

BULLETIN *of The* BUSINESS HISTORICAL SOCIETY

INCORPORATED

BAKER LIBRARY, SOLDIERS FIELD, BOSTON, MASS.

Volume II, No. 6

NOVEMBER, 1928

Whole Number 16

The Flowing Bowl

THE history of liquor, from the time when Noah "planted a vineyard and drank of the wine" to the controversy over the eighteenth amendment to our Constitution, has been presented to the Society by the heirs of George C. Dempsey. Everything pertaining to the subject is liberally represented: receipts for wassail bowl (to be served with three pieces of toasted bread floating in it), milk posset (the receipt furnished by Sir Walter Raleigh), and 'rack punch (the beverage on which the Collector of Boggley Wallah disgraced himself at "Vanity Fair"); legislation, from the excise laws under the Stuarts to the licensing of American saloons; what the complete brewer should know; adulteration of liquor; temperance; prohibition; and the praise of wine.

A lightsome eighteenth century English author wrote in but "Praise of Drunkenness," not from any love of being drunken, rather so as "not to lose the witty remarks that occurred to him on the subject." This he resolved to do although he should have no listeners (for his title, he thought, would drive away some, and others would reply to it as did one Greek to another who had resolved to write an encomium on Hercules, "who ever reproached Hercules?").

While the British eulogist was quoting ancient physicians and philosophers to the effect that it is necessary to health and happiness to get drunk once a month or oftener, his more serious-minded New England contemporaries were preaching sermons and distributing hair-raising rhymes on the dangers of excessive drinking.

One such details graphically the evils of drink by sea and land, and in the hereafter:

Seamen their spirits so inflame,
Scarce able for to steer;
So thousands perish in the main,
Large numbers every year.

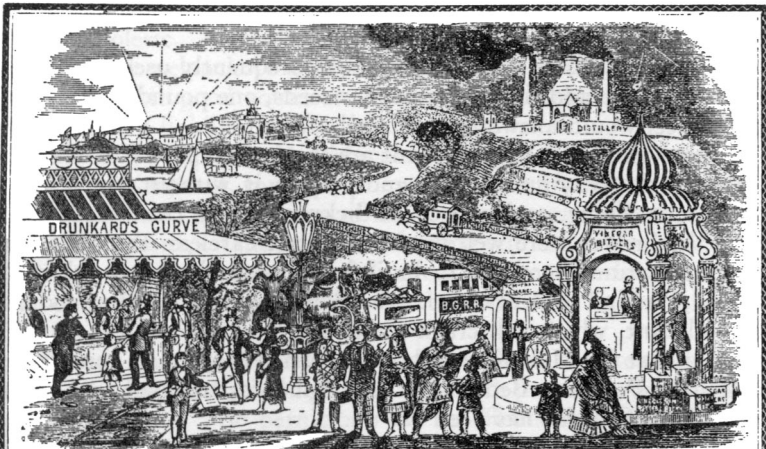
They that in such vile ways go on
In this doleful excess,
For everlasting are undone,
And darkness must possess.
Wont such reform, they must expire,
And quickly end their breath;
And land in everlasting fire,
But never burn to death.

Few at that time, however, doubted that alcoholic drink in moderation was a necessity, however opinions might differ on drunkenness. Good, strong beer or ale was considered an essential part of a healthy English farmer's diet. "Drink being certainly a Nourisher of the Body, as well as Meats," it was considered bad economy, as many a doctor's bill proved, to serve the hands with beer which was not strong enough to keep them in good condition.

"For the unactive Man, a Hogshead of Ale which is made from six Bushels of Malt is sufficient for a Diluter of their Food, and will better assist their Constitution than the more strong Sort."

But whatever his occupation or degree, says "The London and Country Brewer," written in 1750, every man will find many "Advantages of Body and Purse in a due Knowledge and Management in Brewing Malt-Liquors, which are of the greatest Importance, as they are in a considerable Degree our Nourishment, and on their Goodness depends very much the Health and Longevity of the Body."

