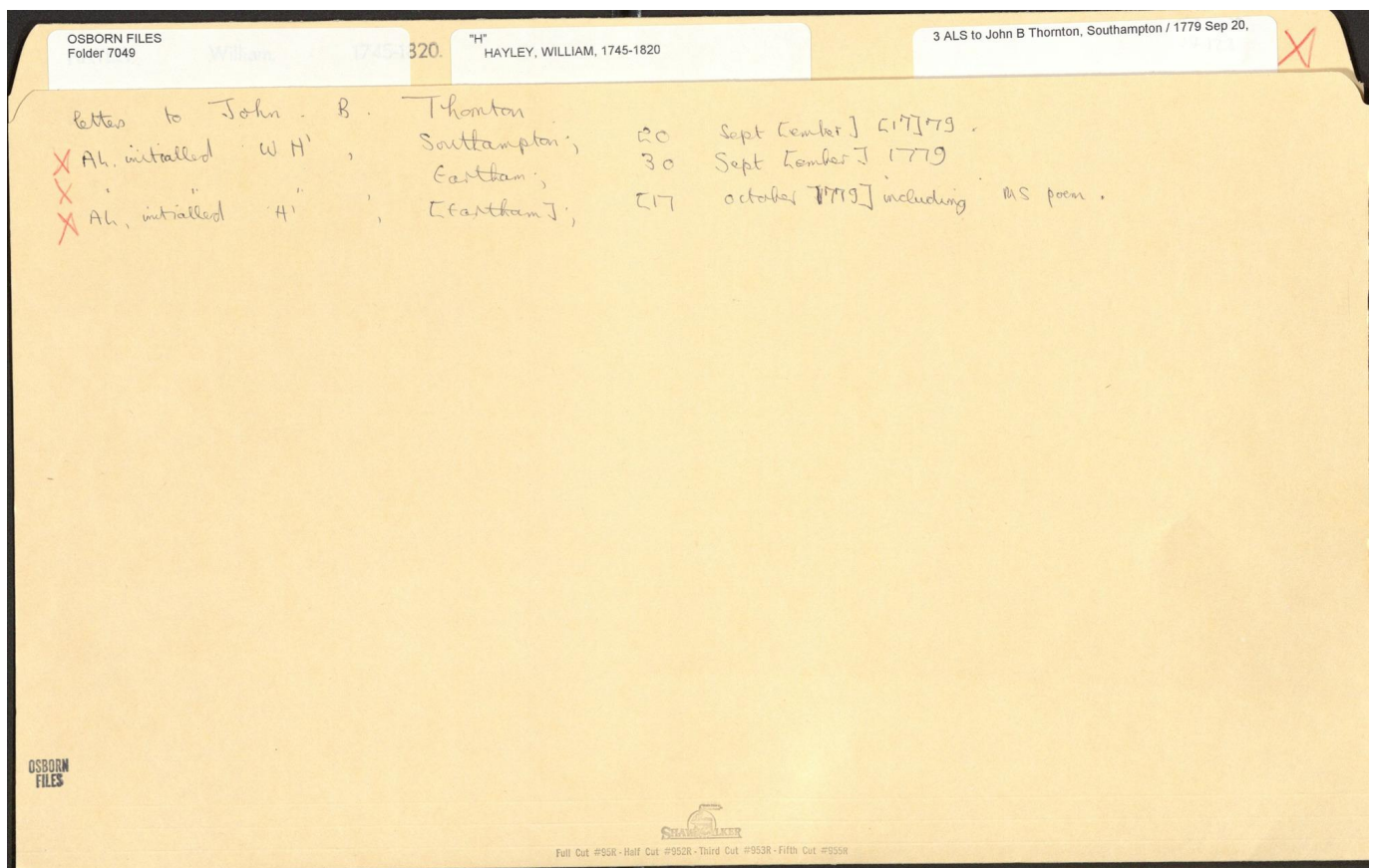




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My very dear Friend

Southampton, Monday Sept 20
1879

I rejoice in the Idea that you are moving Southward, as I consider every step you take as an advance towards Eastham where I am most desirous of your spending at least the greater part of October. I flatter myself you will bring a larger recruit of health from the northern springs than you seem to imagine - I arrived last night at the hospitable mansion of our Southampton friends, who desire to be kindly remembered to you - I have the satisfaction of finding Eliza a little recovered; but not to such a degree as I hoped from her letters. She is still deeply thin, pale, & weak; & there is something altogether so mysterious in her disorder; that it gives me great anxiety - she rejoices in the hope of seeing you soon & the Idea of your taking gentle rides together - she proposes sending you a cargo of ^{particular} Biscuits called Cracknels, which they ~~make~~ here, & which are most admirable for tender Stomachs. we admire them so much in that light, that we intend to establish a correspondence with the maker, & have a parcel sent to Eastham every fortnight for we are all stomatic Invalids. Eliza's stomach is much disorder'd, & all been application

