CUPS AND THEIR CUSTOMS.

SPRIG OF BORAGE IN [illegible]MP[illegible]
OF THE THIRD OR FOURTH [illegible]URY

London Published by John Van Voorst [illegible]

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Cups and Their Customs.

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Sprig of Borage in Glass Cup,
of the Third or Fourth Century.

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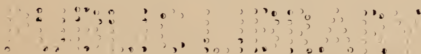
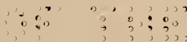
CUPS AND THEIR CUSTOMS.

"Touch brim! touch foot! the wine is red,
And leaps to the lips of the free;
Our wassail true is quickly said,—
Comrade! I drink to thee!

"Touch foot! touch brim! who cares? who cares?
Brothers in sorrow or glee,
Glory or danger each gallantly shares,—
Comrade! I drink to thee!

"Touch brim! touch foot! once again, old friend,
Though the present our last draught be;
We were boys—we are men—we'll be true to the end—
Brother! I drink to thee!"





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PREFACE.

The principal object of these pages is to furnish a collection of recipes for the brewing of compound drinks, technically termed "Cups," all of which have been selected with the most scrupulous attention to the rules of gastronomy, and their virtues tested and approved by repeated trials. These we are inclined to put into type, from a belief that, if they were more generally adopted, it would be the means of getting rid of a great deal of that stereotyped drinking which at present holds sway at the festive boards of England. In doing this, we have endeavoured to simplify the matter as much as possible, adding such hints and remarks as may prove serviceable to the uninitiated, whilst we have discarded a goodly number of modern compounds as unpalatable and unscientific. As, in this age of progress, most things are raised to the position of a science, we see no reason why

Bacchanology (if the term please our readers) should not hold a respectable place, and be entitled to its due *mead* of praise; so, by way of introduction, we have ventured to take a cursory glance at the customs which have been attached to drinking from the earliest periods to the present time. This, however, we set forth as no elaborate history, but only as an arrangement of such scraps as have from time to time fallen in our way, and have helped us to form ideas of the social manners of bygone times.

We have selected a sprig of Borage for our frontispiece, by reason of the usefulness of that pleasant herb in the flavouring of cups. Elsewhere than in England, plants for flavouring are accounted of rare virtue. So much are they esteemed in the East, that an anti-Brahminical writer, showing the worthlessness of Hindu superstitions, says, "They command you to cut down a living and sweet basil-plant, that you may crown a lifeless stone." *Our* use of flavouring-herbs is the reverse of this justly condemned one; for we crop them that hearts may be warmed and life lengthened.

And here we would remark that, although our endeavours are directed towards the resuscitation of better times than those we live in—

times of heartier customs and of more genial ways,—we raise no lamentation for the departure of the golden age, in the spirit of Hoffmann von Fallersleben, who sings—

"Would our bottles but grow deeper,
Did our wine but once get cheaper,
Then on earth there might unfold
The golden times—the age of gold!

"But not for us; we are commanded
To go with temperance even-handed.
The golden age is for the dead:
We 've got the paper age instead!

"For ah! our bottles still decline,
And daily dearer grows our wine,
And flat and void our pockets fall,—
Faith! soon there 'll be no times at all!"

This is rather the cry of those who live that they may drink, than of our wiser selves, who drink that we may live. In truth, we are not dead to the charms of other drinks, in moderation. The apple has had a share of our favour, being recommended to our literary notice by an olden poet:

"Praised and caress'd, the tuneful Phillips sung
Of cyder famed—whence first his laurels sprung;"

and we have looked with a friendly eye upon the wool of a porter-pot, and involuntarily apostrophised it in the words of the old stanza—

"Rise then, my Muse, and to the world proclaim
The mighty charms of porter's potent name,"

without the least jealous feeling being aroused at the employment of a Muse whose labours ought to be secured solely for humanity; but a cup-drink—little and good—will, for its social and moral qualities, ever hold the chief place in our likings.

Lastly, although we know many of our friends to be first-rate judges of pleasant beverages, yet we believe that but few of them are acquainted with their composition or history in times past. Should therefore any hints we may have thrown out assist in adding to the conviviality of the festive board, we feel we shall not have scribbled in vain; and we beg especially to dedicate this bagatelle to all those good souls who have been taught by experience that a firm adhesion to the "pigskin," and a rattling galopade to the music of the twanging horn and the melody of the merry Pack, is the best incentive to the enjoyment of all good things, especially good appetite, good fellowship, and

GOOD HEALTH.

CUPS AND THEIR CUSTOMS.

. . . . . "Then shall our names,
Familiar in their mouths as household words,
Be in their flowing cups freshly remember'd."

As in all countries and in all ages drinking has existed as a necessary institution, so we find it has been invariably accompanied by its peculiar forms and ceremonies; but in endeavouring to trace these, we are at once beset with the difficulty of fixing a starting-point. If we were inclined to treat the subject in a rollicking fashion, we could find a high antiquity ready-made to our hands in the apocryphal doings of mythology, and might quote the nectar of the gods as the first of all potations; for we are told that

"When Mars, the God of War, of Venus first did think,
He laid aside his helm and shield, and mix'd a drop of drink."

But it is our intention, at the risk of being considered pedantic, to discourse on customs more tangible and real. If we are believers in the existence of pre-Adamite man, the records he has left us, in the shape of flint- and stone-implements, are far too difficult of *solution* to

be rendered available for drinking purposes, or to assist us in forming any idea of his inner life; we must therefore commence our history at the time

> ......"when God made choice to rear
> His mighty champion, strong above compare,
> Whose drink was only from the limpid brook."

Nor need we pause to dilate on the quality of this primæval draught; for "Adam's ale" has always been an accepted world-wide beverage, even before drinking-fountains were invented, and will continue till the end of time to form the foundation of every other drinkable compound. Neither was it necessary for the historian to inform us of the vessel from which our grand progenitor quaffed his limpid potion, since our common sense would tell us that the hollowed palm of his hand would serve as the readiest and most probable means. To trace the origin of drinking-vessels, and apply it to our modern word "cup," we must introduce a singular historical fact, which, though leading us to it by rather a circuitous route, it would not be proper to omit. We must go back to a high antiquity, if we would seek the derivation of the word, inasmuch as its Celtic root is nearly in a mythologic age, so far as the written history of the Celts is concerned,—though the barbarous custom from which the signification of our cups or goblets is taken (that of drinking mead from the skull of a slain enemy) is proved by chronicles to have been in use up to the eleventh century. From this, a cup or goblet for containing liquor was called the *Skull* or *Skoll,* a root-word nearly retained in the Icelandic *Skal,*

Skaal, and *Skyllde*, the German *Schale*, the Danish *Skaal*, and, coming to our own shores, in the Cornish *Skala*. So ale-goblets in Celtic were termed *Kalt-skaal*; and, though applied in other ways, the word lingers in the Highland Scotch as *Skiel* (a tub), and in the Orkneys the same word does duty for a flagon. From this root, though more immediately derived from *Scutella*, a concave vessel, through the Italian *Scodella* and the French *Ecuelle* (a porringer), we have the homestead word Skillet still used in England. There is no lack, in old chronicles, of examples illustrative of that most barbarous practice of converting the skull of an enemy into a drinking-cup. Warnefrid, in his work 'De Gestis Longobard.,' says, "Albin slew Cuminum, and having carried away his head, converted it into a drinking-vessel, which kind of cup with us is called Schala." The same thing is said of the Boii by Livy, of the Scythians by Herodotus, of the Scordisci by Rufus Festus, of the Gauls by Diodorus Siculus, and of the Celts by Silius Italicus. Hence it is that Ragnar Lodbrog, in his death-song, consoles himself with the reflection, "I shall soon drink beer from hollow cups made of skulls"

