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HENRY STUBBE AND THE FIRST ENGLISH BOOK ON CHOCOLATE

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SAMUEL PEPYS felt "very sorry" when he awoke on the day after King Charles's coronation because his "last night's drink" had unsettled his stomach and put his "head in a sad taking." Halfway through what must have been a dismal morning at the Admiralty Office, Pepys's friend John Creed took him out to a coffee house, where they drank some chocolate, then a newfangled drink in England. This remedy was so effective against "imbecillity of the stomach" that on several occasions thereafter Pepys recorded in his diary, with evident satisfaction, the taking of a draft of chocolate. During the years when Pepys was acquiring a taste for the new drink, its foremost advocate in London was Henry Stubbe (or Stubbes), one of the royal physicians. Stubbe wanted the public to thirst after chocolate because he believed it to be a universal panacea; moreover, he was personally sponsoring a purveyor of chocolate. To promote the new product and to air his views about it, he published in 1662 a treatise entitled *The Indian Nectar, or a Discourse concerning Chocolata*. Among the *rariora* in the Rutgers collection of works on gastronomy and cookery is a beautifully preserved copy of *The Indian Nectar*, the gift of Mr. Louis Silver of Chicago.

The Indian Nectar is the first original book by an Englishman on the subject of chocolate. Its rarity—Donald Wing's *Short-Title Catalogue* lists only five copies in the United States—and its priority among English works on chocolate are its least interesting features. The book is interesting because it is one of those seventeenth-century works of general scholarship that resist classification, a philological-philosophical-psychological-scientific-moral-economic-historical treatise, the work of a magpie, disorderly, gossipy, and learned, one of the most curious hodgepodes in English.

Though Stubbe has seldom been heard of since his death, he made considerable din in the world during his lifetime (1632-1676). His friend Anthony Wood, who devoted to him one of the longest entries in the *Athenae Oxonienses*, called him "the most noted Latinist and Grecian of his age" and added that he was "a singular mathematician" and "a very good physician." But, said Wood, "he had a hot and restless head." His early life was of the kind that fosters non-conformity and rebellion. His father, an anabaptistically inclined clergyman, fled in the late 1630's from his tiny Lincolnshire parish and emigrated to Ireland, where, Wood says, he served as a beadle of beggars. In 1641 Mrs. Stubbe left her husband, took young Henry and another son to London (according to Wood "they beated it on the hoof" from Liverpool), enrolled Henry at Westminster School under the famous Richard Busby, and supported the family by doing needlework. Henry's quickness with his book soon got him patrons: first, Dr. Busby himself, who provided him with free tuition, books, and clothes, and then Sir Henry Vane the Younger, who, after seeing him perform in the school, gave him spending money and frequently invited him home to dinner. Vane, whose wildly controversial career was ended by the executioner's axe in 1662, could not have been a very steady influence. With financial help from Vane, Stubbe matriculated at Christ Church, Oxford, in 1649. There he was notorious for speaking classical Greek and for breaking rules. According to Wood, he was kicked and whipped (once in the public refectory) for being "forward, pragmatical, and conceited." Stubbe later boasted that he had engineered the dismissal of two royalist faculty members. He was, in short, a campus pest.

After receiving his bachelor's degree, Stubbe spent two years with the parliamentary army in Scotland. Then, in 1655, he returned

to Oxford, took a master's degree, and became second-keeper of the Bodleian Library. Meantime he was studying medicine and reading widely in all sorts of books. In 1659, when he was ejected from the Bodleian for his published attacks on the clergy, he retired to practice medicine in Stratford-on-Avon. His retirement was short. In 1661 Dr. George Morley, bishop of Winchester, confirmed him in the Anglican faith, and in the following year he was in London, writing his book on chocolate, preparing to emigrate to Jamaica, and styling himself "the king's physician."

