

THE WESTGATE BREWERY, BURY ST. EDMUNDS

Throughout length and breadth of England there are few more interesting old places to the student of history than the old abbey town of Bury St. Edmunds in Suffolk. In the old days when the abbot was a power in the state and ruled over not only the town itself but over the broad lands that now owe allegiance to the houses of Hervey and Fitzroy, Bury St. Edmunds was an important town both ecclesiastically and politically. It had been so far off as the days of the Saxons the great centre of East Anglian power, and its splendidly central geographical position has effectually prevented its altogether losing the position bestowed on it by nature. It does not concern us here to name the traditions of the old Roman camp, the story of the ill-fated but sainted Edmund who gave a name alike to town and abbey, or to the many disturbances of which the place was the scene during the wars of the Roses. Nor need we refer at any length to the dispossession of the monks and the despoiling of the abbey revenues under the ruthless but wise orders of Henry VIII who knew as surely as Bismark knows in our own day that the readiest means of disabling a monk or prelate from war was to deprive him of the sinews for making it. From the state of darkness in which the people had been kept under the *régime* of priestcraft, there was a sudden uplifting after the Reformation towards learning and light, and it is with humiliation we ought to reflect that more was done towards ensuring the general education of the people in the days of Edward VI and Elizabeth, than has been done ever since. All over the country grammar-schools were founded, which, at the time, were sufficient for the accommodation of every existing scholar, while the education to be given was of the highest. Among these schools a goodly position has ever been maintained by that of Bury St. Edmunds, which is still the chosen seat of education for half the sons of the country gentlemen of Suffolk.

Possibly to the influence of the abbey in the old days, and of the school in the present, may be owing the undoubted impression produced on the mind of every visitor of the resemblance of Bury St. Edmunds to some quiet cathedral city. You find yourself every now and then looking round for the great towers of which in places like Ely and Peterborough you can never get quite rid, and there seems some discordance in their absence. It is indeed a cathedral city without the cathedral, giving one the idea rather of a pleasant place to live and die in far from the cares of state or of commerce, and where, as in the island of the lotus-eaters, it would be “always afternoon” than of great centre of business, where fortunes to be made are amassed, and where the produce of the soil is to be distributed to distant cities. But appearances are deceptive, and if the visitor had chosen market-day for his visit he would have had but scant reminding of the ecclesiastical character of Bury. Then it is redolent rather of old Sir John Barleycorn, for from London, from Burton, and wherever else men brew, do they send agents to Bury market, which is in the midst of the finest barley country in England, to purchase the corn for their malt. It is good news for the farmers if they hear, as they drive into town, that Bass and Co. and one of the large maltsters who contract to supply the wants of Truman’s, have each an agent in the town, for these purchasers will not go away empty-handed, so their presence means a rise of two shillings in the price of barley.

Where barley is so plentiful it would be strange indeed if beer were scarce, and, as a matter of fact we find that this portion of Suffolk has, from time immemorial, been famous for its brewings. In the “Doomsday Book” there are entries of several maltings, and maltings of course presuppose brewings, though these were probably

carried on by the servants of the abbey, which had a great reputation in later times for the excellence of its ale, so much so, that "as strong as Bury ale" became a proverb which is still in popular use through-out Suffolk, and, thanks to Messrs. Greene and Son, has not yet lost its significance.

When a brewery was established at the Westgate it seems hard to determine, nor does it particularly matter for our present purpose. Suffice it to say that in 1798 this brewery, which was the property of Mr. Waller Wright, had been closed for some seven or eight years, when it was taken by Mr. Greene, the father of the present member for Bury, then a pupil at Whitbread's. Mr. Greene subsequently, in conjunction with a partner named Buck, opened it literally when it had not a single customer belonging to it. The elder Mr. Greene was a large West India proprietor, and his affairs in those colonies naturally occupied a very large portion of his time, and prevented his developing the trade of his brewery as he perhaps otherwise would have done. Nevertheless his consideration in the town he had adopted as his residence increased rapidly, and in addition to the brewery, which by this time had become his sole property, he was a prominent leader among two bodies of his townsmen which in those days must have been considered the very antipodes of each other, and are, even now, supposed to have but little in common - Nonconformists and the Tories. Mr. Greene, it may be mentioned here, is a member of the old Northamptonshire family, so many generations of which are lying in Oundle churchyard, and which suffered so grievously during the heavy persecutions of Nonconformists in the time of Charles II. This family is one of the most ancient in the county of Northampton, being described indifferently as Green, of Boughton or Bockton; Greene, of Oundle; and Greene, of Greene's Norton; these three places being the principal seats of different branches of the family. The founder of the family seems to have been John de Boketon, to whom the manors of Vandrille and Boughton were conveyed in time of Edward I., from whom they descended to his son, Sir Thos. de Boketon. His son and heir, Sir Henry, who became Lord Chief Justice of England, assumed the name of Greene; and in "Halstead's Genealogies," the Earl of Peterborough, the author thus comments on the two names being synonymous: - "Of the original of the house of Greene nothing is known, but it is certain they assumed their name and arms from an allusion to their principal and beloved