In more modern times, the middle ages for example, we find historic illustration of a new use of the word, where *Skoll* was applied in another though allied sense. Thus it is said of one of the leaders in the Gowryan conspiracy "that he did drink his *skoll* to my Lord Duke," meaning that the health of that nobleman was pledged; and again, at a festive table, we read that the

scoll passed about; and, as a still better illustration, Calderwood says that drinking the king's *skole* meant the drinking of his cup in honour of him, which, he adds, should always be drank standing. In more modern times, however, drinking-cups have been formed of various materials, all of which have, at least in regard to idea, a preferable and more humane foundation than the one from which we derive the term. Thus, for many centuries past, gold and silver vessels of every form and pattern have been introduced, either with or without lids, and with or without handles. In the last century it was very fashionable to convert the egg of the ostrich or the polished shell of the cocoa-nut, set in silver, into drinking-vessels.

Various tankards were in use, among which we may mention the Peg-tankard and the Whistle-tankard, the latter of which was constructed with a whistle, attached to the brim, which could be sounded when the cup required replenishing (from which, in all probability, originated the saying, "If you want more, you must whistle for it"); or, in more rare instances, the whistle was so ingeniously contrived at the bottom of the vessel that it would sound its own note when the tankard was empty. The Peg-tankard was an ordinary-shaped mug, having in the inside a row of eight pins, one above another, from top to bottom: this tankard held two quarts, so that there was a gill of ale, *i. e.* half a pint, Winchester measure, between each pin. The first person who drank was to empty the tankard to the first peg or pin, the second was to empty to the next

pin, and so on; the pins were therefore so many measures to the compotators, making them all drink alike, or the same quantity; and as the space between each pin was such as to contain a large draught of liquor, the company would be very liable by this method to get drunk, especially when, if they drank short of the pin, or beyond it, they were obliged to drink again. For this reason, in Archbishop Anselm's Canons, made in the Council at London in 1102, priests are enjoined not to go to drinking-bouts, nor to drink to pegs. This shows the antiquity of the invention, which, at least, is as old as the Conquest. There is a cup now in the possession of Henry Howard, Esq., of Corby Castle, which is said to have belonged to Thomas à Becket. It is made of ivory set in gold, with an inscription round the edge of it, "Drink thy wine with joy;" and on the lid is engraved the words "Sobrii estote," with the initials T. B. interlaced with a mitre, from which circumstance it is attributed to Thomas à Becket; but in reality the cup is a work of the 16th century.

Among other drinking-vessels, we may also mention a curious cup possessed by the Vintners' Company, representing a milk-maid carrying a pail on her head. This pail is arranged to act on a swivel; and so ingeniously is it contrived, that those of the uninitiated who are invited to partake of it invariably receive its contents upon their bosom. In the latter half of the last century, beer was usually carried from the cellar to the table in large tankards made of leather, called Blackjacks, some of which are still to be found, as also smaller ones more refined in

their workmanship, and having either an entire lining of silver, or a rim of silver to drink from, on which it was customary to inscribe the name of the owner, together with his trade or occupation. At the end of the last century, also, glasses were manufactured of a taper form, like a tall champagne-glass, but not less than between two and three feet in height, from which it was considered a great feat to drain the contents, generally consisting of strong ale, without removing the glass from the lips, and without spilling any of the liquor,—a somewhat difficult task towards the conclusion, on account of the distance the liquid had to pass along the glass before reaching its receptacle.

The earliest record we have of wine is in the Book of Genesis, where we are told, "Noah began to be an husbandman, and he planted a vineyard," from which it is evident he knew the use that might be made of the fruit by pressing the juice from it and preserving it: he was, however, deceived in its strength by its sweetness; for, we are told, "he drank of the wine, and was drunken." When the offspring of Noah dispersed into the different countries of the world, they carried the vine with them, and taught the use which might be made of it. Asia was the first country to which the gift was imparted; and from thence it quickly spread to Europe and Africa, as we learn from the Iliad of Homer; from which book we also learn that, at the time of the Trojan war, part of the commerce consisted in the freight of wines. In order to arrive at customs and historical evidence less remote, we must take refuge, as historians have done

before us, in the inner life of the two great empires of Greece and Rome, among whom we find the ceremonies attached to drinking were by no means sparse; and as the Romans copied most of their social manners from the Greeks, the formalities observed among the two nations in drinking differ but little. In public assemblies the wine-cup was never raised to the lips without previously invoking a blessing from a supposed good deity, from which custom it is probable that the grace-cup of later days took its origin; and at the conclusion of their feast, a cup was quaffed to their good genius, termed "poculum boni Dei," which corresponds in the present day with the "coup d'étrier" of the French, the "dock un dorish" of the Highland Scotch, and the "parting-pot" of our own country. The Romans also frequently drank the healths of their Emperors; and among other toasts they seldom forgot "absent friends," though we have no record of their drinking to "all friends round St. Peter's." It was customary at their entertainments to elect, by throwing the dice, a person termed "arbiter bibendi," to act much in the same way as our modern toast-master, his business being to lay down to the company the rules to be observed in drinking, with the power to punish such as did not conform to them. The gods having been propitiated, the master of the feast drank his first cup to the most distinguished guest, and then handed a full cup to him, in which he acknowledged the compliment; the cup was then passed round by the company, invariably from left to right, and always presented with the right hand: on

some occasions each person had his own cup, which a servant replenished as soon as it was emptied, as described in the feast of Homer's heroes. The vessels from which they drank were generally made of wood, decorated with gold and silver, and crowned with garlands, as also were their heads, particular flowers and herbs being selected, which were supposed to keep all noxious vapours from the brain. In some cases their cups were formed entirely of gold, silver, or bronze. A beautiful example of a bronze cup was found in Wiltshire, having the names of five Roman towns as an inscription, and richly decorated with scenes of the chase, from which it has been imagined that it belonged to a club or society of persons, probably hunters, and may have been one of their prizes: they also used cups made from the horns of animals. The chief beverage among the Greeks and Romans was the fermented juice of the grape, but the particular form of it is a matter of some uncertainty. The "vinum albinum" was probably a kind of Frontignac, and of all wines was most esteemed by the Romans,—though Horace speaks in such glowing terms of Falernian, which was a strong and rough wine, and was not fit for drinking till it had been kept ten years, and even then it was customary to mix honey with it to soften it. Homer speaks of a famous wine of Maronea in Thrace, which would bear mixing with twenty times the quantity of water, although it was a common practice among the natives to drink it in its pure state. The customary dilution among the Greeks appears to have consisted of one part of wine to three

parts of water,—the word "nympha" being used in many classical passages for water, as for example in a Greek epigram the literal translation of which is, "He delights in mingling with three Nymphs, making himself the fourth;" this alludes to the custom of mixing three parts of water with one of wine. In Greece, the wines of Cyprus, Lesbos, and Chio were much esteemed; those of Lesbos are especially mentioned by Horace as being wholesome and agreeable, as in Ode 17, Book I.,—

> "Hîc innocentis pocula Lesbii
> Duces sub umbra."