Stubbe's raucous and excitable temperament is reflected in all his thirty-odd works except his undergraduate efforts in Latin and Greek verse, which appeared in *Horae subsecivae* (1651) and, belatedly, in *Deliciae poetarum Anglicanorum* (1658). The *Horae* volume contains Greek and Latin paraphrases of biblical stories; the *Deliciae*, Greek versions of well-known English poems, including Donne's "Valediction Forbidding Mourning." The quotations that embellish Stubbe's polemical works show that his interest in poetry continued throughout his life. The polemics began in 1657, when Stubbe was drawn into a bitter controversy that had been raging for some time between Thomas Hobbes, an intimate friend of Stubbe according to the *D.N.B.*, and John Wallis, the Savilian professor of geometry in Oxford. In the twentieth chapter of *De corpore* (1650) Hobbes had unwisely boasted of several mathematical feats, including squaring the circle. Of course he had not squared the circle, as Wallis pointed out in his *Elenchus geometriae Hobbianaee* (1655). The two savants exchanged insults, mainly irrelevant to the question under discussion, in a series of lengthy pamphlets. As part of his defense against the charge of writing ungrammatical Latin, Hobbes published, in *Marks of the Absurd Geometry, Rural Language, Scottish Church Politics, and Barbarisms of John Wallace* (1657), excerpts from a letter of Stubbe. Wallis replied by attacking Stubbe, though not by name, in *Hobbiani punctio dispunctio* (1657). Stubbe then entered the fray with *Clamor, rixa, joci, mendacia, furta, cachini* (1657), a work that all the standard reference books attribute, wrongly I think, to Wallis himself. The confusion may have arisen from the fact that *Clamor* mentions Wallis's name on one of its two title pages. In addition to explaining the circumstances of the letter published by Hobbes, *Clamor* demonstrates at intemperate length the purity of Hobbes's Latin. The friendship

between Stubbe and Hobbes needs to be explored; their correspondence is extant in British Museum MS. Additional 32533.

Stubbe's championship of the sage of Malmesbury undoubtedly did not endear him to his Oxford colleagues. The very next year he alienated them further when he interfered in an academic squabble over the Savilian professorships. Wallis, who already held one of these chairs, attempted to assume the other, that of *Custos archivorum*. In *The Savilian Professours Case Stated* (1658) Stubbe argued that Wallis was not only violating the provisions of Sir Henry Savile's will, but that he was totally unfit to be the Oxford antiquarian.

After the vice-chancellor had forced him publicly to apologize to Wallis, Stubbe moved from the academic arena to the political. In a series of lively pamphlets written during 1659-60, he defended Sir Henry Vane against Richard Baxter, drew up some governmental models, and belabored generally both church and state. So far as I can discover, no analysis of Stubbe's political notions has ever been made. In general, they seem to parallel Vane's. In a British Museum copy of his *Letter to an Officer of the Army* (1659), a seventeenth-century hand has written on the title page under Stubbe's name: "A dangerous fellow; S^r Henry Vane's Advisour." It is more likely, rather, that the "advice" traveled in the other direction and that Stubbe was merely Vane's mouthpiece. When the dangerous fellow next broke into print, he was writing about chocolate—a subject that, as we shall see, was not wholly uncontroversial.

All the world knows that chocolate, like potatoes, tobacco, and perhaps syphilis, is a gift of the New World to the Old. To dwell at length on the history of chocolate would fill many tedious pages; a brief account must suffice here. Columbus brought chocolate to Europe a century before tea and coffee arrived from the East. It was very popular in sixteenth-century Spain. From there it traveled north to Flanders and France, where it was first drunk, according to Delafontaine and Dettweiler (*Le chocolat* [Paris, 1859], p. 11), at the wedding of Louis XIII and Anne of Austria in 1615. It was the favorite drink of Richelieu, of Madame de Maintenon, and later of Voltaire, who took almost no other nourishment in his old age. English people started to drink tea, coffee, and chocolate in the 1650's, at about the same time they started drinking aqua vitae,