to study has a bad effect upon mine - But
 enough on these gloomy subjects! let us proceed
 to something more cheering! I believe I have
 not yet informed you that I have received
 a most polite & flattering letter from Mr
 Hardwick - Sadler's friend Hans Stanley has
 also said many fine things of the Norwegian
 Epistle: In short I am as much flattered
 by people of all ranks as a poet can
 wish to be - all we have now to appreciate
 is, that we may, like most other writers,
 write ourselves out of Reputation - Laying
 (who I am sorry to tell you has had a great
 accident, & lost the use of his right hand by
 a fall for some days) has had a conference
 with Dodsley on the publications of an Historical
 Work, & I have resolved to finish the whole
 & come forth (as the sublime critic recommended)
 at first & as Dodsley now thinks, eligible)
 in one Volume Quarto - ~~and~~ Heaven
 knows when it will come forth, unless you
 come & interfere in the shape of an
 October - But enough of me & my works
 for the present! let me now say a few words
 on your occasional Correspondent - I trust, my
 dear friend, you will never more be surprised or
 hurt by any appearance of neglect from my neighbor

but remember, He has no turn for Les petits soins
 de la vie - He returned to Livingston on a Sunday
 & a Sunday morning called on me for about an hour: at this
 time my eyes were beginning to fail - I told him I
 would walk the hill to see Black, if my eyes could
 allow me to venture - a fortnight elapsed - a reply
 at last called with a verbal message to know why
 they had not seen me - I explained my reasons by letter
 for I had been 3 days confined with inflammation in
 the eyes - on Saturday morning last he rode over
 for a couple of hours, as I said I was going
 to Southampton on the Sunday - He talked of
 his having been often out at shooting, that
 he always rapt off always brought
 home birds, as James found after him:
 I wished very much to see Jane for this
 as she can hardly find any rest, but my pride was
 too much hurt by his general conduct, to allow
 me to ask him for a partridge - as I should have
 asked almost any other acquaintance in the same
 situation - I mention all these foolish particulars
 my dear friend, merely to show you, that his friendship
 to you is not singular, & therefore consequently ought
 not to hurt you - So on our part, I have now not
 completely fortified my mind against every thing
 of this kind; tho at first it is impossible not to feel
 disappointed, in finding the soul of a friend to languish
 only of nonchance, when you have expected to find
 a true heart - therefore I feel this disappointment
 with a morbid sensibility, to use a favorite & happy
 expression of Beattie, I endeavor to correct myself
 by recollecting all the essential good qualities of my

neighbour, & as they are married, I generally conclude
his self debate by thinking, that if he is not every
thing to me that I expected, the fault perhaps
lies partly in myself, or that, as it arises not
probably from the constitutional character of both, it is owing
to blame either, & that I have as in future to repress
the sanguine spirit of my own expectations - adieu
we meet sander to dinner tomorrow as an intimate

into
also
adieu

Mr. all
John Thorne
Esq.

Dear
Luton

Bedfordshire



Friend of his very near Portsmouth, & hope to reach London
that night - with our united love & every kind wish from
all this House ever yrs with.