> "Beneath the shade you here may dine,
> And quaff the harmless Lesbian wine."

The wines of Chio, however, held the greatest reputation, which was such that the inhabitants of that island were thought to have been the first who planted the vine and taught the use of it to other nations; these wines were held in such esteem and were of so high a value at Rome, that in the time of Lucullus, at their greatest entertainments, they drank only one cup of them, at the end of the feast; but as sweetness and delicacy of flavour were their prevailing qualities, this final cup may have been taken as a liqueur. Both the Greeks and the Romans kept their wine in large earthenware jars, made with narrow necks, swollen bodies, and pointed at the bottom, by which they were fixed into the earth; these vessels, called Amphoræ, though generally of earthenware, are mentioned by Homer as being constructed of gold and of stone. Among the Romans it was customary, at the time of filling their

wine-vessels, to inscribe upon them the name of the consul under whose office they were filled, thus supplying them with a good means of distinguishing their vintages and pointing out the excellence of particular ones, much in the same way as we now speak of the vintages of '20, '34, or '41. Thus, Pliny mentions a celebrated wine which took its name from Opimius, in whose consulate it was made, and was preserved good to his time (a period of nearly 200 years). The vessel used for carrying the wine to the table was called Ampulla, being a small bulging bottle, covered with leather, and having two handles, which it would be fair to consider as the original type of the famous "leathern bottel," the inventor of which is so highly eulogized in the old song—

> "I wish that his soul in heaven may dwell,
> Who first invented the leathern bottel."

Although the ancients were well acquainted with the excellence of wine, they were not ignorant of the dangers attending the abuse of it. Salencus passed a law forbidding the use of wine, upon pain of death, except in case of sickness; and the inhabitants of Marseilles and Miletus prohibited the use of it to women. At Rome, in the early ages, young persons of high birth were not permitted to drink wine till they attained the age of thirty, and to women the use of it was absolutely forbidden; but Seneca complains of the violation of this law, and says that in his day the women valued themselves upon carrying excess of wine to as great a height as the most robust men. "Like them," says he, "they pass

whole nights at tables, and, with a full glass of unmixed wine in their hands, they glory in vying with them, and, if they can, in overcoming them." This worthy philosopher, however, appears not to have considered excess of drinking in men a vice; for he goes so far as to advise men of high-strained minds to get intoxicated now and then. "Not," says he, "that it may overpower us, but only relax our overstrained faculties." Soon afterwards he adds, "Do you call Cato's excess in wine a vice? Much sooner may you be able to prove drunkenness to be a virtue, than Cato to be vicious."

Let us, with these casual remarks, leave the Greeks and Romans, with jovial old Horace at their head, quaffing his cup of rosy Falernian, his brow smothered in evergreens (as was his wont), and pass on to our immediate ancestry, the Anglo-Saxon race; not forgetting, however, that the ancient Britons had their veritable cup of honeyed drink, called Metheglin, though this may be said indeed to have had a still greater antiquity, if Ben Jonson is right in pronouncing it to have been the favourite drink of Demosthenes while composing his excellent and mellifluous orations. The Anglo-Saxons not only enjoyed their potations, but conducted them with considerable pomp and ceremony, although, as may readily be conceived, from want of civilization, excess prevailed. In one of our earliest Saxon romances we learn that "it came to the mind of Hrothgar to build a great mead-hall, which was to be the chief palace;" and, further on, we find this

palace spoken of as "the beer-hall, where the Thane performed his office,—he that in his hand bare the twisted ale-cup, from which he poured the bright, sweet liquor, while the poet sang serene, and the guests boasted of their exploits." Furthermore we learn, that when the queen entered, she served out the liquor, first offering the cup to her lord and master, and afterwards to the guests. In this romance, "the dear or precious drinking-cup, from which they quaffed the mead," is also spoken of: and as these worthies had the peculiar custom of burying the drinking-cups with their dead, we may conclude they were held in high esteem, while at the same time it gives us an opportunity of actually seeing the vessels of which the romance informs us; for in Saxon graves, or barrows, they are now frequently found. They were principally made of glass; and the twisted pattern alluded to appears to have been the most prevailing shape. Several other forms have been discovered, all of which, however, are so formed with rounded bottoms that they will not stand by themselves; consequently their contents must have been quaffed before replacing them on the table. It is probable that from this peculiar shape we derive our modern word "tumbler;" and, if so, the freak attributed to the Prince Regent, and, since his time, occasionally performed at our Universities, of breaking the stems off the wine-glasses in order to ensure their being emptied of the contents, was no new scheme, it having been employed by our ancestors in a more legitimate and less expensive manner. We also find, in Anglo-

Saxon graves, pitchers from which the drink was poured, differing but little from those now in common use, as well as buckets in which the ale was conveyed from the cellar. That drinking-cups among the Anglo-Saxons were held in high esteem, and were probably of considerable value, there can be no doubt, from the frequent mention made of their being bequeathed after death; in proof of which, from among many others, we may quote the instance of the Mercian king Witlaf giving to the Abbey of Crowland the horn of his table, "that the elder monks may drink from it on festivals, and in their benedictions remember sometimes the soul of the donor," as well as the one mentioned in Gale's 'History of Ramsey,' to the Abbey of which place the Lady Ethelgiva presented "two silver cups for the use of the brethren in the refectory, in order that, while drink is served in them, my memory may be more firmly imprinted on their hearts." Another curious proof of the estimation in which they were held is, that in pictures of warlike expeditions, where representations of the valuable spoils are given, we invariably find drinking-vessels portrayed most prominently. The ordinary drinks of the Anglo-Saxons were ale and mead, though wine was also used by them; but wine is spoken of as "not the drink of children or of fools, but of elders and wise men:" and the scholar says he does not drink wine, because he is not rich enough to buy it; from which, *en passant*, we may notice that scholars were not rich men even in those days, and up to the present time, we fear, have but little improved their worldly estate. We cannot learn

that the Saxons were in the habit of compounding drinks, and, beyond the fact of their pledging each other with the words "Drinc-hæl" and "Wæss-hæl," accompanying the words with a kiss, and that minstrelsy formed a conspicuous adjunct to their drinking-festivities, we can obtain but little knowledge of the customs they pursued. For further information on this point, much may be learnt from Mr. Wright's excellent book of 'Domestic Manners and Sentiments of the Middle Ages,' where some good illustrations of Saxon drinking-scenes are sketched from the Harleian and other manuscripts. From the scarcity of materials descriptive of the social habits of the Normans, we glean but little as to their customs of drinking; in all probability they differed but slightly from those of the Saxons, though at this time wine became of more frequent use, the vessels from which it was quaffed being bowl-shaped, and generally made of glass. Will of Malmsbury, describing the customs of Glastonbury soon after the Conquest, says, that on particular occasions the monks had "mead in their cans, and wine in their grace-cup." Excess in drinking appears to have been looked upon with leniency; for, in the stories of Reginald of Durham, we read of a party drinking all night at the house of a priest; and, in another, he mentions a youth passing the whole night drinking at a tavern with his monastic teacher, till the one cannot prevail on the other to go home. The qualities of good wine in the 12th century are thus singularly set forth:— "It should be clear like the tears of a penitent, so that

