

BARCLAY, PERKINS, AND COMPANY'S BREWERY

A man may know London well, and yet be altogether unacquainted with the mysteriously interesting banks of the river Thames on which the great city is situated. The pleasant reaches far from Putney to Hampton are of course familiar to all boating men, and to pleasure-seekers of all classes, who in the summer months are but too delighted to exchange the stifling atmosphere of crowded streets for the fresh breezes always to be found in that portion of the river, even when there are not, as at this moment, any University crew to tempt them to the excursion. The Embankment too, noble thoroughfare as it is, has certainly served to destroy every trace of romance between the bridges of Westminster and Blackfriars. Even an imaginative man might well be pardoned for refusing to believe that here just east of the Temple Gardens once stood Alsatia, the sanctuary for half the scoundrels of London. But there are yet remaining undeveloped and practically unexplored patches on both banks of the river where the populations depend on the stream for their daily bread, and earn their livelihood, few but themselves know how. At Bermondsey and Rotherhithe and Deptford; at Shadwell and Wapping, and Millwall, such places exist, the manners and customs of which seemed ever to exercise a strange influence over the mind of Charles Dickens, and enticed him into solitary explorations and midnight journeys, that resulted in some of the most powerfully written chapters ever given to us by his graphic pen. But of all portions of the river bank there is probably not one which has more carefully preserved its physical landmarks, although it has redeemed its moral character altogether, than the short bit of road which is known as "Bankside" *par excellence*. Little more than 200 years ago, if not indeed until the eighteenth century was actually born, Bankside was to the dangerous classes of the Borough and all the south side what the Blackfriars

water-gate was to those of the north - the landing-place, namely, to sanctuary and safety. Nay, with an exercise of hospitality worthy of a better cause, the King of Alsatia and the Master of the Mint were always ready to grant an asylum to each other's subjects, when the search after some special individual became too hot for single-handed concealment. And many are the stories those learned in the street lore of Old London could tell of atrocious crimes and daring escapes from justice of which Bankside, the Clink, the Stews, Winchester-street, and other thoroughfares still to be discovered between the river and the Mint, were the scene. At the present day, many of the old names remain, and the streets can have changed but little in appearance, although tall rookeries filled with thieves and outcasts have given way to equally gloomy-looking buildings, of even greater height, crammed to bursting on every floor with corn and flour, and malt and hops. Far less, at all events, is the change than it was in one short century earlier, from the times of Elizabeth, when, we see, by a map still extant, that the Bankside was occupied with what might nowadays be called neat suburban villas, while the turreted tower of St. Saviour's seems, from this side, to be in the midst of fields and pleasant gardens. Then, further away from the river, occupying the position now partly covered by Park-street and Winchester-street, were the palace and park of the haughty and quarrelsome bishops of that nearly always turbulent see. Even then it is said that the stews which belonged to the bishopric had received and, deservedly, their inodorous appellation, and indeed, unless history belies him, it was Cardinal Beaufort, the bishop of Henry 6th's time, who first gave these houses the character they retained almost to our own days. Here, too, was the Bear Garden, and here, more important than all, on the very spot to which these introductory observations are leading, was the Glode

Theatre, built by Henslowe and his son-in-law Alleyn, the virtuous and munificent founder of the actor's "God's gifts," Dulwich College. At the door of this theatre, the old account tells us, William Shakespeare held horses, and here, at a later date, it is certain he wrote plays and acted in them, while close by, in a pleasure-garden surrounded by walls, stood, until a very few years ago, when it had to make way for the railway, an old-fashioned house, in which local tradition positively asserted the immortal poet dwelt.

Thus, then, the visitor to Bankside is on classic ground. On the one hand, he calls up pleasant memories of good Queen Bess and the glorious band dramatists and actors who shed such an undying halo of lustre around her reign; on the other, he has painful pictures of lawlessness and crime that abounded under the later Stuarts and the earlier Georges; and, finally, before him, and mingling with both, are evidences, "gross and palpable," of that commercial prosperity which is the real secret of England's greatness, and the principal cause of the happiness under Queen Victoria, which, in the fullness of time, has been evolved from our earnest struggles under Elizabeth, and our sufferings under Charles. Before leaving Bankside, where the reader has thus far been standing, let him take one last look round the vicinity that he may not only form an idea of what it was like in the days when the Mint was sanctuary, but may also glean some notion of the modern genius loci to which the neighbourhood owes its reformation. He will surely not be long in discovering that the prevailing element is - beer. Here are malt warehouses and malt-houses, hop stores, and bottled-ale stores; here is a wharf which exudes nothing but barrels of beer, for the reception of which lighters are continually lying alongside the bank; and here, at the corner of the street by which we take our departure, is a pleasant old-fashioned tavern, called the Anchor, which is even more suggestive of the journey's end, for our destination is the "Anchor Brewery."

