

mixed with the treacle are needed to obviate this, but it is better to make the pudding in a basin, lining it with the crust, and filling up with treacle and crust alternately, having crust at the top, just as for a fruit pudding. The syrup may be spiced or flavoured with lemon-rind. A very superior golden syrup (clear and of nice colour) is now sold in tins: a great improvement on the dark-coloured—often far from clean—treacle of years ago.

We have previously spoken of the use of sago as a substitute for eggs in plain puddings; here is a case in point: viz., a homely variety of *Snowdon Pudding*.

Line a greased basin with stoned raisins, the cut side to be pressed to the basin, and fill up with the following mixture:—three ounces of bread-crumbs, an ounce each of flour and small sago, two ounces each of moist sugar and suet, a table-spoonful of jam, and a quarter of a pint of milk. Boil for two hours. In *Snowdon Pudding* proper less sago is used, because eggs are added.

There are many other puddings we would refer to if space allowed, but we trust that those already treated will prove useful. On a future occasion we hope to mention some of the richer kinds in a chapter devoted to "Superior Sweets."

LIZZIE HERITAGE.

## ON PEDIGREES.

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PERHAPS one of the most striking developments of modern democracy is the wide-spread ambition amongst ordinary folks to ascertain their pedigrees. It would be hard to say what generally induces the mania, but probably it is in the first instance attributable to some trifling accident or to some traditional descent, which it is supposed will confer honour upon the family, if fairly established.

Of course there are persons who have risen suddenly to opulence, and who, like Thackeray's pompous Sir Brian Newcome, apply at once to the Heralds' College for a ready-made pedigree, which may or may not be essentially accurate, and which they accept with the blind and trusting faith of children. Or they apply, if economically inclined, to one of the many pedigree-hunters, whose researches seldom extend beyond the ordinary printed registers of pedigrees of one kind or another, and whose elaborate genealogical trees are for the most part absolutely unreliable. Obtaining from the applicant for genealogical honours on the one hand the names of a few of the latest ancestors with which he knows himself to have been blessed, and on the other hand gaining from some such work as Burke's "Landed Gentry," or printed copies of sundry Heralds' Visitations, the more or less authentic pedigree of some family bearing the same name, the pedigree-maker fills in with a free hand and an easy conscience such trifling blanks as interrupt the course of descent in later times.

There is, however, another class of pedigree-searchers, more conscientious, if less rational than the purchasers of pedigrees ready-made. These persons devote the best part of their lives to researches into their family history, and so far from drawing up complete and detailed pedigrees of their descent, generally come to the end of their existence before having

brought to a conclusion even their preliminary researches. In the first place, probably, they will be anxious to trace their paternal descent, and starting upon a knowledge of the name of grandfather or great-grandfather, and with a traditional account that the family "came out of" Yorkshire, or Cumberland, or Devonshire, or Scotland, or what-not, they will, in the first instance, probably, ransack such printed copies of the Heralds' Visitations as bear upon the locality of reputed origin. And then it is, after having obtained a sort of skeleton-genealogy, that the really ardent pedigree-hunter comes to the more serious part of his labours. Having obtained what he can from these printed records, he will next betake himself to a search of the unprinted records of the Heralds' College, or of the Lyon Office, or of the Record Office in Dublin, and then to an inspection of the parish registers and the wills contained in one or another of the probate or record offices of the country. Here it is that his labour becomes prodigious: probably no single life is long enough to go through all the wills and registers of a single family-name, unless it be some of the very rarest in the country. It is melancholy to contemplate the futile efforts of a Smith, or a Brown, or a Robinson, searching amid unnumbered namesakes for some record of a long-lost grandfather. But with other less favoured and less wide-spread patronymics, the struggle is much less severe, and if once a family can be traced to some definite settlement, with property in land, the subsequent labours of the genealogist become comparatively light, unless, of course, the parish registers happen to be missing, in which by no means uncommon case he may give up his pedigree as wellnigh hopeless.

Sometimes, at least, pedigrees certainly are amongst the most remarkable of inventions. Those carefully-wrought genealogies, derived from authentic records, are not now to be considered, but those more pretentious and far-reaching trees, the deepest roots of which are "lost in the dim mists of antiquity." It is hardly fair, perhaps, to doubt the accuracy of some of these ancient and elaborate genealogies, yet it is hard to imagine whence the evidence of their accuracy is derived.



For instance, the fine old family of Courtenay, Earls of Devon in England and at one time Emperors of Constantinople abroad, claim their descent from a famous Frenchman, Pharamond, who founded the French monarchy in 420—unless, as has been supposed, he was a purely mythical personage.

It would be easy to give a tolerably long list of old English families claiming descent from some royal or princely house, though it might be very difficult to prove the pedigree. The Fieldings of Denbigh, for instance, derive their origin from the famous Counts of Hapsburg, who gave “twenty-two Sovereigns to Austria, sixteen Emperors to Germany, eleven Kings to Hungary and Bohemia, and six to Spain;” and may we not say one of the greatest novelists of any country to England? Then we have a very humble family of Dering claiming to be of “undoubted Saxon origin,” and to descend from a certain Ethelwald, King of Deira, who himself is of no great celebrity.