usquebaugh, and other hot and strong distilled liquors: a striking example of the Lord's providence, for without the former group of drinks the latter undoubtedly would have long since wiped out the race. James Wadsworth, whose *Chocolate; or an Indian Drink* (1652; first published in 1640 with the title *A Curious History of the Nature and Quality of Chocolate*) is a translation of a work on chocolate, by Antonio Colmenero de Ledesma, claims that Edward, second Viscount Conway (died 1655), introduced chocolate into England: a likely statement, for Clarendon describes Conway as "a voluptuous man in eating and drinking." Anthony Wood records in his autobiography the advent of chocolate to Oxford in 1650. Wood's account of the Jewish merchant named Cirques Jobson, who sold chocolate at the sign of the Angel, is repeated in Disraeli's *Curiosities of Literature*. The number of recipes for chocolate that Wadsworth gives in his second edition suggests that by 1652 chocolate may have been readily available in London. An advertisement for it appeared in the *Publick Adviser* for June 16, 1657, and a statement about its popularity was made in the November, 1659, issue of *Mercurius Politicus*. In short, the English public was ready for Stubbe's book.

Here and there in *The Indian Nectar* Stubbe casts slurs on the various London purveyors and recommends that his readers patronize Richard Mortimer in Sun Alley, East Smithfield: "They who would have particular *Chocolatas* made, may have recourse to him, and rely upon his honesty to prepare them carefully according to my method: which, though infinitely laborious, he is resolved to follow." This may be the first time a physician endorsed a particular consumer good in print. Stubbe, by the way, consistently uses the term *chocolata* for the drink and *chocolate* for the raw material. Chocolate terminology, which is discussed at length by most early writers on the subject, did not become stable until after the time of Johnson's *Dictionary*.

In addition to puffing Mortimer's business, Stubbe had many other motives, selfish and unselfish, for writing his book. Certainly a main one was the commendable desire to praise chocolate. Like Linnaeus, who named chocolate *Theobroma cacao*, Stubbe believed it to be a drink fit for the gods. Lest we be astonished by the enthusiasm of early chocolate drinkers, we should recall the sort of insipid slops with which it, along with tea and coffee, competed.

England had intoxicating drinks a-plenty, yet the splendid cuisines of Tudor and early Stuart days lacked satisfying but non-intoxicating beverages. The caudles, possets, sillabubs, and braggets that one reads about were all alcoholic, and so were such mixtures as ebulum, hippocras, metheglin, hydromel, perry, purl, and mum, not to mention the later bowls of bishop and saloop. For soft drinks, one had to choose among such concoctions as brewed spoonwort, distilled water of endive, water of rhubarb, and whey. Pepys occasionally visited the London whey houses, perhaps because their drinks were cheaper than those sold in the coffee and chocolate houses. Whey, like all seventeenth-century drinks, was variously flavored to make it more palatable; a recipe in British Museum MS. Additional 15526 calls for "sparemint, straw-berry leaues, and other cooke hearbes." Elizabeth Cromwell, who pastured a few cows in St. James's Park, was famous for her buttermilk; yet she and the Lord Protector, if *The Court and Kitchen of Elizabeth, Commonly Called Joan Cromwell* (1664) can be believed, usually drank morning dew, a very small ale. Milk itself had fallen into disfavor since the days when Caesar had observed the people of Britain drinking it. Except for Sir Hugh Platt, who remarked in *Sundrie New and Artificiall Remedies* (1595) that "A man may live with milk only," most authorities repeated the warning given in *The Gouvernaunce of Good Helthe, by the Most Excellent Phylosopher Plutarche, the Most Eloquent Erasmus Beynge Interpretoure* (ca. 1530): "It is not mete to drynke mylke . . . for it engendereth diseases." Tobias Venner's *Via recta ad vitam longam* (1660) advises the milk drinker to "wash his mouth presently . . . with Wine or strong Beer," and the same advice appears in Thomas Moffett's *Healths Improvement* (1665). Though Renaissance writers make few references to drinking water, water was undoubtedly drunk when there was nothing else. Sir John Evelyn drank "raine water of the autumnal equinox exceedingly rarified." Other Englishmen probably agreed with Bacon, who remarked in his *Historia vitae et mortis* (1622) that water may keep a man barely alive for a short time, but can never prolong life. One might surmise that the distrust of water and milk originated in fear of infection. But there was probably another reason: water and milk were too ordinary and too simple, not nearly complex enough for the class of people who read and wrote cookery and medical books.