However, if he could sit down to his pot of brown ale or "strong October beer" with a clear conscience, he had no better guarantee of what he was drinking than goes with the post-Volstead article. Malt-liquors were often adulterated and "greatly abused by avaricious and ill-principled People. This undoubtedly was one, and perhaps the greatest, of Lord Bacon's Reasons for saying, he thought not one Englishman in a Thousand died a natural Death. Witness that some have made use of the Coccus India Berry for making Drink heady, and saving the Expence of Malt; but this is



TIME TABLE OF THE DEAD RIVER GRAND TRUNK RAILWAY GREAT CENTRAL THROUGH ROUTE.

BROAD GAUGE--QUICKEST TIME.

S. U. R. E. DEATH, President.

RUM POLICY, Secretary.

Accidents by COLLISIONS are entirely avoided, as no UP-TRAINS are run over the road.

Trains Move by the following Progressive Time Table.

| LEAVE | Arrival Time | Reformationburg |
|--------------------|--------------|----------------------|
| Sublet | 4 00 | Reformationburg |
| Hammelville | 4 15 | Robberstown |
| Wilmington | 4 25 | Delirium Falls |
| Tippleton | 4 40 | Dromedary |
| Yoperville | 4 45 | Horatensoid Th. Let. |
| Lodsbury | 4 50 | Snakberry |
| Hamdyville | 4 55 | Screesh Oel Forest |
| Quartriville | 7 00 | Dismal Swamp |
| Charville | 7 10 | Hobgoblin Woods |
| Lightington | 7 15 | Battlensake Lodge |
| Carlington | 7 25 | Dark Tunnel |
| Guzzler's Jant'n | 7 35 | Whitch Crossing |
| Drunkard's Curve | 7 40 | Thunderland |
| Ischbach Slough | 7 50 | Pulson switch |
| Rioter's Hollow | 8 00 | Bloody Basin |
| Thimble's Gully | 8 10 | Manler Marsh |
| Gambler's Casseway | 8 20 | Blary T'ribet |
| Ill-conscience Cut | 8 30 | Reperation |
| Prionton | 8 40 | Nadrile Cove |
| Pepparstown | 8 50 | Mardere's Inch |
| Fupper Desert | 9 00 | Hansman's Hollow |
| | | DEAD RIVER |
| | | PARITION. |

All trains will stop at Reformationburg if passengers desire to leave at that station. But all persons so stopping will forfeit their through ticket to Perdition.

Tickets are sold by all Sample Rooms and Hum Holes being our only authorized agents.

Daily Patrons of the Road, above Tippleton, supplied with Through Tickets at reduced rates.

From Drunkard's Curve the train is an Express all taking in being done above that station, and principally of respectable people. Passengers for all places beyond are thrown out without stopping the train, except at Reformationburg.

Persons desiring to leave the train, will find the Stages of the TEMPERANCE ALLIANCE at Drunkard's Curve, ready to convey them free to any of the villages upon OLD SWAMP RIVER.

Passengers not allowed to stand on the platform, or to put their heads out of the windows below Ischbach Slough—the corporation not wishing to alarm persons who are not patrons of the Road.

Sleeping cars are provided for through passengers, who will be awakened frequently, that an opportunity for alcoholic refreshments may be given.

Persons living in the vicinity of this Road must "look out for the engine," as no bell is rung or brakemen employed below Drunkard's Curve, and the Company disclaim all responsibility for damages.

All Passage at the risk of the owners. Widows and Orphans in pursuit of baggage lost by friends on this Road, are informed that the Corporation will adhere strictly to the usage of the Road, and positively will not restore lost baggage.

The Conductor of the morning Jersey Lightning Express is T. H. E. Devil, Esq., well

known to the traveling public who patronize our line, and popular at the principal stations on the Dead River Line.

Being the Ruler of Perdition, he spares no pains in securing the through tickets, or rendering other services to passengers bound for his kingdom.

Passengers in the sleeping cars, especially Stockholders, will be waked up at Screesh Oel Forest, Thunderland, and at the end of the Road.

Stages from Tobaccohead connect with all Trains.