lordship, which was Boekton, in town of Bucks, in the county of Northampton, being in the Hundred of Spelho, a place memorable for the excellency of its soil and situation, as a spacious and delightful green, upon which was yearly held a fair with particular and extraordinary privileges. Hence they are called Greene, or of the Green." Greene Manor, at Pitsford, which by marriage passed into the hands of the ancestors of Colonel Vyse, was among the extensive possessions of the Chief Justices who held no less than forty-five manors in the county, and was succeeded by no less than seven Sir Thomas's, that name being most confusingly repeated for so many generations; and it is worth noticing that one of the younger sons of family was John Greene, the famous brewer of Westminster, early in the last century, whose son and successor, William Greene, of the Northland House, Middlesex, founded the Bluecoat School at Westminster, and died in 1732. The manor of Greene's Norton was resumed by the Crown in the time of Charles II, and was a portion of the settlement of Queen Catherine, his consort; but upon her death, in 1705, they passed to the Duke of Grafton, Charles's illegitimate son, and to the Grafton duke it still belongs. The sequestration was inflicted, on account of his Nonconformity, on Sir Thomas Greene, who had been a great sufferer during the Civil War, having been a staunch Royalist, in spite of his religious tenets. Several members of the family are buried in the church of Norton Hundred, a living which was in their gift for several centuries. One Sir Thomas Greene was Sheriff of the County in the twentieth year of King Henry VI. and more than one of the family representatives has sat in Parliament for the county. During the last century, a son of Sir Thomas Greene, of Oundle, went to the West Indian colonies, where he became a wealthy planter, eventually returning to this country, and from this gentleman are descended the member for Bury and his elder brother, the ex-governor of the Bank of England. It is worth mentioning, by the way, as a matter of personal interest, and one specially illustrative of the longevity for which most members of the family have been remarkable, that Mr. Greene's great-grandmother lived in the days of Charles II., and could remember, as a child, when the little community of Nonconformists used to make their way singly or by twos or threes into the depths of Wincup Wood to worship according to their own simple form without fear of molestation. The Greenses, however, though holding the tenets of their own sect, were never identified with what have always

been known as the political Nonconformists. The best proof of this is to be found in the fact of the sound Toryism of Mr. Benjamin Greene, who was a staunch advocate of the union between Church and State, on the ground that it was the greatest and indeed only secure bulwark against the insidious encroachments of Popery. We are glad to believe that nowadays many of our Dissenters hold this very opinion, though perhaps not a few, unwilling to raise their voices against the noisier members of the community, hold their views in secret. To these it must be a source of gratification to find that their opinions were held long ago by so typical a Nonconformist as Benjamin Greene, who not only came himself from that hotbed of Nonconformity, Northampton, but by his marriage with the daughter of the Rev. J. Smith, of Bedford, was closely connected with the equally ardent zealots of the latter county, who so proudly boast of their spiritual descent from the inspired tinker John Bunyan, who suffered his long imprisonment for preaching to the very congregation over which Sir Benjamin Greene's father-in-law afterwards presided.

In our own days of toleration, it is difficult to understand why a man's religious belief and political opinions should be allowed to interfere with each other. But fifty years ago it was very different. Then it was almost more difficult for a man to dissociate the two, as, if he were not a member of the Established Church, his civil disability followed into the relations of life. Thus, in spite of the respect in which Benjamin Greene was held by his fellow-townsmen, it was impossible for him to take a seat at the council board of the borough, or to hold any office under the Corporation, because as a Dissenter he could not take the test oath, one of those most obnoxious instruments, the very memory of which has almost faded from the minds of the present generation, although it was only got rid of by the "Test and Corporation Acts (Repeal)," of 1829. But, in spite of this disability, all the Acts of Parliament in the world could not destroy the influence a good citizen must possess with his fellows, and the power of Benjamin Greene was shown in a very remarkable manner. At Bury St. Edmunds, as in many other places before the Reform Bill of 1832, members of Parliament were elected by the Corporation, and as the Corporation also elected itself it may be imagined there was a nice little family party. In the neighbourhood of Bury St. Edmunds there are two territorial magnates, the Duke of Grafton and

the Marquis of Bristol, the former being a Liberal and the latter Conservative. In order to make things pleasant all round it used to be the custom of the old Corporation to allow each of these noble lords to nominate one member for the borough, and so for a long series of years Bury was represented in Parliament by a Whig Fitzroy, and a Tory Hervey. Against this compact Benjamin Greene was the first to protest, for although a Tory, he had evidently in his composition much of the uncompromising adherence to principle and scorn of expediency which distinguished the Puritans from whom he was descended. Accordingly, at one of the latest elections before the Reform Act Mr. Greene urged the Conservative portion of the Council, to the indignant wrath of the ducal lord of Grafton, to the almost equal confusion of the house of Hervey, and to the utter dismay of the Corporation, the members of which were horrified at being required to vote according to their consciences, brought forward a second Tory candidate against the ducal nominee. Under such circumstances absolute success was hardly to be looked for, but Mr. Greene must have been fully satisfied with the result, for his nominee was defeated by a majority of one vote only, and he had broken the ice. It will be seen presently that the good work thus commenced by the father against one of the local lords was to be completed by the son many years after against the other, and, although Dod still tells us that "the Duke of Grafton and the Marquis of Bristol possess considerable influence in this borough," facts prove that it is an influence bounded by the will of the electors.