Such works as *The Art of Cookery Refined* (1654), by Charles I's chief cook, Joseph Cooper, and John Murrell's *Two Books of Cookery and Carving* (1638) imply that seventeenth-century people had very curious palates indeed, and that they valued a dish according to the number of its ingredients and the complexity of its manufacture. The worst excesses in this vein were committed by Sir Kenelm Digby, whose recipes resemble the ravings of Sir Epicure Mammon.

The Indian Nectar itself contains ample proof that the culinary exploits of our ancestors were more ambitious than our own. The reader must not suppose that Stubbe merely took some powder from a can, mixed it with water, and heated it; powdered cocoa was not in use until the nineteenth century. Nor should one imagine that the finished drink resembled in any way the sort of thing that an American child has for breakfast or a Londoner today can drink at Cadbury's. Stubbe put into his mixture various kinds of pepper (common black and white, plus chili and tabasco), achiote, pimento, vanilla, and other condiments. He began by braying and milling the berries, or nuts, as he called them, in a mortar. Then he made a water paste that he subjected to a great variety of processes: boiling, skimming, decocting, and agitating with a molinet, which was a sort of swizzle stick that the Mexican Indians used to whip up a froth on their chocolate. He felt, tasted, and smelled the mixture, and he compared it with other mixtures, such as clarified deer's suet. He peered at it through a magnifying glass, which he called a "microscope." He poured it from one container to another, looked at its color, and set it on fire. The aim of these processes was not so much to produce a drinkable cup of cocoa as to discover the properties of chocolate. In Stubbe's day the kitchen doubled as a dispensary; nobody bothered to make the artificial modern distinction between pharmacology and the art of cookery. Stubbe was at once a gentleman pursuing a culinary hobby and a doctor experimenting in his laboratory. For messing about in the kitchen there was plenty of precedent: many seventeenth-century personages of much higher birth than Stubbe brewed exotic ales, preserved damsons, hashed loins of veal, made paste of lemons, stewed artichokes in cream, and so on. Like Sir Kenelm Digby (who can be used to illustrate anything), Stubbe brought philosophy to the kitchen.

What was Stubbe's philosophy? A good part of it was derived

from the Hippocratic-Galenic-Arabic medical tradition. Older dietetics was based on the premise, handed down from antiquity, that foods, like human beings, have particular complexions: sanguine (hot and moist), phlegmatic (cold and moist), choleric (hot and dry), and melancholic (cold and dry). Sympathies exist between certain kinds of food and certain kinds of eaters. Thus cheese, being, as was supposed, cold and moist, was very easily digested by phlegmatic persons. Yet if a man should become excessively phlegmatic, he was advised to avoid cheese and eat more lively foods. The discussion of these matters that is best known to English readers is, of course, Robert Burton's *Anatomy of Melancholy* (1621 and later). The most pedantic authorities did not merely label a particular food as hot and dry, but they would give it certain "degrees" of heat and dryness. Moffett, for instance, reported an unlikely case of a "young Maide, of an exceeding moist and cold complexion, whose meat for two years was chiefly pepper, wherewith another would have been consumed, though she was nourished: for it is hot in the third, and dry in the fourth degree." When a new food product appeared, there was always a controversy about its exact complexion. For instance, Leonhard Rauwolf, the German physician and botanist whose work was translated by E[dward?] P[ocock?] under the title *The Nature of the Drink Kauhi* (1659) argued that coffee is "hot in the first degree, dry in the second: it is usually reported to be cold and dry, but it is not so; for it is bitter, and whatsoever is bitter is hot."