Perhaps this is not a very familiar name to the reader, yet is the Anchor Brewery assuredly one with which he has been familiar since he was first able to spell out a couple of names on signboards; but the original appellation has dropped out of use, though it has never been abandoned as a trademark, and the Anchor Brewery is known to all the world as "Barclay and Perkins." It is curious to note how the popular voice sometimes determines the designation of great and popular firms. Every

one will be able to recall instances of houses known only by the first partner out of several, of others in which the first has dropped out to make way for the second, of others in which an old and extinct name s continued to the utter ignoring of new ones long after these have disappeared from all the official announcements of the house. With the firm now under consideration this sort of thing applies. Probably no man was ever heard to call it "Barclay, Perkins, and Co.," or "Barclay's," or "Perkins's" singly. It is always in the popular mouth "Barclay and Perkins's," and in that form, therefore, it has seemed well to let it appear at the head of this short history of the house.

In all accounts of this kind it is as well, if possible, to begin at the beginning, but in this case there are difficulties in the way, for, as with many other large firms, there seems no clear record of its absolute commencement. Doubtless its start was on a small scale, and it is not even probable that the founder of the firm was the landlord of the Anchor tavern, who brewed to sell beer by retail, as at one time in the history of the trade was almost universal custom, and is even now widely prevalent throughout the country, although practically it has ceased in London. This, however, is merely conjecture. What is certain is that at a very early date in the last century, while Queen Anne was still on the throne, while Marlborough was destroying the power of Louis le Grand at Blenheim, Oudenarde, Ramillies, and Malplaquet, and while Steele and Addison were issuing the *Spectator*, the product of the Anchor Brewery on Bankside began to be famous beyond its immediate neighbourhood. At this time the business was in the hands of Mr. Halsey, and in the State papers of Queen Anne's reign there are minutes recording the exportation of two thousand barrels of Halsey's beer to Flanders for the use of the army, while in contemporary literature there are many allusions to its excellence. After carrying on the business with much success for many years, and amassing a fortune which would be considered large even now, and a century and a quarter ago was enormous, Mr. Halsey retired from business, and purchased a large estate in Hertfordshire, where his family have ever since been settled. His son represented the county of Herts in the House of Commons in the early portion of the reign of George III., and a later descendent was an unsuccessful Conservative candidate, standing in conjunction with Sir Edward Bulwer-Lytton and Mr. Abel Smith, who were both returned, the third member

being Mr. Trevor, one of the three Liberal candidates, the others being Mr. Bosanquet and Mr. Puller, who shared defeat with Mr. Halsey, but were both a long way below him in the poll.

Mr. Halsey sold the brewery, on his retirement, to a Mr. Thrale, under whose *régime* it was destined to become far more famous. So rapidly, indeed, did the fame of the business and the influence of its proprietor increase that Mr. Thrale, whose country-seat and estate were at Streatham, then considered to be quite in the country, was made High Sheriff of Surrey in 1752, and about the same time was elected member of Parliament for the ancient borough of Southwark, which he continued to represent in the House of Commons until his death in 1758. He was succeeded in the business by his only son, who, although he had been educated in a public school and at University with a view to his adopting a public career, to which his father, with pardonable - and, from all accounts, justifiable - pride in his talents had destined him, found that the brewery was too profitable a concern and rendered too secure an income to be parted with. How excellent a property it was at this time can be gleaned from the fact that only two years after the death of the elder Thrale, the "Annual Register" published the following return of the amount of beer brewed at the brewhouses in the city and suburbs from Midsummer, 1759, to Midsummer, 1760:-

Calvert and Seward	74,731
Whitbread	63,408
Truman's	60,140
Hope's	55,304
Sir W. Calvert's	52,785
Gifford's	46,410
Lady Parson's	34,092
Thrale's	32,740

But splendid business as he had in his hands, it is questionable whether Mr. Thrale would not have done better to have sold the brewery when he could have done so to advantage, for he was evidently not a good commercial man. He cared more for the excitements of political warfare, and the seductions of literary society, than he did for the profits of trade, and it is possible that but for the talent and probity of his manager and brewer, Mr. Perkins, the business would, in familiar parlance, have "gone to the dogs" altogether. As it was, having deliberately abandoned a public career in favour of a

commercial one, he considered himself bound to interfere in the management of the business, which he did generally with very evil results. But worse than this; his active mind could by no means be bounded by the brew-house, and he was accordingly at the slightest provocation constantly rushing into most insane speculations. The result of these was that at one time the brewery was actually £130,000 in debt, in addition to which Mr. Thrale had borrowed considerable sums of money, yet as his widow afterwards recorded in her book about Dr. Johnson, the business was so good, that although no retrenchment was practised, the whole of these sums, with interest, were paid to the last shilling in nine years!