To return to the Westgate Brewery. It need hardly be that when the concern passed into the hands of Benjamin Greene it was but a small undertaking. Slowly, but surely, it grew, yet even in 1830 the output was only some 2000 barrels. But in this year occurred an event of the greatest importance in his history. It had been the intention of Mr. B. Greene to place his elder son in the brewery, and to send his third son to the West Indies to look after the properties there. But the younger protested emphatically that "Old England was good enough for him," while the elder was less reluctant to quit his native land. Thus accordingly it was settled, and here it may be recorded in passing that the West Indian became a famous merchant in the City of London, having recently served the term of office as Governor of the Bank of England - the "blue riband of commerce."

Mr. Edward Greene, with whom we have more to do, was born at Bury St. Edmunds in 1815, in a house famous in the annals of the borough as the one to which Reeve, the last abbot, retired on the dissolution of the monasteries in 1536. Only twenty-three years ago this house had to be pulled down to allow of some necessary enlargements of the brewery premises, but a peartree by the door of the offices still stands to remind the student of the past of the shade it once afforded to the windows of the dispossessed abbot. Having received his education at the Grammar School of his native town, Mr. Edward Greene, in consequence of the family arrangements before alluded to, was taken into the brewery at the early age of fourteen, and it is still his proud boast that between 1830 and 1842 he never, save on one occasion, missed being the first in the morning in the brewery to superintend the commencement of the day's labours, the regulation of heats, etc. etc. On his coming of age in 1836, and still declining to go to the West Indies, his father handed over to Mr. Edward Greene the brewery stock, plant, and everything connected therewith at a given price, every shilling of which the son was able to pay within the period originally fixed.

Previously to this event the much-discussed Beer Act had been passed, and the youthful manager of the Brewery at once determined with his father's sanction to adopt to its fullest extent the principle of free trade. All the "tied" houses belonging to the firm were disposed of excepting one which was retained as memento of the past. Mr. Edward Greene, like Mr. Thomas Fowell Buxton, refused to be frightened by the change in the system of business introduced by this Act, and practically adopted the words of that eminent brewer used on the same occasion, and which some of our readers may remember, "I am far from being dissatisfied with the beer revolution ... I believe it will do us good in the long run, though the immediate loss may be large ... Lastly, I am pleased to have an opportunity of proving that our real monopoly is one of skill and capital." The boast conveyed in these words would have been as thoroughly justified by events in the mouth of Mr. Greene as in the case of Mr. Buxton. Without any of the adventitious aids of covenants and clauses, Greene's Bury Ales gradually became the accepted and most popular "tap" from Walton and Wymondham in the north to Colchester and Bishops Stortford in the south, and from Ely and St. Ives in the west to Framlingham and Woodbridge in the east. But not only

in this wide circle is the consumption of the Bury ale general, its form has extended to more distant cities, and large quantities are every year sent away to the large towns of Lancashire and Cheshire and other northern counties, until official returns will show the annual output has become nearly twenty times as large as when Mr. E. Greene assumed the reins of management.

Before, however, treating further of the brewery itself, it will be more convenient to conclude the more strictly personal record of Mr. Greene's career; though, to use the phrase applied by George Augustus Sala to Hogarth, "the man and his work" are so closely allied and intertwined that it would be impossible to keep them entirely apart. Of Mr. Greene's private life it is sufficient to record that in 1840 he married the daughter of the Rev. G. Smythies, rector of Stanground, Peterborough and secondly, some years after the death of this lady, the widow of Admiral Sir William Hoste. He is magistrate and deputy-lieutenant of the county of Suffolk. In many respects Greene is at once a county and borough member, having always taken a great interest in agricultural affairs and in rural sports. For four years he, in conjunction with his son - for they invariably act together - hunted the Suffolk Staghounds, at another time he kept the Harriers, and is now, and has been for some years, the Master of the Suffolk Foxhounds, and be it added, by general acclaim of all with whom in this pursuit he is brought in contact, there is no more popular, more energetic, or more skilful "M.F.H." in all the Eastern Counties. As a proof of his energetic pursuit of equestrian exercise, it is told of Mr. Greene that on one occasion he rode sixty miles, from Bury to Bedford, to dine with a friend; and the following afternoon, after a hard day's hunting, rode back from Kimbolton, in Huntingdon-shire, to Bury, in Suffolk, a distance of fifty-seven miles. At another time, when he was master of the harrier, after having them out at five in the morning, and tiring them, he went twenty-four miles to Watton, and hunted with Mr. Villebois' hounds for several hours, and then rode home in the evening. His interest in agricultural pursuits is demonstrated not only by his personal attention to his own farms at Nether Hall, but by his able pamphlets on "breeding sheep," and "grazing bullocks," and by the evidence he gave before the House of Lords Committee on horses, when he ably maintained his belief in the great self-adjusting doctrine of supply and demand. For