At first glance Stubbe seems to perpetuate this tradition. *The Indian Nectar* opens, like many other seventeenth-century works, regardless of subject, with some commonplaces on the nature of man and "what it is, that we call Life." Then the discussion of chocolate proceeds on the assumption that food "must have a likeness to our nature before it can nourish us." Chocolate, Stubbe believed, has the "great elogy" of "symbolizing with our bodies." Nothing could be more traditional than those views. Yet juggling such terms as "hot and moist" and "cold and dry" interested Stubbe so little that at one point he says impatiently, "I dispute not its *temperament*, be it *hot*, or *cold*, or *impervestigable*." Again, finding that some authorities had labeled vanilla as "hot in the third degree and dry" and others as "hot and dry in the first degree," Stubbe remarks that "such contradictions are usuall . . . and not to be regarded further, then as

reuseries of men too Methodical." Occasionally he uses the traditional terms as though they had the everyday rather than the medical meaning: "I could never observe any *coldness* in the *nut* at all neither, on the tongue, nor stomach; nor yet any sence of heat." Though Stubbe had little respect for the old terminology, he had to use it; otherwise he would have been incomprehensible. It is interesting to watch him work his way out of the terminological maze. Since he wanted everybody, regardless of complexion, to drink chocolate, he recommended that each person add flavorings to the drink until he had produced a mixture that agreed with him. This advice seems reasonable. Yet at other times Stubbe wrote complete nonsense: "In *Hypochondriacal Melancholy* we are to consider how there are great Obstructions in the *Mesaraical Veins*, and *Chyliferous Vessels*, so that no other Chyle is distributed into the Body, but what is apt upon the least occasion to *ferment*, and *boil*." At one moment he sneers at the musty definitions of Aristotelian philosophy; at the next he is as credulous as Digby, whom he calls "the Pliny of our age for lying." Here is a single sentence illustrating both his credulity and his skepticism: "As for Eating, except the Maid of *Consolans* (recited by *Citesius*) I can hardly credit any, that have subsisted without that." In alternating between science and what is now considered superstition, Stubbe is typical of his age; even the great Jan van Helmont thought that he could engender mice from a mixture of flour and soot.

Wood says that at Oxford Stubbe was "passionately addicted to the new philosophy"—that is, to what has become known as "science." Whether there is more of the old philosophy than the new in *The Indian Nectar* is not an easy question to answer. There is certainly a great amount of quasi-experimental activity, though not of the kind that another scientist could reproduce, for Stubbe never mentions amounts or temperatures, and he has no notion of control. A modern housewife could as easily follow the recipes in the Old Testament as those in *The Indian Nectar*. Stubbe had more enthusiasm for experiments than skill in performing them. He made no genuine discoveries in plant histology of the kind that Robert Hooke was soon to announce in his *Micrographia* (1665). On the other hand, the book contains much common-sense advice, which may or may not deserve to be called scientific. Stubbe perhaps had no better

equipment (except for his magnifying glass) than Chaucer's Cook had, and his notions about the human body may resemble at times those of Pertelote, yet as a practicing physician who had taken notes on many cases he was ready to give all sorts of sensible advice about diet, exercise, phlebotomy, the treatment of minor female distresses, and the strengthening of puny children. In older medical works the excellent practical advice is frequently in marked contrast with the odd underlying theories. For instance, about 1630 an anonymous writer in British Museum MS. Sloane 738 remarks that scurvy is caused by "the multitude of melancholick humours gathered in Vena Porta" and so on; he then shifts abruptly from fantasy to common sense: "But indeed y^e causes are . . . want of good dyet & vse of y^e contrary." Sometimes, of course, the practice was worse than any theory. One thinks of the antimony pills described so memorably in Aldous Huxley's *The Devils of Loudon*, of Bacon's absurd and loathsome "Methusalem water," of the viper wine that Digby gave his wife Venetia, of the white wine in which a bar of old iron had been soaked that Dorothy Osborne drank to combat the vapors every night before she married Sir William Temple (it always made her very sick). For a reference to an even more disgusting drink, the reader is invited to consult the letter that Madame de Sévigné wrote to Madame de Grignan on June 13, 1685. Stubbe recommended nothing that was not wholesome and pure; there were no remnants of alchemical quackery in him. That fact alone sets him apart from most of the virtuosi of his day.