One of the most intimate friends of Mr. Thrale was, as all the world knows, Dr. Samuel Johnson, and up to the time of the fire - of which more anon - in 1832, visitors used to be shown a room near the entrance gateway of the brewery in Park-street, which the Doctor occupied as his study. There was, it must be admitted, something appropriate in this friendship between the man who occupied the very ground on which Shakespeare had flourished in his lifetime, and the critic who did so much to revive his popularity in an age when he and his works had been almost forgotten, although it is very possible that the great Doctor was not precisely the best advisor Thrale could have found for his business affairs, although his rigorous honesty and sterling common-sense carried him bravely through his duties as executor after Thrale's death. Some years before this event, when the Doctor was in the Hebrides with Boswell, he told his future biographer that Thrale paid £20,000 a year to the revenue, and that he had four vats, each of which held 1600 barrels. This, by the way, was about the time when all the enormous vats, specimens of which are still to be seen in most of the larger London breweries, were erected. Nowadays, it need not be remarked to our readers, the rage for these enormous vessels has died out, and, indeed, an improved system of brewing has done away with much of the necessity for vating. But above a hundred years ago all the London brewers seemed to have gone as mad on the subject as the Dutch merchants were at an earlier period about tulips, and as some people are in our own days about pugdogs and racehorses. They vied one against the other who should erect the largest vats, and evidently thought of emulating or even exceeding the Great Tun of Heidelberg. The fever probably received its final cure by the bursting of Meux's great vat in 1814, by which eight persons lost their lives,

and very many others were half drowned. It is worth quoting the size of this vat, to show the extent to which the rage was carried. It was built in 1793, was sixty feet in diameter, one hundred and twenty-six feet in circumference, and twenty-three feet in height. It costing five thousand pounds building, and would hold from ten to twelve thousand barrels of beer. When it was finished a dinner was given to two hundred people at the bottom and two hundred more joined the company to drink success to the vat. But twenty years before this fever was at its height, and it is recorded in Hawkins's "Life of Johnson" that Mr. Thrale was so troubled in his mind on learning that Mr. Whitbread had erected a larger vat than any of his, that he could talk of nothing else, and in conversations with the Doctor, seriously applied to himself the saying of Themistocles given in his *Life by Plutarch* - "The trophies of Miltiades hinder my sleeping"; and he had determined on building a larger vat, which would have been of no real benefit to him or to his trade, and was only prevented doing so with great difficulty by the sober reasoning of the Doctor, and the more practical remonstrances of Mr. Perkins.

Early in 1781 Mr. Thrale died, leaving the brewery mainly to his widow, with smaller shares to the four Misses Thrale, their daughters. His executors were his widow, Messrs. Cator, Crutchley, Smith, and Dr. Johnston, and by them it was finally determined to sell the brewery if an eligible purchaser could be found. One executor who protested longest against parting with the business was Dr. Johnson, who, although he was alone among his colleagues was not a commercial man and had never had any experience of business, yet certainly saw more clearly than any of them the capabilities and probable extension of the brewery. He was much laughed at while the arrangements were pending, for the pompous manner in which he performed his new office, and talked of the vast concerns of the brewery, and Lord Lucan's story of the time when the sale was going forward was considered by his less farsighted friends an exquisite joke. His lordship described him as bustling about with an inkhorn at his button-hole like an excise-man, and on being asked what he really considered to be the value of the property which was to be disposed of, answered:-

"We are not here to sell a parcel of boilers and vats, but the potentiality of growing rich beyond the dreams of avarice!"

Has not the result proved that the Doctor was right, and that his clever practical friends were all in the dark?

The desired purchaser was soon found in the person of David Barclay, jun., then the head of the celebrated banking firm of Barclay and Co., now known as Barclay, Bevan, Triton, Twells, and Co., the gentleman last named being one of the members of the City of London. But the circumstances of the sale may best be described in the words of the vendor herself. Mrs. Thrale, to a reading generation, is perhaps better known by the name of her second husband, Signor Piozzi, an Italian music-master, whom she met in Bath, to which place after the sale of the brewery she retired with her four daughters, as it was as Mrs. Piozzi that she published her, "Anecdotes of Dr. Johnson during the last Twenty Years of his Life," and several other works of less interest.

In June, 1781, she writes: "Dear Dr. Johnson was something unwilling - but not much at last - to give up a trade by which in some years £15,000 or £16,000 had undoubtedly been got, but by which in some years its possessor had suffered agonies of terror and tottered twice upon the verge of bankruptcy ... So adieu to brewhouse and borough wintering; adieu to trade and tradesmen's frigid approbation. May virtue and wisdom sanctify our contract, and make buyer and seller happy in the bargain!"

On Thursday, June 16, 1781, the eventful day on which the transfer was finally effected, Dr. Johnston writes to Langton, "You will perhaps be glad to hear that Mrs. Thrale has disencumbered herself of her brewhouse, and that it seemed to the purchaser so far from an evil that he was content to give for it £135,000. Is the nation ruined?"

Miss Burney, the writer of "Cecilia," "Evelina," and other once famous works of fiction, and afterwards perhaps better known as Madame D'Arblay, was staying at Streatham on the day of the sale, and contrives to give a really dramatic colour to the scene of which she was a witness. She writes:-

"Streatham, Thursday. - This was the great and most important day of all this house, upon which the sale of the brewery was decided.