the benefit of those of our readers who take an interest in this question, we may remark that Mr. Greene holds the sensible idea that the less Governments have to do with our private affairs the better; but he urges that every large landowner should encourage the breeding of horses by keeping a stud horse for the use of his tenants, and that every man who breeds a horse should be entitled to a medal as some compensation for what is not always a profitable undertaking. The circumstances under which Mr. Greene came to represent his native borough in the House of Commons are curious, and at the same time characteristic of the man. Up to the period in question, Mr. Greene had taken but little active part in politics, although having that interest in public affairs which should characterise the citizens of a free country. At the general election in July, 1865, the last under Lord Palmerston's auspices, and only a short period before his death, the Conservatives of Bury St. Edmunds were in a state of great irritation with their previous member, Lord Alfred Hervey, who, although returned as a Conservative, had on numerous occasions voted with the Government - so frequently indeed as to cause him to be reckoned among the Liberals. Great as was the respect felt by the constituency for Lord Alfred's eldest brother, the Marquis of Bristol, who had represented the borough before his accession to the title, it was felt impossible to endure the humiliation of re-electing as their representative one who had paid so little regard to their desires or his own pledges. Although, therefore, it went sorely against both the wishes and the interests of the constituency to oppose a member of the family which, without a break, had represented the borough in Parliament for two hundred and sixty years, opposition was at length resolved on. After this resolution had been arrived at, the next step was to find a candidate who should at once do credit to the borough and should also possess so much local influence as to give him a fair chance of being returned in the teeth of all the exertions sure to be made by the Bristol family. The choice of the Conservative leaders fell, in the first place, on the elder brother of intention of Mr. E. Greene, and in consequence of the pressure of time he was urged to telegraph a reply "Yes or No," to a meeting being held to arrange for the contest. The answer came "No." Mr. E. Greene was among those present at the meeting, and after a little conversation the gentlemen in the room turned to him saying to him, emphatically unanimously, "You must stand." Mr. Greene was more than surprised. In his own words, "He had no more expected on enter-

ing the room to receive such a requisition than he expected to be made Prime Minister." His first answer was a point-blank refusal, but after considerable pressure had been exerted upon him he consented to take the matter into consideration, and demanded two hours for reflection before he should be asked for his decision. The result was that he consented to stand, the feelings that principally influenced him being the memory of the deep interest his father had always taken in everything that concerned his fellow-townsmen, and the knowledge that his special position in the town and county gave him perhaps the fairest chance of succeeding in the uphill struggle against an almost feudal influence that had been in force for centuries. Weighing these things, he felt that he could not bear to be afterwards pointed at as the man who, having the opportunity, had refused to rescue his native town from the humiliating position under which it was groaning.

In the Parliament then just dissolved, Bury St. Edmunds had been represented, as had so frequently before been the case in its political history, by one Conservative and one Liberal - Lord Alfred Hervey and Mr. J.A. Hardcastle. The split in the Conservative camp of course made the return of the latter gentleman pretty well secure, and the real struggle was not on behalf of but between Lord Alfred Hervey and Mr. E. Greene. The contest was, as had been were expected, a very severe one, and when the poll closed there were but few of the 719 electors then registered who had failed to record their votes, will be seen from the official declaration of the Mayor, which was:

Joseph Alfred Hardcastle	331
Edward Greene	300
Lord Alfred Hervey	266

At the next general election, in November, 1860, the family name of the Marquis of Bristol was not before the electors, and the same members were returned after a contest which resulted in Mr. Greene being placed at the head of the poll by 714 votes. To complete the circle of events, at his third general election in February, 1874, there were two Conservative and two Liberal candidates, Mr. Greene having for his colleague Lord Francis Hervey, a brother of the present Marquis of Bristol, and grand-nephew of his first opponent, while Messrs. Hardcastle and Lamport fought on the Liberal side, the result being:-