I have omitted telling you that I was much diverted
by Mrs Newcombs remark on the ode to Death, which was
uttered almost extempore in the rising House at Easter
for Dr Sander - Samy Horn has set a few stanzas
of it to a fine piece of sacred music, & sings them
with marvellous effect - adieu adieu into soon

If we are not yet to bid you welcome to the
 little grove of Earthan, I will say however that
 you are welcome to the shelter of your own
 protecting woods from the bleak Hills of the
 north. I read yr account, my very dear Friend,
 of yr arrival & yr engagements at Home with
 a mixture of mortification & delight; but the
 latter greatly preponderated, as yr Health is
 the first object of our care, & you describe it
 in such a state, as fills us with the most lively
 joy & the most sanguine expectations of seeing
 you perfectly restored. I am happy in being
 able to give you as good a History of yr Friend
 Eliza - she has been on Horseback these three
 days, & received so much Benefit & pleasure from
 her rides, that she is resolved to persevere in them
 every morning - she has armed herself with a Greatcoat
 & pays no regard to any unsettled appearances
 in the sky. Mr. Heath, the courteous old Clergyman
 of Lavant, has provided her with a most gentle
 & steady mare, of a good height & agreeable
 paces; & she has a diligent & careful attendant
 in William Swan, no unworthy successor of the
 affectionate Thomas! I have the pleasure of
 perceiving, that the rose begins to revive in her
 cheek - but it wears at present the not very

appearance of the York & Lancaster, & all
the warm & settled flow of the Danash -
aprons of flowers. I surprised her Majesty on
her return with some improvements in her Greenhouse,
which have we think a very happy effect, & which
we long to show you - among them is such a Border
as you recommended, in which there are already
two Pappa Green, which our present diligent
gardener has raised from cuttings to the height
of six feet. I am also making at his
request a recess in the Lady's Walk, where he
engages to raise & preserve many delicate plants,
& even the tender apple itself, in spite of our
wintry winds. I intend placing a little seat in
the middle of it, which I propose making of oyster
shells, if I can teach my old mason to manage it,
& which is to be inscribed "Veneri Mania"
but in such a mystic manner, as not to be dicible
to vulgar eyes. In this sacred edifice I
hope to have the assistance of you & your sister,
the sublime architect Leinster. But Heaven
only knows when I shall set eyes on either of
you - If you visit the nursery of your friend Lee
this autumn, I will beg you to ask, if he can
send me about 7 or 8 young mulberry trees, as it
is a fruit her Majesty is very fond of, & our

country produces none - I will trouble you to send
for me plants of a light green, also a small one
& one diosma, & I most seriously insist on your
sending us nothing more - of all presents from
you, partridges, if you are killing, will be most
welcome, because we shall regard them, not only as
marks of your affectionate remembrance, but as
testimonials of your health - Having given you
so promising a history of her Majesty, & the work
going forward at our imperial villa, I am almost
unwilling to add a sorry account of myself;
but I have just been attacked with a feverish
head ach to such a degree, that I could not
bear to be read to even by the soft voice
of Eliza. I have been much harassed with
the Agri. Sonnia; but my fever is I trust
almost, if not quite, departed as my visitor has
charged for the Honorable to the Conick; from
a hideous apparition of my friend George Birk
will ask his Head to my presenting a book of old
English poetry to the King, & slipping a brand
of Honour before all the Court at St. James,
which was my last night's Entertainment - This
is pleasant enough, but alas my poetical & historical
operations are at a stand; for I dare not attempt
to think even for 10 minutes together - & I do not
despatch even this shallow scrawl to you without
some degree of pain. I must however conclude
this, as it is to travel in Eliza's pocket, who is

Just preparing to sail forth on a visit to Mrs.
 Nash, who always enquires after you most kindly -- adieu!
 our united love & kindest wishes to you, & all with you.
 I tell you Sally I kiss the hem of her petticoat, & am
 myself a most shabby fellow in having made no return to
 her excellent poetic epistle - Farewell! ever yours
 W.H.

Edgar Sept 30th 1779

John Thornton
 In all
 Mrs
 London
 Bedfordshire



CHICAGO
 2/16

We read with much concern the death of your
 valuable neighbor Dr Beesworth in our paper
 last night

Sunday Morn

as Sunday, my dear Friend, is the Day of Pudding,
allow me to set before you the Millefleur you
requested —

Take then a pint of milk, & spill it
upon a single ounce of Millefleur!
For invalids a single Egg!
a little sugar & nutmeg!
Of this, if boiled a single Hour,
is fit for princes to devour:
yet if you with Longinus dine,
His Cook for one Egg mixes nine;
But his to make her Pudding-Bowl
an Emblem of her master's soul,
since two or 3, at any time,
will please a Taste that's less Sublime.