Special Trains will be dispatched at any time, on application made to the Superintendent for political conventions, picnic parties, and all associations owning allegiance to King Tembrina or King Alcohol.

NOTICE—At the request of Superintendent Alcohol, there will be a Business Meeting, by and by, of the Stockholders and Conductors of the Road, to hear a Report concerning

Liabilities under the Higher Law!

READER, will run assist in diffusing information about the above Road, so that multitudes who are invited to excursions upon it may be informed of the country through which it passes, and where it terminates. This advertisement will be sent free to any address, on application to

R. H. McDONALD & CO.,
532 Washington St., New York City.

A BIT OF TEMPERANCE PROPAGANDA

a violent Poison by its narcotic stupifying Quality, if taken in too large a Degree, it being so much of the Nature of the deadly Nightshade, that it bears the same Character."

Another "sinister practice said to be frequently used by ill Persons" was the addition of Coriander seeds, one pound of which, at ten-pence, would answer to a bushel of malt.

"But how wretchedly ignorant are those that make Use of it, not knowing the Way first to cure and prepare it, without which it is a dangerous Thing, and will cause Sickness in the Drinkers of it?"

If the brewer were well intentioned but careless, the malt lofts and mash tuns were apt to be infested with the bood, whool or weevil, "a kind of Beetle about the Bigness of a large Flea, and like a small Ant, which will crack under the Nail like a Flea, and will not only eat the Malt Kernel, but also, when they are in abundance, will bite a Person in Bed, haunt the Cupboard, and even feed on the Plates where Meat has been eat on."

In consideration of the importance of good beer, and the dangers the unsuspecting citizen ran in drinking what came from public breweries, an anonymous "Person formerly concerned in a public Brewhouse in London," wrote "The London and Country Brewer," containing full directions for making malt-liquor at home, so that any person might have it "strong, fine, and aged, at their own Discretion."

Among other facts that the home brewer should know are how "to know good from bad Malts," done by the bite, — it should taste mellow and sweet, by water — good malt will swim in a glass of water — it will also make a mark, on a dry board, almost like chalk, and lastly, it can be told by weight; the way to refine beer by boiling ivory or hartshorn shavings in the wort; "to Brew a Quantity of Drink in a little Room, and with few Tubs;" to all of which is added a dissertation on the brewery, wherein is shown, for one thing, the convenient art of "brewing a clear, sound Drink with nasty, foul water"; and a "Philosophical Account of Brewing strong October Beer."

By the middle of the nineteenth century, doctors had begun to take the physiological effects of excessive drinking less blithely than did the Roman and Greek authorities quoted earlier. Dr. Robert Macnish, of Glasgow, enlightened the reading public in the thirties on the "Anatomy of Drunkenness," from the delightful stage when one is "neither drunken nor sober, but neighbor to both," to the eventual possibility of spontaneous combustion, in extreme cases.

It seems that there are six main varieties of drunkard; the sanguineous, the melancholy, the surly, the phlegmatic, the nervous and the choleric. A man whose temperament is a mixture of the sanguine and melancholy is the best company of any, when in his cups. Men with good voices are apt to become drunkards, making a good voice a liability rather than an asset.

Of all ardent spirits, Dr. Macnish is inclined to believe that "brandy kills soonest, rum is the next in point of fatality, and after that, whisky and gin." Some of his contemporaries disagree with him on that point, on the strength of an experiment performed with raw liver put into glasses of each liquid. The brandy dissolved the meat entirely, the gin partially, and the other two liquors had no effect on it.

Tobacco, says the doctor, excites a species of drunkenness, and "those who habitually indulge in it may with propriety be denominated drunkards." So pernicious are its effects that Pope Urban VIII published a bull, excommunicating all persons found guilty of taking snuff in church. The Sultan Amurath IV made smoking a capital offence. For a long time it was forbidden in Russia, on pain of the offender's losing his nose. And James I of England characterized it as a "custom loathsome to the eye, hatefull to the nose, harmfull to the braine, and dangerous to the lungs, and, in the black stinking fume thereof, nearest resembling the horrible Stygian smoke of the pit that is bottomless." Lord Stanhope calculated that a person who takes snuff regularly for forty years dedicates two of them to tickling his nose, and two more to blowing it.