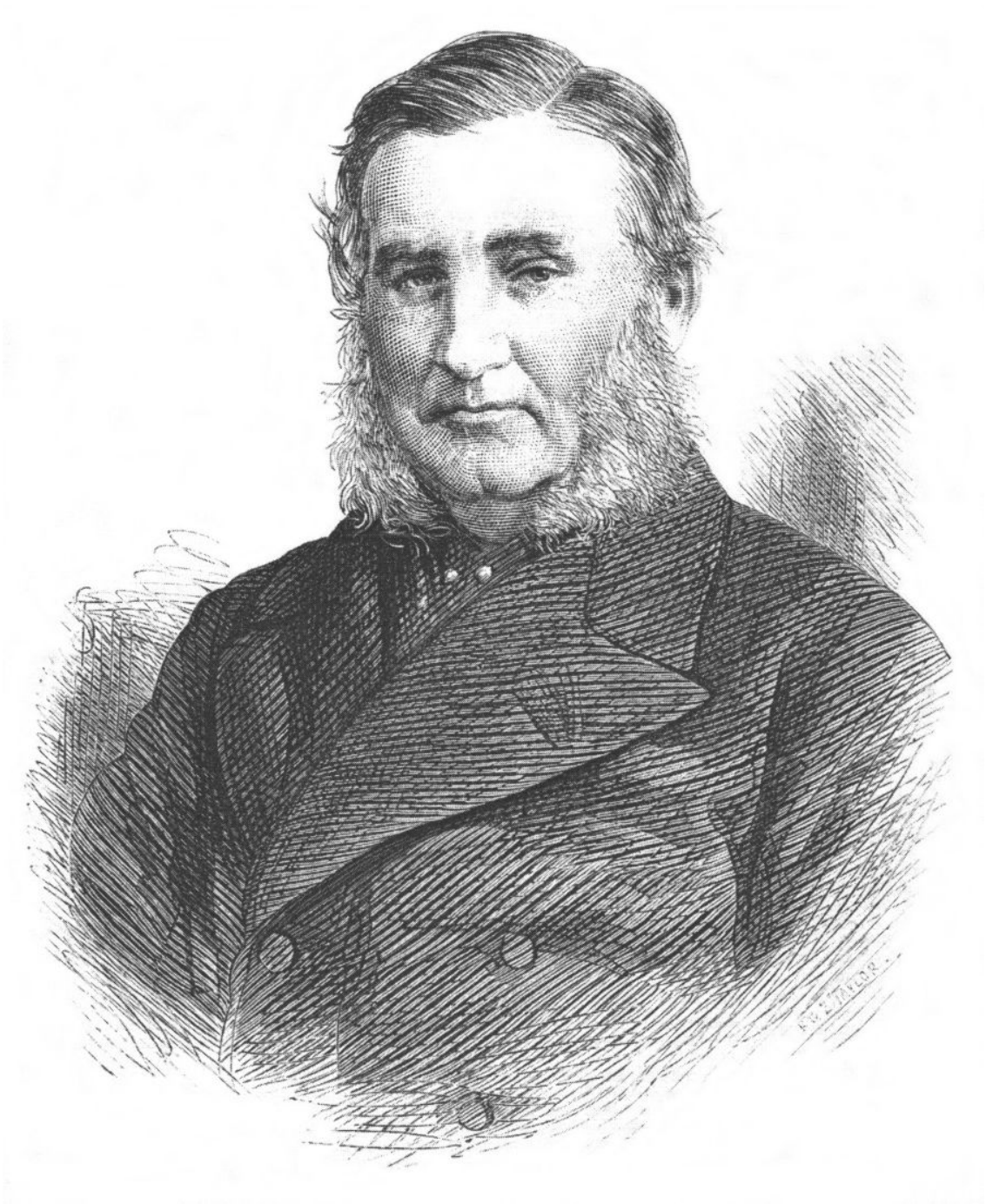
Edward Greene	1004
Lord F. Hervey	914
J. A. Hardcastle	707
C. Lamport	628

As the total number of names on the register at this time was only 1919, it will be seen that, even allowing nothing for deaths, errors, removals, or duplicate entries, Mr. Greene polled considerably more than a clear half of the constituency, and it is therefore but fair to conclude that his seat is one of the safest in England, a pleasing fact, which is the result certainly, not of any undue subservience to his constituents, as he has always consistently refused to trammel his conduct in Parliament with a multiplicity of pledges, but rather to that honest, straightforward independence which sooner or later wins the respect and esteem of all bodies of Englishmen. As an instance of Mr. Greene's method of dealing with his constituents, it should have been mentioned above that when he consented to stand for the borough, it was on the express condition that he should not be asked to canvass, and, as a matter of fact, all the canvassing that was done on his behalf on that occasion was the work of his son, then a young man of one-and-twenty. Mr. Greene's political opinions may best be described as Conservative and Progressive. Although firmly attached to the old lines of the Constitution, there is nothing in his energetic character that can possibly sympathise with stagnation or reaction. His views, in short, are in harmony with that vast majority of our fellow-countrymen who do not believe the destinies of the country depend so much on this or that leader being in power as on each of us upholding to the fullest extent of our influence and power those principles of Protestantism and patriotism which have given to England her foremost place among the nations. On trade questions, it is almost unnecessary to say that Mr. Greene's opinions are in harmony with our own, though marked with an intelligent unselfishness, always ready to sacrifice private interests to the public good. As an instance, we may quote his vote against Mr. Holms's motion on the Brewers' Licence Duty last week, which has been much commented on. Mr. Greene believes this duty to be utterly unjust, and therefore considered it doomed; but, under the circumstances, he considered it unwise on the part of Mr. Holms to force the House to a division, and so challenging certain defeat, his reasons being, in the main, identical with those to which we gave utterance last week. It was not without much

