BARRY GRAY

AND

JOHN SAVAGE.

New York:

Russell's American Steam Printing House,

Nos. 28, 30 and 32 CENTRE STREET.

1866.

A Runlet of Ale,

BY BARRY GRAY,

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY McNEVIN.

ALE:

ANTIQUARIAN, HISTORICAL AND LITERARY,

BY JOHN SAVAGE.

ALBANY ALE.

AN ACCOUNT OF THE RISE AND PROGRESS OF THE BREWERY OF

John Taylor & Sons,

ILLUSTRATED,

With a Biographical Sketch of the

FOUNDER.

To

The Memory of

John Taylor,

Who was in life

A Good Father,

A Worthy Citizen,

A Faithful Friend,

and

An Honest Man,

This Work is Humbly

INSCRIBED.

PREFATORY LETTER

TO

JOSEPH B. TAYLOR,

OF NEW YORK,

AND

WILLIAM H. TAYLOR,

OF ALBANY.

IT is with much satisfaction that the authors of this book are enabled at last to place it, completed, into your hands. For many months past the writing of it has occupied their leisure hours, and it may truly be said to have been to them a labor of love, since only friendship for you prompted them to undertake it. Originally commenced (both as regards the verse and the prose) with no intention of its making over a few stanzas or pages, the subject opened before them as they wrote, and almost imperceptibly—probably under the inspiration (at respectable intervals) of the sparkling beverage it celebrates—attained its present goodly dimensions.

In a brief speech which the writer of the ballad made a short time ago, at a dinner given to celebrate the completion of this work, and where were gathered such choice spirits as Professor Alexander Dimitry, John Brougham, A.

J. Requier, John W. Carrington, Alex. Matthew, Thomas J. Miller, Walter Dickson, Dr. C. L. Brown, and others, he gave, in a few words, the history, as it were, of these verses, wherein he said that the writing of them was suggested to him by a common friend, Tom Miller, who desired them for the occasion of a festive gathering, where your ale would form one of the staple drinks; accordingly, a half dozen stanzas were written and recited by the writer, and received by your guests with much greater approbation than they deserved.

When, a few days thereafter, at your request, the author of those lines essayed to copy them, he found that he had struck a vein which would bear fuller working. Thereupon he gave rein to his Pegasus, and, though it is given to halting, and is broken-winded at times, yet it bore him triumphantly along beside fields of ripening barley and past hop gardens, where the vines wreathed themselves in graceful lines about supporting trellises. It carried him to Teutonic beer saloons and to English inns and homesteads—to Scotia's cabins and the hills of the Emerald Isle—to the vineyards of France and the bar-rooms of Yankeeland; and wherever he went he found something suggestive of ale. So he wrote on, *con amore*, until the ballad grew, speaking figuratively, from half-a-dozen mugs of ale to a whole barrel full, thirty-two gallons to the cask, beer measure.

After it was completed you engaged Mr. McNevin to illustrate certain portions of it. How successfully he accomplished this the accompanying engravings will show.

Then it was, too, that the author of the accompanying prose sketch offered to weave together a number of facts which might outline the history and antiquity of ale, illustrated with such literary and other reminiscences as a reasonable scope would allow. The subject embraced the prunings and pickings of years of reading, with more im-

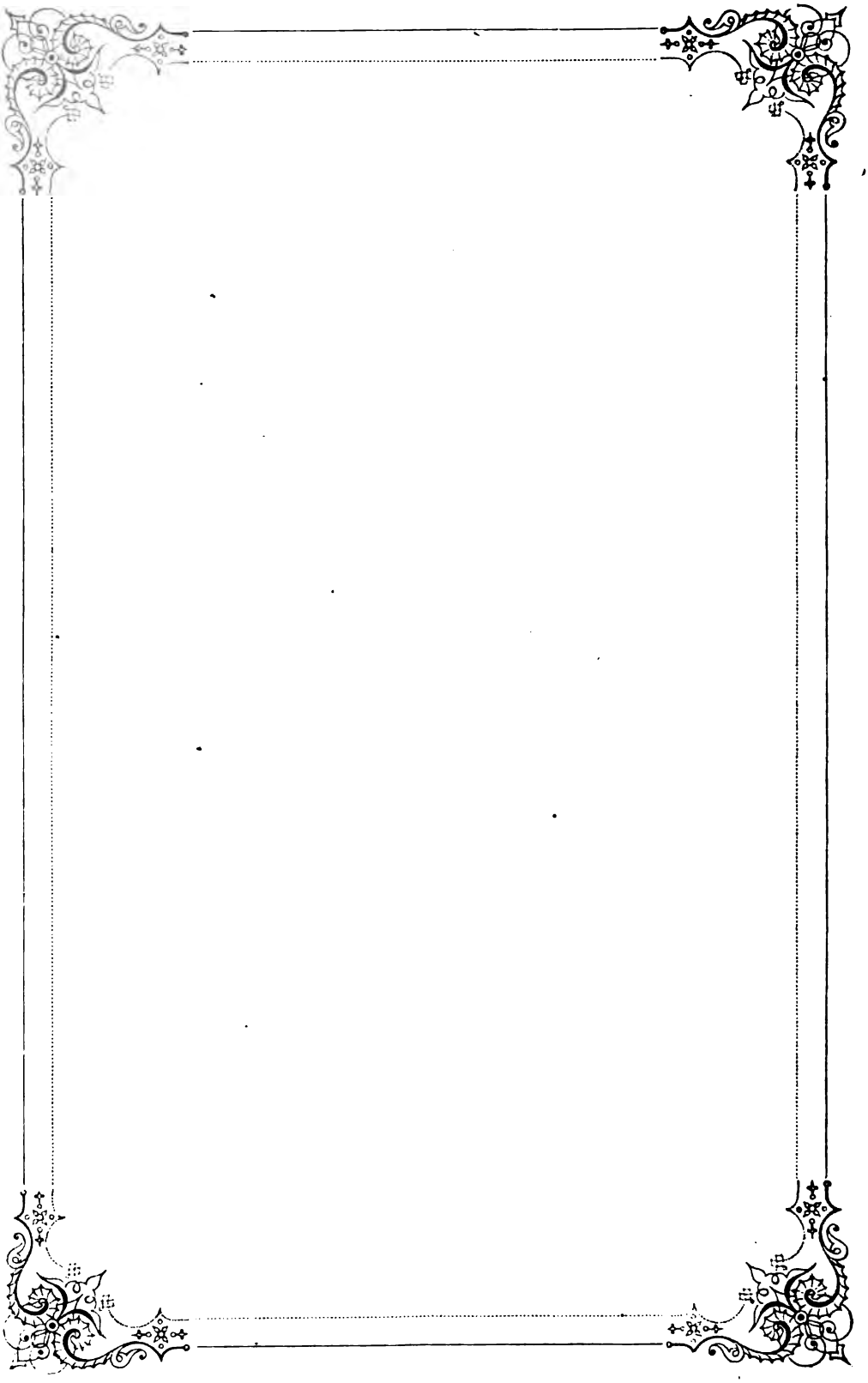
mediate research, to link by chronology, and balance with appropriate references to the various interests suggested, in a historical, hygienic and agricultural aspect, the materials of which the essay is composed. The desire to accomplish the work was thus constantly waylaid by the allurements of the still-growing design, until, in following ale down the centuries—from the *bjor* of the Scandanavian Vikings to the *chica* of the South Pacific, and around the world—from the Steppes of Tartary to the vats of Albany—the author feared he had tired out the patience of those who bade him "good speed" at his starting. In this, it seems, he was mistaken; and now, having completed what was promised many months since, he presents it to you with great sincerity of feeling, and to readers, in the hope that it may help to further a much-needed reform in the character of popular beverages, and, consequently, in the health and comfort of the people.

With these few words, by way of preface, the writers subscribe themselves,

Your friends,

JOHN SAVAGE,
BARRY GRAY.

FORDHAM, N. Y., *October* 15, 1866.



You knew him, Tom, and oft united
With those, to whom his love was dear
Around the festal board, delighted
To quaff his generous foaming beer.

You know his sons both Joe and William,
Two glorious men, as e'er drew breath,
And there was Ned - one in a million!
But his bright eyes are closed in death.

The Frenchman may declare in favor,
Of wines which la belle France bestows,
Praise Heidseick's Champagne for its flavor,
And quite adore la veuve Cliquot's.
What if the Turk o'er sherbet lingers?
Oscanyan kept it once for sale
In his Bazaar — Allah! his fingers
Now oftener clasp our mugs of ale.

V.

The bearded Teuton, round and burly,
May find the best of festal cheer,—
Whether the hour be late or early—
In countless mugs of lager bier.
His flaxen-haired and blue-eyed daughter,
May even o'er my tastes prevail,
And—for her eyes do cruel slaughter—
Make me forego my favorite ale.

VI.

But only for a little season,
An hour or two in Jones' Wood,
For when returns my calmer reason,
I shake my head and say, "no good."
Lager may do for plump Dutch maiden,
To wash down Schweitzer cheese severe,
But I prefer my table laden
With Shrewsburys and Taylors' beer.

VII.

The Frenchman may declare in favor
Of wines which *la belle France* bestows,
Praise Heidsick's champagne for its flavor,
And quite adore *la Veuve* Cliquot's.
What if the Turk o'er sherbet lingers!
Oscanyan kept it once for sale
In his bazaar—Allah! his fingers
Now oftener clasp our mugs of ale.

VIII.

The Englishman, so grim and sober,
Has oftentimes been known to laugh
Above his wife's home-brewed "October,"
And o'er his mugs of 'alf and 'alf.
The canny Scot, in hours of leisure,
Forgotten 'gainst the world to rail,
And taken unco, muckle pleasure,
Aboon his barley-bree o' ale.

IX.

His Irish neighbor, of whose doings
The likeliest is making love,
In poteen, and such other brewings,
Shows inspiration from above.
And, when the punch is circling cheerily,
Not one who drinks would have it fail,
And few there be, who love it dearly,
Would give it up for common ale.

X.

Falstaff drank sack—it was essential,
He thought, to keep his courage right,
But ale had been much more potential,
And better for the fat old knight.
And would that hero, Tam O'Shanter,
Have ever ventured to assail
Witch Nannie with rude words of banter,
But for John Barleycorn's strong ale?

XI.

Ah! could these good lads but have tasted
The brewage which my muse extols,
They'd own their lives had half been wasted,
In quaffing, Tom, from lesser bowls.
Yes, yes, Tom Miller, you and I know
Full well this nectar, sparkling, pale,
For many a time our final rhino
Has gone for mugs of Taylors' ale.

XII.

And often, Tom, the midnight 's found us
Within a publican's warm room,
With jovial comrades seated round us,
Forgetful of the outside gloom:
Forgetful of the sleet and showers,
Borne on the chill autumnal gale;
Forgetful of the passing hours,
But mindful of our foaming ale.

XIII.

October's brewage, pure and creamy,
Fragrant of hops and malt new-made,
To childhood's days, so sweet and dreamy,
Fraught more with sunshine than with shade,
Carried us back to when we rambled
With pretty Madge o'er hill and dale,
While trusty Watch before us gambolled,
Long ere we knew the taste of ale.

XIV.

The scent of blossoming hops was wafted
From fields where vines innumerous grew,
And 'mid its perfume there was grafted
A savor which the barley knew:
Those climbing vines, those fields of barley,
Heard then full many a pleasant tale,
While for her kisses we did parley,
Recalled to mind now o'er our ale.

XV.

Those halcyon days long since have vanished,
For Madge, dear Madge, is now but dust:
Her form from earth forever banished,
Her spirit mingles with the just.
But while remembrance bids us weep her,
Our love through life will never fail,
For in our heart of hearts we'll keep her,
And drink her memory in our ale.

XVI.

Among the ales most famed in story,
From Adam's down—or old or new—
There's none possessing half the glory,
Or half the life of Taylors' brew.
Their "amber" brand is light and cheery,
Their "XX" is strong, though pale,
But give to me, when dull and weary,
Their cream, imperial "Astor" ale.

Those halcyon days long since have vanished,
For Madge, dear Madge is now but dust,
Her form on earth for aye is banished,
Her spirit mingles with the just.
But while remembrance bids us weep her,
Our love through life will never fail,
For in our heart of hearts we'll keep her;
And drink her memory in our Ale.

'Tis blithe, Tom, in the early morning,
To drain a pint of Taylor's brew,

And woe to him who dares with scorning,
At noon to take aught else in lieu.

And then, when Evening shadows lengthen,
No other tankard should prevail,
While still, the day-worn frame to strengthen,
At night 'tis good to quaff more ale.

XVII.

'Tis blithe, Tom, in the early morning,
To drain a pint of Taylors' brew,
And woe to him who dares, with scorning,
At noon to take aught else in lieu:
And then, when evening shadows lengthen,
No other tankard should prevail,
While still the day-worn frame to strengthen,
At night 'tis good to quaff more ale.

XVIII.

Do you remember, Tom, the cottage,
The old inn on the river's bank,
Where we ate many a famous pottage,
And many a cooling draught have drank?
And those three rustic signs together,
Triangular—that braved the gale,
Through Summer and through Winter weather,
Proclaiming there was Taylors' ale?

XIX.

That quaint old inn, Tom, still is standing,
And near it 's grown a thriving town,
And steamboats touch now at the landing
Both going up and coming down.
The sign, with hop vines round it wreathing—
The trysting spot of all the vale—
Still hear the lads and lasses breathing
Their vows of love o'er Taylors' ale.

XX.

I do recall the day—how clearly,
Though almost thirty years have fled,
When I, a lad of ten or nearly,
Saw that which quite perplexed my head.
'Twas on a steamboat, in September,
At Albany, and near the pier,
And I was sober, to remember,
For then I drank no mugs of beer.

XXI.

And yet I could have sworn, believe me,
That I was tight as any brick,
Or else my eyes, which ne'er deceive me,
Had played me quite a scurvy trick,
For on a sign which hung just o'er me,
As past the bulk-heads we did sail,
The word "Imperial" gleamed before me,
"John Taylor" then, and then "Cream Ale."

XXII.

It 's more than Janus-faced gyration,
Its mystic union—three in one,
Was, to my young imagination,
The greatest wonder under sun.
And long my mind upon it wandered,
But little did it all avail,
Until, as through the streets I wandered,
I stopped and bought a mug of ale.

Do you remember, Tom, the Cottage –
The Old Inn on the river's bank,
Where we ate many a savory pottage,
And many a cooling draught have drank?
And those three rustic Signs together –
Triangular – that braved the gale
Through summer and through winter weather,
Proclaiming here was Taylor's ale?

XXIII.

And then, with subtle comprehension,
I solved the riddle of the sign,
And deemed it was a great invention,
One odd and novel in design.
And now, when many a year has faded,
While still it braves the sun and gale,
I learn 'twas planned and made, unaided,
By him who brewed this famous ale.

XXIV.

And more, I've heard with admiration,
That often times he wrote in verse,
And held full many a civic station,
And filled full many an orphan's purse.
And till death's hand came o'er him stealing,
He was as hearty and as hale,
And fresh and youthful in his feeling,
As when he brewed his earliest ale.

XXV.

Long, long old Albany will honor
His name, and keep his memory green,
For he shed endless glory on her,
And she no worthier son has seen.
And now he's gone—but though departed,
And both his sons their loss bewail,
The world need not be broken-hearted,
For still they brew this favorite ale.

XXVI.