"Mrs. Thrale went early to town to meet the executors, and Mr. Barclay, the Quaker, who was the bidder. She was in great agitation of mind, and told me, if all went

well, she would on her return wave a white pocket-handkerchief out of the coach window.

“Four o’clock came, and dinner was ready, and no Mrs. Thrale. Five o’clock followed, and no Mrs. Thrale.

“Queeny (Miss Thrale) and I went out upon the lawn, where we sauntered in eager expectation till near six; and then the coach appeared in sight, and a white pocket-handkerchief was waved from it.

“I ran to the door of it to meet her, and she jumped out of it and gave me a thousand embraces while I gave my congratulations. We went to her dressing-room, where she told me, in brief, that the matter had been transacted, and then we went down to dinner. Dr. Johnson and Mr. Crutchley had accompanied her home.”

Long afterwards Mrs. Thrale, or rather Mrs. Piozzi, published the following account of the transaction, and of the causes that led to the sale:-

“On Mr. Thrale’s death I kept the counting-house from nine o’clock every morning until five o’clock every evening till June, when God Almighty sent in a knot of rich Quakers who bought the whole, and saved me and my coadjutors from brewing ourselves into another bankruptcy, which hardly could, I think, have been avoided, being as we were five in number, Cator, Crutchley, Johnson, myself, and Mr. Smith, all with equal power, and all incapable of using it without help from Mr. Perkins, who wished to force himself into partnership, through hating the whole lot of us, save only me.

“Upon my promise, however, that if he would find us a purchaser I would present his wife with my dwelling-house at the Borough and all its furniture, he soon brought forward these Quaker Barclays - from Pennsylvania I believe they come, her own relations I have heard - and they obtained the brewhouse, a prodigious bargain; but Miss Thrale was of my mind to part with it for £150,000, and I am sure I never did repent it, as certainly it was best for us five females at the time, although the place has been doubled in value, and although men have almost always spirit to spend, while women have greater resolution to spare.

“Will it surprise you now to hear that among all my fellow-executors, none but Johnson opposed selling the concern?

“Cator, a rich timber merchant, was afraid of implicating his own credit as a commercial man. Crutchley hated Perkins, and lived on the verge of a quarrel with him every day while they acted together. Smith cursed the whole business and wondered what his relation Mr. Thrale could mean by leaving him, he said £200 with such a burden on his back to bear for it.

“All were well pleased to find themselves secured, and the brewhouse decently, though not very advantageously disposed of, except dear Dr. Johnson, who found some odd pleasure in signing drafts for hundreds and for thousands, to him a new and, as it appeared, delightful occupation. When all was nearly over, however, I cured his honest heart of its incipient passion for trade, by letting him into some, and only some, of its mysteries.

“The plant, as it was called, was sold, and I gave God thanks upon Whitsunday, 1781, for sparing me of further perplexity, though at the cost of a good house, etc.”

Throughout this account there seems to be continually peeping out no little of the spitefulness of which Boswell afterwards accused the writer. Her suspicions of Perkins, the unworthy motives she attributes to Crutchley and Cator for wishing to sell, and to Johnson for wishing to hold, with her little sneers at “these Quaker Barclays,” and her altogether unfounded insinuation about their relationship to Mrs. Perkins, show that she was by no means a generous-hearted, large-minded woman. Very amusing, too, is it to notice her waverings between her relief at getting rid of the business and her fears that she is receiving an inadequate sum. On this point it may certainly be said that, although it will presently be seen the purchaser secured a decided bargain, it is equally clear that had the establishment continued to be muddled by the five executors all ignorant of the business, it would soon have ceased to be worth half the money that was given for it. To have done with Mrs. Thrale, it is only to be added that, as already remarked, she retired to Bath and married a music-master, gave up her mind to writing, and died at Clifton, near Bristol, at the good old age of eighty-two, in the year 1821.

Mr. David Barclay having become the purchaser, placed in the brewery firm his nephew, Robert Barclay, who had been some years in America, and with him Mr. Thrale’s old manager, Mr. Perkins, and thus the firm for

the first time acquired its world famous name of Barclay and Perkins.

It was but a very short time before the new management made its mark. Barclay and Perkin's London Porter at once took a high place in the market, second to no other in the trade, and has, it need hardly be added, ever since retained it. In 1760, the first year of the returns being required by the imposition of the beer-tax, it has been seen Mr. Thrales's was the eighth on the list of London brewers, with an output of little over 30,000 barrels. Twelve years after the accession of the new firm, when the beer-tax had run just half its allotted course, the figures for 1793 appear as under:

Whitbread	150,289 barrels.
Calvert and Seward	131,043 "
Thrales (Barclay and Perkins)	105,559 "
Truman's	95,302 "
Calvert	91,150 "
Hammond	99,852 "
Goodwin	66,398 "
Phillips	54,197 "
Meux	49,651 "