thought Mr. Greene decided on the vote he should give, but he decided finally the question would be left in a better position if the "previous question" was accepted, without tying the hands of the opponents of the duty, and so he voted, though still strongly of opinion that the wise course would have been to avoid a vote.

After Mr. Greene entered Parliament he allowed the management of the brewery to devolve mainly on his son and partner, Mr. Edward Walter Greene, who had been carefully grounded in a complete and thorough knowledge of the business. This relief enabled Mr. Greene to devote his time entirely to his Parliamentary labours, to his agricultural pursuits, and to the thousand-and-one demands on the leisure (!) of a country gentleman, among which must not be forgotten his magisterial duties and his decidedly arduous work as chairman of the new Bury and Thetford Railway, of which line - now rapidly approaching completion, and destined on its opening to prove a valuable means of communication between two portions of the county at present totally unconnected by railway - Mr. Greene was the promoter. It is quite possible that all these varied occupations demanded as much time as the brewery itself had ever done, though certainly these was the negative rest which follows a change of employment. Unfortunately after ten years' partial retirement from the active cares of business, he has been compelled by a melancholy accident to resume his old place in the firm. Mr. E.W. Greene has become famous throughout the country as a "mighty hunter" and a crack whip. For some years he has himself hunted the Suffolk Hounds, of which his father is the master, and his four-in-hand drag was a familiar object in the streets and environs of Bury. But some months ago he met with an accident driving, by which he injured his spine very severely, being compelled in consequence to give up business altogether, while he is told by his medical adviser that he must take absolute rest for some time longer. In concluding these few particulars of Mr. Greene himself, we may add that the portrait we give this week of the member for Bury St. Edmunds is from a recent and very excellent photograph.

Having thus introduced the reader to the head of the firm of Greene and Son, it is now time to enter the Westgate Brewery itself, and to note any specialities it may offer worthy of being seized and commented on by the observer. It has been our lot to visit and describe



EDWARD GREENE, ESQ., M.P.,
(OF THE WESTGATE BREWERY, BURY ST. EDMUNDS.)

many breweries in the performance of our duties to the readers of the LICENSED VICTUALLER'S GAZETTE, including some of the most gigantic establishments of London and Burton, and also some much smaller ones, but we have never yet seen a brewery, large or small, without some distinctive feature. The Westgate Brewery at Bury St. Edmunds is neither very large nor very small, occupying a medium position between the two extremes, and perhaps the one characteristic that will first strike the visitor is its compactness. It would, indeed, in nearly every respect, serve as a model for a brewery of any size, as the space at command has been so skilfully employed that everything requisite seems always at hand, and the brewer can keep every process of the manufacture as nearly as possible under his eyes at the same time. It is, moreover, in a sense two breweries in one, as it contains a double plant, complete in every particular, the one being a forty-quarter and the other a twenty-five-quarter plant. In all breweries there are and must be certain broad and general outlines, which described once are described for ever, save only as they may vary in size, or in some special details of arrangement. Thus, malt is a first requisite for brewing, but this may be bought either as barley or ready for use. Mr. Greene buys no malt, and being fortunately in the midst of a barley district, is enabled to buy all his grain direct from the growers, thus saving two profits and the expense of carriage, which is a serious item to many of the firms in London and other towns which have to procure their barley from distance. Having purchased the barley, this is converted into malt at no less than seven distinct maltings, situate in different parts of the town. Having been delivered at the brewery, and undergone the process of crushing in the mills, the malt is elevated by Jacob's ladders to the mash tuns, the central object of interest in every brewery, for on what takes place here must depend the quality of the beer for good or evil, and hence must be derived the profit of the brewer. The mash tuns of the Westgate Brewery are capable of mashing some sixty-five quarters of malt, and are both fitted with patent mashing machinery of the most approved construction. And here let it be observed that Mr. Greene has evidently an objection, which we believe to be well founded, to the presence of superfluous slate or metal in his brewery, in spite of the preference manifested for such materials by many modern brewers, and wherever he can do so, for mash-tuns, squares, coolers, &c., he employs wood - nay did it not sound like a bull we