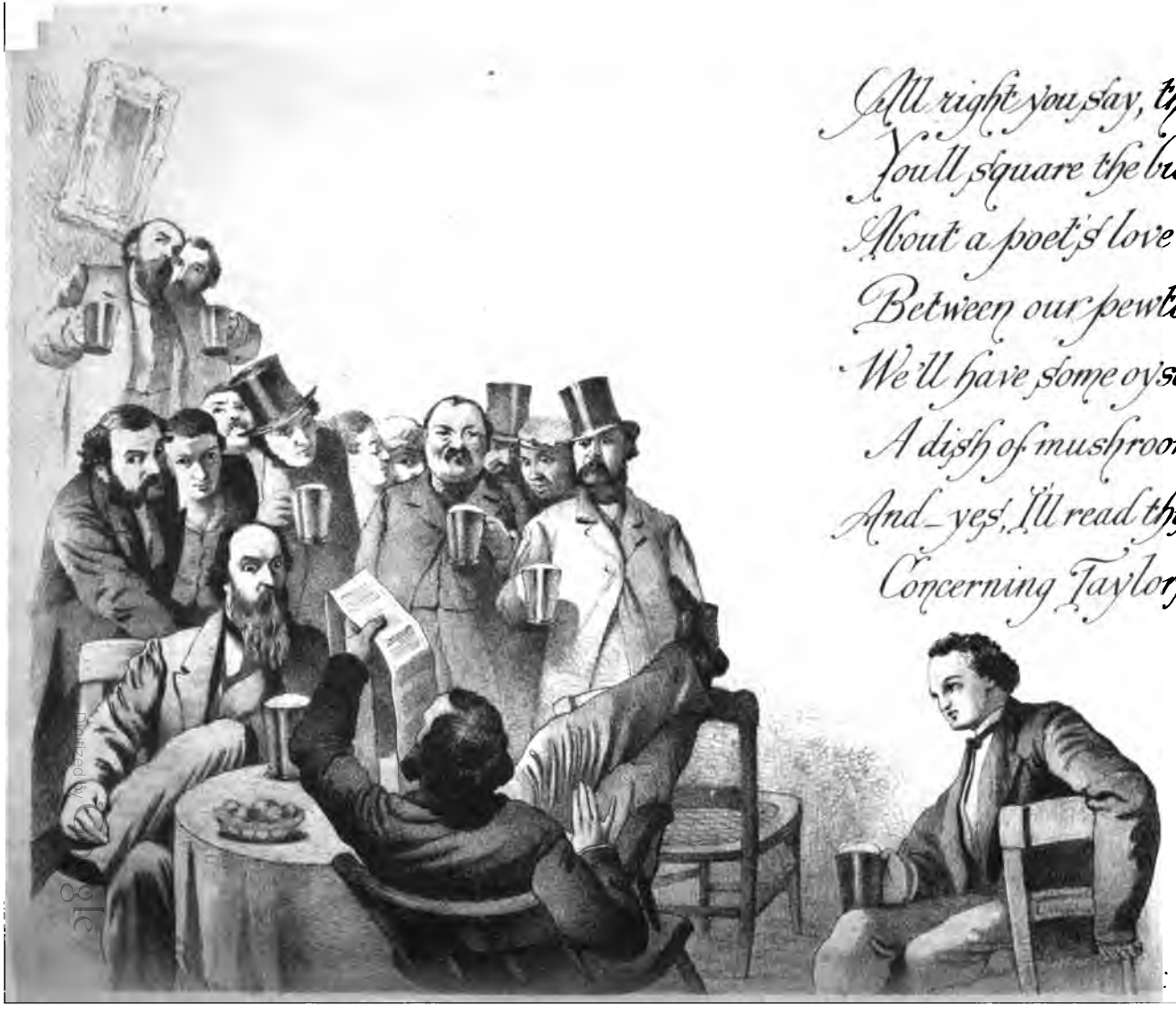
'Twas only last week, Tom, on Sunday,
In Albany I met with Saxe,
Who doesn't care for Mrs. Grundy,
And always pays his income tax;
And as we walked that quaint, Dutch city,
Seeing no children weak or pale,
He said, 'twas rude, perhaps, but witty,
"Their mothers' milk is Taylor's ale."

XXVII.

And ever, Tom, in joy or sorrow,
Go where I may throughout the land,
Whether the cash I have to borrow
Or hold it ready in my hand,
I search hotel, saloon and cellar,
As knights once sought the holy grail,
Until I find an honest "fellar"
Who keeps a tap of Taylors' ale.

XXVIII.

And then straightway I "plank" the money,
And order up a mug of ale—
And afterwards exclaim, "Now, sonny,
Look sharp, another mug of ale."
And then—well, I repeat the order,
And replicate, and never fail,
Until I touch upon the border
Of half-a-dozen mugs of ale.



All right you say, then let's be jolly:
You'll square the bill, I'll round a tale
About a poet's love and folly,
Between our pewter mugs of ale.
We'll have some oysters and a salad,
A dish of mushrooms and a quail,
And—yes, I'll read this simple ballad,
Concerning Taylor's sparkling ale.

A. Brown del.

XXIX.

And as the foaming goblets vanish,
Peace takes possession of my soul;
The world, with all its cares, I banish,
And, golden-like, the moments roll.
Once more I dream the dreams of glory,
Which in my boyhood did prevail,
When life was but a fairy story,
Bright as the sparkles on the ale.

XXX.

And then—Tom Miller, cease your laughing—
Put on your hat and go with me,
If you don't care for such deep quaffing,
We'll keep the number down to three.
Yet stay, just feel within your pockets—
The very thought makes me turn pale!
If you've no greenbacks, like spent rockets
Must disappear our wished-for ale.

XXXI.

For I'm a rhymer, Tom, and never
Have dollars in my slender purse,
And still I've sometimes thought, however,
A few would make it none the worse.
But one can't have both wealth and genius,
Therefore I'll not at fortune rail;
To do so were a crime most heinous,
But—can you pay for any ale?

XXXII.

"All right!" you say, then let's be jolly,
You'll square the bill, I'll round a tale,
About a poet's love and folly,
Between our pewter mugs of ale.
We'll have some oysters, and a salad,
A dish of mushrooms, and a quail,
And—yes, I'll read this simple ballad,
Concerning Taylors' sparkling ale.

The:

ANTIQUARIAN, HISTORICAL AND LITERARY.

DURING the last ten or fifteen years considerable attention has been devoted by philanthropists and publicists to the subject of Malt Liquors. It grew into imimposing prominence in our State during the liquor law excitement, from the leading position of New York, as one of the foremost hop-growing States in the world. The question was argued from every stand-point. One writer was opposed to the law, as referring to malt beverages, on the ground of State policy, State health and State wealth. Another, taking a Biblical view of the subject, and instancing the recommendation of certain drinks to be found in the Scriptures—in Genesis, Nehemiah, Ecclesiastes, Leviticus, Ephesians, Peter, &c., was of opinion that the "beverage so frequently referred to was no other than barley wine, or beer." A third reviewed the farming interests involved, and a fourth thought the advocacy of beer or ale a fair and moderate middle ground between the extreme

pro-liquor men, on the one hand, and the extreme anti-liquor men, on the other.

The mention of beer, or fermented liquor, is, in the common phrase, as old as the hills. If the antiquity of its appearance on the historical records of Old Earth has any recommendatory qualification, as is frequently the case with other things, certainly its importance will not be considered far behind almost any other article of domestic use.

Tradition, failing in the remoteness of the earlier stages of its being to fix with certainty the invention of beer on earth, takes refuge in the regions of mythology, and accords its first creation to the god Bacchus. Whether beer owes its paternity to the jolly Dæmon Bonus (one of the many names given to the god of wine, because, at all feasts the last glass was drank to his honor), or to any less heathen or more drunken demi-god, is a matter of small consequence in these days of earthly progressiveness. If, however, we reasonably agree with Boyse* that no Bacchus ever existed, but that he was only a masque, or figure of some concealed truth, and adopt his reading of Horace's ode to that "great spirit,"† to wit, that Bacchus meant no more than the improvement of the world, by the cultivation of agriculture, and the planting of the vine, then we may, perchance, comprehend the importance which the production of beer had for our ancestors, when they fathered its initiation on that "masque or figure," which to them symbolized the "improvement of the world," by agriculture; an art, in the opinion of wise men, from Moses to Vattel and Andrew

* *Pantheon*, p. 125.

† Horace, book ii., ode xix.

Johnson, the most useful and necessary of all others to man.*

Leaving, however, that point where tradition, for whatever purpose, seeks an authority in the classic heaven of myth and fable, and coming down to the earliest earthly authorities, we have but to step from the heights of Olympus to the regions of the celestial empire; the records of which at once chronicle the earthly invention and fascinating character of the Chinese beverage. We read† that under the Government of the Emperor Yu, or Ta-Yu, before Christ 2207, the making of ale or wine from rice was invented by an ingenious agriculturalist named I-tye; and that as the use of this liquor was likely to be attended with evil consequences, the Emperor expressly forbid the manufacture or drinking of it, under the severest penalties. He even renounced it himself, and dismissed his cup-bearer, lest, as he said, his successors might suffer their hearts to be effeminated (softened) with so delicious a beverage. This, however, had not the desired effect, for having once tasted it, the people would never afterwards entirely abstain from the bewitching draught. It was, even at a very early period, carried to such excess, and consumed in such abundance, that the Emperor Kya, the Nero of China, in 1836, before Christ, compelled three thousand of his subjects to jump into a large lake which he had prepared and filled with ale; while Chin-Vang, in 1120, thought it prudent to assemble the Princess to suppress

* See Discussion on the Homestead Bill, Life of President Johnson, &c., p. 61.

† See authorities quoted in S. Morewood's "Essay on the Inventions and Customs of Ancients and Moderns in the use of Inebriating Drinks."

its manufacture, as the source of endless misfortune in his realm.*

Coming to what appeals more to our reason, we find that Herodotus, whose writings are the first extant of Grecian historians, and who flourished in the close of the fifth century previous to the Christian era, sets beer down as an Egyptian invention, and ascribes its discovery to Isis, wife of Assyris. She brewed a wine or beverage from barley: and Mr. Talboys Wheeler, in his remarkable literary panorama of the history, manners, arts and social condition of the ancients of that day, tells us that, as vines did not grow in Egypt, the wines of Greece and Phœnicia were very largely imported and consumed by those able to enjoy such indulgence, but those who could not buy the foreign growths, drunk a kind of home-made wine or beer produced from barley, which, however, was very superior to the ale drunk by the lower orders in Greece.† Xenophon, in his description of the retreat of the ten thousand (of which he was a general), after the battle of Cunaxa, sixty miles from Babylon, in the year 401, B. C., mentions beer as a beverage. Diodorus Siculus, who flourished in the first century before Christ, alludes to a fermented decoction of barley as one of the ordinary beverages of the Egyptians, and Tacitus (born Anno Domini 57) adopts the dates given by the older Greek writers, and states that such a drink was much used by the Germans. "Their drink

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* Du Halde, vol. 1; 150, 159, 433. Morewood, 114.

† The Life and Travels of Herodotus, in the fifth century before Christ: an imaginary biography, founded on fact, &c., &c., by J. Talboys Wheeler, F. R. G. S., &c., 2 vols.

is a liquor prepared from barley or wheat, brought by fermentation to a certain resemblance of wine."*

According to him, the Romans as well as the Germans, at a very early period, learned the art of fermentation from the Egyptians. Pliny also, noticing the drinks made from corn, says that *Zythum* is made in Egypt, *Celia* and *Ceria* in Spain, and *Cervisia* and many more sorts in Gaul. The people of Spain, especially, he tells us, had arrived at great perfection in the manufacture of the beverage; and that it could be kept to a great age. It is supposed by some commentators that Pliny's exclamation, "Heu, mira vitiorum solertia! inventum est quemadmodum aqua quoque inebriaret," (Oh! the wonderful sagacity of our vices! They have, by some means or other, discovered how to make even water intoxicating), was intended to indicate distillation; but, taken in connection with his preceding remarks on the liquor of the western nations, "that it was made of steeped grain," and "taken pure, and not diluted as wine is," we agree with Morewood that the passage means nothing more than the intoxicating power or strength acquired by the water in the fermenting process of the grain. The *Zythum* was the beer spoken of by Herodotus. *Cereviscia* or *cervisia* was the appropriate name given to the beverage by the Romans, as being made from corn, the gift of Ceres. In the *Materia Medica* malt liquor retains this title. The Egyptians had also a barley decoction called *Kourmi*, milder in flavor than *Zythum*; it was mixed with honey. The early Greeks had a beer which they termed *Pinon*, and a famous beverage of this

* Manners of the Germans, c. 23.

nature was the *Pelusian*, named from the place of its production, at the mouth of the Nile. We may, indeed, infer from the notices found in historians, that drinks analagous to our beer were in use among the ancient Gauls, Germans, and, in fact, almost every people of our Temperate Zone; and they are still the universal beverages where the vine is not the object of rustic husbandry.* At the ancient feasts of the Gauls, wine and beer were the liquors indulged in, the last being the most extensively used of the two.

Beer was the national drink of the Teutons. It was the potent beverage of the heroes and sea rovers of Norse-land, and not only filled up the measure of delight, next to fighting, in this world, but entered largely into their expected joys in Valhalla. To drink ale in the halls of Odin, even from the skulls of their foes, deprived death of its terrors. The death chant of Ragnar Lodbrog, a famous sea king, who was captured and killed in prison by a Northumbrian king, about A. D. 865, exhibits the beer hopes of the Norse heroes:

"We fought with our swords—still I delight
When I think of the banquet prepared
By the father of Balder to regale the brave;
There we shall copiously drink of ale,
Out of cups which are formed of the
Skulls of our foes."

* * * * * *

"Now cease our song—the goddesses come
And invite me home to the Hall of Odin;
Happy there, on a high raised throne,
Seated with gods, I shall quaff my ale."

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* Dr. Ure.

In one of the Danish ballads, the mighty "Thor of Asgard" having lost his hammer, goes disguised as a maid to the Thusser King, in whose possession it was, when

"They took her, the young and bashful bride,
To sit on her bridal chair,
And forward stepped the Thusser King
Himself to serve the fair.
* * * * * *
"A whole ox-carcase the maid ate up,
Her loaves and her bacon first,
And then *twelve barrels of ale she drank*,
Before she could quench her thirst."

When the hammer was forthcoming, the maid, thus strengthened, took it and laid about her in very fierce style. Northern literature is full of references illustrating the ancient history of the beverage. This verse, from another old Danish ballad, is only a variation of the general business of the Vikings—drinking and going to sea; or, to use a well known phrase, which unites both duties, getting three sheets in the wind

"To-night we'll drink a full carouse,
Can we but get the ale;
To-morrow, if the breeze is fair,
We'll put to sea and sail."

The Scandinavians called it *bjor*, which was converted into *beer* by the Anglo-Saxons—whence comes the title so familiar to us at the present day. The beverage was known in England at a very early period. We find an evident reference to it by Eumenes, in his panegyric on Constantius, in the year A. D. 296, when noting the remarkable fact that Britain produced such abundance of corn that it was

not only sufficient to supply bread, but also a drink comparable to wine. This, no doubt, was ale, or beer, as it is indiscriminately, but not correctly called.

In the laws given by Ina, king of the west Saxons, or Wessex, to his people and the conquered Britons of Somerset, mention is made of ale houses. This prince is characterized as wise, just, and possessing a "humanity hitherto unknown to the Saxon conquerors,"* and his "long reign of thirty-seven years (from A. D. 688 to 726) may be regarded as one of the most glorious and prosperous of the Heptarchy."†

A sample of Ina's wisdom may be given, especially as, while it exhibits his appreciation of the liquor, it also indicates the progress of ale as a popular drink. Its manufacture had become of such consequence in the year 694, that Ina directed that "every possessor of a farm of *ten hides* of land, or as much as required ten ploughs, should, among other articles, pay him twelve ambers of Welsh ale," each containing above seven gallons of English wine measure. In 728, during the reign of Ethelbald, tenth king of the Mercians, and fifteenth monarch over the seven Saxon kingdoms, ale booths were set up, their necessity becoming more extensive, and laws were instituted for their regulation. In the reign of Edward the Confessor ale is expressly mentioned as one of the liquors for a royal banquet. The progress of beer or ale drinking was rapid, and a large portion of time seems to have been devoted to it by all the old northern nations. The custom furnishes many picturesque passages and scenes in

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* Imperial History of England. By T. Camden. 2 vols., folio.

† Ibid.

Charles Kingsley's recent work, "Hereward, the Last of the English," which is chiefly interesting from the descriptions of the manners and customs before and at the period of the Norman Conquest. These were the days when great fighting earls and chiefs, like Alef, a Cornish kinglet, used to hold state and festival on a high-backed wooden settle, at the end of a long oaken table, well filled with boiled beef, barley cakes and ale. The young bloods of those days were not characterized by that effeminacy which is a leading feature of the sons of wealthy or prominent men in our day. What our moderns have learned in demeanor or deportment, as Turveydrop would say, they have sadly lost in animal vim, courage and public spirit. Hereward, we find, even at the age of fifteen, had a following of house-carles, and was a terror "at wakes and fairs, ale houses and village sports." No doubt the muscles of the former were more expanded than their minds, still they proved good fighters and patriots when the day of necessity came. In their sports or councils ale was a prominent inspiration and pledge of faith. The mode by which the liquors of the ancient Britons and other Celtic nations was made, as described by Isidorus and Orosius, did not differ materially from the method at present pursued. "The grain was steeped in water and made to germinate, by which its spirits were excited and set at liberty; it was then dried and ground, after which it was infused in a certain quantity of water, and being fermented, it became a pleasant, warming, strengthening, and intoxicating beverage." This ale, says Morewood, alluding to the above, was commonly made of barley, but sometimes of wheat, oats, and millet. The ancient Welsh and Scots had

two kinds of it, called *common* and *spiced ale*, and the value of each was determined by law. "If a farmer hath no mead, he shall pay two casks of spiced ale, or four casks of common ale for one cask of mead." Thus, a cask of spiced ale, "nine palms in height and eighteen in diameter, was valued at a sum equal to £7 10*s.* of our present coin,* and a cask of common ale, of the same size, at a sum equal to £3 13*s.*"

In the thirty-fifth article of the Magna Charta, granted by King John 19th June, 1215, touching weights and measures, wine and ale are the only drinks mentioned, and a uniform measure ordained for them all over the country.†

Bread and ale were associated together as positive necessaries of life, as is shown by the ordinances which were instituted from time to time regulating the prices of both. In the reign of Henry Third—middle of the thirteenth century—the manufacture of ale had become of such consequence that its price was fixed in proportion to that of corn and wine.‡ A statute was passed, 1256 (the preamble of which alludes to other statutes on the same subject), which enacted that "when a quarter of wheat was sold for 3*s.* or 3*s.* 4*d.*, and a quarter of barley for 20 pence or 24 pence, and a quarter of oats for 15 pence, brewers in cities could afford to sell two gallons of ale for 1*d.*, and out of cities three gallons for 1*d.*; and when in a town three gallons are sold for 1*d.*, out of town they may and ought to sell four."