On the subject of spontaneous combustion of drunkards, Dr. Macnish has his doubts.

"This is a subject," says he, "which has never been satisfactorily investigated; and notwithstanding the cases brought forward in support of the doctrine, the general opinion seems to be, that the whole is a fable."

He finds it difficult to disbelieve "the testimony of so many eminent authorities," (a number of whom have cited cases in which they firmly believe the phenomenon to have occurred). At the same time he ventures to think that there may have been some room for error, "either as to their alleged cause or their actual nature.

"The most curious fact connected with this subject is, that the combustion appears seldom to be sufficiently strong to inflame combustible substances with which it comes in contact, such as woollen or cotton, while it destroys the body, which in other cir-

cumstances is hardly combustible at all. Sometimes the body is consumed by an open flame flickering over it — at other times there is merely a smothered heat without any visible flame.”

As to the cure of drunkenness, the doctor does not hold with those who advocate wholly stopping the use of alcohol at once. He fears the sudden complete removal of the stimulus would have bad effects on the constitution of the habitual drunkard. One Highland chieftan was induced to become a sober man by the process of dropping several drops of sealing wax into his glass every day, and thereby gradually filling up the space available for liquor. An American gentleman was shocked into sobriety by discovering two of his negro servant boys entertaining their companions by mimicking his drunken reelings and staggerings.

The anatomist concludes his remarks with advice to the inveterate toper who, if he will not reform, may at least be saved from the worst consequences of his folly. In order to make the best of a bad proposition, he should not drink on an empty stomach, should avoid raw spirits, prefer porter to strong ale, and above all, should not mix his drinks.

The alarming prospect held out by Dr. Macnish does not seem to have affected the enthusiasm of a reminiscent Briton who writes in the 'sixties. He has collected some of the most striking customs practiced by the ancients in connection with their cups, together with some appetizing old receipts, in a book which he hopes will “get rid of a great deal of the stereotyped drinking prevalent at the festive boards of England.”

He can find no evidence of Adam's having drunk anything but the ale that bears his name, but he dates the use of wine from Noah, at latest. Among the Greeks and Romans, he mentions “vinum albinum,” Horace's robust red Falernian wine, and the wines of Cyprus, Lesbos and Chios. At the conclusion of a feast, a cup was quaffed to their good genius, corresponding to the English grace-cup, and the Scotch “dock un dorish.”

Later came the peg- and whistle-tankards. Some of the latter were equipped with a whistle on the brim, by which the drinker could call for more when his liquor had run out, whence the saying, “if you want more, you must whistle for it.” Others had a whistle in the bottom, which automatically summoned the drawer as soon as the tankard was drained.

The peg-tankard was a sort of loving cup, with the portions of the various members of the party marked off by pins on the side of the

vessel. Each had a generous draught of liquor for his share, and if a person drank short of his pin, or beyond it, he had to try again. This was the reason for Archbishop Anselm's prohibiting priests from "drinking to pegs."

At the end of the sixteenth century, glasses were made between two and three feet high. 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.

The seriousness with which the art of brewing a good punch was treated is exemplified in these directions from a past master of it.

"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. . . . I retire to a solitary corner, with my ingredients ready sorted; 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 . . .; and then, Kangaroos! how beautiful it is!!"

The book ends with some cheerful lines inscribed by Lord Byron on a skull drinking cup. The dead owner says:

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?

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?

A receipt book from the 'seventies, whose pages are ornamented with names like Louisiana Sugar-house punch, blue blazer, bottled velvet, white tiger's milk, and Light Guard punch, representing the handiwork of Jerry Thomas, "the presiding deity at the Planter's House, St. Louis," brings back the genial flavor of a day that is no more. Prohibition did not succeed in leaving the United States completely dry, but it effectually killed drinking as a fine art. Requiescat in pace!