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brought him to it." Sloggins has asserted that "the draymer set him a nockin his old mother's head again the wall." Sloggins has made manifest "that it was the double-shuffle wot kep him out of church." Sloggins has written the declaration, "Dear Sir if i hadn seen the oprer Frardeaverler i shouldn dear Sir have been overaggrawated into the folli of beatin Betsey with a redot poker." Sloggins warmly recommends that all Theatres be shut up for good, all Dancing Rooms pulled down, and all music stopped. Considers that nothing else is people's ruin. Is certain that but for sitch, he would now be in a large way of business and universally respected. Consequently, all the five and twenty, in five and twenty honest and sincere reports, do severally urge that the requirements and deservings of Job Smith be in nowise considered or cared for; that the natural and deeply rooted cravings of mankind be plucked up and trodden out; that Sloggins's gospel be the gospel for the conscientious and industrious part of the world; that Sloggins rule the land and rule the waves; and that Britons unto Sloggins ever, ever, ever, shall —be—slaves.

I submit that this great and dangerous mistake cannot be too generally known or generally thought about.

#### CHESHIRE CHEESE.

THE scene of the Cheshire cheese making which I have just been witnessing is in Flintshire. This is something like a bull to begin with; but it is not my bull. I relate what I find; and what I find is a manufacture of Cheshire cheese, on a farm celebrated for that article, just within the borders of Flintshire. I remember being much amused, when a child, at a little bit of little Flintshire being separated from the rest, and packed in between Cheshire, Shropshire, and Denbighshire. It is just within that little bit, and near the winding Dee, that this celebrated cheese farm lies. Very different is its Flint cheese from the flint cheese of a more northerly county. In Cumberland the common cheese made in the moorland has been literally used as flint. I have been gravely assured on the spot that a soldier, being out of the way of a flint for his musket, actually used a bit of cheese-rind for the purpose. Moreover, when the clogs worn by the peasants lose their iron (just like a donkey's shoe), it is no uncommon thing to tip the clog with a cheese-paring. The farmer cuts his cheese for the table with an axe; and, in the dusk, a succession of sparks is seen to fly, if the cheese be in proper economical condition. Perhaps the strangest thing that ever happened through a cheese was in Cumberland, when one rolled off a cart that was ascending a steep road. The cheese bounded down into the valley, striking the crags, and sending out sparks as

it went, and at the bottom it set the heather on fire so effectually that it burned for two days. As for how such a delicacy is relished in farm-houses, that is a matter in which testimony differs according to taste. My own private speculation is that I might like it very much indeed if I could once get at it; but there would be the difficulty. If, indeed, one could get a grater that could stand the friction, one might try. I will see about it the next time I go into Cumberland. Meanwhile, here I am on the banks of the Dee.

Among its other windings, the Dee winds round a stretch of pasture land so green after the haymaking as really to dazzle the eye. The river sweeps round, under a very high bank, forming a horse-shoe; and when the waters seem disposed to meet again at the narrow part, they change their minds, and wander off on either hand, to form new circuits and enclose more green meadows. The semicircular ridges in the pasture show how much smaller and shallower the curve once was; and there are people living whose parents remembered the planting of an oak by the water-side, which grew some way inland, where it was cut down. The bank above the river tells the same tale. Its red soil is riven, and so heaped and tumbled as to show that it was brought down roughly by the action of water below. Some of these heaps and promontories are old enough, however, to be covered with well-grown trees. The gazer above observes that the whole valley of which this is a nook is formed precisely in the same manner. It is walled in semicircularly with wooded banks, whence charming-looking houses peep forth, with their green clearings, or sloping gardens. As for what is seen beyond, through the open part, it is a level and richly-fertile and wooded country, as far as the Welsh mountains, which enclose the whole. At sunset, when the entire view is at its brightest, there is one spot to which the eye is attracted infallibly and at once. At one end of the horseshoe, where the bank is subsiding towards the levels, there is a spreading farm-house, with a low, long, diversified face, and a terraced garden, sloping to the south. In the basin below there are fields which look as soft as velvet, some with a monstrous haystack in the middle, and others with large companies of cows, all at that hour tending towards the gate, to go home for the night. That most tempting place is Widow S.'s cheese-farm. I proceeded to my call on her, satisfied that in point of residence she might be the envy of almost all England.

The place did not disappoint me in the least on closer examination. The farm-yard front is neat, spacious, and somewhat picturesque, from its antiquity, if not particularly beautiful. There is a little green in front, kept inviolate by a sunk tence; and the area of the yard is so large that the outhouses

are no inconvenience or eyesore. There run scores of pigs, which feed on whey and butter-milk. There the large teams turn round without interfering with anybody; and there the whole dairy of seventy cows can move about without crowding.