Thus all have been passed but Whitbread's and Calvert's, and the actual productiveness of the Bankside brewery has been trebled in the interval; but this success, although great and gratifying, was but a foretaste of what was to follow, as a proof of which it may be as well to look forward another generation to 1827, the last year the beer tax was imposed in this form, when startling proof is seen not only of the growth of this individual firm, but of the enormously increased consumption of beer. Here are the final returns:-

Barcaly and Perkins	341,331 barrels.
Truman, Hanbury, and Buxton	203,532 "
Whitbread	191,328 "
Reid and Co.	174,476 "
Combe Delafield	125,534 "
Calvert and Co.	100,339 "
Taylor and Co.	64,688 "
Hoare and Co.	64,003 "
Elliott and Co.	52,204 "

For some years previously to 1827 Barclay and Perkins had been at the head of the quotations, and the calculations subsequently made on the malt tax showed that

they held their position unchallenged for a generation, their only possible rivals since having been Messrs. Truman and Co., who headed the list by a few quarters of malt in 1853, since which date the two firms have been indisputably before all others, and at this moment the annual production of Messrs. Barclay and Perkins's brewery is considerably over 500,000 barrels.

But having to a certain extent anticipated it is now necessary to turn back for a moment to the days of Robert Barclay, the first member of the firm bearing the now familiar name. It has been seen by the revenue returns how the trade increased under his management, to which perchance, his American experiences, which filled Mrs. Thrale with such prejudice, had contributed more spirit than was common in those days. From his commencement, Mr. Robert Barclay evidently made up his mind that he must throw in his lot with the London retail trade. He at once discouraged the private customers who had heretofore been supplied direct from the brewery, and all who wanted casks or barrels of stout or porter were told they could only be obtained through a Licensed Victualler. Mr. Robert Barclay was evidently a man of broad views and wide intelligence; and when in his later years he retired from active participation in the management of the business to his seat at Bury Hill, he attained a goodly reputation among his neighbours as an active magistrate and a liberal country gentleman. When, too, the Friendly Society of Licensed Victuallers, now the Incorporated Society, was founded early in the year 1794, not one of the London brewers rendered more active and practical support, or gave sounder advice to the founders, than did Mr. Robert Barclay. Nevertheless, although he made his influence very widely felt, his time for many years was so thoroughly occupied in establishing his great enterprise on a thoroughly sound foundation, he sought for no public honours beyond those that naturally followed his wealth and position. His son, Charles Barclay, who succeeded to the principal place in the firm, was in a different position. By this time the connection of the house was too firmly secured to be liable to severance; all the business now required was developing, and accordingly this gentleman followed the example of the elder Mr. Thrale, and became a successful candidate for the representation of Southwark in the House of Commons. But notwithstanding his public duties, Mr. Charles Barclay found time to promote all the charitable and other worthy objects of the Licensed Victuallers' trade. From

its first foundation he was a warm supporter of the Licensed Victuallers' School, and in 1815 he presided at the anniversary dinner which was held at the Horns Tavern, at Kennington Cross, and this year the subscriptions for the first time exceeded £2000. Mr. Charles Barclay was again the president in 1832 and 1841. Equally close was this gentleman's connection with the Licensed Victuallers' Asylum, to which he was one of the very earliest subscribers, and at the first anniversary festival, on May 29, 1828, he took the chair, at the London Tavern, as representative of his late Royal Highness the Duke of Sussex. Earlier on this day His Royal Highness had in person laid the foundation-stone of the Asylum. Seven years later Mr. Barclay again took the chair, on this second occasion not as representative of royalty, but on his own behalf. On other occasions, also, the firm of Barclay and Perkins has furnished chairmen to the Asylum festivals, among whom may be enumerated Mr. Arthur Kett Barclay in 1847, and Mr. Hedworth D. Barclay in 1864. What liberal supporters the house has always proved of these great charitable institutions every reader can see for himself by turning over the list of subscribers to schools and asylums, where they will find the names of numerous Barclays, Bevans, and Perkin's.

Before leaving the history of the brewhouse it would be unpardonable to pass over an incident which nearly involved two great nations in war, and did absolutely occasion very considerable diplomatic coolness. It will be remembered that in the insurrection of 1848 the Hungarians had achieved very considerable success against their Austrian oppressors, as in those days they were, though now it appears the Hungarians are the tyrants and their German and Czech fellow-subjects the victims of their haughty pride. At the moment, however, when it seemed that the Austrian Empire was to be humbled in the dust by the trans-Danubian rebels, the aspect of affairs was changed by the late Czar Nicholas, of Russia, who came to the assistance of his Imperial brother by sending an army to crush the Magyars, who had struggled so successfully already under what appeared overwhelming odds. When the Russian army had turned the tide of the war, the Austrian commanders were eager to follow up their opportunities, and foremost among them was General Haynau, who, rightly or wrongly, was credited with the most brutal excesses in his endeavours to root out the last smouldering embers of the rebellion; and on one occasion it was said, that