So much for puddings — you may depend on the
preceding as truly orthodox, for Eliza brought it
for you from Lavington, where she has been to
return their visit & pass a night in the old
Chateau alone — for the state of my eyes &
head is so tender, that I cannot venture to
cross the Hills, till I am able to write Finis
to my 3d Historical Epistle. for as I have resolved
to publish the whole work together, it is become
a matter of great Importance to me to dispatch
it with as much expedition, as the nature of

the work & my various infirmities will allow; as I find that I should be ill able to excuse or support the beauty of our little principality of East Angles, without raising every now & then a considerable line from our Parnassian estate - & as this is almost as precarious as West India revenue, from the uncertainty of Human Health, I am anxious not to lose any favorable hour - I was much concerned to learn a libel^l return from Lamington, that you had just said, in a letter to Sanger, you have no thoughts of visiting Sussex at present - alas my poor notes! These are translations from diverse Gracians & the princeps conuenia herself (whose whole preface I have translated) which expect much improvement from your revision. Indeed I was in hopes we should soon dispatch the first division together, both poetry & notes, & send it to the press, as it will take, I apprehend, a considerable time to print our whole Quarto volume, & I wish it for various reasons to come forth, as soon after Y^e the

as possible - But unless you care to enlarge & correct, how unfit must our volume be for public inspection? Indeed when I consider the nature of the work, my own superficial knowledge, & the various impediments, which preclude me from improving it as I wish, I sit down in amazement at the impudence of my own undertaking, & am half tempted to throw the work into the fire. - Her Majesty however, who read the whole - as far as it is written last night, has flattered me into some little hopes of it; so that I may possibly finish the poetical part in about a fortnight, if I do not relapse into my late head-ach. - I have then some long notes to write to the two last Epistles; but I shall allow myself a few holidays, & spend a day or two at Lamington before I begin them, as I sympathize with you in your feelings towards the lord of the old castle - He is certainly much more awakened towards us all, & it shall not be my fault, if he grows lethargick again. - I read your account of Cousin Sally with infinite concern - If my presence was a specific for the Gout I could abandon both history & the muses to attend on her coach - But alas I can only give her my unavailing good wishes - I am much flattered by the kind remembrance

of our young, & shall be happy to embrace every opportunity
 of cultivating his Friendship. but I dare not think of seeing
 Hertfordshire this autumn - Eastham is a beautiful & extravagant
 mistress who not only engages the affection of her keeper, but
 renders him too poor to wander from her embraces - adieu
 with lively wishes of yr Health & every kind wish towards it
 ever yrs A

John Thornton Esq
 Mull near Luton
 Bedfordshire



as I know not how to direct to Lee, I will beg you
 to order for me of Mulberry Trees, Diasma & evergreen
 of a pale leaf, which you recommended, but whose name
 I forget - yet I think it was the purling tree

adieu - Eliza's kindest love to you - she begs
 to show you the improvements of our garden -
 The gentle anoldo is well. but I fear he will long
 be a stranger to the soft ligaments in which you suppose him

Custard: An old reliable

By ELIZABETH RIELY

On Oct. 17, 1779, the English poet William Hayley wrote to his friend John Thornton, "As Sunday, my dear friend, is the day of puddings, allow me to set before you the millet you requested." In the letter, now in the Osborn Collection in the Yale University library, there follows the recipe Thornton asked for, in the form of a poem:

Take then a pint of milk, & spill it
upon a single ounce of millet!
For invalids a single Egg!
a little sugar & nutmeg!
And this, if boild a single Hour,
is fit for princes to devour:
yet if you with Longinus dine,
His Cook for one Egg mixes Nine;
But 'tis to make her Pudding-Bowl
an Emblem of her master's soul,
since two or 3, at any Time,
will please a Taste that's less Sublime.

In England the word pudding has a much wider meaning than in the United States, but we all recognize this recipe as custard. With millet, a grain or cereal grown here to feed livestock but eaten by people in Africa and Asia, it is something akin to rice pudding.

Custards, bland and nourishing, long have been used to feed the young, the old and the sick. But if we expand the basic egg-and-milk mixture, their diversity becomes much greater. Just think of some of their names: hasty pudding, fried cream, tipsy parson.

Here we begin with a simple soft custard much like the one described by Hayley; then baked *pots de creme* in a variety of flavors, and the rich and intriguing *creme brulee*. Remember the tremendous popularity of quiche in recent years, where almost anything savory that goes with cream can be put in a pie shell. A spicy and unusual eggplant quiche is given here.