Inside the house, the first thing that catches the eye is the Welsh carpet—not in the parlours, but the passage-rooms, pantries, and kitchen. This Welsh carpet is a pattern produced on the brick floor by staining the brick squares in figures with dockleaf juice. The prettiest pattern is perhaps produced by rubbing half of each square diagonally with dock-leaves. The diced appearance is really very pretty. The best parlour is well-furnished; but the uneven floor must wear out the carpet very soon. The lattice-windows do not open, either in or out; but in a better way, which keeps out rain as well as a sash-window. One compartment slides in grooves; and large, and bright as air, all those windows are, except in the cheese-making rooms, where they are bedewed as if it were brewing that was going on. The widow's own little parlour looks to the farm-yard, across the green. It looks somewhere else too. There are two old-fashioned peep-holes in the door, through which she can spy at pleasure into the industrial department; while she can, by turning the brass plates, secure herself from being watched in return. I don't know that I ever saw this device before, except in prisons, lunatic asylums, and hospitals; and it looks very odd, pleasant only as a relic of ancient days and customs, when the master's eye was supposed to be really constantly over his household. The upper rooms are spacious and airy, and as clean as the dairy itself—a thing which is especially commendable in a house which is wainscoted throughout its chambers, and all hill and dale in regard to its floors. Within the widow's room there is a most remarkable place, called Paul's closet. It is a small room, now appropriated to the shower-bath, which stands in one corner, and lighted by a high window. It is vaulted, and the only door is a double one. Over the door it may be seen, after some calculation, that there must be a cavity. Such a recess there is; and it is closed by a sliding panel. Paul, whoever he might be (and that is what nobody knows) was concealed in this room for a long time (nobody knows when), and has left curious traces of his imprisonment. In the vaulted part of the roofing there are drawings done with soot or blacking of some sort, of churches (one of which looks like a lighthouse), with the ecclesiastical doors and their elaborate hinges and locks represented faithfully, and on a grand scale, in proportion to the rest of the edifice. In the opposite angles are marks which seem to show that Paul was a Catholic. In one is the IHS, and in the other the MRI (only with N instead of M), which tell of his catholicism.

Poor Paul was, or believed himself, in danger of being caught, one day, and he crept into his cupboard over the door. Being found there dead, and mere skin and bone, he was supposed to have fastened the panel only too well, and thus to have died a horrible death. Judging by the present state of things, there could have been no want of air. It is to be feared that he died of sheer starvation, all alone and nobody knowing. Who could Paul have been?

The gardens are delightful, and the vine-covered house on that side. Where the upper storey projects, hanging its vine tendrils above the recess below, there is a clean white bench where one might sit all day and admire the garden. There is a smooth green all hedged in with old-fashioned flowers. The espaliers are knobbed all over with apples and pears; and the great pear-tree beside the green shows myriads of the fruit. The high brick wall which surrounds this garden is covered—actually covered—with wall-fruit, golden apricots, and plums of all colours. The more delicate vegetables are here—asparagus beds, artichokes, peas, and beans. Passing through a door in the wall, one finds oneself in the terraced garden, seen from afar; and of course commanding the landscape before described—from the bank above the Dee to the Welsh mountains. Here are the potatoes, the cabbages, and common fruits; and, again, apricots and plums, as many as within. The pastures may hence be measured by the eye. The land held by Mrs. S. is two hundred and eighty-three acres, very nearly the whole of which is in pasture. Her seventy cows eat nothing but grass and hay. Modern methods of management have not reached this valley yet. It is the notion here that it must be extravagant work ploughing the ground for roots, because it would be necessary to employ husbandmen; so only eight acres of this farm are under the plough, while ninety-eight are mown for hay this year. Hedgerow timber is in full luxuriance here; because, as the people say, what would become of the cows without the shade? Stall-feeding is of course a thing yet unheard of; or, if heard of, dreaded as the sure and certain end of all fame founded on Cheshire cheese. In the dairy I found the old-fashioned leads, with the ancient spigot, or bung of wood and rag. No zinc has as yet been propounded here. The manure yet awaits its due exaltation. It lies neglected in the open air; and in the pastures gives a sad lumpy appearance to the grass, when one comes near enough to see the blemish. The manure in the stalls is sometimes spread over the pasture. Guano has been heard of and used; and the name of bone-dust is not altogether strange. But, as to bestowing serious thought on the great subject of manure, the time for that has not arrived. Whenever it does, I am rather disposed to think that the Cheshire cheese

will be no worse, and the cows, the grass, the widow, and her dairy-maidens very much the better.