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* 1824. Morewood.

† *Sic.* — Article 35. There shall be only one measure of wine through all our kingdom, and one measure of ale, &c.

‡ Hume. Vol. 2.

In the reign of Edward the Sixth houses for the sale of ale were first licensed, and about a half century afterwards, in the reign of James the First, 1621, the power of licensing inns and ale houses was granted by letters patent to particular individuals; but this system disclosing great abuses, the same mode was applied to it as in the collection of other branches of assize.

The duty imposed on beer during the reign of the Merrie Monarch, Charles the Second, and granted to him for life, was two shillings and sixpence per barrel on strong, and sixpence on table beer. The King farmed the grant out until 1684, when this source of revenue was placed under commissioners. The duties were nearly doubled on strong beer, and more than doubled on table beer after the revolution, during the reign of William and Mary: "but the product was not so great as heretofore, and they afterwards continued to fluctuate according to the change of duties." Parliamentary papers, given by Morewood, state the net revenue for 1821, at which period he was engaged on his valuable work, as £2,549,620 18*s.* 9½*d.* In 1822 there were in London alone ninety-eight brewers and thirty-seven licensed victuallers, who brewed 2,000,932 barrels, of which 1,673,603 were strong and 327,329 table beer. In the rest of England were 1,488 brewers and 20,575 licensed victuallers, who brewed 5,547,875 barrels, of which 4,345,015 were strong and 1,202,860 table beer.*

This was exclusive of porter, which had been discovered about a century previous, by a man named

* Parliamentary papers quoted by Morewood.

Harwood, who, to avoid the trouble of mixing beer, ale, and two-penny, a concoction then in demand, contrived to brew a liquor to answer the same end. It derived its name from being chiefly consumed by porters. At the time represented by the preceding figures, the annual production of porter in London was over 1,316,345 barrels, of thirty-six gallons each. In 1834 there were sixty thousand retailers of beer and ale in England, and the returns for the British Islands, some nine years ago, showed 2,150 public breweries, stated as exclusive of retail and intermediate brewers, of which there are in England alone about 1,400, besides 28,000 victuallers, who brew their own ale.

In Scotland, in remote times, the inhabitants, it is said, brewed an ale which was called *Loin*, a word signifying provisions,—it being, doubtless, regarded as both meat and drink. It was not, however, until 1482, that its government officially took notice of the manufacture of beer or ale. At the union of that country with England, the regulations pertaining to the latter were extended to the former. As the duties advanced the breweries decreased in Scotland. In 1720 the product of two-penny, the chief malt liquor in use, was 520,487 barrels; in 1779 it had decreased to 152,465 barrels. The brewing of the varieties of strong and table beer was introduced in the reign of George III, but the joint product did not average half what it was at the first date given.

In Ireland ale was known at a very remote era. From its very early settlement by Eastern emigrants, it is taken for granted by the antiquarians that a knowledge of such fermentation or distillation as was known accompanied commercial intercourse, the cultivation of

philosophy and the arts. Tacitus, in his "Agricola" (A. D. 97), tells us that though the soil, and climate, and manners, and dispositions of its inhabitants are little different from those of Britain, "its ports and harbors are better known, from the concourse of merchants for the purposes of commerce." Home-brewed ale was in common use in Ireland before A. D. 500. Ware says, "the ancient and peculiar drink of the Irish was ale." Dioscorides takes notice of this drink in a passage, where he says that the Britons and Irish (whom he calls Hiberi) instead of wine use a liquor called *Curmi*, made of barley. But Camden observes that "*Curmi* in that place is corruptly written for the old British word *Cwrw*,* which signifies ale; which last name it took from the Danes, who call it *Oel*. This is the liquor which Julian the Apostate, in an epigram calls 'the offspring of corn, and wine without wine.' The Irish have no name for this drink that I know of but *leaun*,† which signifies liquor in general, but they understand it by ale. Beer, or ale, brewed with hops to preserve it long, is a liquor of no antiquity." A very curious and interesting passage in Jonas' Life of St. Columbanus, who flourished during the close of the sixth and first decade of the seventh centuries, briefly and pointedly illustrates the subject, thus:

"When the hour of refreshment approached, the minister of the refectory endeavored to serve about

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*Camden is doubtless in error, as the name of the barley beer made by the Egyptians was called *Kurmi*, and it is reasonable to suppose that the emigrants from the East brought the name as well as the liquor itself into Ireland. J. S.

†Assimilating to the Scotch *Loin*. J. S.

the ale (*cervesiam*), which is bruised from the juice of wheat and barley, and which, above all nations of the earth, except the Scordiscæ and Dardans, who inhabit the borders of the ocean, those of Gaul, Britain, Ireland, and Germany, and others who are not unlike them in manners, use; he carried to the cellar a vessel which they called *typrus*, and placed it before the vessel in which the ale was deposited, when having touched the *spigot*, he suffered it to run into the *typrus*."

A northern tradition declares that a heather-beer was brewed by the Danes in Ireland, in the ninth century.

A recent journal* gives an account of the discovery of an ancient Irish brewery in the County Cork. It appears that for several years back a farmer living near the Club-house Cross, a few miles south of Dunmanway, was often impeded in the plowing of one of his fields by what he considered a piece of bogwood. Not having any time to spare on those occasions, he used to pass it over. This year, having made up his mind to sow turnips in the field, he and one of his laborers set to work to remove the old obstruction, and, on digging about it and bringing it to the surface, they were surprised to find a strong oak beam, well fashioned with some sharp instrument, and having a square hole at one end, as well made as it would be by any country carpenter of the present day. They persevered, and brought to light another and another. Soon the news spread, and all the neighbors flocked in to see what was going on, and

* Cork *Constitution*, May, 1866.

they cheerfully assisted to unveil the mysterious building—a building which the oldest people in the vicinity had never heard of, and which evidently belonged to an age long since buried in the murky past. After a great deal more shoveling they came upon what they thought and felt convinced was the coffin of some old king, and their hearts rose high. Who knew but that the Royal Firbolg, or Milesian, or Dane, or whoever he was, lay there with his crown on his head and his sceptre in his hand, or he might be some old bishop who lived in the good old times, and might have a gold cross on his breast, and a jewelled pyx beside him. Dragging it up on end—for they couldn't wait to disinter it properly — they removed the lid, which was securely fastened down by oaken pins, and, alas! the coffin did not even contain the residuum to which all humanity must eventually come—dust and ashes. The coffin was a water-shoot, and nothing more. The place was immediately visited by Mr. Zachariah Hawkes, an eminent antiquary, Mr. George Bennett, and others. Mr. Hawkes minutely scrutinized everything, took the measurement of the various beams, the remains of the old flooring, the millstone, only half of which was discovered, and which, on the rim, was as well chiselled as if it were but the work of yesterday; and, after considering all the evidences before him, he was quite confident that what he saw were the remains of an old Danish brewery, which was used by some of these adventurous intruders, during their stay in Ireland, for brewing a kind of drink which they made from heath.

History records, that in 1156 the Irish had considerable trade with Chester, and supplied the latter with many of the necessaries of life; also, that in

1300, when King Edward of England was carrying on warlike operations in the South of Scotland, he was supplied from Ireland with a considerable number of cargoes of *wheat*, *oats*, *malt* and *ale*. Campion, in his History of Ireland, states that a knight who lived in 1350, named Savage—of the Anglo-Norman family which settled in the North in 1172, and had, in the struggles of the times, to take up arms against the English and the Irish, as necessity and the varying local ties of party warranted—having raised a body of fighting men, allowed to every soldier, before he buckled with the enemy, a mighty draught of *aqua vitæ*, *wine*, or *old ale*.

From Harris' *Hibernica* we find that in the reign of the eighth Henry it was decreed that no ale should be sold above 2*d*. per gallon, upon pain of 8*d*. *toties quoties;* that there be but one maker of *aqua vitæ* in every borough town, upon pain of 6*s*. 8*d*.; and that no *wheaten malt* go to any Irishman's country, upon pain of forfeiture of the same in value, except only bread, *ale*, or *aqua vitæ*.

In ancient Gaul beer had the supremacy over wine as a beverage; but, as Diodorus Siculus says, they became so fond of the wine of Italy, before it began to abound in their own country, that they have been known to give a slave for a gallon. Their excesses were without bounds. It is said that a whole vintage was exhausted at a single feast of the Lusitanians. Ale, however, was not lost sight of: but it was not until A. D. 1268, a few years after the English measures on the subject, that its manufacture was deemed of sufficient importance to warrant the drawing up of laws to regulate the trade in Paris. The brewers at that time were called *Cervoisiers*, from Cervoise, a

French equivalent for the Latin name of the liquor. The abuses in the breweries led to a revision of the laws in 1489: again, in 1630, ten new regulations were added to the Code, and registered in the *Parlement* in 1714. In 1801 there were seventy-eight master brewers in Paris. The desire of the French to have pure beverage is illustrated by the facts relating to brewing at the period which have come down to us. No one could then (and for all we know can now) open or carry on a brew-house in that capital without having regularly served five years of an apprenticeship, and three years as a foreman. A deputation of the corporation examined the ingredients used in brewing, to prevent the use of any noxious or deleterious ingredient. Barm was not permitted for sale without inspection; and, for the prevention of filth, no oxen or other animals were allowed to be kept or fed within the range of the brewery-grounds. "Formerly each brewer could have only one pan or mash kieve, per day, containing fifteen septiers of malt. These members of the corporation, annually elected, are obliged to inspect the breweries, all of which they may visit whenever they please."*

In the Netherlands the brewing of ale and beer was early practiced. In the thirteenth century Isaac and John Hollandus discussed the subject with striking ability, treating of distillation as well as fermentation. Delft was famous for its beer, and the liquor was, for many years, the leading staple of that port. At other places, Gouda and Muyden, for instance, London porter has been imitated with success.

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* Morewood's Essay, p. 213.

In Russia ale and beer are of universal acceptance. The beer of Riga is of a superior order, and the ale of Okka, in Nishney Novogorod, is said to partake of the character of Burton, both in quality and flavor. *Quass* and *Braga* are in common use. The *Quass*, which is the ordinary household beverage, is made of barley malt, and small proportions of rye malt and unbolted rye meal, sometimes varied by adding raisins to make it foam, a piece of rye bread to acidulate it, or different fruits to give it color. In all the modes of making it cold or tepid water is poured on the ingredients, the pans greased and set in a hot oven. *Kisslyschtschy* is the name of a kind of *Quass*, made from rye meal and boiling water, violently stirred. Cold water is added, and, after fermentation, it is bottled. It is said to be a fine drink, foamy, effervescent, sparkling like selzer water, and bearing a resemblance to the *Hornerbier* of Vienna. *Braga* is a thick white liquor, vinous in flavor, heady, and drank by "the common people." It is made of oat meal, or wheat and hops, and is pleasant when fresh. Birch wine is the staple home made drink in Norway; but a considerable quantity of ale is imported, and is a feature at wedding, baptismal and other festive occasions. The Swedes are much addicted to strong drinks; but beer is a common beverage with the people. The Finns and Laplanders beguile the severity and gloom of their climate by indulging in potent draughts. They deem life joyless without beer and brandy, unfortunately the latter largely taking the place of the ale and mead, which was the favorite potations of Odin and their ancient gods. In Tartary a fermentation of mares' milk, called *Koumiss*, is the great beverage; but the various tribes have also varieties of beer—as the Kal-

mucks their brown beer, *Schara*, and the Usbecks their *Braga* and *Busa*, made of rice or millet.

In China they make a liquor of malted wheat and barley, called *Tarasum*. The Mexicans make beer from Indian corn; the Japanese their *Saki* (beer) from rice; the Nubians and Abyssinians a like beverage, called *Sasior* and *Durrah*, from barley and wheat; the former also their *Bouza*, from roasted barley. The Caffres and Tombookies their *Pombie*, from millet or guinea corn; the Guyanese their *Piworree*, from the cassava; and the Egyptians and Arabians their *Carmi* or *Kurmi*. The *Chica*, or maize beer of South America, is of very remote date, and is in universal demand. "The liquor is of a dark yellow color, and has an agreeable, slightly bitter, acid taste."*

The most highly prized *Chica* is made in the Valleys of the Sierra, and, in that very interesting work, the *Chemistry of Common Life*, we have an account of its manufacture. All the members of the family, including such strangers as choose to assist in the operation, seat themselves on the floor, in a circle, in the centre of which is a large calabash, surrounded by a heap of dried maize (malt.) Each person takes up a handful and thoroughly chews it. This is deposited in the calabash, and another handful is immediately subjected to the same process, the jaws of the company being kept continually busy until the whole heap of corn is reduced to a mass of pulp. This, with some minor ingredients, is mashed in hot water, and the liquid poured into jars, where it is left to ferment. In a short time it is ready for use. Occasionally,

* Von Tchudi. *Travels in Peru.*

however, the jars are buried in the ground, and allowed to remain there until the liquor acquires, from age, a considerable strength, and powerfully intoxicating qualities. Thus prepared, it is called *Chica Mascada*, or chewed Chica, and the Serrano believes he cannot offer his guest a greater luxury than a draught of old *Chica Mascada*, the ingredients of which have been ground between his own teeth.* The Piworree of Guyana is produced by a similar process.

In Mr. Ed. T. Perkins' narrative of adventures in the Hawaiian, Georgian and Society Islands, entitled *Na Motu; or, Reef Rovings in the South Seas*, there is a description given of the making of a beer from ava, arva, or awa, the name given to the root of the long pepper shrub (*macropiper methysticum.*) It was also a *chewed* beverage, but the mastication was performed by the "beautiful white-teethed girls of Lahaina." Johnston speaks of it in his work (page 255–6), and quotes an interesting passage from Wilkes' *U. S. Exploring Expedition*, but he evidently had not seen the capital account of Mr. Perkins. The *chewing* code suggested to Tom Hood a happy figure, when he said that he did not hash certain opinions

> "In my books,
> And thus upon the public mind intrude it,
> As if I thought, like Otahitian cooks,
> No food was fit to eat till I had chewed it."

It thus appears, by the rapid glance we have been enabled to give over the ancient and modern world, that ale or beer in some form was and is almost universally

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* Chemistry of Common Life. By James F. W. Johnston, M. A., F. R. S., &c. Vol. i., p. 248.

recognized as a healthful and invigorating beverage. The progenitors of this Republic, in the British Isles and in Ireland, seem to have relished the strengthening liquid quite as much as those Scandinavians who helped to teach them its use, in the belief that "large and frequent draughts of it was one of the greatest pleasures enjoyed by the heroes admitted into the halls of Odin.* Kingsley's group in Waterford, Ireland, in the eleventh century, disposed around a local king, Ranald, and all drinking ale which a servant poured out of a bucket into a great bull's horn, and the men handed round to each other† is not overdrawn. In England ale became a sort of pivot on and around which many of the customs, social, charitable, religious and political, revolved. Sometimes meetings were held for the sole purpose of drinking ale for the love of it, and these were *Scot-ales*. One form of these frolics were called a *give-ale*, and was a remnant of an Anglo Saxon superstition. Sometimes these meeting were held in taverns, and sometimes in churches or churchyards. When held in the public houses the clergy were not allowed to be present. Other drinkings were termed *leet-ale*, *clerk-ale*, *church-ale* and *bride-ale;* the last of which, says the "Encyclopedia Brittanica," still prevails in Scotland, under the name of a penny bride-ale—a practice intended to assist those who are unable to defray the expense of a wedding dinner. While writing on this subject, Barry Gray put into my hand a brief article on England's national drink, reproduced in a current pub-

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* Maillet's Northern Antiquities.

† Hereward, p. 64.

lication, from an English source, a portion of which illustrates the adoption of the word ale into the English language as an equivalent for festivity, in connection with other words. "Thus," says the writer, "bride-ale (bridal) is the feast in honor of the bride, or marriage; similarly we have leet-ale, lamb-ale, Whitsun-ale. A bid-ale was when a poor man, decayed in his substance, was set up again by the contributions of his friends at a Sunday's feast. Church-ales, as they are described by Pierce, bishop of Bath and Wells, in his answer to the inquiries of Archbishop Laud, "are when the people go from afternoon prayers on Sunday to their lawful sports and pastimes in the churchyard, or in the neighborhood, or in some public house where they drink and make merry. By the benevolence of the people at these pastimes, many poor parishes have cast their bells and beautified their churches, and raised stock for the poor."

Alack for the progress of civilization! What would be thought of a Christian bishop now-a-days—Archbishop McCloskey or Bishop Potter, for instance, looking with a kindly eye on his flock adjourning from "afternoon prayers on Sunday" to their sports in the churchyard, or pastimes in the public house, to "drink and be merry," while they took care of the poor, and raised money to beautify the church? In this especial connection, William Howitt's remarks on the glory and departure of one of these old customs is in place.