Though *The Indian Nectar* contains none of the deliberate mystification commonly found in pre-scientific medical treatises, it has no lack of appeals to authority. Stubbe the proto-scientist was also Stubbe the ex-librarian, the man whose prodigious memory Wood commended, the doctor whose study was much on the Bible and on Greek and Latin literature. The scientist and the scholar in him sometimes merge with happy effect, as when he discusses pimento, one of the seasonings then put into chocolate. Stubbe was not only transported with enthusiasm for pimento (put some into your treacle, he told his readers), but he was convinced that pimento was what Pliny the Elder had referred to as *garyophyllon*. "We have retrieved," he crowed, "one of the most select Odours, that Antiquity ever boasted of." On every page Stubbe displayed his erudition. To illustrate a

point, he was as likely to quote Solomon, St. Paul, St. Augustine, Persius, Martial, Origen, Vives, Lipsius, Guzman, Nizolius, Dioscorides, or Ronsard as Hippocrates and Galen. In sprinkling his pages with names like these Stubbe did not, of course, go beyond the reach of any educated man of his time; what is truly remarkable is his recollection of lesser-known writers, especially if we can believe his statement that he composed in a hurry and at a great distance from his library. On chocolate and other American products and plants Stubbe drew material from many books: Gonzalo Fernandez de Oviedo y Valdes, *De la natural hystoria de las Indias* (1526, etc.); Girolamo Benzoni, *La historia del Mondo Nuovo* (1565); Nicolao Monardes, *De simplicibus medicamentis ex Occidentali India delatis* (1574); Joseph de Acosta, *Historia natural y moral de las Indias* (1590); Juan de Cardenas, *De los problemas y secretos maravillosos de las Indias* (1591); Antonio de Herrera y Tordesillas, *Descripcion de las Indias Occidentales* (1601); Charles de l'Ecluse, *Curae posteriores* (1611); Francisco Hernandez, *Quatro libros de la naturaleza y virtudes de las plantas y animales . . . en la Nueva Espana* (1615); Johann Ernst Bûrgrave's edition of *B. Clodii . . . officina chymica* (1620); Antonio Colmenero de Ledesma, *Curiosa tratado de la naturaleza y calidad del chocolate* (1631); Bernal Diaz del Castillo, *Historia verdadera de la conquista de la Nueva-Espana* (1632); Joannis de Laet, *Novus orbis* (1633); Jacobus Bontius, *De medecina Indorum* (1642); Thomas Gage, *The English-American his Travail by Sea and Land* (1648); and Gulielmus Piso, *De Indiae utriusque re naturali et medica* (1658). Stubbe quoted some of these authorities to confute them; he accepted others, usually with the proviso that he would verify their statements when he reached Jamaica. He was temperamentally inclined to prefer recent opinions to older ones. For learned lumber of a moral, medical, and historical sort, Stubbe ransacked these works: Jean Charlier de Gerson, *De pollutione noturna* (ca. 1470); Alexander of Tralles, *De arte medica* (1567); Petrus Severinus, *Idea medicinae philosophicae* (1571); Alexander Trajanus Petronius, *De victu Romanorum* (1581); Jean Fyens, *De flatibus* (1582); Francisco Valles de Covarrubias, *De iis quae scripta sunt physice in libris sacris* (1595); Marcus Antonius Ulmus, *Uterus muliebris* (1603); Joannes Costaeus, *Tractatus de potu in morbis* (1604); Laurentius Hoffmanus, *De vero usu et fero abusu medicamentorum* (1611); Prosper Alpinus, *De medicina me-*