a man may see distinctly to the bottom of the glass; its colour should represent the greenness of a buffalo's horn; when drunk, it should descend impetuously like thunder; sweet-tasted as an almond; creeping like a squirrel; leaping like a roebuck; strong like the building of a Cistercian monastery; glittering like a spark of fire; subtle like the logic of the schools of Paris; delicate as fine silk; and colder than crystal." If we pursue our theme through the 13th, 14th, and 15th centuries, we find but little to edify us; those times being distinguished more by their excess and riot, than by superiority of beverages, or the customs attached to them. It would be neither profitable nor interesting to descant on scenes of brawling drunkenness, which ended not unfrequently in fierce battles; or pause to admire the congregation of female gossips at the taverns, where the overhanging sign was either the branch of a tree, from which we derive the saying that "good wine needs no bush," or the equally common appendage of a besom hanging from the window, which has supplied us with the idea of "hanging out the broom." The chief wine drunk at this period was Malmsey, first imported into England in the 13th century, when its average price was about 50*s.* a butt; this wine, however, attained its greatest popularity in the 15th century. There is a story in connexion with this wine which makes it familiar to every schoolboy, and that is the part it played in the death of the Duke of Clarence. Whether that nobleman did choose a butt of Malmsey, and thus carry out the idea of drowning

his cares in wine, as well as his body, matters but little, we think, to our readers. We may however mention, that although great suspicion has been thrown on the truth of the story, the only two contemporary writers who mention his death, Fabyan and Comines, appear to have had no doubt that the Duke of Clarence was actually drowned in a butt of Malmsey. In the records kept of the expenses of Mary, Queen of Scots, during her captivity at Tutbury, we find a weekly allowance of Malmsey granted to her for a bath. In a somewhat scarce French book, written in the 15th century, entitled 'La Légende de Maître Pierre Faiferi,' we find the following verse relating to the death of the Duke of Clarence:—

> "I have seen the Duke of Clarence
> (So his wayward fate had will'd),
> By his special order, drown'd
> In a cask with Malmsey fill'd.
> That that death should strike his fancy,
> This the reason, I suppose:
> He might think that hearty drinking
> Would appease his dying throes."

A wine called "Clary" was also drunk at this period. It appears to have been an infusion of the herb of that name in spirit, and is spoken of by physicians of the time as an excellent cordial for the stomach, and highly efficacious in the cure of hysterical affections. This may in some measure account for the statement in the Household Ordinances for the well keeping of the Princess Cecil, afterwards mother to that right lusty and handsome King, Edward IV.; we there find it laid

down, "that for the maintenance of honest mirth she shall take, an hour before bedtime, a cup of Clary wine." "Red wine" is also spoken of in the reign of Henry VIII., but it is uncertain to what class of wine it belonged, or from whence it came: if palatable, however, its cheapness would recommend it; for at the marriage of Gervys Clinton and Mary Neville, three hogsheads of it, for the wedding-feast, were bought for five guineas. We must not, however, pass over the 15th century without proclaiming it as the dawn of the "Cup epoch," if we may be allowed the term, as gleaned from the rolls of some of the ancient colleges of our Universities. In the *computus* of Magstoke Priory, A.D. 1447, is an entry in Latin, the translation of which seems to be this:—"Paid for raisin wine, with comfits and spices, when Sir S. Montford's fool was here and exhibited his merriments in the oriel chamber." And even in Edward III.'s reign, we read that at the Christmas feasts the drinks were a collection of spiced liquors, and cinnamon and grains of paradise were among the dessert confections,—evidence of compound drinks being in fashion; and these, although somewhat too much medicated to be in accordance with our present taste, deserve well of us as leading to better things. Olden worthies who took their cups regularly, and so lived clean and cheerful lives, when they were moved to give up their choice recipes for the public good, described them under the head of "kitchen physic;" for the oldest "Curry" or Cookery Books (the words are synonymous) include, under this head, both dishes of meats and brewages of

drinks. One cup is described as "of mighty power in driving away the cobweby fogs that dull the brain;" another, as "a generous and right excellent cordial, very comforting to the stomach;" and their possession of these good qualities was notably the reason of their appearance at entertainments. Among the most prominent ranks the medicated composition called Hypocras, also stiled "Ypocras for Lords," for the making of which various recipes are to be found, one of which we will quote:—

"Take of Aqua vitæ (brandy) . . . 5 oz.
Pepper . . . . 2 oz.
Ginger . . . . 2 oz.
Cloves . . . . 2 oz.
Grains of Paradise . . . . . . 2 oz.
Ambergris . . . . 5 grs.
Musk . . . . 2 grs.

Infuse these for twenty-four hours, then put a pound of sugar to a quart of red wine or cider, and drop three or four drops of the infusion into it, and it will make it taste richly." This compound was usually given at marriage festivals, when it was introduced at the commencement of the banquet, served hot; for it is said to be of so comforting and generous a nature that the stomach would be at once put into good temper to enjoy the meats provided. Hypocras was also a favourite winter beverage, and we find in an old almanac of 1699 the lines—

"Sack, Hypocras, now, and burnt brandy
Are drinks as warm and good as can be."

Hypocras, however, is mentioned as early as the 14th century. From this period we select our champion of compound drinks in no less a personage than the noblest courtier of Queen Bess; for, among other legacies of price, Sir Walter Raleigh has handed down to us a recipe for "Cordial Water," which, in its simplicity and goodness, stands alone among the compounds of the age. "Take," says he, "a gallon of strawberries and put them into a pint of aqua vitæ; let them stand four days, then strain them gently off, and sweeten the liquor as it pleaseth thee." This beverage, though somewhat too potent for modern palates, may, by proper dilution, be rendered no unworthy cup even in the present age. From the same noble hand we get a recipe for "Sack Posset," which full well shows us propriety of taste in its compounder. "Boil a quart of cream, with quantum sufficit of sugar, mace, and nutmeg; take half a pint of sack, and the same quantity of ale, and boil them well together, adding sugar; these, being boiled separately, are now to be added. Heat a pewter dish very hot, and cover your basin with it, and let it stand by the fire for two or three hours."

With regard to wines, we find in the beginning of the 16th century the demand for Malmsey was small; and in 1531 we hear "Sack" first spoken of, that being the name applied to the vintages of Candia, Cyprus, and Spain. Shakspeare pronounced Malmsey to be "fulsom," and bestowed all his praises on "fertil sherries;" and when Shakspeare makes use of the word Sack, he evidently means by it a superior class of wine. Thus,

Sir Launcelot Sparcock, in the "London Prodigal," says—

> "Drawer, let me have *sack* for us old men :
> For these girls and knaves small wines are best."

In all probability, the sack of Shakspeare was very much allied to, if not precisely the same as, our sherry; for Falstaff says, "You rogue! there is lime in this sack too. There is nothing but roguery to be found in villanous man; yet a coward is worse than sack with lime in it." And we know that lime is used in the manufacture of sherry, in order to free it from a portion of malic and tartaric acids, and to assist in producing its dry quality. Sack is spoken of as late as 1717, in a parish register, which allows the minister a pint of it on the Lord's-day, in the winter season; and Swift, writing in 1727, has the lines—

> "As clever Tom Clinch, while the rabble was bawling,
> Rode stately through Holborn to die of his calling,
> He stopped at the 'George' for a bottle of sack,
> And promised to pay for it when he came back."

He was probably of the same opinion as the Elizabethan poet, who sang—

> "Sacke will make the merry minde be sad,
> So will it make the melancholie glad.
> If mirthe and sadnesse doth in sacke remain,
> When I am sad I'll take some sacke again."