"The Love feasts of the primitive Christians degenerated, in England, into what are called Whitsun-ales, so called from the church-wardens 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 Sunday 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. 'In every parish, says Aubrey, 'was a church-house, to which belonged spits, crocks, and other utensils for dressing provisions. Here the housekeepers met. The young people were there too, and had dancing, bowling, shooting at butts, &c.' The merriment degenerated into license: Puritanism put it down; but the love-feasts revived again, in the celebration of the annual meetings and processions of the friendly societies or clubs, and Whitsuntide became the greatest and most jocund of all village festivals, excepting only the wake." * * *

But since then dark days have intervened, and snatched away many a fair attribute from this genuine holiday of the people. Easter was the great holiday of the Church; Mayday was the holiday of the poets; but Whitsuntide was the holiday of the people. It was the *village* festival; the village love-feast; the holiday when Nature and all her sunshine seemed to come out and rejoice with man. It was the festival when the old feasted and sang their old songs, and the young danced and were happy. But, first came sage Prudence, and said the times were hard; it were better to give up these ribbons, they would furnish relief to a sick member for months, and it *was* prudent, and it was done. The next year Prudence came again, and brought Temperance with her, and said the times were still worse, and Union workhouses were building, and all who asked parish relief must go there; and, therefore, it was prudent to husband both health and the club-fund. So they advised them to give up their

dinners and ale. But, without dinners, ale, or ribbons, how were the poor souls to walk in procession, and be 'merry?' Nobody was merry." To cap the climax, adds Howitt, next came a new parson with a new text: "He that provideth not for his family is worse than an infidel." This knocked all the wind out of them. There was not a man among them that could provide for his family at 7s. a week, and the corn-law price of bread; so the poor fellows set themselves down for a worthless set of infidels, and sneaked away from church."

Truly the times had changed since Bacon's days, when, as he tells us, "to brew ale and press cider" were among the main occupations of every English shire; yea, changed very much since the days of the great civil war, when General Monk, having made his *coup d'etat* and marched to Westminster, the park was crowded with gazers, who turned the serious occasion into an excuse for a little mumming and masking; of which "pleasantries" one was that "Theophila Turner ran a race against Mrs. Pepys and 'another poor woman' for a 'pot of ale.'"*

At present Germany, after England, produces and consumes the largest quantity of beer. In former times it was brewed from barley, oats and wheat, with an infusion of oak bark to make it pungent. The introduction of hops laid the foundation for *lager bier*, the prefix *lager* meaning a store, warehouse, or stillion for the support of barrels, and thus conveying the idea that the beer so named was left to rest warehoused for some time before it was opened for sale—that it was, in fact, stock or store beer.

* Fairfax Correspondence.

There are various kinds of beer produced in Germany, but the principal breweries are those of Bavaria. They have the best reputation, and their vats furnish a large proportion of that drank in Germany. A paper on German beer, in the *Tribune*, a few years ago, gave some facts of interest,—among others, the names of the various kinds of beer brewed in the north of Germany. The most notable is the *Koesbritz* double beer, which resembles the famous London pale ale; *Broyhahn*, or white beer of Berlin,—the beer of Cassel; *Mumme*, a Brunswick beer, first made in 1492, by Ch. Mumme, formerly exported even to the East Indies. It is dark brown, thick, strong, sweet in taste, and is made from wheat, barley malt, hops, molasses, juniper berries, dried prunes, and several aromatic herbs. The denominations or "brands" of the beer made in the different German provinces are, in some instances, curious and suggestive. That made in Baitzenburg, Prussia, is called *Bind den Kerl* (the fine fellow), the beer of Brandenburg, *Alter Claus* (Old Nick), the beer of Jena, *Dorfteufel* (Village Devil), the beer of Kyritz, *Mord und Lodtschlag* (murder and manslaughter), the beer of Wernigrode, *Lumpen* (rascals' beer), the beer of Wittenburg, *Kucknick* (Cuckoo), the the beer of Lubeck, *Israel*, and so forth.

Having given a general glance at the history of ale and its ancient and extended use, we will spring a few centuries backward, and look at the introduction and progress of that now widely recognized ingredient in the manufacture of the healthful beverage—hops.

Hops, used for centuries in Flanders, were prominently introduced into England about the year 1524. The exact date of its introduction is by no means well authenticated, as the plant was known many years

before that era referred to in the couplets upon which the record is now mainly based. One says:

"Hops, reformation, bays and beer,
Came into England all in one year."

And the other,

"Turkeys, carps, hops, piccarel and beer,
Came into England all in one year."

Previous to the use of hops, ground ivy (*glechoma hederacea*) was in general use for preserving the liquor. It is said by some authorities that it was after the use of hops that the name *beer* was given the drink, "to distinguish it from the ancient and softer malt liquor called ale." But beer, as a malt beverage, was known long before. It was agreed by several writers, consulted on the subject, that the name beer is comparatively modern to that of ale, yet it was certainly a received denomination of a more lasting and strong form of beverage, almost a century before the date usually received as that given for the use of hops. The paper previously quoted on the old ale customs supplies us with some interesting references on this point, which are incorporated.

To place the name of beer subsequent to or coeval with 1524, is undoubtedly erroneous, for we read in the *Promptorium Parvulorum*, compiled in 1440, and which throws so much light upon the manners and customs of the England of the middle ages, "Hoppe Seede for beyre." An ancient municipal record, under date 1432, has this entry: "Item, payd to Davy, bere brewer, for pyp of bere that was dronck at the Barrgeate when the furst affray was of the Ffrenshemen, vj*s.* viij*d.*;" and again under the date 1497: "Half a barrel of doble bere, xx*d.* Ten gallons peny ale, x*d.*" We seem here

to get an inkling that the hieroglyphic x, xx, xxx, still in use by the London brewers, may possibly have originated in the practice of writing the price of the ale in Roman numerals, when a certain measure of the three qualities in vogue bore the respective prices of x, xx, and xxx pence. Finally, it is certain that hops were cultivated in England in 1463, since there is extant a lease of lands, in Kent, of that date, in which a provision occurs for taking care of the underwood fit for hop-poles. Whether hops were in use in England in the time of Chaucer is an open question. The word beer does not occur in his writings, yet it would appear that London ale already possessed a character of its own, by which it could be distinguished by connoisseurs; for, in the "Canterbury Tales," written about 1395, we read of "the Coke:"

"Wel coude he knowe a draught of London ale."
The Prologue.

Again, the Miller, in his prologue, says:

"And, therefore, if that I mispeke or say,
Wit it the ale of Southwark I you pray."

With reference to this discussion, we think it may fairly be said, that it is one of those cases in which it would not be wise to rely too much upon negative evidence. It must be remembered that we know nothing of the ingredients employed for flavoring the spiced ale mentioned, as being rated at half the value of mead and double the value of common ale; and, considering that the hop is an indigenous plant, it is not impossible that it may have entered, in conjunction with alehoof, or ground-ivy (which we know to

have been used for ale) and other herbs, into the composition in question. However this may be, there is much evidence which seems to point to a great increase in the use of hops in brewing during the fifteenth century, and that, like most new things, whether improvements or otherwise, the innovation encountered violent opposition. Thus, in the reign of Henry VI, Parliament was petitioned against that wicked weed called hops; and in the nineteenth year of Henry VIII (1528) their antagonists succeeded in getting their use prohibited under severe penalties; and an ale-man, having brought an action against his brewer for spoiling his ale by putting in a certain weed, called a hop, recovered damages. The king had probably been gained over by the opposition; at any rate, he appears to have been a victim to these prejudices; for, in 1530, he gives an injunction to his brewer not to put any hops or brimstone into the ale. This crusade against hops seems not long to have survived the king. In the reign of Edward VI, in the year 1552, the term *hop-grounds* made its appearance for the first time in English law; and, a few years later, the merits of hops were so well appreciated that Reynold Scot says: "If your ale may endure a *fortnight*, your beere, through the benefit of the hoppe, shall continue a *month*, and what grace it yieldeth to the taste all men may judge who have *sense in their mouths*.

At all events, the hop, or rather its use in this especial direction, immediately commanded attention in England, and the peculiarities of its culture and nature are recorded by Tusser and Gerard. In the "Hondred Good Points of Husbandrie" of the former, published 1537, he gives directions for the cultivation

of a hop garden, and gives his reason for so favoring the theme thus:

> "The hop for his profit I thus do exalt,
> It strengtheneth drink, and it favoureth malt,
> And being well brewed, long kept it will last,
> And drawing abide—if ye draw not too fast."

Gerard, writing in 1596, says, "The manifold virtues in hops do manifestly argue the holesomeness of *beere* above *ale*, for the hops rather make it a physical drink, to keep the body in health, than an ordinary drink for the quenching of our thirste."

The hop originally was the object of much prejudice, but under the test of experience and chemical science, it is proved to be possessed of several recommendatory principles, it being nutritive, tonic, aromatic. Other common vegetable productions will give the bitter flavor to malt liquor. Horehound, and wormwood, and gentian, and quassia, and strychnia, and the grains of paradise, and chicory, and various other plants, have been used to replace or supplant the hop; but none are known to approach it in imparting those peculiar qualities which have given the bitter beer of the present day so well merited a reputation.*

"In 1850 the quantity of hops grown in England was 21,668 tons, paying a duty of £270,000. This is supposed to be a larger quantity than is grown in all the world besides. Only 98 tons were exported in that year; while, on the other hand, 320 tons were imported, so that the home consumption amounted to 21,886, or forty millions of pounds, being more than the weight of the tobacco we yearly consume.

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* *Vide Blackwood*, Aug., 1853.

It is the narcotic substance, therefore, of which England not only grows more and consumes more than all the world besides, but of which Englishmen consume more than they do of any other substance of the same kind." This, from a writer in *Blackwood's Magazine*, gives not only a key to the statistical, but also to the sanitary importance of malt beverages in England.

English writers have completely adopted the hop, calling it "*The* English narcotic," and extolling not only its inside virtues but its exterior picturesqueness, and justly. They boast of their hop lands and the landscape beauties of their hop vines. "Waving and drooping," says the English writer before quoted, "in easy motion with every tiny breath that stirs them, and hanging in curved wreaths from pole to pole, the hop-vines dance and glitter beneath the bright English sun—the picture of a true English vineyard, which neither the Rhine nor the Rhone can equal, and only Italy, where her vines climb the freest, can surpass." The traveller through the hop-vineyards of Otsego, Madison, Oneida, Herkimer, Jefferson, Onondaga, or other counties of the State of New York, will find, if not more, certainly not less reason for enthusiasm than in the fields of Kent and Surrey.

And this fact naturally brings us to the importance, both in a commercial, agricultural and hygienic aspect, of malt liquors in America,—an importance which is exceedingly and peculiarly interesting to our own State of New York.

Of all the States in the Union, New York has the greatest and most vital interest in the question of malt liquors, and in the dissemination of honest facts relating thereto. Next after England and Germany in the de-

votion of its agricultural interests to the growth of those ingredients from which malt liquors are produced, and alike next to them in the consumption of those beverages, it is not to be marveled at that this especial branch of the liquor business should inspire the most anxious solicitude, and go far in creating that opposition to reckless and wholesale legislation which arises from those very natural sensations of self-protection which inspire all when the purse is menaced.

The manufacture of malt liquors is a very extensive business in the State, and the investments in hop growing are commensurately large. The immense increase of late years is evidently the result of the nutritious character attributed to the hop by medical writers, and the steadily increasing and sensible desire to imbibe malt, in the place of more intoxicating beverages.

That New York has a deeper and more extended interest than perhaps all the States of the Union combined in this healthful reform, will be seen from the returns of the Census for 1850, and also for 1860. A review of the agricultural statistics for the former, informs us that a gratifying increase has taken place in the culture of this useful article—the hop. The gain has nearly been two hundred per cent. The report proceeds to state, that "almost the whole of the increment, however, has been in the State of New York, which, from less than half a million of pounds in 1840, now produces more than two and a half millions, which exceeds five sevenths of the entire crop of the United States*

In connection with this circumstance, continues the commissioner, "it may be mentioned that New York

* *Vide* Report on the Census, 1850.

stands foremost in the production of beer, ale and porter, in the manufacture of which the larger part of the hops raised is consumed. The brewers of this State produced 645,000 barrels of ale, &c., in 1850, being being more than a third of the quantity required for the whole Union."

The following table, showing the state of hop culture in the principal hop growing States, with the increase and decrease in ten years, will convey a truth to our New York legislators, farmers and temperance lectures, certainly not less significant than instructive.

According to the official returns for

1840 } 1850 }	The hop crop of the entire Union was, in pounds,	1,238,502 3,497,029
Increase for the whole Union.....		2,258,527

States.	1840.		1850.		
New York.....	447,250 lbs.	..	2,536,299 lbs.	—Increase	2,089,049 lbs.
Massachusetts....	254,795 "	..	121,195 "	Decrease	133,600 "
New Hampshire..	243,425 "	..	257,174 "	Increase	13,749 "
Ohio.....	62,195 "	..	63,731 "	"	1,536 "
Pennsylvania.....	49,481 "	..	22,088 "	Decrease	27,393 "
Vermont.....	48,137 "	..	288,023 "	Increase	239,886 "
Indiana.....	38,591 "	..	92,796 "	"	54,205 "

Thus, comparing the increase of the hop crop in the entire Union for ten years, with that of the State of New York in the same period, it will be seen that there are but 169,478 pounds increase in all the remaining States, this being chiefly made in Vermont and Indiana,—the former having made, of itself, over one third in addition, and which more than overbalances, in the aggregate, the large decrease in Massachusetts and Pennsylvania.

A glance at the Agricultural Report of the Census for 1860, still further expands the interest of New

York, and shows her preponderating progress. The total hop crop of 1860, for the States and Territories, was 10,991,996 pounds — three times what it was ten years previous. New York more than keeps pace with the relative increase. Of this total, in 1860, she produced 9,671,931 pounds — seven eighths of the whole — Vermont yielding about one half of the remainder, or 638,677 pounds. It will be seen by the Table of Brewing, hereafter given, that New York must have exported large quantities of hops to other States,—as States like Pennsylvania, Ohio, Illinois, Missouri, New Jersey, Massachusetts and Wisconsin, which brewed a considerable amount of ale or beer, grew very little hops. The Superintendent of the Report says, "In this country, as in England, the cultivation of hops is confined to a comparatively small area. New York raises over eight tenths of all the hops produced in the United States; and in this State the bulk of the crop is raised in a few counties. The County of Otsego produces 3,507,069 pounds; Madison, 1,520,657 pounds; Schoharie, 1,441,648 pounds; Oneida, 838,460 pounds; Herkimer, 707,910 pounds; Montgomery, 515,584 pounds."*

The growth of barley in New York is not less important than hops—and as they are grown for, and go together in the manufacture of malt liquor, the statistics of the former will not be without their instructiveness. In 1840 the entire crop of the Union amounted to 4,161,504 bushels, of which the State of

* Agriculture of the United States in 1860; Compiled from the Original Returns of the Eighth Census, under the direction of the Secretary of the Interior. By Joseph G. C. Kennedy, Superintendent of Census. Washington Government Printing Office, 1864.

New York furnished 2,520,068—more than three fifths of the amount—the remaining 1,641,436 bushels being chiefly divided between Maine, Ohio, Pennsylvania, Massachusetts, Michigan and New Hampshire, in the order given. In 1850 the entire crop was 5,167,015, showing an increase of 995,511 bushels. In the same year the returns of New York were 3,585,059, exhibiting, in our State, an increase of 1,064,991 bushels,—much more than overbalancing, in the aggregate, a large decrease in Maine, Massachusetts and Vermont.

The aggregate barley crop of 1860 in the States and Territories, was 15,825,898 bushels; of which New York raised 4,186,668 bushels.

On the subject under notice the Report presents the following remarks and figures: "The manufacture of Malt Liquors, though of less magnitude, and far less pernicious in its effects, shows a still larger increase. It derives its material wholly from agriculture, and its extension promises more substantial benefits to the country than the last (spirituous liquors.)

"The Northern States returned 969 breweries, or more than double the number in the Union in 1850. The quantity of all kinds of Malt Liquors made, including 855,803 barrels of lager bier, was 3,235,545 barrels; an increase of 175 per cent. upon the total product of 1850, while its value was returned at $17,977,135, being more than three times the amount produced by breweries in that year. Nearly one half of the whole quantity was made in New York and Pennsylvania. The former had 175 establishments—45 of them in the city of New York—and the latter State 172, of which Philadelphia contained 68. The manufacture of lager bier was much increased in all the middle and western States; about 41 per cent. of

the whole being the product of the two States last named. Among the eastern States, Massachusetts, and among the western States, Ohio, Illinois and Missouri, were the largest producers of Malt Liquors. There were 71 breweries in California and 8 in Oregon,* producing together about 7 per cent. of the total value of the manufacture.