By this time, my visit was quite long enough. I had obtained leave to come at seven in the morning to see the whole process of cheese-making. The maidens, of whom there are always three, and sometimes four, rise at five o'clock. There is the milking and the breakfast; and by seven they are ready to begin upon the cheese.

The meal of milk of the evening before was put into tubs, except what is wanted for butter, and for domestic use. The tubs which receive the milk for cheese are two; and there are two more to contain the whey of the preceding batch. When the evening's and morning's meal were poured (mixed) into the two tubs, there were about fifty gallons in each, the yield of sixty cows, ten of the seventy cows on the farm being dry, or calving at the time.

There are two things to be put into this deluge of milk, one for show, and the other for use. For show, a table-spoonful of arnotta is mixed in. The arnotta is a thick, viscid, dark red substance, thicker than treacle, and quite as dark. It is made from the lining of the seed-pod, and from the pressed seeds of a South American and West Indian plant of the Bixa kind; and it is used merely to colour the cheese. There cannot be too little of it put in, for its taste is nauseous to the last degree; and its properties are purgative. There is a constant tendency among the cheese-makers to put in more and more, to make the cheese rich, as they say, which means merely highly-coloured. Mrs. S., however, allows only one spoonful to a tub of fifty gallons; and that cannot well hurt anybody.

The other substance put in is the rennet. Irish rennet is found to be the best. Some of the farmers in the cheese districts bargain with the butchers, in selling their calves, to have the stomachs back again; but they must, for the most part, use them for their own cheese-making; for the regular cheese dairies are provided with the stomachs of Irish calves, brought by travelling agents. Mrs. S. buys enough in the spring for the whole year. She keeps it in a basket on a shelf in the cheese-house, cuts off a few small pieces of the long-dead stomach (which looks half-way between tripe and parchment) and soaks them in a pipkin with cold water for a few minutes. Some people pour boiling water on them, and let it stand till cold; but the cold water does quite as well, and causes no delay. There is some appearance of mystery in a cup full of water, in which a bit of calf's stomach has been washed, turning fifty gallons of milk into curd in a quarter of an hour: and till lately it was a mystery what the gastric juice of all stomachs was composed of, and how it acted. Now the chemists have ascertained what are the consti-

tuents of this wonderful secretion, this juice which is in all stomachs, which has no effect on living creatures, but reduces all dead substances that are swallowed into one uniform pulp, the best part of which goes to nourish the frame. But how it acts there is no knowing, any more than how any of the changes of the living frame are produced. There it is, in the stomach of the calf when killed; and the coats of the stomach are dried; and, after many months, the juice is as good as ever for turning milk into curd, in Cheshire in the autumn, just as it did in the stomach of the living calf, down in County Kerry in spring. While the process is going on, a wooden bowl, with hot water, floats on the surface of the milk, and some people put into the tub a pint, or so, in summer, and more in winter.

The maids are not idle while the curd is setting. One stout wench draws several pailsful of buttermilk from a copper in one corner, for the pigs: and next, she sets about skimming the whey of yesterday. A thick cream has risen, and makes that great tub look exceedingly rich. She skims it, and deposits the cream in an earthen jar, ready for the churn; and then she empties the whey by pailsful into what seems a great copper in another corner; but, as the whey vanishes, it is clear the copper is a funnel. The whey runs off through a pipe to the piggery. She is a clever girl who does this. She wears a blue bib like a child's, up to her collar-bones, and her gown is short, to a most sensible degree, as is that of the other dairy-maids. They do not go slopping and dragging about, as ladies do in London streets; but have their dress no lower than the ankle, and shoes thick enough to keep them out of the damp of the moist brick floor. This girl wants to tilt the tub when she gets near the bottom. She begs no help, but hoists her stout apron through one of the handles, and while she hoists it, kicks a log of wood under the tub. When emptied, the tub is well scalded, and left to hold the evening's milk.

The head dairymaid is meantime looking to the cheeses made on Thursday, Wednesday, and Tuesday, to-day being Friday. In the two rooms now under observation there are six presses, more being in other parts of the premises. These presses look like any first stone that any prince is going to lay for a public building—a square mass which ascends and descends by a screw. The two cheeses made on Tuesday are taken out and examined. They are pressed into keelers—tubs made of substantial oak, lessening in size to suit the lessening bulk of the cheese as it dries. The cheese is now turned out of its keeler, and the damp binder which bandaged it is thrown aside. It is put into the keeler again, the other end up, and the part which does not go in (for the keeler holds only about two-thirds of it yet) is bound round with a broad strip of tin pierced with holes,