A recipe of this time, attributed to Sir Fleetwood Fletcher, is curious in its composition in more ways than one; and, as we seldom find such documents in rhyme, we give it —

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

About this time, one Lord Holles, who probably represented the total abstainers of the age, invented a drink termed Hydromel, made of honey, spring-water, and ginger; and a cup of this taken at night, said he, "will cure thee of all troubles,"—thus acknowledging the stomachic virtues of cups, though some warping of his senses would not let him believe, to a curable extent, in more potent draughts: being in charity with him, we hope his was a saving faith,—but we have our doubts of it, he died so young. Another recipe of the same nature was, "The Ale of health and strength," by the Duchess of St. Albans, which appears to have been a decoction of all the aromatic herbs in the garden (whether agreeable or otherwise), boiled up in small beer; and, thinking this account of its composition is

sufficient, we will not indulge our readers with the various items or proportions. One of the most amusing descriptions of old English cheer we ever met with is that of Master Stephen Perlin, a French physician, who was in England during the reign of Edward VI. and Mary. He says, writing for the benefit of his countrymen, "The English, one with the other, are joyous, and are very fond of music; likewise they are great drinkers. Now remember, if you please, that in this country they generally use vessels of silver when they drink wine; and they will say to you usually at table, 'Goude chere;' and also they will say to you more than one hundred times, 'Drind oui,' and you will reply to them in their language, 'Iplaigui.' They drink their beer out of earthenware pots, of which the handles and the covers are of silver, &c." Worthy Master Perlin seems hardly to have got on with his spelling of the English tongue while he was studying our habits; his account, however, of olden customs is reliable and curious. The custom of pledging and drinking healths is generally stated to have originated with the Anglo-Saxons; but, with such decided evidence before us of similar customs among the Greeks and Romans, we must, at any rate, refer it to an earlier period; and, indeed, we may rationally surmise that, in some form or other, the custom has existed from time immemorial. In later times the term "toasting" was employed to designate customs of a similar import, though the precise date of the application of this term is uncertain; and although we cannot accept the expla-

nation given in the 24th number of 'The Tatler,' yet, for its quaintness, we will quote it:—

"It is said that while a celebrated beauty was indulging in her bath, one of the crowd of admirers who surrounded her took a glass of the water in which the fair one was dabbling, and drank her health to the company, when a gay fellow offered to jump in, saying, 'Though he liked not the liquor, he would have the *toast*.'" This tale proves that toasts were put into beverages in those days, or the wag would not have applied the simile to the fair bather; and in the reign of Charles II., Earl Rochester writes—

> "Make it so large that, fill'd with sack
> Up to the swelling brim,
> Vast *toasts* on the delicious lake,
> Like ships at sea, may swim."

And in a panegyric on Oxford ale, written by Warton in 1720, we have the lines—

> "My sober evening let the tankard bless,
> With *toast* embrown'd, and fragrant nutmeg fraught,
> While the rich draught, with oft-repeated whiffs,
> Tobacco mild improves."

Johnson, in his translation of Horace, makes use of the expression in Ode I. Book IV. thus:—

> "There jest and feast; make him thine host,
> If a fit liver thou dost seek to *toast*;"

and Prior, in the "Camelion," says,

> "But if at first he minds his hits,
> And drinks champaign among the wits,
> Five deep he *toasts* the towering lasses,
> Repeats your verses wrote on glasses."

This last line has reference to the custom pursued in the clubs of the eighteenth century, of writing verses on the brims of their cups; they also inscribed on them the names of the favourite ladies whom they toasted: and Dr. Arbuthnot ascribes the name of the celebrated Kit-Cat Club, of which Dr. Johnson was a member, to the toasts drunk there, rather than to the renowned pastry-cook, Christopher Kat; for he says—

> "From no trim beaux its name it boasts,
> Grey statesmen or green wits;
> But from its pell-mell pack of toasts,
> Of old Cat and young Kits."

Among the latter may be mentioned Lady Mary Montagu, who was toasted at the age of eight years; while among the former denomination we must class Lady Molyneux, who is said to have died with a pipe in her mouth. In the 17th century the custom of drinking health was conducted with great ceremony; each person rising up in turn, with a full cup, named some individual to whom he drank; he then drank the whole contents of the cup and turned it upside down upon the table, giving it, at the same time, a fillip to make it ring, or, as our ancient authority has it, "make it cry 'twango.'" Each person followed in his turn; and, in order to prove that he had fairly emptied his cup, he was to pour all that remained in it on his thumb-nail; and if there was too much left to remain on the nail, he was compelled to drink his cup full again. If the person was present whose health was drank, he was expected to remain perfectly still during

the operation, and at the conclusion to make an inclination of his head,—this being the origin of our custom of taking wine with each other, which, with sorrow be it said, is fast exploding. A very usual toast for a man to give was the health of his mistress; and in France, when this toast was given, the proposer was expected to drink his cup full of wine as many times as there were letters in her name.

We now pass on to times which seem, in their customs, to approach more nearly to the present, yet far back enough to be called old times; and we think it may be pardoned if we indulge in some reminiscences of them, tacking on to our short-lived memories the greater recollection of history, and thus reversing the wheels of time, which are hurrying us forward faster than we care to go. For we hold it to be an excusable matter, this halting awhile and looking back to times of simpler manners than those we are living in, of heartier friendships, of more genial trustings; and that these good qualities were preeminently those current during the 17th and 18th centuries we have abundant proof. Has not one of the most noble sentiments in the English language come down to us in a cup—the cup of kindness, which we are bidden to take for "Auld Lang Syne"? And truly there come to us from this age passed by, but leaving behind an ever-living freshness which can be made an heritage of cheerfulness to the end of time, such testimonies of good done by associable as well as social intercourse, that were we cynics of the most churlish kind, instead of people inclined to be kind and neighbourly, we could

not refuse acknowledgment of the part played in such deeds by the cup of kindness. Be it remembered, however, such bright oases in social history do not shine from gluttonous tables—are not the property of hard-drinking circles, with their attendant vices. We seek for them in vain at the so-called social boards of the last century, where men won their spurs by excessive wine-drinking, and "three-bottle men" were the only *gentlemen*; neither do we meet them amid the carousals of Whitehall and Alsatia, or, nearer to our own day, among the vicious *coteries* of the Regency. The scenes we like to recall and dwell upon are those of merry-makings and jollity; or of friendly meetings, as when gentle Master Isaac, returning from his fishing, brings with him two-legged fish to taste his brewage (and a very pleasant and commendable cup the great master of the gentle art will drink with them). Or when pious Master Herbert chances to meet with a man he liketh, who hath the manner of loving all things for the good that is in them, and who, like his greater companion, (for no one in that quality of mind was greater than Herbert,) had a respect for what, in others, were occasions of stumbling, could use good gifts without abusing them, and think the loving-cup of spiced wine an excellent good cordial for the heart. Or when Dr. Donne (scarce a man in England wiser than he), laying aside for the time his abstruse learning, mixed a mighty cup of gillyflower sack, and talked over it with Sir Kenelm Digby (hardly a lesser man than himself), of the good gifts lavishly offered, but by some rudely

abused, and by others unthankfully taken; discussed the merits of plants and fruits, or the virtues, harder to be discovered, of stones and metals; while they marvelled at that scheme which adapted each body, animate or inanimate, to the station ordained to it, and at the infinite goodness of Him who made man head of all, and gave him power and discernment that he might show, by the moderate use of things healthy and nourishing, the wisdom of Him who ordained them to cheer and to cherish. A great regard for the wholesome had Sir Kenelm Digby, whose carefulness in the concoction of his favourite cup was such that he could not brew it aright if he had not Hyde Park water—a rule of much value in Sir Kenelm's day, no doubt; but modern "improvements," unfortunately, interfere with the present use of it. Other apostles of the truest temperance (moderation) there were, and we cherish them as men who have deserved well of their country. Dr. Parr, for example, who could drink his cider-cup on the village green on a Sunday evening, while his farming parishioners played at bowls. Or again, still more legibly written in social history, and to some extent leaving an impress upon our national life, the club-gatherings of the last century, where men of far-seeing and prudent philosophy (Addison, Steele, Goldsmith, Johnson, and others), whose names are interwoven with the history of their time, meeting together, talked of human joys and human sorrows over claret-cups,—men witty themselves, and the cause of wit in other men, like sweet Sir John, whose devotion to

"sherris sack" cost him his character, and will therefore deny him admission to our gallery of men who have drunk wisely and warily, and therefore well.