thodica (1611); Joannes Heurnius, *De morbis ventriculi* (1608); Lucilio Vanini, *De admirandi naturae* (1616); Guillaume Rondelet, *Opera omnia medica* (1620); Joannes Benedictus Sinibaldus, *Geneanthropeiae* (1624); James Hart, *The Diet of the Diseased* (1633); Tommaso Campanella, *Medicinalium juxta propria principia* (1635); Paolo Zacchia, *De' mali hipochondriaci libri tre* (1644); Johann Schröder, *Pharmacopeia medico-chymica* (1649); Virgilio Malvezzi, *Stoa triumphans* (1651); Pierre Gassend, *Opera omnia* (1658); Santorio de' Santori, *Opera omnia* (1660). Stubbe once accused Richard Baxter of ambitiously stuffing his margin, yet the length of this formidable list shows that he is equally guilty of making a parade of his learning. In his extenuation, however, one might point out that to write on nutrition or anything else in the seventeenth century required an enormous battery of learning because all subjects were interconnected, and most subjects were controversial.

The introduction of chocolate into Europe had raised several questions in addition to such obvious ones as who should drink it and how should it be prepared. There was, for instance, the question of whether taking chocolate would violate an ecclesiastical fast. As a Protestant Stubbe took no serious interest in this issue, though he enjoyed relating anecdotes about the absurd quarrels between bishops and ladies that it had engendered in Spain. But to quash one widespread libel on chocolate, Stubbe exercised all the skill in debate that he had acquired during the last years of the Commonwealth: the charge that chocolate "vehemently Incites to *Venus*"—to quote the words of James Wadsworth. Eight years before *The Indian Nectar* appeared, Wadsworth had prefaced his translation of Colmenero's work on chocolate with some doggerel:

'Twill make Old women Young and Fresh;
 Create New-Motions of the Flesh,
 And cause them long for you know what,
 If they but Tast of Chocolate.

This curious notion apparently arose from the tales of the Spanish explorers, who saw Montezuma drink chocolate just before visiting his harem. It was perpetuated by such works as J. F. Rauch's *Disputatio medico-dioetetica* (1624), a denunciation of chocolate as a violent inflamer of the passions, and it paralleled the controversy over coffee which was still raging in Germany at the time Bach wrote

his *Coffee Cantata*. Stubbe considered it a vulgar error of the worst kind. He argued at great length that chocolate "becomes *provocative to lust* upon no other account, then that it begets good Blood." Those who condemn chocolate must also condemn "butcher's meat." These arguments are still capable of providing amusement, for they are enlivened by many digressions: gynecological anecdotes, unusual and diverting cases of conjugal maladjustment, accounts of sexual anomalies. To give general support to his position, and to prove that he was no more of a libertine than St. Augustine, Stubbe appended to the book a long passage from *The City of God*, in what appears to be his own translation.

If there was a fair amount of the pedant in Stubbe, there was also something of the snob. *The Indian Nectar* is sprinkled with the names of contemporary personages. One of the most frequently mentioned is Nicasia Le Fevre, professor of chemistry at the court of Charles II and chemical demonstrator to Louis XIV. Stubbe delighted in referring to "Mr. Le Febure" whenever he could, and he devoted an appendix to a "Spagyrical Analysis" performed by this Frenchman. We also find Stubbe writing a fulsome dedication to Dr. Thomas Willis, the discoverer of *diabetes mellitus*; exchanging recipes with Sir Henry Bennet, later Earl of Arlington and member of the Cabal; discussing the oil in cacao nuts with the Honorable Robert Boyle; preparing for King Charles, with the help of Dr. Quatremaine, a cup of royal chocolate of the kind Montezuma drank; and making chocolate sweetmeats for Queen Catherine, who was due to arrive soon in England. An epigram by Waller tells us that Catherine was addicted to tea; her opinion of chocolate has apparently not come down. As for Charles, he was accustomed to being pestered with novelties, and perhaps he was bored by the cup of cocoa. But the chances are that if he and Stubbe talked of women, he was much less bored on this occasion than he was, say, when Sir Christopher Wren brought to court his model of the moon.