would say that even the copper is of wood - at least what would be a copper in other establishments is so. Of the clean and wholesome appearance of these wooden vessels there can be no doubt, and experience seems to prove that they are free from many of the drawbacks incidental to every other material that maybe substituted. But to continue. The largest "copper" has a capacity of 118 barrels, and after the wort from the mash-tun has been boiled here, it is passed to the hop-backs to receive the hops, and thence to the coolers, which are Colman's patent - the best yet introduced. By the way, it should have been mentioned that the mash-tuns are fitted with means for regulating the heat and keeping it always uniform - an object of the greatest importance in this delicate portion of the process of brewing. From the coolers the wort passes through the refrigerators to the fermenting squares and thence to the cleansing squares where, by means of Needham and Kite's gas press, the yeast is pressed dry, and thence the beer is pumped into the unions, or rather the "stock" ales are thus served, for, in spite of the practice of the Burton brewers, Mr. Greene still maintains his partiality for the good old-fashioned pontoons. Of these there are forty-two of five barrels, and two of eight barrels each giving an aggregate of 226 barrels, in addition to twenty-two "unions." From the unions, or pontoons as the case may be, the beer is run into the racking batches, and then we reach another of the specialities of the brewery. It has become a general custom in recent years, principally it may be assumed in consequence of the desire to turn over capital as rapidly as possible, to run the beer direct from the racking batches into barrels and casks, and so away to the customer, almost without an hour's delay. But at the Westgate Brewery this happens only to a certain portion of the beer, as the custom still prevails here of vatting large quantities, in consequence of the great demand for old ales. There are in the brewery, altogether, between twenty and thirty vats, of sizes varying from 100 barrels upwards, the six largest each holding 600 barrels, and at the time of our visit these were all full. It need not be said that the quality of beer, wherever it is brewed, and whatever care is used in its production, must, to a great extent, depend on the quality of the water employed. In this respect Messrs. Greene and Sons are decidedly fortunate, as they have sunk on their premises a well some 120 feet deep, which yields a practically inexhaustible supply of water, richly impregnated with chalk, the most valuable of all deposits for brewing purposes.

Quitting the brewery for the stores and cellars we are soon made acquainted with the "special" brews on which Messrs. Greene and Son most pride themselves. These are a light bitter ale, a best bitter ale, a very strong sharp old ale, and stout of - to a London palate - somewhat remarkable sweetness. These beers are all of excellent quality and say much both for the system employed and for the skill of the brewer. The bitter ales in particular are of most marked excellence, best of all to our taste being the stronger bitter ale, the price at which this is sold - for which we must refer those of our readers curious on the point to the firm itself - fairly astonishing us. For, without flattery, this ale is equal to any of the kind we have ever tasted, and though, of course, not possessing the exact flavour of the Burton beers, which is just now fashionable, is full of character and flavour of its own, which to many palates would be even preferable. The lighter bitter ale is rather what might be called a family beer, but is of a kind we should much like to see popularised in the London trade in place of, or at all events as a supplement to the better class of mild ales. The taste for the old ales we are afraid must be as much an acquired one as that for claret or olives is said to be, or as that for absinthe or angostura bitters certainly is. We had often heard the old saying that "Suffolk cheeses are as hard as stones, but Suffolk ales are sharp enough to cut them." Never, however, had we so vivid a perception of the latter half of the saying as when we tasted the oldest and sharpest of the Westgate ales. This ale, it should be remembered is thoroughly sound, and throughout its native county is very highly esteemed, and we can well understand that during a week or two's visit in Suffolk the taste for it would grow as rapidly as does that for sharp cider in Brittany. But Mr. Greene's real pride is evidently based on his bitter ales, and we agree that it is on these we should prefer to base his reputation away from home. If we add here that he always endeavours to make his spring and October brewings of bitter ales carry him through the year, and that for many seasons past he has not had twenty barrels returned, our readers will at once understand alike the excellent quality of the ales and the extent of the cellars required for storing them. And in this particular the Westgate Brewery has been remarkably fortunate. The cellars are not only of great extent, well lighted, lofty, and convenient, but they are of an uniform temperature, admirably adapted for their purpose. The mild ale stores are above ground, but the others are below, and in consequence of the character of the trade, as already described, the stock in these cellars is far

larger than would be seen in breweries of three times the extent.