and called a fillet. This fillet is bandaged round the cheese with a linen binder about three inches broad; then a cloth is thrown over the top, and the whole is pushed under the block of the press, which is screwed down upon it. The Wednesday's cheeses are bigger and moister, and some whey is still oozing from the holes of the fillet. The Thursday's cheeses are very soft and yellow, and only beginning to have a rind. The whey runs out with a touch of your thumb. The maid reaches for a handful of long skewers from the shelf. She stabs the cheese through and through in all directions, and throws aside the cloth in which it was wrapped, and which is wringing wet. It is now wrapped in a dry cloth, put, the other end up, into its keeler, bound with a fillet like the others, but with the difference that half-a-dozen of the long skewers are stuck into the holes of the fillet. Then the binder goes on, the cloth is closed over the whole, and it is set aside—not under the press to-day, but with a weight upon it, a slate cover, which has a wooden handle to lift it by. These newer cheeses are more or less wet with whey: they are seamed and marked with the creases of the binders and cloths, and knobbed in a rather pretty way with buttons answering to the holes of the fillet. These marks are all to be ironed out, before the cheeses get quite dry, with a tailor's goose. The goose stands on the stove in the middle of the room, beside the flat-irons used to smooth the cloths and binders. The ironing of cheeses strikes one as a curious sort of laundry business.

Now for to-day's cheeses. In a trice everything else is put away, the dressers wiped down, and the coast made clear for the great operation. I stand between fifty gallons of thick custard (to all appearance) on the one hand and fifty gallons on the other. A very long, blunt knife is handed to the widow, who this morning does the honours with her own hands. She scores the curd in all directions, calls for a spoon, and invites me to taste the curd. It is very good indeed—to one who has as yet had no breakfast, though kindly invited to the widow's well-spread table an hour ago. The breaker is next handed. The breaker is like a round gridiron, delicately made of thick wire, and fastened to the end of a slender broomstick. With a graceful and slow motion, Mrs. S. plunges in the breaker, and works it gently up and down, and hither and thither, searching every part of the great tub, that no lump of curd may remain unbroken. When she turns—in ten minutes or so—to the second tub, the curd of the first all sinks to the bottom. Then comes the dairymaid, and fishes and rakes among the whey with a bowl till she brings the greater part of the curd to her side of the tub. Then she throws aside the bowl; and, while she retains the mass with one arm, she sweeps the whey with the other for all the curd that is yet abroad. There

seems to be such a quantity that one can hardly believe that it all goes to make one cheese. Some of the cheeses, however, weigh one hundred weight, or even more, while those made in winter dwindle to sixty pounds or less.

Two clean white baskets, like round washing baskets, only slighter, are ready on the dresser. A cloth being put into one of these as a lining, the curd is heaped into it when the last morsel that can be caught is fished out. The basket is put into a tub to drain, and the whey is left where it is to send up cream for tomorrow's skimming and churning. In two or three hours the curd will be dry enough for the final making into cheese. It is broken up by hand as fine as possible and salted. The salt is worked in very thoroughly. Mrs. S. can only say she salts it to her taste. The head dairymaid thinks that she puts about two pounds of salt to the largest of their cheeses. The salting done, the cheese is fit for the treatment described in the case of the Thursday's production; and it will come out tomorrow morning oozing whey through the holes of the fillet and wherever pressed; and it will be stabbed and impaled with those long skewers like its predecessor of yesterday. Meantime, the main business of the day is done. If the girls are skilful and diligent, they can get everything out of the way before dinner, at half-past twelve. There is plenty of hot water in the kitchen copper, which holds one hundred gallons. The keelers are scoured, the utensils all scalded, the cloths and binders washed, and every place wiped and swept and made tidy before dinner. There is no reason why the girls should not sit down to their sewing, or their own employments of any sort, till the cows come home for the evening milking. Some awkward ones do not get through their work till four in the afternoon; but if they get tired it is nobody's fault but their own. At nine everybody is off to bed.

The worst thing about the employment is that it cannot stop on Sundays, except in establishments large enough to have a double set of apparatus, and great command of labour. A landowner in the district I am writing of, offered, some time since, a prize for the best cheese, deferred on account of Sunday; and it is found that the milk may be set on Saturday night, and treated on Monday morning, without injury; and the servants do not complain of the Monday's hard work, as the price of the free Sunday. But it is a serious matter that there must be duplicates of those huge tubs, and of everything else that is used, including double space to move about in. Remembering that the work may always be over soon after twelve at noon, I inquired whether the girls could not set to it two hours earlier on Sundays, so as to be in time for church—taking rest in the afternoon. But there is a strange obstacle to that plan. In Wales, and on the borders,

the ancient custom remains which, if I remember right, used to be called bundling. The servants receive their lovers on Saturday nights, which is the sanctioned season for courtship. The master and family go to bed, and leave the key of the house with the maids, whose lovers come to sup, and stay much too late to admit of unusual early rising on Sundays. So, cheesemaking is continued as on other days, on all but the wealthiest farms.