being unable to discover the place of concealment of some fugitive patriots, he ordered a number of ladies to be lashed to the triangles and actually flogged by his soldiers to compel them to betray their secret. Naturally and properly, the recital of this exploit was received throughout the civilised world, and especially in England, where there had been sympathy felt and expressed for the Hungarians, with a yell of execration. But the revolutionary wave passed away, peace of the kind that is produced by making a solitude was restored, and the horrors, the crimes, the gallantries, and the cruelties of 1845 and 1849 appeared to be forgotten. In the autumn of 1850, General Haynau, the honoured and favourite servant of the Imperial master he had served so unscrupulously, yet it must be added so effectually, came over to England on a visit, partly private and partly official, to the Austrian ambassador. He was everywhere coldly received in society, although the character and position of his host prevented his actual exclusion from many houses where his room would have been deemed preferable to his company. However, the general seemed to find it pleasanter to pass his time in examining our public buildings, and principal commercial emporiums, than to subject himself constantly to cold looks and distant greetings. One of the places he thus favoured with an inspection was Barclay and Perkins's brewery. In some mysterious manner the name and exploits of the visitor were whispered over the building, and though while on the premises the rites of hospitality were respected, he had no sooner made his exit into Park-street he found himself surrounded by a crowd of brewers and draymen, who had plentifully supplied themselves with stores of mud and brooms with which they alternatively smothered and swept him, saluting him meanwhile with cries of "Austrian butcher," "woman-flogger," and other less specially appropriate, but even more opprobrious epithets. The unhappy Austrian, trembling for his life as probably he had never done in Hungary, after first vainly endeavouring to pacify his tormentors, fairly took to his heels, and running along Bankside, at last found refuge in the George tavern. Here the attacking party were reinforced in large numbers, and the George was literally taken by storm. The house was searched from cellar to roof-tree, but in vain - no trace could be found of him; and at length the disappointed draymen were compelled to accept the assurances that he had escaped, and sullenly departed without their prey. It is now known, however, that the general was concealed in a room known as the

“priest’s hole,” which, in the days when the Mint was Sanctuary, was often used as a hiding-place for fugitives from justice.

So far from deprecating this attack on a visitor, the entire nation and press joined in singing the praises of the men who had taught the Austrian the value placed by Englishmen on the sentiment that “he who lays his hand upon a woman, save in the way of kindness, is a wretch whom ‘twere base flattery to call a coward.” Barclay and Perkins’s draymen were the heroes of the hour. The *Times* wrote their praises, John Leech illustrated them in one of his best and most famous cartoons in *Punch*, and at Evans’s and the Cyder Cellars, then national institutions, the two great comic singers of the time had their rival songs in honour of “Barclay and Perkins’s draymen.” The Austrians were correspondingly indignant. At the principle military club in Vienna, when the news was received, an officer rose and, amid loud applause, slashed with his sword across the face a portrait of our Queen; and the Ambassador of Austria made a formal complaint for compensation and apology and demanded condign punishment on the offenders. Lord Palmerston, who was then Foreign Minister, plainly told the Austrian in his pleasant manner, that of course he was very sorry, but that as to punishment, General Haynau had made that difficult by refusing to make a distinct charge to the police at the time of the occurrence; and so far as inquiry afterwards was concerned neither the originators of the attack nor the more prominent actors were ever discovered.

Thus far we have told the story as it appears in the newspapers of the time, and to have omitted it would have been impossible; but it must in justice be added that all connected with the firm have always strenuously asserted that the assault was made, not by any one in their employ but by a parcel of roughs from the Borough-market, while the draymen themselves were indignant at the suggestion that more than one of them would have been required to inflict personal chastisement on the General had they been even inclined to set themselves up as at once his judges and executioners.

A contemporary in the brewery with Mr. Charles Barclay was his brother and partner, David Barclay, of Eastwick Park, Leatherhead, in Surrey, who sat for many years in the House of Commons as member, first for Falmouth and afterwards for Sunderland. This gen-

tleman married Maria, daughter of the late Sir Hedworth Williamson, of Whitburn Hall, Sunderland, granddaughter of the first Lord Ravensworth, and consequently sister of the present Sir Hedworth Williamson, the eighth baronet, who represented North Durham in the last Parliament. But to recite the political honours and family alliances of all the members of the firm would be indeed as tedious as a twice-told tale. Suffice it to say that the second son of the above-mentioned marriage was

ALEXANDER CHARLES BARCLAY, ESQ., M.P.