While speaking of these times, we must not forget to mention "the cup that cheers, but not inebriates;" for it was from the introduction of tea- and coffee-houses that clubs sprang into existence by a process unnecessary here to dilate on, but of which an excellent account may be found in Philip and Grace Wharton's 'Wits and Beaux of Society.' The first coffee-house established was the 'Grecian,' kept by one Constantine, a Greek, who advertised that "the pure berry of the coffee was to be had of him as good as could be anywhere found," and shortly afterwards succeeded in securing a flourishing trade by selling an infusion of the said berry in small cups. After him came Mr. Garraway, who set forth that "tea was to be had of him in leaf and in drink;" and thus took its rise Garraway's well-known coffee-house, so celebrated for the sayings and doings of Dr. Johnson, one of which, being somewhat to the point, we may, in passing, notice. "I admit," said he, "that there are sluggish men who are improved by drinking, as there are fruits which are not good till they are rotten; there are such men, but they are medlars."

In the eighteenth century the principal cups that we find noted were those compounded of Beer, the names of which are occasionally suggestive of too great a familiarity on the part of their worshippers,—to wit Humptie-dumptie, Clamber-clown, Stiffle, Blind Pin-

neaux, Old Pharaoh, Three-threads, Knock-me-down, Hugmatee, and Foxcomb. All these were current at the beginning of that century; then, towards the end of it we find Cock-ale, Stepony, Stitchback, Northdown, and Mum. All these were very similar in composition, and their precise recipes scarcely worth recording. Many noted houses of entertainment, both in town and country, were distinguished by their particular brewage of these compounds. But we can only find a single instance of a house becoming famous in this century for claret-cups, in many respects the most desirable of any drink: that one hostelry was the 'Heaven,' in Fleet Street, so often quoted by the ephemeral writers of the age.

Modern English customs connected with drinking may be said to be conspicuous from their absence; for, save in the Grace-cups, and Loving-cups of civic entertainments and other state occasions, we do not remember customs worth alluding to. Certain of our cathedral establishments and colleges retain practices of ancient date relating to the passing round of the grace-cup; of such is the Durham Prebend's cup, which is drank at certain feasts given by the resident Prebend to the corporation and inhabitants of the city, and for which, under an old charter, he is allowed a liberal sum of money annually. This composition is still brewed from the original recipe, and served in the original ancient silver cups, which are at least a foot high, and hold between two and three quarts. The cups are carried into the room by a chorister-boy, attired in a

black gown, preceded by a verger, also wearing a black gown trimmed with silver braid, and bearing in his hand a silver wand. A Latin grace is then chanted, and the Prebend presents the boy with a shilling, who, having placed the cups on the table, marches out of the room, accompanied by the verger. The cups are then passed down each side of the table, and quaffed, by each guest in succession, to an appropriate toast.

For the "sensation-drinks" which have lately travelled across the Atlantic we have no friendly feeling; they are far too closely allied to the morning dram, with its thousand verbal mystifications, to please our taste; and the source from which "eye-openers" and "smashers" come, is one too notorious for un-English behaviour to be welcomed by any man who deserves well of his country: so we will pass the American bar, with its bad brandies and fiery wine, and express our gratification at the slight success which "Pick-me-up," "Corpse-reviver," "Chain-lightning," and the like, have had in this country.

HINTS TO CUP-BREWERS.

There are certain things to be observed in the compounding of cups, which, though patent to every man's common sense, we may be pardoned for mentioning. When a drink is to be served hot, never let the mixture

boil, but let the heat be applied as gently as possible: a fierce heat causes the spirit to evaporate, and moreover destroys or materially alters the fine aromatic flavour on which so much of its delicacy depends. When the hot cup is brewed, be careful to retain the heat as much as possible, by a covering to the vessel; and let it not be served till the moment it is required. On the other hand, when a cool cup is to be made, its greatest adjunct is ice, in lumps, which may either be retained in the cup, or, what is preferable, a portion of pounded ice should be violently shaken with the mixture and afterwards strained off. The best way of pounding ice is to wrap a block of it in a napkin and beat it with a mallet or rolling-pin; and the only way of breaking up a block of ice into conveniently sized pieces with accuracy is by using a large needle or other sharp-pointed instrument, and striking it with a hammer. The rind of lemon and orange is of great service in flavouring cups; and it is of the utmost importance that this should be pared as thinly as possible, for it is only in the extreme outer portion that the flavour is contained. In making all cups, &c., where lemon-peel is employed, *reject the white part altogether, as worse than useless*—it imparts an unpleasant flavour to the beverage, and tends to make it muddy and discoloured.

It was customary in olden times, as well as at the present, to communicate flavouring to compound drinks by means of different herbs, among which first in point of flavour is considered Borage, which is mentioned,

as early as the 13th century, as growing in the garden of John De Garlande; and in a list of plants of the 15th century, Borage stands first. It is spoken of in the commencement of the 18th century as one of the four cordial flowers, being of known virtue to revive the hypochondriac and cheer the hard student. This Borage is a plant having a small blue flower, and growing luxuriantly in most gardens; by placing a sprig or two of it in any cool drink, it communicates a peculiar refreshing flavour which cannot be imitated by any other means. When, however, Borage cannot be procured, a thin slice of cucumber-peel forms a very good substitute; but care must be taken to use but one slice, or the cup will be too much impregnated with the flavour to be palatable. A small piece from the outer rind of the stalk is considered by some to possess superior excellence. We have made many experiments to extract this peculiar flavouring from Borage, in all of which we have been totally unsuccessful; nor do we imagine it possible to separate it from the plant, in order to gain these peculiar properties. Balm is another herb which is used for flavouring drinks; but we do not recommend it, although we find it spoken of in an old medical work as a very good help to digestion, and to open obstructions to the brain, &c. &c. Mint gives an agreeable flavour to Juleps, but is not of general application. A sprig of sweet-scented verbena, put into some cups, imparts an aromatic and agreeable flavour; but all these herbs must be used with caution, and are only pleasant when judiciously introduced.