	No. of Estab.	Barrels.	Value.
Maine	5	7,230	$36,169
New Hampshire	3	17,200	86,000
Massachusetts	13	133,600	658,700
Rhode Island	4	6,400	31,267
Connecticut	6	16,030	91,210
Total New England States.	31	180,460	903,346
New York	175	990,767	4,996,151
New Jersey	22	155,430	865,910
Pennsylvania	172	585,206	3,246,681
Maryland	26	44,664	242,286
District of Columbia	4	13,484	84,300
Total Middle States	399	1,789,551	9,435,328
Ohio	29	402,035	1,912,419
Indiana	50	66,338	328,116

* As these pages were going through the press we received intelligence of the welcome given to ale in Colorado. In a letter dated Central City, June, 1866, Bayard Taylor gives an appreciative notice of a mug of ale amid the "thin air and alkali water" of Colorado, and a suggestive glimpse of the wise brewers thereof. He says:—"Some friends took me over the hill to Quartz Gulch, the other day, in order to try some mountain-brewed ale. After the intense still heat of the air the beverage was very refreshing, and greatly superior in its quality to the lager bier of the mountains. The owner of the brewery lives in a neat log cabin, the steps whereto are ores of gold and silver, and inside the rough walls an accomplished lady sat down to her piano and played for us some choice compositions."

	No. of Estab.	Barrels.	Value.
Kentucky	17	74,850	219,700
Illinois	75	218,043	1,309,180
Michigan	42	57,671	354,758
Wisconsin	121	124,956	702,812
Minnesota	24	14,080	77,740
Iowa	39	35,588	221,495
Missouri	55	172,570	1,143,450
Kansas	4	5,100	52,800
Nebraska	2	2,200	16,400
Utah	2	145	4,200
Total Western States	460	1,173,576	6,343,070
California	71	87,806	1,211,641
Oregon	8	4,152	83,750
Total Pacific States	79	91,958	1,295,391
Tennessee	1	4,000	24,000
Aggregate	970	3,239,545	18,001,135

Thus may be seen the energy and capital devoted to the production of hops and barley, and the consequent effect in the health and wealth of the Empire State; and thus it is that our interest in the question under consideration is more vital than that of any of the States to which a "liquor law" has been applied. The exhibition of these figures lessens the necessity for argument. They are more powerful than words, and should be directed to the proper channel for circulation—put into the hands of the agricultural districts, which have been at once the victims as well of their own good intentions as of the sweeping charges and intemperate zeal of temperance lecturers. The most useful temperance lecturer is he who advocates the temperate use of beverages which custom has sanctioned, and which, as it would appear, man *will*

have. A reform may, and we trust will be effected in favor of healthful and comparatively mild drinks; but it is more than doubtful if a hard working, energetic, and withal social people, such as form the bone and sinew of the Republic, will or can be induced to give up all drinks which custom, and the large majority of clergymen and physicians, have sanctioned as refreshing.

The Germans are characterized as a thrifty, industrious people. They are ingenious and social, and well qualified in all the arts which make civilization, enhance peace or sustain war. In literature, science, art, music, they are alike famous. In almost every branch of learning and culture they have, in modern times, sent forth some of the leading and representative men. They are a healthy people, capable of enduring great mental and physical fatigue, and afford a striking and sensible commentary on the inutility and injustice of thoughtlessly rigid liquor laws. The Germans drink frequently, but from the peculiarity of the beverage, receive only a suitable and sustaining exhilaration of mind and body—they do not become intoxicated. Beer is famous in conjunction with the German name; and, as an evidence of the Teuton's devotion to it, its usefulness to the hard working man, as well as its acceptability to those in more intelligent paths of life, we will quote a paragraph from a paper in the *Tribune*, already alluded to, which derives additional importance from the position of that journal on the question of temperance reform:

"In Bavaria beer has become an imperative necessity to the working classes. The hard working man will content himself with meat only on holidays, provided he can at all times get his usual quantity of

beer. This quantity is by no means small, and we do not overrate it when we say that a gallon per *diem* is the average allowance of a frugal beer drinker. Most of the hard working mechanics live more on beer and bread than anything else. The government has been compelled more than once to diminish the malt tax, in order to prevent a rise in the price of beer, which has always been followed by serious riots, and, in 1844, even by a revolution. In Bavaria beer is drunk for and at breakfast; for and at dinner; takes the place of coffee in the afternoon, and is poured down at supper."

The demand for cheap beer, of an agreeable and uniform character, led to the formation of a Company, on the co-operative principle, in London. We have before us a Report, July, 1853, of its working, which shows that, although but a short time in existence, a dividend of five per cent. was available. A much larger dividend would have been declared, had there been capital to meet the business which might have been done. Much had been achieved in spite of the want of capital and the continual rise of the price of malt and hops. The directors had kept the price and quality of the articles sold the same as before. It was stated that highly influential members of the medical profession had recommended the ales and porter brewed by the company to their patients, as the only genuine articles in London. The Report goes on to state at length the good effects which must arise, both morally and physically, from the ramifications of the company being extended.

The healthful use of malt liquors, though admitted by all eminent writers on dietetics, is, in the general denunciation, not at all recognized by the advocates

and framers of "liquor laws." These laws, as is proved by the comparative tables of police stations, are not for the benefit of the many, but for the punishment of a few — exhibiting additional evidence of the despotic character of all sumptuary enactments.

From the peculiar qualities of the ingredients composing them, malt liquors are more strengthening, consequently more cheering and less intoxicating than any beverage in use. As we sustained a few words with many facts, in speaking of the agricultural interests of the State, so shall we support the statement in regard to the healthfulness and necessity of malt liquors, by facts and experiments recorded by the ablest acknowledged writers. Dr. Kitchener, whose "Cook's Oracle" was declared by Christopher North "a good, jovial, loyal book," recommends ale or beer as the most invigorating drink, and from its peculiarly substantial and nutritive qualities, terms it "liquid bread;" and the suggestive title seems not to have been without reason.

Malt liquors differ from wines in containing a greater amount of nutritive matter and less of spirit. Irrespective of the flavor and tonic properties communicated by the hops, they precipitate, by means of their astringent principle, the vegetable mucilage, and thus remove from beer the active principle of its fermentation; consequently, without hops malt liquors would have to be drunk either new and ropy or old and sour.*

Dr. Jonathan Pereira, allowed even by water-cure oracles "as the most approved author on dietetics as

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* *Vide* Dunglison's *Elements of Hygiene*, p. 366.

well as *materia medica*, in the allopathic school," says, in his treatise on *Food and Diet*, "The practice of taking a moderate quantity of mild malt liquor, of sound quality, at dinner, is, in general, not only unobjectionable but beneficial. Considered dietetically, beer possesses a threefold property: it quenches thirst; it stimulates, cheers, and if taken in sufficient quantity, intoxicates; and lastly, it nourishes or strengthens."* He thus recommends its medicinal property:—"In the convalescence, after lingering disease, it often proves a most valuable restorative" (p. 200.) And again—"The Indian Pale Ale, which is manufactured for the Indies, is very carefully fermented, so as to be devoid of all sweetness, or, in other words, to be *dry;* and it contains *double the usual quantity of hops;* it forms, *therefore*, a most valuable restorative beverage for invalids and convalescents." Dr. Pereira thinks, we may safely assume, with Dr. Ure (*Dictionary of*

* As it is thoroughly necessary to understand from what quarter such advice comes, we give the opinion of Dr. Chas. A Lee, in his preface to the American edition of Pereira's famous work. He says, "With respect to the merits of this treatise it is scarcely necessary for me to speak. It fully meets a desideratum which modern discoveries, the improvements in practical and experimental physiology, and especially the late achievements in analytic chemistry, have created; and which, since the appearance of Liebig's remarkable works, every one must have felt could not long remain unsupplied. * * * The author, Mr. Pereira, is well known throughout Europe and America as one of the most learned, scientific, and practical men of the age—a physician of great experience and accurate observation—a highly successful writer, unsurpassed in the judicious selection and arrangement of facts, and in the felicity of his illustrations and reasoning. To the medical profession, especially, he is universally and most favorably known as the author of the best work on the *materia medica* which has hitherto appeared in our language."

Arts, p. 105), that "the amount of spirit in common strong ale or beer is about four per cent., or four measures of spirits, specific gravity 0.825, in 100 measures of the liquor. The best brown stout porter contains six per cent., the strongest ale even eight per cent., but common beer only *one*." Dr. L. C. Beck, quoted in the appendix to the American edition of Pereira, says that Albany ale, in barrels, contains 7.38 per cent., and that in bottles 10.67 per cent. spirits. Dr. Lee's experiments with ale resulted in extracting nine ounces of solid matter from the gallon—about 8.16 grains to the pint.

The nutritive qualities of ale are derived from the component elements indicated as follows: By evaporation we obtain the soluble but fixed and nutritive constituents of beer, in the form of an extract, which consists of starch-sugar, dextrine, lactic acid, different salts, the extractive and aromatic parts of the hop, gluten, and fatty matters. The quantity of extract yielded by beer is subject to considerable variation. It depends not only on the strength of the wort but on the length of the fermentation and the age of the beer. An imperial pint of porter yielded about one ounce and a half of extract—twelve ounces to the gallon.*

The following table, prepared by Richardson, exhibits the density of beer:

	Excess in lbs. of beer over water by the barrel.
Burton Ale, 1st sort.....	40 to 43
" " 2d "	35 to 40
" " 3d "	28 to 33
Common Ale.....	25 to 57
" "	21

* Pereira, p. 199.

	Excess in lbs. of beer over water by the barrel.
Porter, Common	18
" Double	20
Brown Stout	23
Best "	26
Table Beer	6
Good "	12 to 14

With these facts, we do not wonder that Dr. Paris considered that country happy whose laboring classes preferred malt liquors as their beverage. Experience in England, Germany and America, has proved that they are the most suitable, because the most cheering and strengthening beverage for the hard working man.* It is more, it is a necessity. The famous Dr. Clarke wisely said, in allusion to those beverages recommended by Scripture: "Heavy taxes on these necessaries of life are taxes on life itself."

Ale has not been overlooked by the poets and dramatists. "Sir John Barleycorn" has been a standing character with them. He is the Gambrinus of our race, and the history of the beverage represented by him receives a great deal of lively illustration from the attention and writings of the poets and *literati*. Of course it is neither desirable nor necessary that the many noticeable allusions to ale, which occur throughout the writings in the English tongue, should be referred to, much less quoted; but it will be in generous accord with the subject—being as it were the creamy foam beads on the brown or amber beverage—to draw upon literature and the lives of eminent people for some

*See also, on the uses of beer for working men, and women in delicate health, the various works of Buchan, Paris, Beach, Cullen, Williams, &c.

illustration of that which so happily inspired them on various occasions.

The best thing in one of the very oldest dramatic pieces is a song in praise of ale. In that "*Ryght Pythy, Pleasant and Merie Comedie, Intytuled Gammer Gurton's Needle, played on the Stage not longe ago* in Christe's Colledge, in Cambridge*, and written by John Still, a name suggestive of drink-making (afterwards Bishop of Bath and Wells), we have the following excellent convivial song, extolling jolly good ale:

"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 nothing am a-cold;
I stuff my skin so full within
Of jolly good ale and old.

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 love no roast but a nut brown toast,
And a crab laid in the fire;
And little bread shall do my stead;
Much bread I nought desire.
No frost, no snow, no wind, I trow,
Can hurt me if I wold,
I am so wrapp'd, and thoroughly lapp
Of jolly good ale and old.

Back and side, &c.

"And Tib, my wife, that as her life
Loveth well good ale to seek,

* About 1565.

Full oft drinks she, till ye may see
The tears run down her cheek;
Then doth she troul to me the bowl,
Even as a malt-worm should,
And saith, 'Sweet heart I took my part
Of this jolly good ale and old.'

Back and side, &c.

"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 scour'd bowls,
Or have them lustily troul'd,
God save the lives of them and their wives,
Whether they be young or old.

Back and side, &c."

In connection with the subject, it is certainly interesting to know that Shakespere's father was one of the ale-tasters of Stratford-upon-Avon about the same time that he was a member of the corporation of that borough.* The stage furnishes many glimpses characteristic not only of the uses of ale but of the peculiar qualities and special local brewings of it. The famous scene between old *Will Boniface* and *Aimwell*, in Farquhar's *Beaux Stratagem*, for instance, which is one of the heartiest passages in the whole range of comedy, and in which the jolly host, who was as particular in the age of his ale as of his children, describes Litchfield brew "smooth as oil, sweet as milk, clear as amber, and strong as brandy," with the additional information that "it will be just fourteen years old the fifth day of next March, old style." In the "*Recruiting*

* J. P. Collier's Life of Shakespere, chap. 1.

Officer" of the same dramatist Captain *Plume* alludes to the March beer in Shropshire, and after indulging heavily in it at the *Raven*, says, "I have been doubly serving the Queen—raising men and raising the excise—recruiting and elections are rare friends to the excise." This passage not only indicates a special brew, but also the value of the duty to the government in the time of Queen Anne.

Plume's allusion to elections shows the indulgence of the voters in those days, at the candidate's expense. We have neither improved nor gone backward since. The old election ballads are full of allusions to ale and beer, especially during the troubles of England with France, when foreign wines were decried, and the "home brewed" lauded to the skies. John Cunningham, whose pastoral poem, "Day," is pleasurably remembered, wrote several ballads of this nature, which are retained in his works. A brace of stanzas from his "Newcastle Beer" introduces to us the qualities of that potent brew:

"'Twas stingo like this made Alcides so bold;
It braced up his nerves and enliven'd his powers;
And his mystical club, that did wonders of old,
Was nothing, my lads, but such liquor as ours.
The horrible crew
That Hercules slew,
Were Poverty—Calumny—Trouble—and Fear:
Such a club would you borrow
To drive away sorrow,
Apply for a jorum of Newcastle Beer.

* * * * *

"Ye fanciful folk! for whom Physic prescribes—
Whom bolus and potion have harass'd to death—
Ye wretches! whom Law and her ill-looking tribes
Have hunted about till you're quite out of breath;

Here's shelter and ease,
No craving for fees,
No danger—no doctor—no bailiff—is near;
Your spirits this raises,
It cures your diseases;
There's freedom and health in our Newcastle Beer."

"Morgan Odoherty," who had experience and great taste in such matters, advises people, instead of "dram drinking," which is an infamous and ruinous practice, and "port drinking," which is provocative of blobby Bardolphian noses, to "drink as much good claret, good punch, or good beer, as you can get hold of, for these liquors make a man an Adonis." Analyzing the effect produced on the appearance by these liquors, he gives the palm to claret—the tasting of which, he says, creates a peculiar delicacy of expression about the mouth. "Beer, though last," he adds, "is not the least in its beautifying powers. A beer-drinker's cheek is like some of the finest species of apples—

'The side that's next the sun.'

Such a cheek carries one back into the golden age, reminding us of Eve, Helen, Atalanta, and I know not what more. Upon the whole I should, if called upon to give a decided opinion as to these matters, in the present state of my information and feeling, say as follows: 'Give me the cheek of a beer-bibber—the calf a punch-bibber—and the mouth of a claret-bibber.'"*

Another of Odoherty's maxims says: "In travelling I make a point to eat wherever I can sit down, and to drink ale whenever the coach stops." He also makes a suggestion, the efficiency of which, I trust, no reader of this will ever need to test—that "the most grateful of all drinks is

'Cool small beer unto the waking drunkard.'"

* Maxims of Odoherty. Miscel. Writings of Dr. Maginn. Vol. 1.

Milton, the prince of poets, gives a happy glimpse of rustic life in his "L'Allegro," when he pictures the old and young, after the enjoyment of a sunshine holiday out-o'-doors, betaking themselves indoors

"To the spicy nut-brown ale,"

to tell stories of the fairy Mab and her junketings, and the pranks of the goblins, who upset the milk-pans and thresh the corn.

The pipe and the jug of ale are associated in the mind's eye with rotund and easy vicars of the olden time, who thought it no sin to lounge under the yawning porch of an old hostel, and talk politics with mine host. Bishop Still's song, given above, is a famous specimen of clerical joviality; not less so, if not so old, is Francis Fawkes' song:

"Dear Tom, this brown jug, that now foams with mild ale
(In which I now drink to sweet Nan of the vale),
Was once Toby Fillpot, a thirsty old soul
As e'er drank a bottle, or fathom'd a bowl.
In boozing about 'twas his praise to excel—
Among jolly topers he bore off the bell.

"It chanc'd as in dog-days he sat at his ease,
In his flower-woven arbor, as gay as you please,
With a friend and a pipe puffing sorrow away,
And with honest old stingo was soaking his clay,
His breath doors of life on a sudden were shut,
And he died full as big as a Dorchester butt.

"His body, when long in the ground it had lain,
And Time into clay had resolved it again,
A potter found out, in its covert so snug,
And with part of fat Toby he form'd this brown jug—
Now sacred to Friendship, and mirth, and mild ale—
So here's to the lovely sweet Nan of the vale."

Fawkes was a clerical poet of the middle of the last century, whose writings are now little known, although

Doctor Johnson said of his translations from the classics, "Frank Fawkes has done them very well." His anacreontics have passed away, but his Brown Jug* has remained sacred to friendship, mild ale and sweet Nan.