This gentleman, whose portrait we have great pleasure in this week laying before our readers, was born at Long Ditton, Surrey, in 1823. He was educated at Harrow, and at Trinity College, Cambridge. After leaving the University, he entered the brewery, in the concerns of which he took an active part. In 1859 he first contested Taunton on a vacancy arising from the elevation of the Right Hon. Henry Labouchere to the peerage, but was unsuccessful. At the following general election, however, he tried again, and was returned at the head of the poll, having received the suffrages of 478 electors, out of a total of 803 on the register, his successful colleague then being Lord William Hay. In 1869 the enlarged constituency again placed him in the same proud position, as he polled 1197 out of 1989 electors, while the second candidate, Serjeant Cox, who received but 918 votes, was petitioned against, and lost his seat on a scrutiny to Mr. - now Sir - Henry James. At the general election last year Mr Barclay’s seat was not contested, it being probably felt that he was too firmly seated to be disturbed. Mr Barclay is a Liberal, but nevertheless it need hardly be said that he was not to be found among the supporters of the objectionable clauses of Mr. Bruce’s Licensing Act.¹ It will be remembered probably by some of our readers that to the 13th Clause of that measure he moved an amendment, giving the magistrates an option as to the endorsement of licences, but could only muster 93 supporters against the Government 123. He had his revenge, however, in 1874, when a division on the very same subject took place during committee on Mr. Cross’s bill, and he then formed one of the majority of 345 against 81. Mr. Barclay also voted with the Government against Mr. Sandford’s five o’clock opening, and in favour of Mr. Melly’s eleven o’clock closing amendments, and also for the third reading of the bill against Sir Wilfrid Lawson. It is unnecessary to add here



ALEXANDER CHARLES BARCLAY, ESQ., M.P.,
(OF THE FIRM OF BARCLAY, PERKINS, AND CO., SOUTHWARK.)

in praise of the private character of Mr. A.C. Barclay, of his large and unostentatious charities, and of his readiness at all times to assist in carrying out the views of the trade, for all these are well known to the large majority of the readers of the LICENSED VICTUALLERS' GAZETTE. Mr. Barclay is now in his fifty-second year, and is unmarried. The portrait in this paper has been engraved from a recent photograph taken by Mr. Blizard, of Taunton, and may be relied on as a very excellent likeness - "the very mould and features of the man."

We have thus traced the history and the *personnel* of this great brewery from the days of its small beginnings in the days of Halsey to its full development and gigantic productiveness in our own days. Of the yards and buildings in which all this business is carried on, it is unnecessary to say very much for the simple reason that save in respect of the mere size, all large breweries are very much alike. The ground on which the Anchor Brewery stands is about twelve acres in extent, immediately joining Bankside, and extending from Southwark Bridge to the Cannon-street railway bridge, and thence northward through Park-street to New Park-street. Both sides of Park-street are occupied by the brewery buildings, and these are connected by a light suspension bridge. On the north side are extensive ranges of malthouses, and opposite to these - or nearly so - is the principal entrance. Immediately on entering the gates the visitor sees the brewery, the offices, and the porter's lodge, with instructions as to the duties and stations of various officers in case of fire. These will probably remind him that little more than forty years ago a great portion of the various ranges of building were burned down. Doubtless this disaster was not an unmixed evil, for the place had been growing by degrees for more than a hundred years, and by being continually added to in every direction had become veritably,

A mighty maze without a plan.²

The expeditious clearance made by what reporters call "the devouring element," gave the much wanted opportunity to rebuild in a more substantial and convenient manner. The new premises are for the most part built of iron, stone, and brick, and the impression they produce on the mind of the unaccustomed spectator by their vastness, to say nothing of their ugliness, has been well depicted by the famous French essayist, Alphonse Esquiros, who, in his "Pictures of the English at Home,"³ writes:-

"A style of clumsy but Cyclopean architecture; a main entrance which cannot be passed without the written permission of some one in authority; a wall of circumvallation which seems intended to justify and to illustrate the maxim, 'He who embraceth too much squeezes badly,' and whence escape strange buildings, forty feet in height, in stone or iron; lines of grand monotony, broken at intervals by the picturesque disorder of angles and semicircles; aerial bridges, strolling across streets and connecting buildings; windows without glass, but filled with clumsy moveable jalousies.⁴ High walls, blackened by weather and the coal-smoke, through which the beer soaks and drips; yards succeeding on yards; roofs surrounded by terraced platform, from which the sphinx of modern trade can regard the extent of his domains, saying, 'All this is mine' - granaries, storehouses, engine-rooms, stables - all these are enough to justify the title of the 'Leviathan of Breweries,' given to the establishment, which is situated in the Borough, in the midst of poor and muddy streets."

Of the process of brewing pursued by Messrs. Barclay and Perkins it is unnecessary to give any detailed description, as it differs in no important detail from that of other large breweries, save of course in every appliance and all apparatus being of the very best and most approved construction. Thanks to the good fortune which in days when the clay of London had not yet become far more valuable per square foot than the gold-mines of Russia and Brazil - Australia and California were not yet thought of - gave them so extensive an area on which to erect all necessary buildings, Barclay and Perkins, unlike some of their largest rivals, are enabled to be their own maltsters. How great an advantage this is, only a brewer knows; and the malthouses in Park-street are indeed sights to see and to be followed from the cranes by which the barley is hoisted from wagons into the building, past the screens where it is cleansed, the cisterns where it is steeped, the couching frames where it is gauged by the exciseman, and the floors where the process of germination is perfected, to the kilns where it is roasted until it receives the required colour, and so on to the bins where it is stored until wanted to be made into beer. In these bins there is storage for a quantity of not less than 15,000 to 20,000 quarters of malt. When required for use, it is passed by somewhat elaborate, yet simple enough machinery to the measuring and crushing rooms, where it is bruised before being sent into the great boxes over the mash