Let your utensils be clean, and your ingredients of first-rate quality, and, unless you have some one very trustworthy and reliable, take the matter in hand yourself; for nothing is so annoying to the host, or so unpalatable to the guests, as a badly compounded cup. In order that the magnitude of this important business may be fully understood and properly estimated, we will transfer some of the excellent aphoristic remarks of the illustrious Billy Dawson (though we have not the least idea who he was), whose illustricity consisted in being the only man who could brew Punch. This is his testimony:—"The man who sees, does, or thinks of anything while he is making Punch, may as well look for the North-west Passage on Mutton Hill. A man can never make good Punch unless he is satisfied, nay positive, that no man breathing can make better. I can and do make good Punch, because I do nothing else; and this is my way of doing it. I retire to a solitary corner, with my ingredients ready sorted; they are as follows; and I mix them in the order they are here written. Sugar, twelve tolerable lumps; hot water, one pint; lemons, two, the juice and peel; old Jamaica rum, two gills; brandy, one gill; porter or stout, half a gill; arrack, a slight dash. I allow myself five minutes to make a bowl on the foregoing proportions, carefully stirring the mixture as I furnish the ingredients until it actually foams; and then, Kangaroos! how beautiful it is!!" If, however, for convenience, you place the matter in the hands of your domestic, I would advise you to caution her on the importance of the office, and

this could not be better effected than by using the words of the witty Dr. King:—

"O Peggy, Peggy, when thou go'st to brew,
Consider well what you 're about to do;
Be very wise—very sedately think
That what you 're going to make is—drink;
Consider who must drink that drink, and then
What 'tis to have the praise of honest men;
Then future ages shall of Peggy tell,
The nymph who spiced the brewages so well."

Respecting the size of the cup no fixed rule can be laid down, because it must mainly depend upon the number who have to partake of it; and be it remembered that, as cups are not intended to be quaffed *ad libitum*, as did Bicias, of whom Cornelius Agrippa says—

"To Bicias shee it gave, and sayd,
'Drink of this cup of myne.'
He quickly quafte it, and left not
Of licoure any sygne,"—

let *quality* prevail over *quantity*, and try to hit a happy medium between the cup of Nestor, which was so large that a young man could not carry it, and the country half-pint of our own day, which we have heard of as being so small that a string has to be tied to it to prevent it slipping down with the cider.

In order to appreciate the delicacy of a well-compounded cup, we would venture to suggest this laconic rule, "When you drink—think." Many a good bottle has passed the first round, in the midst of conversation, without its merits being discovered.

OLD RECIPES.

First and foremost among compound drinks, with regard to priority of date, stands Hydromel, the favourite beverage of the ancient Britons, which is probably the same as that made and used at the present day under the name of Metheglin, a word derived from the Welsh Medey-glin, and spoken of by Howell, who was Clerk to the Privy Council in 1640. In ancient times, however, this compound was made by simply diluting honey with water; but, at the present day, substances are usually added to it to cause it to ferment; and when made in this way, it differs little from mead or bragget.

Recipe for Metheglin.

To nine gallons of boiling water put twenty-eight pounds of honey, add the peel of three lemons, with a small quantity of ginger, mace, cloves, and rosemary; when this is quite cold, add two tablespoonfuls of yeast. Put this into a cask, and allow it to ferment; at the expiration of six months, bottle it off for use.

Another favourite drink in olden times was that called "Lamb's Wool," which derived its name from the 1st of November, a day dedicated to the angel presiding over fruits and seeds, and termed "La Mas-ubal," which has subsequently been corrupted into "lamb's wool."

Recipe for Lamb's Wool.

To one quart of strong hot ale add the pulp of six roasted apples, together with a small quantity of grated nutmeg and ginger, with a sufficient quantity of raw sugar to sweeten it; stir the mixture assiduously, and let it be served hot.

Of equal antiquity, and of nearly the same composition, is the Wassail Bowl, which in many parts of England is still partaken of on Christmas Eve, and is alluded to by Shakspeare in his "Midsummer Night's Dream." In Jesus College, Oxford, we are told, it is drunk on the Festival of St. David, out of a silver-gilt bowl holding ten gallons, which was presented to that College by Sir Watkin William Wynne, in 1732.

Recipe for the Wassail Bowl.

Put into a quart of warm beer one pound of raw sugar, on which grate a nutmeg and some ginger; then add four glasses of sherry and two quarts more of beer, with three slices of lemon; add more sugar, if required, and serve it with three slices of toasted bread floating in it.

Another genus of beverages, if so it may be termed, of considerable antiquity, comprise those compositions having milk for their basis, or, as Dr. Johnson describes them, "milk curdled with wine and other acids," known under the name of Possets—such as milk-possets, pepper-posset, cider-posset, or egg-posset. Most of these, now-

a-days, are restricted to the bed-chamber, where they are taken in cases of catarrh, to act as agreeable sudorifics. They appear to us to be too much associated with tallow applied to the nose, to induce us to give recipes for their composition, although in olden times they seem to have been drunk on festive occasions, as Shakspeare says—

> "We will have a posset at the end of a sea-coal fire;"

and Sir John Suckling, who lived in the early part of the 17th century, has in one of his poems the line—

> "In came the bridesmaids with the posset."

The Grace-cup and Loving-cup appear to be synonymous terms for a beverage, the drinking of which has been from time immemorial a great feature at the corporation dinners in London and other large towns, as also at the feasts of the various trade companies and the Inns of Court,—the mixture of which is a compound of wine and spices, formerly called "Sack," and is handed round the table, before the removal of the cloth, in large silver cups, from which no one is allowed to drink before the guest on either side of him has stood up; the person who drinks then rises and bows to his neighbours. This custom is said to have originated in the precaution to keep the right or dagger hand employed, as it was a frequent practice with the Danes to stab their companions in the back at the time they were drinking. The most notable instance of this was the treachery employed by Elfrida, who stabbed King Edward the Martyr at Corfe Castle whilst thus engaged. At the Temple the custom of the

Loving-cup is strictly observed. The guests are only supposed to take one draught from it as it passes; but, in No. 110 of the 'Quarterly Review,' a writer says, "Yet it chanced, not long since at the Temple, that, though the number present fell short of seventy, thirty-six quarts of the liquor were consumed."

Julep, derived from the Persian word Julap (a sweetened draught), is a beverage spoken of by John Quincey, the physician, who died in 1723, and also mentioned by Milton in the lines—

> . . . . . "Behold this cordial Julep here,
> That foams and dances in his crystal bounds,
> With spirits of balm and fragrant syrups mix'd."

This drink is now made by pounding ice and white sugar together, and adding to it a wine-glass of brandy, half a wine-glass of rum, and a piece of the outer rind of a lemon; these ingredients are shaken violently, and two or three sprigs of fresh mint are stuck in the glass; it is then usually imbibed through a straw, or stick of maccaroni.

One of the oldest of winter beverages, and an especial favourite, both in ancient and modern times, in our Universities, is "Bishop," also known on the Continent under the somewhat similar name of Bischof. This, according to Swift, is composed of

> . . . . . "Fine oranges,
> Well roasted, with sugar and wine in a cup,
> They'll make a sweet Bishop when gentlefolks sup."

This recipe is given *verbatim* in "Oxford Night-caps."

finely powdered sugar-candy as the liquid will dissolve (about a pound to each bottle): it should be frequently shaken for a month. If the rind of the shaddock can be procured, a third part of it, mixed with the orange, will impart a peculiar aromatic and very delicious flavour to the cordial. Gin, rum, or whisky may be substituted for brandy in this recipe, but not with an equally good effect.

Recipe for Cherry Brandy.