What a chain of literary circumstances, and what an interesting fund of anecdote is there not based upon and woven round Sam Johnson's residence under the roof of Mr. Thrale, the brewer, famous as the husband of his wife, *née* Hester Lynch; and after his death, the vain, garrulous, keen, brilliant and interesting Madame Piozzi. *Apropos* of ladies illustrating the ale and beer history, it will be remembered that the angelic Malibran was devoted — probably for the sake of her complexion—to a "pot of half and half." Even the Siddons herself is the inspiration of a few very characteristic anecdotes relating to the "malt." Her predilection for a "pint of beer" on one occasion produced a very novel and ridiculous stage effect: the boy who was hurriedly despatched for the beverage rushed back to the theatre, and not finding Mrs. Siddons in the green-room or on the wings, and, intent on his errand, darted on the stage and presented the foaming pewter to the great actress, then going through the sleeping scene of Lady Macbeth. The other anecdote presents her as somewhat, if not very stagey, off the stage. Moore told Shiel, the author of *Evadne*, of an occasion when a large party were invited to meet her. She remained silent, as was her wont, and disappointed the expectations of the whole company, who watched for every syllable that should escape her lips. At length, however, being asked if

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*Which is also, by-the-bye, as the author admits, an imitation from the Latin of Hieronymus Amaltheus.

she would have some Burton Ale, she replied, with a sepulchral intonation, that "she liked ale vastly."* Lockhart gives another and similar anecdote. When the guest of Scott Mrs. Siddons, in an eminently tragic voice, addressed a servant: "I asked for water, boy—you've brought me beer." Shelton Mackenzie having detailed one of these anecdotes to Maturin, author of *Bertram*, the latter very aptly said, "The voice of Mrs. Siddons, like St. Paul's bell, should never toll except for the death of kings."

Burns turned a neat verse of compliment to his friend, Mr. Syme, when, sending a dozen of porter from the Jerusalem Tavern, at Dumfries, he wrote:

"Oh, had the malt thy strength of mind,
Or hops the flavor of thy wit,
'Twere drink for first of human kind—
A gift that e'en for Syme were fit."

Burns also paid a strong testimony to the honesty of a brewer, in an epitaph on Gabriel Richardson, father of Sir John Richardson, the Arctic traveller:

"Here brewer Gabriel's fire extinct,
And empty all his barrels:
He's blest if as he brewed he drink
In upright, honest morals."

It will be remembered, as no mean testimony to the healthful and sustaining influence of the malt, that George Crabbe, in the terrible struggle of his early days, wandering about London, devoted almost his very last seven farthings for a pint of porter.

A curious instance of the observance of the laws of hospitality gave rise to the Scotch proverb: *Do as the*

* Shiel's Sketches of the Irish Bar. Edited by Dr. R. S. Mackenzie.

law of Forfar did—take a standing drink. A woman in Forfar, who was brewing, set out her tub of beer to cool. A cow came by and drank it up. A lawsuit followed, but the bailies of Forfar acquitted the owner of the cow, on the ground that the farewell drink, called *Doch an doris*, or stirrup cup, taken by the guest standing at the door, was never charged, and as the cow had taken but a standing drink outside, it could not, according to Scottish usage, be chargeable.*

Instances innumerable might be given to exhibit the intimacy of distinguished people with, and the hospitality promoted by the "liquid bread,"—to show its uses, and its less liability to abuses than other drinks; but in closing this brief historical, hygienic and literary testimonial to its use and merits, the following passage, from an English article on taxation, may be adopted as true of the wide-spread appreciation and popularity of the beverage in the New as well as in the Old World:

"With an impartial catholicity of palate the votary of the amber ale loves to see its 'beaded bubbles winking at the brim,' and yet is never forgetful of the darker charms possessed by porter or stout. Boating men—whenever they are not under strict training—cricketers, and the whole of the manly English sporting community, are sensible alike to the charms of the long, thin, narrow glass, the simple and unassuming tumbler, and the thorough going pewter pot. The prudent and industrious mechanic prefers the wholesome brew of native malt and hops to the fiery foreign distillations that madden the brain and shatter the nerves. The statistics of beer-drinking are simply

* Ramsay's "Reminiscence of Scottish Life and Character."

stupendous. Mr. Gladstone, after making all the deductions that occurred even to his peculiarly exact and analytical intellect, computed that every adult male in England consumed the astounding quantity of six hundred quarts per annum. Despite all the arguments and invectives of the agitators who advocate what is paradoxically described as a 'permissive bill,' on account of its prohibitory character, we adhere to our faith that sound, honest malt liquor, does far more good than harm; nor should we dream of opposing any system of financial legislation which would make it cheaper without inflicting an extra burden upon the community."

In this faith we may echo the praises of Gambrinus and the dispraise of those narrow-minded "legislators" and mistaken "philanthropists" who would curtail or abolish the blessings he invented for man, and especially the man of labor:

"So, blessings on the old Flanders king,
And blessings on his beer;
And curse upon the tax on malt,
That makes good drink so dear."

FORDHAM, *June 19th*, 1866.

THE BREWERY BUILDINGS

John Taylor's Sons' Brewery.

THE CITY OF ALBANY, one of the largest and most flourishing cities in the State of New York, as well as the oldest—for it was settled as early as 1607, by Hollanders, who built a fort, called Orange, which was visited by Hendrick Hudson, who anchored his vessel, the "Half Moon," under its guns, in 1609—is noted for its extensive breweries. The principal one was built by the late John Taylor, and of it we propose particularly to speak.

The first brewery, however, as we learn from Bishop's "History of American Manufactures," erected in Albany, or rather at Beveryck—the present site of the town—was about the year 1661. The proprietor was Arendt Von Curler, a man who was held in high esteem both by the English and French Governors. Previous to his time, however, a brewery was in operation at Rensselaerwyck as early as 1635. Eveert Pels, who settled in the Colony in 1642, also erected a brewery about that period. The city records of Albany show that, in 1695, Benn. C. Corlaer and Albert Ryckman were ordered to brew, for the use of the Common Council, three pipes of table beer, at £10 13*s*. The Aldermen of to-day, we think, are somewhat more extravagant, and prefer champagne.

"One of the most prosperous brewers of Albany," says our authority,* "during the last century, was Harman Gansevoort, who died in 1801, having acquired a large fortune in the business. His brewery stood at the corner of Maiden Lane and Dean street, and was demolished in 1807. He found large profits in the manufacture of beer, and as late as 1833, when the dome of Stanwix Hall was raised, the aged Dutchmen of the city compared it to the capacious brew kettle of old Harme Gansevoort, whose fame was fresh in their memories."

In Munsell's Annals of Albany we read of this brewer that, when he wished to give a special flavor to a good brewing, he would wash his old leathern breeches in it. This is doubtless one of the little jokes, at the expense of the brewers, in which the good people of sixty or seventy years ago used to indulge.

Half a century ago, also, we learn that a Mr. Gill —not a bad name, by the way, for a brewer— used to boast that he actually turned out one hundred and fifty barrels of beer yearly—a number which, when compared with that produced at the Taylor Brewery at this day, would be but as a gill to a hogshead.

Perhaps no city in the State is better located for brewing purposes than Albany, it being the great central mart for the barley and hops raised in the West, and which, by way of the Erie Canal, are brought to a market at a cheaper rate than they could be by any other conveyance. The water, too, which is used, is particularly adapted, by its purity

* A History of American Manufactures, from 1608 to 1860, etc.: by J. Leander Bishop, A. M., M. D., in three volumes. Philadelphia: Edward Young & Co. London: Sampson, Low, Son & Co., 1866.

and softness, for making the best ales. After the ale is manufactured the facilities for shipping it to New York, Boston, the western cities and Canada, are unrivalled, and consequently it can be sold much more reasonably that if such advantages did not exist.

Albany may well feel proud of her enterprising citizens, and especially of such men as was the late John Taylor, who, by the erection and working of his immense brewery and malt-houses, gave employment to a large number of mechanics and other laborers, and indirectly added largely to the value of the agricultural portion of the State. He is worthily succeeded by his two surviving sons, Joseph B. and William H. Taylor, the former of whom attends to the sale of the ale in the cities of New York and Boston, and the latter to the manufacturing of it at Albany.

No establishment in this country is more perfectly adapted for the purpose intended than the brewery of John Taylor's Sons, at Albany. No necessary expense was spared in its erection. Its machinery is all of the most approved description, and every department throughout the vast establishment is conducted with an especial view to producing not only the best ale brewed in this country, but also with a regard to rigid cleanliness, purity of materials, and economy both of labor and time.

It is now over forty years—in 1822—since the late senior partner commenced the business of brewing. For a number of years he conducted it on a comparatively small scale, but ever with an eye to enlarging it, and making his the model establishment in the country. To this end he closely studied through books the art and history of brewing, in all its rami-

fications, from the earliest times to the present day, and increased the knowledge thus obtained by practical experiments. Mr. Taylor has been called a self-made man; and, if much careful reading, earnest thought, keen observation and a retentive memory, have anything to do with the making of such a man, he was essentially one. He used to say that he never spent an hour in a person's company without learning something from him, and we doubt not but that it was so. When, therefore, we consider all these things, and in this connection remember that he was industrious, honest, persevering and energetic, and rejected from his dictionary such words as "can't" and "fail," we need not be surprised to learn that he attained remarkable success in business, won honors in civil life, and, dying full of years, left a good name behind him.

John Taylor lived long enough, however, to fulfil one of the great objects of his life, and for ten years to enjoy his success. The model brewery, which it had been his ambition to erect and successfully sustain, was built by him in 1851 and '52, and up to the time of his death, in 1863, was under his especial supervision. Before, however, proceeding to describe this extensive establishment, we would state that, in 1860, Mr. Taylor, accompanied by his son Joseph, visited Europe for the purpose of recreation—combined, as we may truly presume, with a desire to inform himself concerning the business of brewing in that country. A man gifted, as he was, with large perceptive faculties, could not pass through the great breweries of Great Britain without adding to his store of information, and learning many things which could be advantageously adapted to his business. Many of

these breweries he examined with close attention, and whatever was novel, either in the machinery or manner of operation, was carefully studied and noted down. In some instances he made elaborate drawings of such portions of the works as he deemed it desirable to imitate, and often under circumstances unfavorable to such labor. After duly considering and comparing the various advantages accruing to the breweries from their mechanical or other improvements, he decided to select the Lion Brewery, of London, with such additions and improvements as his own observation and judgment would enable him to graft upon it, as the model from which to erect, on his return to Albany, a brewery, which would favorably compare with those of the old world, and far excel any which, up to that period, had been erected in this country.

In May, 1851, the corner stone of the present brewery at Albany was laid, and during the following year the first barrel of ale was turned out from it; since then more than two millions of barrels have been brewed. The building is located on the square bounded by Broadway, Ferry and Arch Streets, and the Hudson River. It is six stories in height, eighty by two hundred feet in dimensions, and the nucleus about which other buildings, nearly covering the two adjoining blocks, north and south, and occupied by the firm in their business, are clustered. The capital invested amounts to over a million of dollars. The plot of ground on which these buildings are erected was formerly covered by the waters of the Hudson, but, through the skill and energy of man, was reclaimed from its sovereignty. To secure the buildings to be erected upon this site a firm and solid founda-

tion, several hundred spiles were driven into it, and the corner stone, enclosing various United States coins, sundry printed reports and statistics of Albany and its institutions, was placed in position on the fifteenth of May, 1851.

To enable our readers the better to understand the various uses of the different parts of this vast establishment, as we shall describe them, it is necessary briefly to state what articles are employed in the making of ale: these are, first, barley, which contains the saccharine matter and the alcoholic properties of the liquor, and second, hops, to give it the requisite flavor, and also assist in preserving it. Before commencing the process of brewing it is necessary to convert the barley into malt. This is effected in from fifteen to twenty days, by three distinct processes. The barley is first steeped in huge wooden cisterns for about forty-eight hours, to macerate; it is then spread upon the floor, in beds four to six inches in depth, to germinate. While undergoing this process, which lasts from five to seven days, it is technically termed *couch*. At the end of the germinating season the *couch* is removed to the proper kilns and thoroughly dried; by this last process it is converted into malt.

Several interesting chemical changes take place during the process of malting. In all grains is found a large proportion of a substance termed by chemists *fecula*, but which is commonly known as starch. At the time when the grain begins to germinate there is formed a peculiar azolized substance, called by a Greek word, *diastase*, meaning to separate. This *diastase* possesses the somewhat curious property of converting the starch into a fermentable sugar, though the process is not immediate, for the starch first becomes a mucila-

ginous substance, easily dissolved in water, termed *dextrine*, naturally unfermentable, and requiring the action of *diastase* to convert it into starch-sugar before it is fermentable. Therefore, in the process of malting, the grain is permitted to germinate until a large supply of *diastase* is produced, when the vitality is destroyed by subjecting it to a great heat. Another important service is also obtained by the high temperature, which is that of depriving the saccharine starch of its gelatinous character, and greatly facilitating the action of the hot water in the process of mashing — one of the earliest and most important in that of brewing.

The process of brewing requires seven distinct processes, namely, grinding the malt, mashing or infusing with hot water, boiling the wort with the hops, straining, cooling, fermenting with the addition of yeast, and clearing. The malt is first ground or crushed into a coarse powder, in a powerful mill; it is then conveyed to the mash-tun. This is a large circular tub, with a double bottom, of which the upper one is false, being pierced with numerous holes. Between these bottoms is a space of about three inches, into which the stop-cocks enter, for letting in the water and drawing off the wort. Within the tun is an apparatus by which the crushed grain and water are kept in agitation through a rotary movement. After the proper quantity of malt is supplied, water, the temperature of which is about one hundred and sixty degrees, is let into the space between the two bottoms, and passing through the small holes in the upper one, mixes with the malt. After it is agitated so as to completely dissolve the sugar, and allow the *diastase* to react upon the starch, the whole is allowed to stand covered for about two hours, when the clear infusion of sweet wort,

as it is now called, is drawn off into a vessel designated the underback, placed on a lower level than the mash-tub, and where the master brewer, aided by a hydrometer, regulates its strength to the proper quality. The wort, properly graduated, is then pumped into the copper, for boiling. This is a close vessel, with a loaded valve at the top, to allow the steam, at about two hundred and fifteen degrees, to escape.

As soon as the wort is introduced into the copper, with a proper proportion of hops, the two are boiled together until the mixture becomes clear — a process which generally requires about three hours to perfect. To prevent the hops from settling at the bottom and burning, it is necessary to keep them well agitated; for this purpose a vertical rod passes into the copper, through a stuffing-box at the top, which rod terminates in a horizontal bar, carrying an extended chain, called a *rouser*, and both are kept in motion by being connected with the moving machinery of the brewery. The quantity of hops used varies with the quality of the beer, the season, the time of keeping, temperature, climate, etc.

After the boiling is completed the contents of the coppers are let down into the hop-back. This is a cistern, with a metal bottom, full of small holes, which acts as a strainer, and separates the refuse hops from the wort. Then the liquor is rapidly pumped from the hop-back into the coolers — large, shallow vessels, covering the whole of one of the upper floors of the brewery. In this story, instead of window-glass, large blinds are used in the openings, for light and air, thereby preserving a free circulation of air, no matter from which quarter of the compass the wind blows. The beer is let into the coolers to the depth of about

two inches. To prevent acidification or foxing, the cooling must be effected as rapidly as possible, and for this purpose large horizontal fans, moving swiftly around, are employed to create a draught over the surface of the liquid. At other times the worts are passed through refrigerators and cooled with ice and by other artificial means.