Perhaps, however, one of the most remarkable Sovereign houses is that of Normandy, which has given, or is said to have given rise to a great number of our distinguished families. The Cliffords—amongst whom perhaps the Fair Rosamond was the most celebrated character, are said to be descended from an uncle of William the Conqueror, and the family of Drew also claims descent from the Ducal house of Normandy. Reminiscences of Hume and Russell remind us of a certain Rollo the Ganger, first Duke of Normandy, but the pedigree-seekers have discovered, even for this remote individual, a great-grandfather in Thebotaw, Duke of Schleswick and Stumarce, who flourished (for all these antiques are said to flourish) in the year of grace 721. And from this same Thebotaw were descended all sorts of notorious people, besides that arch-notoriety, William the Conqueror. The ancient Earls of Orkney were his descendants; so were the De Töenys, who, of course, “came into England with William the Conqueror;” and subsequently gave rise to the Gresleys and the Staffords. The Lindsays, too, are said to be descended from one of these early Norse chieftains, and finally there is an elaborate pedigree deriving the Bruces from Sigurt, Earl of Orkney, of this family. It is a very interesting pedigree, this one of Bruce—if it be true! First settled in the far north of Scotland (though the Orkneys were not Scotch in those days), we suddenly come upon a full-fledged De Bruce as Lord of Skelton in Lancashire, and then again, as suddenly, we find another Bruce setting up as a Scotch patriot, though, if his pedigree is to be trusted, he was rather a renegade Englishman.

All sorts of strange anomalies meet us in our search after pedigrees, and even the Stuarts, who we might have hoped to find were indigenous to the Land of Cakes, were discovered to be of Norman origin, and to be descended from a brother of the first Fitzalan, while the Boyds—bless the mark!—come from yet another brother. There was once in the Institution in Edinburgh a pedigree (perhaps it is there still) showing the descent of the “noble family of Campbell” from Adam! through a long line of apocryphal Scotch chieftains,

while other genealogists have sought out in a certain Norman *De Campo Bello* the real progenitor of the MacCallum More; of one thing, however, we may be certain, that had Adam but had a father *he* would have been the first MacCallum More with the Scotch genealogists.

There seems to be one peculiar weakness in the average pedigree-hunter of modern days; it is to trace his descent from the blood-royal. As a writer in *Notes and Queries* once pointed out, there are few families of average respectability who cannot somehow or other prove their descent from one of the royal families of England or Scotland. Every descendant, for instance, of the first Howard of Norfolk can claim this distinction, and in the course of nearly five hundred years the number of these happy beings must be great indeed. Nevertheless, people pride themselves not a little if they can show a descent from the Plantagenets or Stuarts or Bruces, and even the baton-sinister is no longer regarded as dishonourable when it debases the Royal Lions of England and the Lilies of France. People often, indeed, go out of their way to point out a left-handed descent of this kind from a real live King, while the esteem in which a true and legitimate descent is held is sufficiently attested by Sir Bernard Burke’s “Royal Descents,” and by a still more recent work of the kind edited by the indefatigable genealogist, Mr. Joseph Foster. This particular weakness is not so easy to comprehend; as the one which prompts a man to seek out his paternal ancestors, for in the first place our Kings have not, generally speaking, been such estimable characters that it is any honour to be akin to them as individuals; and secondly, as Pope very justly observes—

“What can ennoble sots, or knaves, or cowards?  
Alas! not all the blood of all the Howards,”

Nevertheless, there are few people who have not some sort of respect for ancient birth, particularly if it chances also to be in some more or less remote fashion what is called noble, and even scoffers at heraldry and genealogy and all such antiquated rubbish have a “sneaking affection” for families of “long descent.” For all, both for scoffers and believers, the following lines from an old pedigree of the family of De la Wey, or Davie, may find an excuse or palliation for the faith that is in them:—

“What profit pedigree or long descent,  
From farre-fetcht blood, or painted monuments  
Of our great grandsire’s visage? ’Tis most sad  
To trust unto the worth another had  
For keeping up our fame; which else would fall  
If, besides birth, there be no worth at all.  
For who counts him a gentleman whose grace  
Is all in name, but otherwise is base?  
Or who will honour him that’s honour’s shame,  
Noble in nothing but a noble name?  
’Tis better to be meanly born and good,  
Than one unworthy of his noble blood:  
Though all thy walls shine with thy pedigree,  
Yet virtue only makes nobility.  
Then, that your pedigree may useful be,  
Search out the virtues of your family:  
And, to be worthy of your fathers’ name,  
Learn out the good they did, and do the same;  
For, if you bear their arms, and not their fame,  
Those ensigns of their worth will be your shame.”