In the brewery there are engaged altogether some sixty men, and it says something for the characters alike of employers and employed, that the large majority of these are old servants, all the heads of departments particularly having been in the firm from boyhood. Mr. Greene is certainly fortunate in being well served, but perhaps the system he adopts is in great measure answerable for the happy result. The various heads of departments he gives absolute power in their own provinces, with responsibility only to himself; and thus, while knowing at once whom to blame for any shortcoming, he keeps all the strings, so to speak, of the business in his own hands. The general manager of the establishment is Mr. Pead, who entered as a lad, and now has supreme control of the office and the books, with a supervising power over the whole establishment. The brewer, Mr. Symons, also learned his business in the house, first coming as a learner at a nominal salary. Mr. Greene can fairly boast of the success all his brewers have attained as proof that he has made them efficient masters of their business. During Mr. E. Greene's time, Mr. Symons has had four predecessors. Of these, one is now the brewer at George's large establishment at Bristol, the second obtained the same position in one of the largest breweries in Ireland, the third is now manager for Messrs. Mann and Crossman at Burton, and the fourth and last at Messrs. Charrington's at Mile End. Of these gentlemen, each of the three now alive, are receiving large salaries. The foreman of the brewery is aptly named Forman, and he is another old servant, and indeed only long experience could have made him thoroughly acquainted with his multifarious duties, which comprise looking after every drayman, cooper, storekeeper, cellarman, maltster, and, in short, every workman on the establishment, besides the care of the horses, the loading of the drays, etc. As an example of the excellent system pervading the firm, the following instance may be cited. Every dray is loaded up overnight, and a way-bill is given to the drayman, who, whatever the distance he has to travel, is expected to return to the yard at six in the evening; consequently it is his duty on receiving his route, to calculate the time his journey will occupy, and to start accordingly, it being, in Mr. Greene's opinion, much better to start an hour or two earlier in the morning than to remain out for the same time at night.

With so ardent a lover of horses as Mr. Greene, it might be surmised that every care would be taken in the selection and management of his stud, both for business, and pleasure. The brewery stables contain some splendid specimens of the drayhorse, and are themselves of the most comfortable character, roomy, well ventilated, and fitted with every convenience. Every day each horse has his allowance of food weighed out for him under the supervision of the foreman, and the strictest attention is paid to their health. The stables, instead of being one long range of buildings, are broken up into separate buildings, so that in the event of any contagious disease breaking out the infected animals would be at once isolated without the slightest trouble. Passing from the brewery stables we speedily find ourselves in the private ones, where we see first the stud of hunters and magnificent group of horseflesh, principally Irish, such as Landseer would have loved to paint, or Leech or Atkins would have drawn in the act of taking a stone wall or a "bullfinch." Further on we see the horses more strictly devoted to personal use, the roadster, the cover-hack and the carriage horses, altogether a stud of which even a "M.F.H." may be proud. Continuing our journey through the stables another door is opened, and we find ourselves behind the house, now the residence of M.E.W. Greene, but which was enlarged and rebuilt by his father; and here, after crossing a wide meadow, we come to the kennel, where some fifty couples of foxhounds are discoursing most musically, while the attendants are making up their beds for the night.

Besides the heads of departments above-named, an important place in the brewery is held by Mr. E. Lake, Mr. Greene's nephew, and this gentleman has been our courteous and hospitable guide during the tour of inspection we have been endeavouring to describe. Now reminding us that besides being a brewer, uncle is also a banker and wine-merchant, he prepares us for a stroll from the Westgate to the Market hill. On our road we notice that the window of the principle silversmith's shop is filled with the prizes to be distributed at the forthcoming athletic club meeting, of which our companion is the moving spirit, besides being the captain of the football club. Of the banking-house of Messrs. Huddleston, Greene and Co., it is unnecessary to say anything, but of wine-merchant's business, which is the same firm, it must be remarked that it is even more fortunate in its cellars than the brewery. Their extent

may be gathered from the fact that the bins contain something like four hundred pipes of wine in bottle, in addition to the wines in wood the stock now held in bond since quite recently, thanks to the exertions of this firm, the Customs authorities have established a bonded warehouse in Bury St. Edmunds. Were it not that some of these cellars are evidently of modern construction, one would be inclined to fancy they must have been built to receive the rich stores of the monks of old, in the days when the abbot of St. Edmunds was a dignitary not likely to be without a well-stocked cellar. But although this idea must be abandoned in the face of facts to the contrary, it may certainly be asserted that very few wine-merchants, either in London or the provinces, can boast of more extensive cellars, or have them better filled, than those of Huddleston, Greene and Co.

In winding up this record of our visit to Bury St. Edmunds we would express a hope that we have conveyed to the reader that while the Westgate Brewery is really a model establishment most admirably managed, and with a high reputation throughout Suffolk and the neighbouring counties for the excellent quality of its malt liquors, it is especially remarkable for the fact that its position among the important breweries of the kingdom is due almost entirely to the exertions of one man, he being the present proprietor, still actively concerned in its management, whereas it is indisputable the building up of the large breweries has in nearly every instance been the work of two, three, or four generations. But it is clear that Mr. Edward Greene is no ordinary man. It is given to but few of us to achieve distinction in so many varied paths as he has done as brewer, banker, wine-merchant, agriculturist, author, magistrate, master of foxhounds, and member of Parliament, thus combining the excellences of the successful merchant and trader, and of the thorough country gentlemen, the two classes of whom England in all ages has had most reason to be proud. For ourselves, while confessing the interest with which we examined the Westgate Brewery, we consider our journey to Bury St. Edmunds even more richly repaid by the opportunity it afforded us of learning so much of the history of its head, who, though not its actual founder, can at least claim to have been its nurse and foster-father.

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