The worts, on being cooled to about sixty degrees, are discharged into the gyle, or fermenting tuns. These are large, circular vats or tubs, bound with strong iron hoops, and covered in all their parts, except that each has an opening through which the process of fermentation may be inspected and the tuns cleaned. Into these tuns, containing the worts, the requisite quantity of yeast is added, and the fermentation commences, during which process a portion of the sugar in the wort is converted into alcohol. When the active fermentation is over, the head formed on the liquor in the tun would, if left to itself, subside; the effervescence would entirely cease; the liquor would became transparent; but, after a short time, a new class of changes would take place—the aceteous fermentation would commence, and the entire contents of the vat would be converted into vinegar. To prevent so deplorable a result, and at the same time to retain the alcohol, the aroma and bitterness of the hop, and the carbonic acid in solution, and to cleanse the ale of the minute particles of yeast which are floating through it, and render it thick and muddy, it is racked off into vessels for cleansing and refining. Much of the quality of the ale depends upon the success of these operations, and by the aid of the pontoons every desirable effect is attained. The beer is racked from the gyle-tuns into large parachute tubs, situated in the

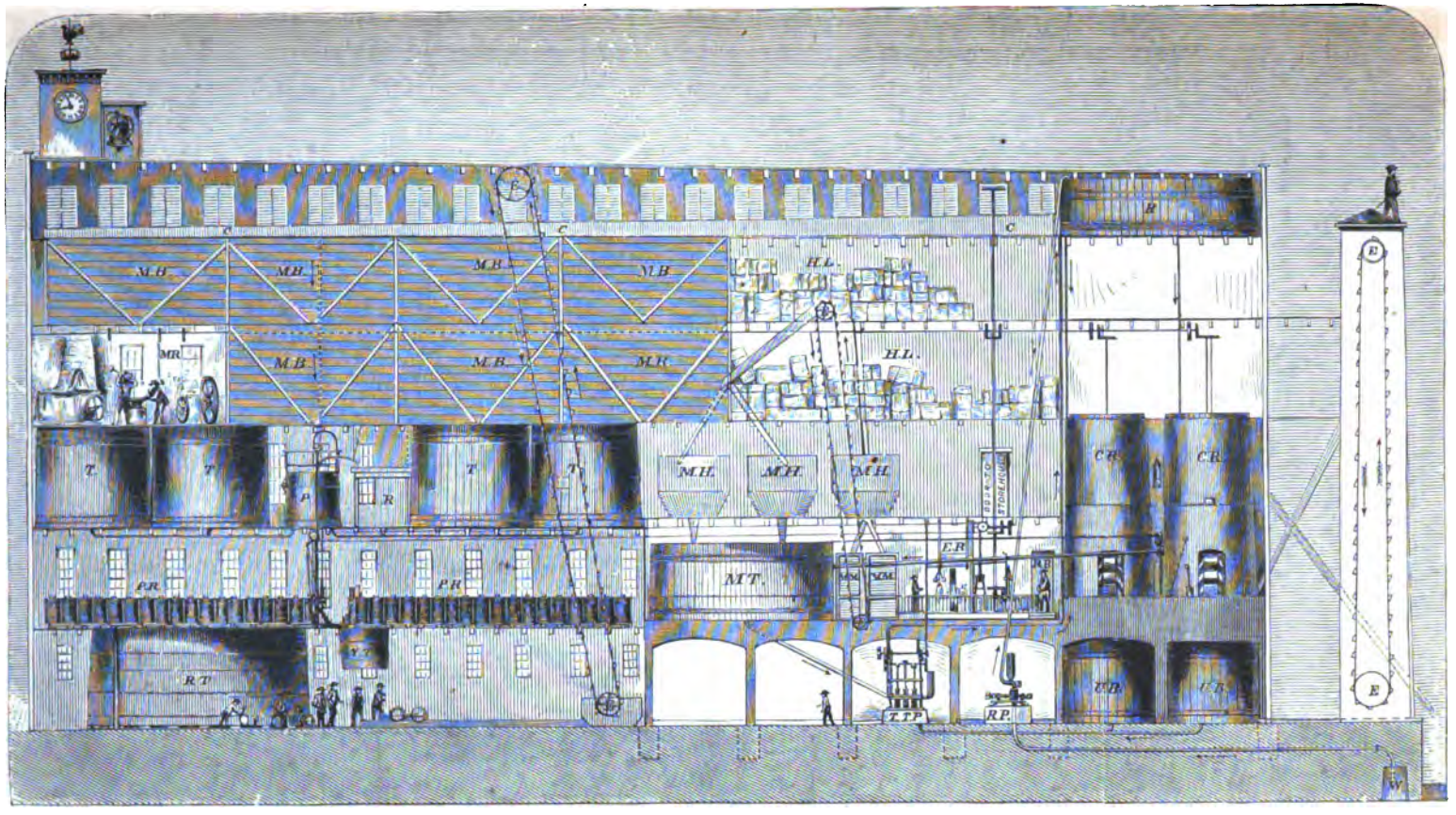
third story, and passes from them into the pontoons, in the story immediately below; floats are so arranged to open and close the valves that the liquor in the pontoons is always at the same height, independent of the flow of yeast in the receiving troughs. This purifying and cleansing is the final process of brewing, and, after it is completed, the ale is pumped from the pontoons to the storing vats, or into casks, ready for market. It is now tightly bunged down, so that the carbonic acid gas, which is still generated in small quantities, may be retained in the beverage, and impart to it that sparkle, sharpness and foaming head which are so greatly desired.

Having thus briefly sketched the process of brewing through its different stages, from the bringing of the barley into the malt-house until the ale itself is prepared and ready for market, we will now proceed to describe the buildings, with their various appurtenances, in which these celebrated ales are manufactured, and which, wherever lovers of ale are found throughout the land, have a reputation unsurpassed by any other brewage.

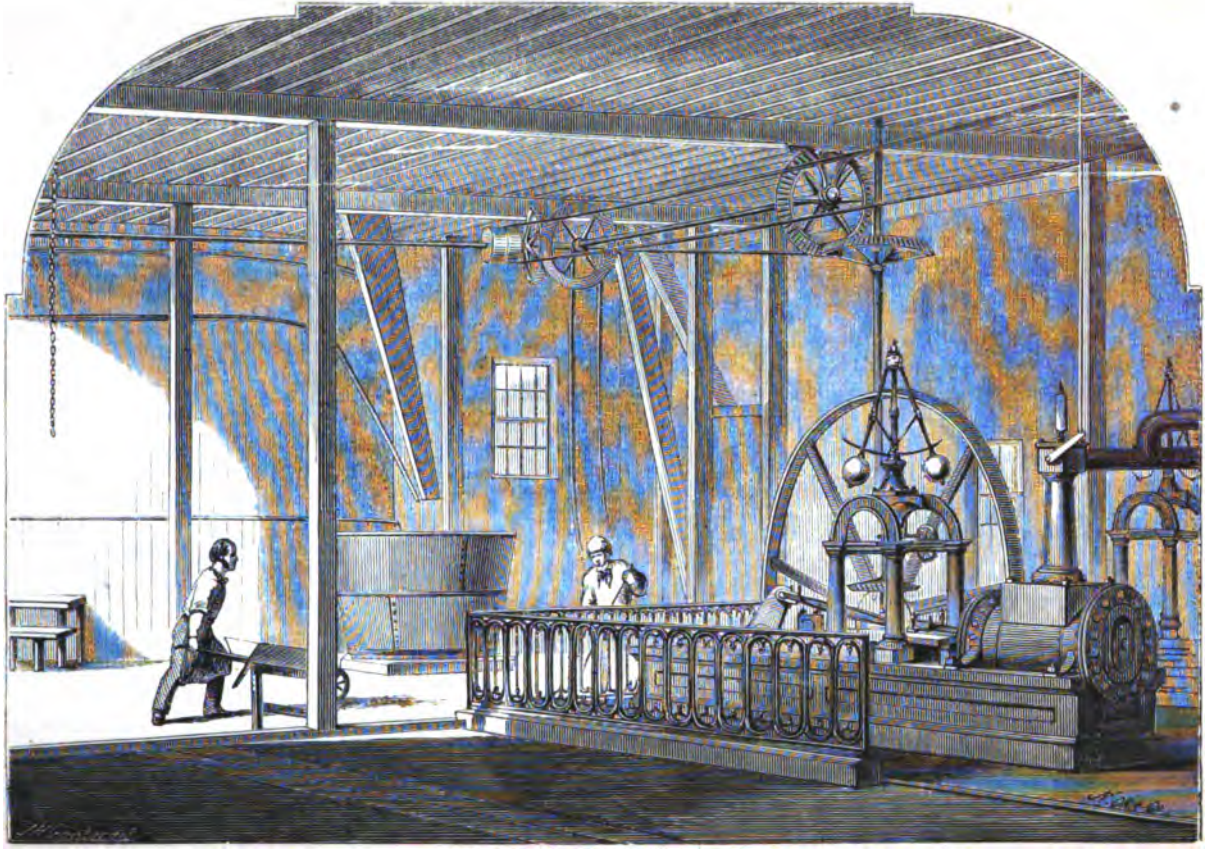
The accompanying sectional view of the brewery will convey a good idea to the reader of its internal arrangement.

GRANARIES AND MALT HOUSES.

On the river front, connected with the main building, is a fire proof brick building, seven stories high, and seventy by forty feet in dimensions, which is used in storing the grain from which the malt is made. The majority of brewers throughout the country purchase their supplies of malt from those who manufacture it, as it requires a large capital to



SECTIONAL VIEW OF BREWERY.



THE ENGINE AND MASH ROOM.

carry on both the malting and brewing business. Mr. Taylor, Senior, early saw the advantage to be gained, however, by combining the two branches, which would enable him to select the finest barley in the market, and personally superintend its malting. He would be certain then of obtaining the best quality of malt, and, as a consequence, his ale would be proportionately excellent. Fully realizing the benefits which would accrue from such a combination of forces, he erected not only the above mentioned store house, which will hold two hundred and fifty thousand bushels of grain, and whose elevators are capable of conveying the same from boats lying at the wharf in front of the building to the bins on the top floor of the brewery, at the rate of one thousand bushels per hour, but also three large malt houses, respectively two hundred and twenty, two hundred and ten, and one hundred and ninety feet in length, by sixty feet in width, and from three to five stories in height. Two of these malt houses have double, and the other treble floors, and the three together have the capacity to malt two hundred and fifty thousand bushels of barley per annum.

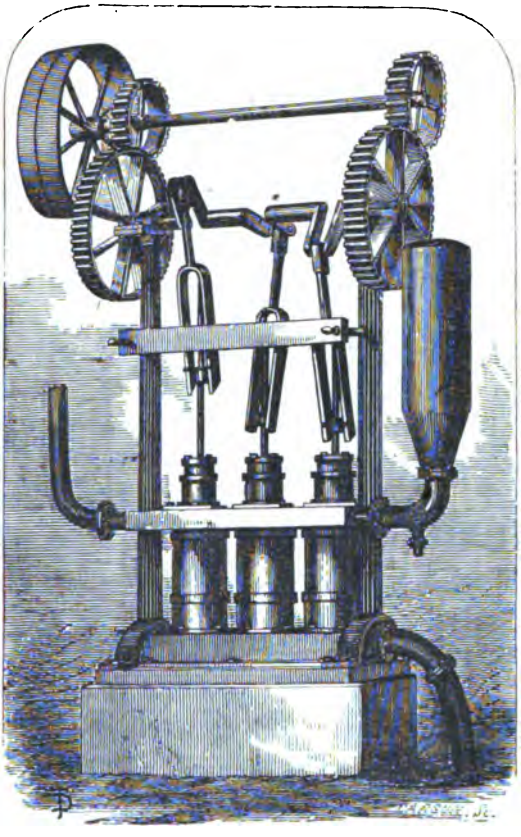
ENGINE AND MASH ROOM.

In so vast an establishment as this, only steam could be successfully used as the motive power; hence we find in the engine room two double geared steam engines, of fifty horse power, constantly at work, running seven hundred feet of shafting, ramifying throughout the building, and successfully employed in pumping, hoisting and grinding—in driving various sets of machinery, elevators and conveyers, and, in short, doing the greater part of the work which in

other establishments is generally performed by hand labor. Everything connected with these engines moves under the supervision of an efficient engineer, with the regularity of clock work, and the polished steel, the glistening brasses, and general neatness displayed, are evidences of the care bestowed upon them. In the same room, but divided from the engine works by an iron railing, are the mash tubs — enormous wooden cisterns, reaching from floor to ceiling — in which can daily be infused fifteen hundred bushels of malt. Each tub has a double bottom, the upper being a false one, pierced with numerous holes. The malt being ground or crushed, is first placed in the tub, and water heated to the proper degree is let in between the two bottoms, and gradually works its way through the entire mass of crushed malt.

THE FERMENTING TUNS.

There are four of these immense circular vats, each of a thousand barrels capacity, bound with strong iron hoops, and closed tightly from the air, though each has a door which may be opened to inspect the progress of fermentation; but woe betide the unlucky wight who carelessly puts his head into the opening while the process of fermentation is going on, for the carbonic acid gas which rises from it is of the most potent searching quality, and if inhaled into the lungs will deprive him of consciousness. From these vats the liquor passes into large parachute tubs in the story below, thence into the pontoons on the next floor, and from these, thoroughly cleansed from all impurities, is pumped into the storing vats, or into casks, ready for market.



THE PUMP.

THE BREWING COPPERS AND PUMP.

There are two brewing coppers for boiling down the wort and hops; the larger one holds one thousand and the smaller six hundred barrels. By the aid of a three-throw gun metal pump the wort is discharged from the coppers to the coolers, at the rate of two hundred barrels per hour. This pump, which is one of the finest pieces of workmanship of the kind in the country, was constructed from drawings made by Mr. Taylor, Sen., and is of admirable design and finish.

THE WATER TANK.

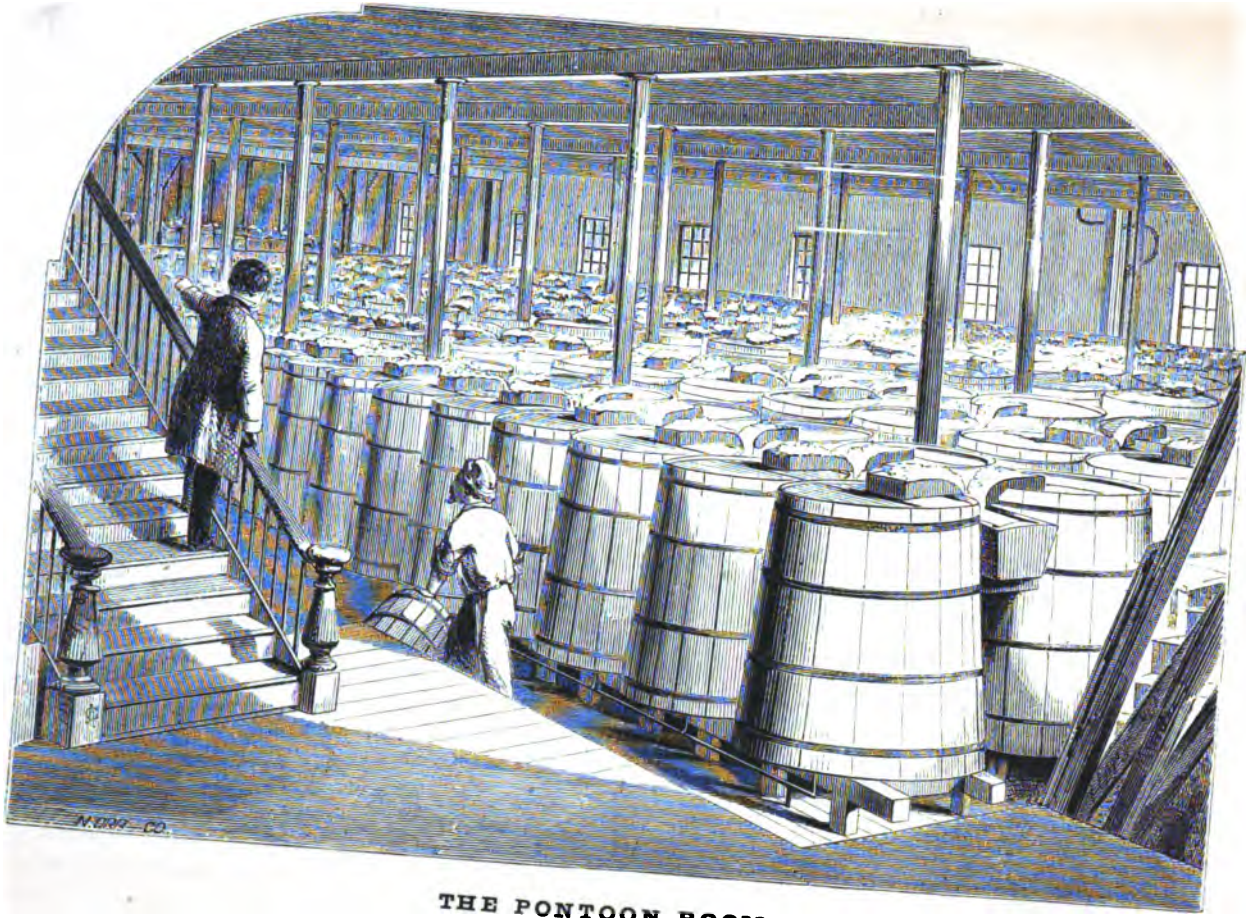
In the sixth story of the building a wrought-iron water tank, of one thousand barrels capacity, is situated. By aid of one of Holly's patent rotary pumps, which forces the water from the river, one hundred feet below, this tank is filled in two and a half hours. This water being taken from below the surface, is clear, cold, and free from all impurities.

THE PONTOON ROOM.