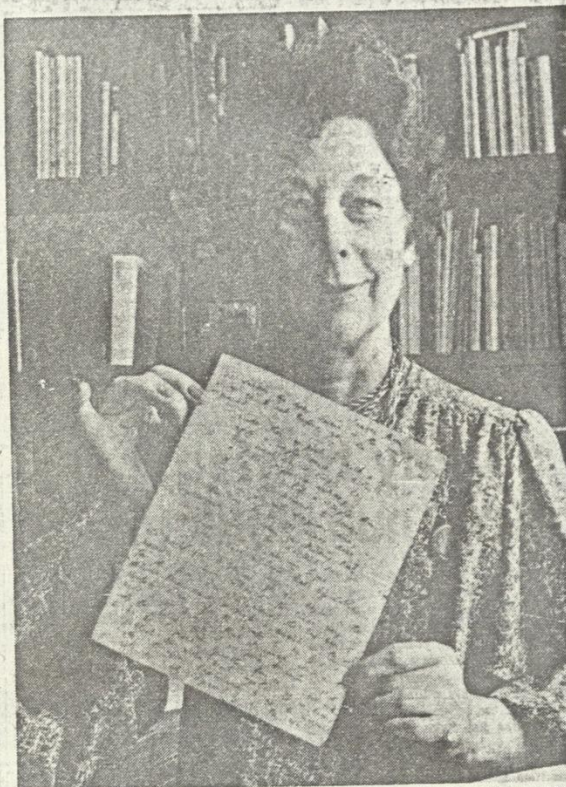
Then there is French custard ice cream, flavored in any of a hundred ways and frozen into a smooth cream. Italian zabaglione, nothing but egg yolks, sugar and wine beaten into a froth, is utterly simple and sophisticated at the same time. No wonder there are so many adaptations.

In this country we enjoy many custard pies; a southern lemon chess pie is one example, rich but not cloying because of its intense lemony taste. Lastly, a trifle, that ingenious fantasy with such a beguiling name. You can use your own fancy to concoct your trifle, or follow the strawberry one suggested here. Any of these recipes, simple or sublime, you will find fit for Longinus.

SOFT CUSTARD

3 egg yolks
¼ cup sugar
Pinch of salt
2 cups scalded milk
Dash of grated nutmeg
1 teaspoon vanilla or sherry

In the top of a double boiler off the heat, beat the egg yolks lightly. Add the sugar and pinch of salt. Stirring constantly, gradually pour in the scalded milk and continue to stir over hot water until the custard is thickened — do not allow the yolks to curdle. Take off the heat and add the nutmeg and vanilla or sherry. Chill.



Staff photo by KIRBY KENNEDY

Beinecke research librarian Marjorie Wynne holds what is probably Yale's most unusual recipe.

POTS DE CREME

5 egg yolks
½ cup sugar
1 Tablespoon vanilla extract

Combine the egg yolks, sugar and vanilla extract and beat them together lightly. Stirring briskly, pour in the scalded cream. Strain the mixture into custard cups set in a pan of hot water. Bake, covered, for about 15 minutes, until a knife inserted near the edge comes out clean. Chill.

These custards may be flavored at the beginning with coffee extract, liqueur, melted chocolate, or nuts, and decorated according to your imagination.

CREME BRULEE

5 egg yolks
¼ cup sugar
1 tablespoon vanilla extract
2 cups scalded cream
light brown sugar, sifted

Combine the egg yolks, sugar and vanilla extract, and beat them together lightly. Pour in the scalded cream, stirring briskly. After you have stirred the scalded cream into the egg yolks, pour the custard into the top of a double boiler and cook it over hot water, stirring all the while, until the custard coats the

spoon. Pour it into a shallow baking dish or individual custard cups, buttered. Chill thoroughly, preferably overnight.

Just before serving, cover the top of the custard with ¼ inch sifted light brown sugar. Put the dish or dishes in a shallow pan and surround the custard with ice. Put the pan under the broiler until the sugar caramelizes — watch very carefully to see that it does not burn. Serve right away. If using a single large dish, crack the glaze with a spoon, a ritual that entrances adults as well as children.