As for the cheeses which had been pressed enough, that is, for four days, they are stored in the cheese-room on the opposite side of the yard at the widow's. She took the largest key I ever saw. The key of the Bastille, which hangs in Washington's hall at Mount Vernon, in Virginia, is nothing to it; and the keyhole of the cheese-room is in the very middle of the door. In fact, it is not a common lock bolt that the key draws back, but a heavy bar. The apparatus is bar and lock in one. More presses appear along the wall of this great upstairs room. Cheeses stand on end as close as they can without touching. There is a stove in the middle, and a thermometer hangs opposite the presses. The cheeses, which are turned and wiped very frequently, may stand here six months, though that seldom happens; and the temperature of the room must be regulated in winter. The demand is constant; and the only difference between good and bad times is that prices and profits are higher or lower. Every cheese is always sold. Factors come round and buy, chiefly to supply the Manchester and London markets. It is a capital business. From May to October, two cheeses per day, of near one hundredweight each, is a great creation of commodity. After October, the size of the cheeses begins to dwindle; then the number; until the spring calving of the cows, and springing of the grass, bring round the season of plenty again.

Much more cheese must and will be made yet. In Ireland there is next to none, though the Kerry hills are covered with herds of singularly productive milch cows. Every ounce of cheese eaten in the west of Ireland comes from London. When the trade in cheese is made entirely free, it will be otherwise; for in this case, as in others, what is called protection is mere impediment to native industry. There is an indomitable taste for cheese in our people; and sooner or later it will throw off the incubus of all duty, and enlarge the demand, according to the usual principle and practice of free trade. The widow need not dread such an event, either for herself or for her young son after her. She occupies a vantage ground by reason of the goodness and high reputation of her cheese. It will not be superseded by any that can come in from abroad, or is made at home. It is pleasant to see so much prosperity surrounding the widow, and in the shape, not of brick warehouses, or of iron safes at the bank—but of green pastures, mighty haystacks, sleek

herds breathing fragrance, a little paradise of blushing fruits, and vats of yellow cream. May her shadow never be less!

## CHIP.

### BRUTE SENSE.

WHEN the tailor makes me a coat that fits under the armpits like knives, or the shoemaker contrives for me boots that dig like forks into the toes, I cannot help wishing that it were my lot to be clad without the aid of those artificers, like the lower animals. Why not? We have reason in our keeping, to be sure; but do not, on that score, hold up your chin too high over the ring of your white collar. I have seen better white bands about the neck of many a little bird that twitters in the hedge by the way-side. It is not reason that parts you from the beast most widely, so much as your hat. Many a dog has better head-lining than yours, but a head-covering like that which you clap on every day would look ridiculous, even upon a pig. I should like to know what furrier or paletot maker, with the clothes of beasts given him to cut up and fashion into clothes for men, can dress the world of fashion half as well as the animal itself is dressed. What Macintosh garment is so beautiful as the waterproof dress of the salmon or the duck? Brummel never wore a coat half as well-fitting as a dog's. This coat fits without a crease, and always maintains its lustre by a principle of renovation contained in itself. It becomes thicker and heavier when its wearer is exposed to severe cold and needs the warmest wrappers, and it becomes, in hot climates, thin and very light. It maintains the temperature of the body, and impedes the transmission either of heat or cold from without. It serves as a light mattress to the wearer that enables him to lie down comfortably on the bare ground, on stones, or upon the hardest floor, and to resist any ordinary amount of damp. The same dress on a female wearer serves as a bed for her little ones to nestle upon. A whole bird of paradise, or part of the tail of an ostrich stuck upon a lady's head does not impart to her dress the lightness and beauty of a complete set of plumage such as any bird, even a poor linnet in Seven Dials, has for everyday wear. Then how amazingly fit are the bird's clothes for the bird's occupation! The direction of every feather is calculated in birds of swift passage to assist and expedite their flight; and, in birds that fly stealthily by night, to make their movements noiseless.

"But I am sure my eyes are better than a sparrow's!" Are you quite sure, young lady—who would be proud to have your eyes likened to those of the gazelle—that your eyes are as good even as a vulture's? Some hunters in Bengal killed a large wild boar, and left it outside their tent. An hour afterwards, the sky was blue and cloudless, only a