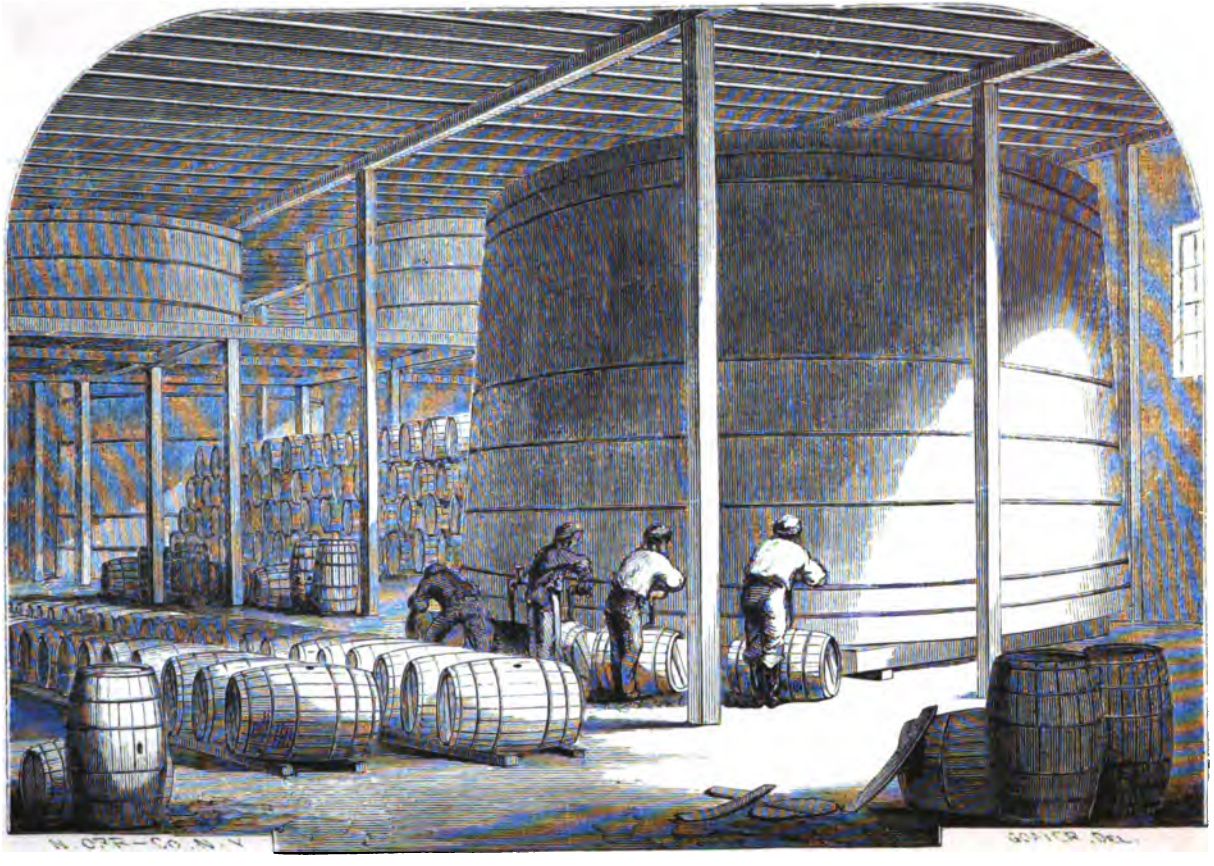
Perhaps the most remarkable feature of Taylor's Brewery is to be found in the pontoon room. Standing on an elevated platform at one end of the vast apartment, the eye of the spectator passes over three hundred and sixty-five white cedar vessels or pontoons, capable of holding twenty-six hundred barrels, placed in regular order, and divided into five sets. Between them wooden troughs are arranged, which carry off the yeast as it purges from the new-made ale contained in them, undergoing the process of cleansing. From each pontoon the creamy yeast, crowned with foam, reminding one of white capped billows, slowly pours itself into the receiving troughs. Heretofore this refining process was effected solely by hand—a slovenly and dirty process—which, until this pontoon apparatus was introduced by Mr. Taylor, in his present brewery, was the only one employed in this country. Even now the expense necessary for making the change deters many breweries from adopting the new and more perfect and cleaner process.

THE COOLING ROOM.

As one steps into the cooling room he can readily imagine himself standing at the edge of the Stygian



THE PONTOON ROOM.



THE RACKING CELLAR.

Lake, so dark and still and seemingly deep is the liquid before him. Not one, however, but a dozen lakes meet his gaze, and he wonders whether a dozen Charons will not come forward to ferry him across to the other side. These coolers contain the liquor, which, after having been boiled in the coppers, is let down into the hop-back, and from thence pumped rapidly into these vessels to cool. The coolers are large though shallow, and capable of containing five hundred barrels of ale. They cover the whole of one of the upper floors of the brewery. This apartment is surrounded, not by windows of glass, but by large blinds formed of wooden slats, which, when turned, allow a free circulation of light and air. The liquor in the coolers is about two inches in depth, and as it must be rapidly cooled to prevent "foxing," large horizontal fans are kept, by the aid of machinery, moving rapidly around, to create a powerful draught over the surface.

THE RACKING CELLAR.

In addition to the above described rooms, containing two storing vats of six hundred barrels capacity each, is the racking cellar and the racking tub, which holds one thousand barrels, and from which the casks are, by the aid of pipes and hose, filled with the new-made ale, and then tightly bunged, to prevent the carbonic acid, which is still generated in small quantities, and imparts to the liquor that pleasant sharpness and sparkling head of foam, without which it would be flat and stale, from escaping. In this cellar, too, ten thousand casks can be stored while awaiting shipment.

THE COOPERING DEPARTMENT.

On Broadway, between Ferry street and the main building, is a two-story edifice, two hundred by fifty

feet, the rear portion of which is chiefly used for coopering, cleansing and steaming casks and barrels. The apparatus for steaming, which was imported from Europe, is one of the most perfect and effective works of the kind in this country. The steam is driven through the staves of the barrels, placed in order to receive it, in an incredible short space of time, thoroughly cleansing them from all mould or other impurities.

THE COUNTING HOUSE.

The lower story of the front building is occupied by the Counting House and private offices of the firm. These are fitted up in a plain, substantial manner, and are well adapted to their several uses.

ADDITIONAL MACHINERY, ETC.

In addition to the various mechanical apparatus and appliances employed in the brewing of Taylor's ale, there are also two mills for crushing malt, a wort-back, a hop-back, a spent hop-bin, an ashery, a machine-room, with turning lathes, circular saws and planing machine, iron forges, malt screens, thirteen drying kilns, and over two miles of pipe, leaders and hosing.

FACILITIES FOR CLEANSING PURPOSES, ETC.

Although the finest qualities of hops and malt may be used in brewing ale, yet, unless the vessels employed in its manufacture be perfectly clean and pure, the ale made cannot be of the best kind. The least acid, must or mould, in any of the apparatus used, would give the ale which might come in contact with it at least an unpleasant flavor, and in some cases utterly spoil it for the market. Cleanliness in the

manufacture of ale was always regarded by Mr. Taylor as of preëminent importance, and therefore it is that in his brewery not a pipe, tun, cask or vessel of any kind employed, but that is regularly purified with hot or cold water every time it is used. To this care we may ascribe the superiority of the Taylor ale to that of all others.

THE CLOCK.

On the Broadway front of the brewery is a tower, the top of which is one hundred and thirty feet above the street, and from which an extensive view of the city and surrounding country can be obtained. In this tower is an expensive clock, with glass dials six feet in diameter. At the time of the Crystal Palace Fair in New York it occupied a prominent place in the main aisle, and its makers were awarded the highest premium for its superiority to other clocks exhibited. The bell, too, is a very fine one, and is rung regularly at the hours for commencing and quitting work.

DEPOTS OF NEW YORK AND BOSTON.

Since the death of Mr. Taylor, Sr., the name of the firm has been changed to JOHN TAYLOR'S SONS, the two surviving sons, Joseph B. and William H. Taylor being the representatives. Since the death of Edmund B., a brother, the Boston depot, at 117 Commercial street, as well as the New York depot, corner of Jay and Greenwich streets, have been under the charge of Joseph, who, however, makes his permanent residence in the latter city, while William has charge of the Brewery.

THE NEW YORK DEPOT,

Corner of Greenwich, Jay and Washington streets.

A brief description of the New York Depot, for the storage and sale of Taylors' ales, may not be uninteresting, as the reader, after perusing the following account, will acknowledge:

The growing demand for, and the increasing celebrity of Taylors' ale, in the city of New York, even as far back as 1822, rendered the establishment of an agency in the great metropolis an imperative necessity; hence, during the said year, the first depot was opened at No. 113 Warren street, where, for a long time thereafter, the business was successfully transacted. At length, however, the trade increased to such an extent that the firm was forced to secure other accommodations, which it did by erecting and occupying a new storehouse and offices at No. 356 Greenwich street. This edifice was large and commodious, possessing all of the modern improvements, and was, at the time, supposed to be ample enough for all emergencies.

At this period Mr. Taylor's son, John Richmond, was acting as agent in New York, of which department he took charge in September, 1841, occupying that position until 1844, when, with his brother Joseph B., he was admitted to a partnership in the house, under the firm of John Taylor & Sons. John Richmond died in 1853.

Time, however, rolled along, and the prosperity of the concern increased with each succeeding year, until again it became apparent that the accommodations were inadequate to the immense and increased business, and the firm was once more compelled to extend its facilities.

THE NEW YORK DEPOT, Corner of Greenwich and Jay Streets.

The members of the firm of John Taylor & Sons now resolved to erect a building which, as regarded size, beauty, strength and adaptability, would surpass all their previous establishments, and place them in possession of one of the finest depots in the land, constructed upon scientific principles, and containing vaults for the storage of ale unexcelled in this or any other country. Accordingly the services of an able architect were secured, the design made and accepted, and the work so far advanced that on the first day of June, 1862, the corner stone was laid in the presence of a large concourse of persons.

In passing, it may be worthy of note to recall for a moment the particulars of this event. On this occasion the senior of the firm, John Taylor, and the three partners, his sons, Joseph B., Edmund B. and William H., took part with appropriate ceremonies; the father initiating the proceedings with a brief though truthful account of the manufacture of the Taylor ale, from its earliest introduction to the public, and each of the sons following him with apposite and suggestive remarks. These proceedings took place after the leaden box, containing much of interest to posterity, had been deposited under the corner stone, which was laid by the several members of the firm, who each assisted in spreading the cement, and severally tapped the stone three times with the setting trowel, when the ceremonies were ended. The assembly then, by invitation, adjourned to the depot, to partake of the hospitality offered them, and in which the builders, architect and invited guests participated, with a degree of satisfaction seldom witnessed.

The architect of this structure was Walter Dickson, of Albany, N. Y.; the builders were Wm. C. Miller,

carpenter and joiner, and Frank Eidlitz, mason; to each of whom, and their assistants, great credit is due for the excellence exhibited by them in their mechanical skill and truthful execution of the design of the architect.

This building is located on the north side of Jay street, and extends from Greenwich to Washington streets. It occupies the site of the once palatial residence of the late Philip R. Paulding, formerly Mayor of the city, and is looked upon and copied as a model of elegant simplicity and appropriateness. It is six stories in height, including a cellar. It is built in the most substantial manner of iron, Nova Scotia freestone, and Philadelphia pressed brick. It contains no interior columns, but is sustained by iron beams and rafters. There are two steam hoisting machines, working upon an improved principle, which perform all the necessary hoisting in the establishment. The building is heated by steam, the pipes conveying which extend through the entire edifice. While the building is in every particular of a faultless character, the attention of all who examine it is directed to the superiority, over all others in this country, of the ale vaults and cellars which underlie it. The walls, floors and ceiling of these immense vaults are composed entirely of granite and iron. The stones forming the roof are the sidewalks of the street above, and each one is sixteen by twenty feet square, and one foot in thickness, of Quincy granite, and weighing not less than twenty tons apiece. They are supported by iron girders, and the walk, as regards the size of the stone and construction, is probably the finest in this country.

The machinery in the cellars, for hoisting, removing and piling the thousands of barrels from time to time

THE DEPOT IN BOSTON, Corner of Commercial and Richmond Streets.

stored in them, is of the most perfect description. The ventilation is thorough and complete, and the barometer is kept at an unvarying temperature, based on scientific principles, and adapted to the necessary requirements of the famous ale. The even temperature to which Taylors' ales are subjected is one reason why they are superior to those of many manufacturers, and which have given them such a world famous reputation.

As fast as the empty casks accumulate they are shipped, by barges belonging to the firm, to their manufactory at Albany, where they are examined, repaired, steamed, cleansed, refilled, and reshipped to New York, and again stored in the vaults, from whence they once more find their way to the remotest, as well as the intervening portions of our commercial country.

It is well to bear in mind that both Boston and Albany are, also, great depots for Taylors' ales, from which places thousands of barrels are yearly distributed far and wide.

THE BOSTON DEPOT.

The establishment in Boston was founded in 1851, and, after many changes similar to the one undergone in New York, was located permanently in the six story granite block, corner of Commercial and Richmond streets. The Boston depot supplies the entire eastern, the New York one the southern, and the Albany one the western markets. With the facilities at their command for supplying these three portions of the Union, it is not to be wondered at that Taylors' brewage has obtained a reputation superior to any in the country: and, wherever good ales are drunk, there you may be certain to find those of Taylor's Sons. In short,

the house is the great Brewery of the land, and its members proverbial for their well known liberality, honesty, business ability and independence of character.

THE LIBRARY.

Above the counting house is the library, a fire-proof apartment, fifty feet square, containing over ten thousand volumes, the larger part of which are rare and valuable works, collected through many years, and at great expense, by the late head of the firm. They comprise works on scientific subjects, practical sciences and fine arts, history, biography, travel, poetry and general literature. Among them are the Musée Français, Hogarth's works (folio edition), complete sets of the English quarterlies, and other choice productions. Not a few of the highly prized works in this collection were purchased by Mr. Taylor at the sale of the library of De Witt Clinton. In this apartment, devoted to intellectual treasures, within sound of the whir of machinery, and at times "fragrant of hops and malt new made," as our poet has it, that kind, genial old man, John Taylor, used to pass many of his leisure hours, carefully storing his mind with useful knowledge, and making himself thoroughly acquainted with the literature of the past and the present. The picture which presents itself to our mind of that good old man, seated, in his declining years, amidst his treasured volumes, striving—and not in vain — to improve his mind by a course of study, such as in his earlier years was denied him, but which, as winter after winter went by, whitening his head, and bringing wrinkles upon his brow, he more and more saw the need and benefit of, is a most rare and beautiful one, and, as an example to the rising generation, is worthy of being closely followed.

Knowledge, Mr. Taylor found, was power, and he resolved to obtain it. That he succeeded, those who can recall his success in life—in his business connections and in his exercise of civil rights — will freely acknowledge.

The history of the establishment and successful operation of so large and fine a Brewery as we have herein described, produced, too, under the auspices of a single individual, and owing its reputation almost solely to his energy, perseverance and untiring industry, cannot be considered complete, if the writer should fail to give, in a brief summary, the sketch of his life, and allude to the testimonials of respect which the sad occasion of his death called forth. A writer in the *Home Journal*, who knew him well, writes this touching tribute to his memory:

JOHN TAYLOR, OF ALBANY.

"In the death of this 'good man' society mourns the loss of one of its most honored members. At the ripe age of seventy-four years, after a life full of eventful interest, rich in acts of benevolent usefulness, highly cherished in public esteem, full of honors and civic trust, on Saturday, August the fifteenth, JOHN TAYLOR passed away from our midst, his life's record being only of good deeds, which keep alive his memory and freshen the recollection of his numerous virtues and spotless traits of character. Born in the County of Durham, England, in 1790, in the first year of his infancy his parents emigrated to this country, and for a few years took up their abode in Brooklyn, when, in 1793, they moved to Albany, New York, where he was reared and educated. At the age of seventeen he begun bu-

siness as a tallow chandler, which he prosecuted for six years, during the time meeting with reverses and discouragements by four different conflagrations. Rallying, however, with that energy which subsequently became so well known as one of his chief characteristics, he overcame misfortunes which would have overwhelmed any ordinary man, and, several years after the war of 1812, embarked in the business of brewing, in which he successfully laid the foundation of that establishment which, for more than forty years, bore his name — lately in connection with his sons — and which has been distinguished as one of the largest, most prosperous and reputable houses in the mercantile community. Several times elected to the office of Mayor of the City of Albany, he was instrumental in effecting many marked improvements to the city, and of discharging the duties of the office to the complete satisfaction of the entire public, irrespective of all political parties, and of being known as one of the most incorruptible magistrates who had ever presided over the councils of that ancient Knickerbocker city. He was also elected presiding officer of the Board of Trade, of the Water Commissioners, and of the St. George's Society, and was the senior warden of the vestry of St. Peter's Church at the time of his death. Few men die more beloved and respected, or who are more worthy of it than he. He was a man who thought humbly of himself and charitably of others. He was benevolent to a fault, and was never known to turn a deaf ear to the slightest charitable appeal. Kind in his feelings and expressions, with tastes of the most primitive simplicity, he was a rare instance of a truly meritorious man who shunned observation and avoided display. With a highly cultivated mind, his

leisure hours were passed in his library, where he had secured one of the largest and most valuable collections of standard literature to be found in the city. Full of years, in the sunset of life he was gathered to his fathers, bequeathing to his children the priceless legacy of a spotless name."

In connection with the above, we transcribe the following elegiac stanzas, written on the occasion of Mr. Taylor's death, which fitly express the regard in which he was held for his noble, honest, and Christianlike character:

IN MEMORIAM.

JOHN TAYLOR.

OBIIT, AUG. 15, MDCCCLXIII.

Æat LXXIV Ans.

"Like some tall oak, which many a year hath stood
The pride and monarch of the leafy wood,
Braving the winter's snow, the summer's rain,
And casting shade and shelter o'er the plain—
Wearing from youth to age a royal crown,
Green in the spring, and in the autumn brown—
'Till, centuries passed, at length it bows its head,
And in a storm falls blasted, powerless, dead;
So he, for whom we, mourning, sadly sing,
Stood 'midst his fellows grandly as a king;
Noble and honest, faithful, true and kind,
He saw their virtues, to their faults was blind;
Gave freely of the goods which Heaven bestowed,
While countless blessings from his bosom flowed.
Honors and riches gathered round his ways,
And Christian glories crowned his latter days.
So, when at last the final storm arose,
And, quitting earth, he passed to heaven's repose,
Of him 'twere truth to speak, though 'neath the sod,
'An honest man's the noblest work of God.'"

R. B. C.

FORDHAM, N. Y., *Sept.* 15, 1866.