EGGPLANT QUICHE

4½ inch slices of eggplant
3 Tablespoons olive oil
2 Tablespoons chopped onion
1 garlic clove, minced
2 eggs
1 cup cream
2 Tablespoons minced ham (optional)
4 Tablespoons tomato puree
2 Tablespoons chopped parsley
1 teaspoon provencal herbs
2 Tablespoons grated parmesan cheese
1 prepared pie shell, partially baked

(Please turn to page 36)

Custard can be shaped to many tastes

(Continued from page 35)

Preheat oven to 375 degrees F.

Slice a medium-sized eggplant, leaving on the skin. Salt the flesh and allow to stand for at least 30 minutes to draw out some of the moisture. Rinse and dry when ready to proceed. Fry the slices in the olive oil until they are lightly browned on both sides. Drain on absorbent paper. Sauté the onion and garlic in the oil (add more if necessary) until soft. In a bowl, beat the eggs lightly and mix in the cream. Add the ham (optional), tomato puree, parsley, herbs and salt and pepper to taste. Put the eggplant slices in the quiche shell. Pour the custard over. Grate the cheese over the top and bake in a 375 degree oven for 30-35 minutes until puffed and golden. Serve warm or at room temperature.

CUSTARD ICE CREAM

3 egg yolks
1/4 cup sugar
2 cups scalded cream
1 cup heavy cream
1 teaspoon vanilla extract
In the top of a double boiler beat together the egg yolks and sugar until the sugar is dissolved. Pour over the scalded

cream, stirring constantly. Cook it over hot water, still stirring until the custard coats the spoon. Strain and chill. Add the cup of heavy cream and vanilla. Freeze in ice trays or a bowl, stirring several times to smooth away ice crystals, or in the manufacturer's directions. Let the ice cream ripen for about two hours before serving.

Flavor with crushed fruit, nuts, coffee, chocolate or whatever you like. Makes about 1 quart.

ZABAGLIONE FOR TWO

2 egg yolks
1 ounce sugar
1/4 cup Marsala (or cream sherry)

Put the egg yolks and sugar into the top of a double boiler and beat them together lightly. Add the Marsala (or sherry). Over hot water — be sure the top pan is well above the water — continue to beat the mixture as it foams up and increases in volume. Be careful not to overcook it. Remove the top pan from the heat. Serve immediately by itself or with fruit, or chill and serve later.

This recipe is easy to double or triple. There are many adaptations, but this is the classic and to my mind the best.

LEMON CHEESE PIE

1 stick sweet butter, at room temperature
1 cup sugar
3 eggs
Grated zest and juice of one lemon (about 1/4 cup)
1 teaspoon vanilla extract
Grated nutmeg
Sweet pastry shell, unbaked and chilled

Have all ingredients, except the pie shell, at room temperature.

Preheat oven to 350 degrees F. Cream together the butter and sugar. Beat in the eggs, one by one, until they are well combined. Stir in the grated zest and lemon juice; add the vanilla. The mixture should be well blended and light.

Put the pastry shell on a baking sheet, pour in the filling, and sprinkle with a little grated nutmeg. Carefully place the sheet in the middle of the oven. Bake for

about 30 minutes until the filling turns light brown and is set in the middle. Cool the pie on a rack. The filling will rise somewhat during the baking, but will settle as it cools.

TRIFLE

1 sponge or genoise cake
Strawberry jam
1 pint fresh strawberries (save some of the prettiest for decoration, but hull, slice and lightly sugar the rest)
Sherry or liqueur
1 recipe soft custard (see recipe at beginning of article)
1 cup heavy cream, whipped and lightly sweetened

Split a sponge or genoise cake and spread half with a layer of strawberry jam. Put the top half back on and place in a deep glass bowl. Pour some sherry or liqueur over the cake. Cover with the sliced strawberries. Then spoon over the soft custard. Chill thoroughly. Whip the cream, sweeten it to taste and spoon it onto the custard, decorating the top with rosettes or whatever you like and the reserved whole strawberries.

Properly treated fish offers nutritious meal

March has been proclaimed National Nutrition Month by the American Dietetic Association and March is also an ideal time to take advantage of Lenten specials on frozen fish in your neighborhood grocery store. So here's a recipe idea to

fruit and tossed salads. Prepared yellow mustard and paprika add flavor and color to this nicely seasoned oil and vinegar dressing.

Serve with hot biscuits or rolls, plus skim milk and cookies for a top notch

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