tuns. The mash tuns at the Park-street Brewery are capable altogether of mashing about 640 quarters. From these the wort passes into the underbacks, and thence to the coppers, where it is boiled with the hops. And here, we may remark in passing, that whatever foundation there may be for the unscientific assertions of "Professor" Redwood⁵ as to the use and abuse of quassia, absinthe, camomile, gentian, and other substitutes for hops, there are no signs of them in Barclay and Perkins's. Here are the hops themselves in evidence from Bavaria, from Kent, from Farnham, and from Worcestershire, but no trace in all the twelve acres of a substitute. And be it remembered, that in a brewery where the operations are on so gigantic a scale it would be as impossible to conceal these things if they were used as to conceal a mastiff in a lady's muff. But to return. How many barrels can be boiled as one time in the coppers we are most afraid to calculate, but we are certainly within the mark in placing the united capacity of coppers and pans at 4000 barrels. From the coppers the wort is pumped to the hop backs - mighty vessels these, holding several hundred barrels - and thence to the coolers. And these, perhaps, constitute the most wonderful sight in the brewery, at least so they impress us. Looking at the vast ranges of vessels, one cannot fail to be impressed with the wonder as to the final destination of the seemingly incalculable quantity of as yet inchoate beer, and the feeling is heightened when we remember that which we see is but the hourly example of work that is continuing without cessation from year's end to year's end. From the coolers the wort passes to the refrigerators, and afterwards to the fermenting tuns, when it may for the first time claim a title to the name of beer, though it has yet to be cleansed from the yeast in the squares, which resemble nothing so much as a vast series of swimming baths, and are calculated to contain something like three-quarters of a million of gallons of beer! From these the beer is conveyed to the racking squares, and thence, when the process of settling is complete, comes the last stage of the history, the beer being now run into barrels every one of which is filled full to the bung, fitted with shives, and rolled along the tram-roads to the stores ready for delivery. Not quite all of it, however, is thus disposed of; for although the old system of vatting has to a great extent gone out of use, it is by no means entirely abandoned, and in Barclay and Perkins's brewery there are upwards of a hundred and thirty vats, varying in size from about 500 to 4000 barrels each.

It can easily be understood that in an establishment where beer is made on this scale, the stores must be of commensurate capacity, and such is the fact. Besides the vats, we see row after rows of barrels extending for seemingly unlimited distances in the dimly lighted stores, all of which are filled with beer, and from morning to night are being rolled to the different outlets, where the drays and vans are ever waiting to receive their freight. As soon as one is filled another takes its place, and during the hours of business the delivery goes on unceasingly. In this work are employed the stalwart draymen, whose forms are so familiar to all Londoners, while nearly two hundred horses are required to deliver the beer to all parts of London.

Another portion of the establishment, which strikes the visitor at once, is the cooperage through which pass every year about half a million barrels. All these are made, repaired, cleaned, and examined in the yard, under the superintendence of Mr. Beynon. It is difficult to realise what half a million barrels really mean, so. By way of illustration, let us say that if placed side by side, bilge to bilge, they would extend from the brewery to Dover, thence to Deal and back again to Park-street, and then leave enough to surround London with a strong rampart of beer. Let it be remarked in this place that beer is not to be made without water. For many generations London water has had the same fame for the manufacture of brown beer, that Burton water has obtained for ales. Indeed it was long supposed that London water would not make ales, but the attempt being made, the theory was soon exploded to the great disgust of the country brewers. Messrs. Barclay and Perkins have on their premises an artesian well which has acquired some mysterious reputation with numerous people as being the source of the peculiar excellence of their stout and porter. This, however, is not the case. The water from the well is used for all purposes but brewing, the beer itself being actually made with the best water in the world for the purpose - that of the Thames, from which river it is drawn at a spot twenty miles above London Bridge.

Much now, did space afford, might be said of the vastness, the resources, and the commercial splendour of the Anchor Brewery, but already more than enough has been written to prove that while the nation at large may well be proud of the enterprise of this magnificent association of private traders, the Licensed Victuallers of

London, so large a proportion of whom are in personal relations with the house, have every reason to be proud of their share in the prosperity and well-doing of the great firm of BARCLAY AND PERKINS.

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Notes

1. Which increased the penalties for misconduct in public-houses and shortened the number of hours for the sale of drink.
2. From Alexander Pope (1731) *An Essay on Man*, Epistle I.
3. Alphonse Esquiros (1861) *The English at Home*. London: Chapman and Hall.
4. Slats or louvers.
5. Dr. Theophilus Redwood (1806 - 1892), Public Analyst for Middlesex and the Pharmaceutical Society's first professor of chemistry.