To each wine-bottle of brandy add a pound of Morello cherries (not too ripe), and half a pint of the expressed juice of the small black cherry called "Brandy-blacks." Let this stand for a week, and then add half a pound of powdered lump sugar and a quarter of a pound of powdered sugar-candy, with half an ounce of blanched bitter almonds. The longer it is kept, the better it will become. Where the juice of the black cherry cannot be obtained, syrup of mulberries will be found an excellent substitute.

Recipe for Brandy Bitters.

To each gallon of brandy add sliced gentian-root seven ounces, dried orange-peel five ounces, seeds of cardamoms two ounces, bruised cinnamon one ounce, cloves half an ounce, and a small quantity of cochineal to colour it. Many other ingredients may be added which complicate the flavour, but none is more wholesome and palatable than the above compound.

Recipe for Ginger Brandy.

To each bottle of brandy add two ounces of the best ginger bruised; let it stand for a week; then strain the liquid through muslin, and add a pound of finely powdered sugar-candy. This should be kept at least one year.

Recipe for a Hunting-flask.

As to the best compound for a hunting-flask, it will seldom be found that any two men perfectly agree; yet, as a rule, the man who carries the largest, and is most liberal with it to his friends, will be generally esteemed the best concocter. Some there are who prefer to all others a flask of gin into which a dozen cloves have been inserted, while others, younger in age and more fantastic in taste, swear by equal parts of gin and noyeau, or of sherry and Maraschino. For our own part, we must admit a strong predilection for a pull at a flask containing a well-made cold punch, or a dry Curaçoa. Then again, if we take the opinion of our huntsman, who (of course) is a *spicy* fellow, and ought to be up in such matters, he recommends a piece of dry ginger always kept in the waistcoat pocket; and does not care a *fig* for anything else. So much for difference of taste; but as we have promised a recipe, the one we venture to insert is specially dedicated to the lovers of usquebaugh, or "the crathur:" it was a favourite of no less a man than Robert Burns, and one we believe not generally known; we therefore hope it

will find favour with our readers, as a wind-up to our brewings.

Recipe.

To a quart of whisky add the rinds of two lemons, an ounce of bruised ginger, and a pound of ripe white currants stripped from their stalks. Put these ingredients into a covered vessel, and let them stand for a few days; then strain carefully, and add one pound of powdered loaf sugar. This may be bottled two days after the sugar has been added.

LINES INSCRIBED UPON A CUP FORMED FROM A SKULL.

Start not—nor deem my spirit fled:
  In me behold the only skull,
From which, unlike a living head,
  Whatever flows is never dull.

I lived, I loved, I quaff'd, like thee:
  I died: let earth my bones resign:
Fill up—thou canst not injure me;
  The worm hath fouler lips than thine.

Better to hold the sparkling grape,
  Than nurse the earthworm's slimy brood;
And circle in the goblet's shape
  The drink of gods, than reptile's food.

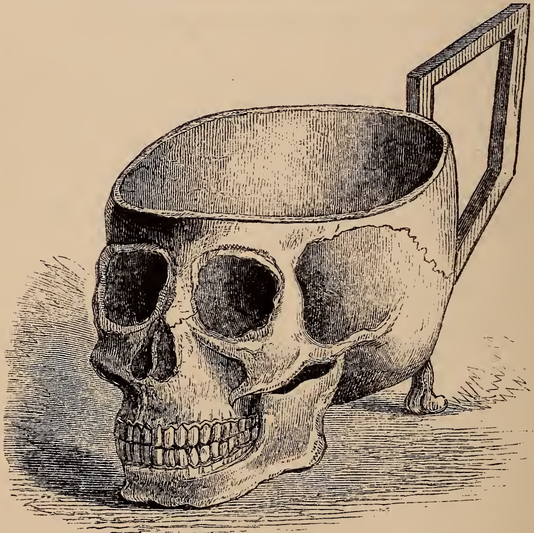
Where once my wit, perchance, hath shone,
  In aid of others' let me shine;
And when, alas! our brains are gone,
  What nobler substitute than wine?

Quaff while thou canst: another race,
  When thou and thine, like me, are sped,
May rescue thee from earth's embrace,
  And rhyme and revel with the dead.

Why not—since through life's little day
  Our heads such sad effects produce?
Redeem'd from worms and wasting clay,
  This chance is theirs, to be of use.

BYRON.

THE MUG OF A CELT.



FINIS.

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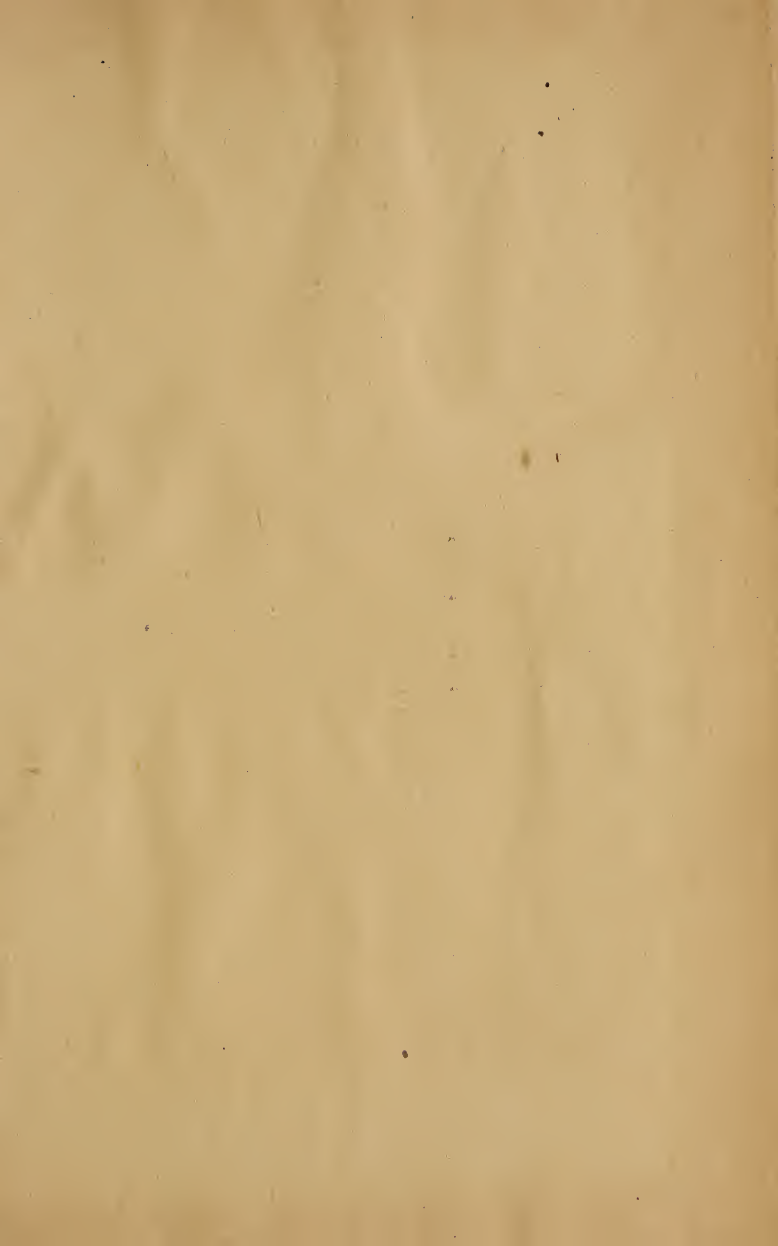

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