Stubbe left for Jamaica in April, 1662, about a month before Queen Catherine arrived in England. He went as physician of an expedition headed by Thomas, seventh Baron Windsor and first Earl of Plymouth—another name prominently displayed in *The Indian Nectar*. While in Jamaica Stubbe was ill so much of the time, according to a statement he later made in his *Epistolary Discourse concerning Phlebotomy* (1671), that he was unable to gather new

material on chocolate, as he had planned. Although he wrote nothing more on the subject, nine years later Joseph Glanvill referred to him, in *A Praefatory Answer* (1671), as "this chocelet man of Jamaica."

Stubbe's later career need not detain us long. In 1665, the year of his return from Jamaica, Stubbe published a translation of Giovanni della Casa's *De officiis inter potentiores et tenuiores amicos*, and in the following year he brought out a vastly different sort of work, *The Miraculous Conformist*, a defense of Valentine Greatrakes, an Irish practitioner of primitive psychotherapy then accomplishing marvelous cures by stroking sick aristocrats with his hands. Within a month there appeared *Wonders No Miracles*, an anonymous reply to Stubbe and an attack on Greatrakes, who was branded as a mad, bawdy, irreligious, avaricious impostor in league with the devil. Stubbe then spent two months in writing *A Brief Account of Mr. Valentine Greatracks*, a work that purports to be an autobiography and has always been so regarded. Internal evidence, however, points to Stubbe as the author, and a note in a contemporary hand at the end of the British Museum copy says definitely that he wrote it: "H. Stubbes told me he writt this booke as a snare in hope some of the Clergy would write against him." Scarcely had the dust settled on the Greatrakes affair when Stubbe joined battle with Joseph Glanvill and some other fellows of the Royal Society. Wood thought that Stubbe merely "took a pet" against these virtuosi, but Harcourt Brown tells us in his *Scientific Organizations in Seventeenth Century France* (1934) that Stubbe was merely the hired mouthpiece of Dr. Baldwin Hamey, a fellow of the Royal College of Physicians who had become jealous of the growing prestige of the Royal Society. Though Stubbe is known to history primarily as an enemy of the Society, and all the standard accounts of that body mention him, there has been no detailed study of the half-dozen pamphlets he wrote against it in 1670-71.

In 1672-73 Stubbe made a last excursion into politics with two tracts on the Dutch war. Meantime, during these years and up until his death, he practiced medicine at Warwick and kept up a steady output of translations from the classics and original works on phlebotomy, sweating-sickness, thermal baths, cosmetics, and so on. He even left in manuscript a life of Mohammed that has been published

by the Islamic Society (1911). Evidence that he prospered as a physician and writer exists in an unpublished letter in MS. Ashmole 1763, in which Stubbe wrote, on September 12, 1675, to the heralds requesting a coat-of-arms, "painted and certified on vellum." If he received this symbol of status, he did not enjoy it long, for he drowned in a shallow stream two miles from Bath on the night of July 12, 1676. He was on his way to Bristol to see a patient, and he had apparently drunk something a bit stronger than chocolate. Wood says that he was "intoxicated with bibbing, but more with talking, and snuffing of [tobacco] powder." His enemy Glanvill managed to have the last word by preaching his funeral sermon; he could never have had it otherwise. The broadsheet entitled *The Last Will of Mr. Henry Stubbe* (1678) that Donald Wing lists among the works of *this* Henry Stubbe is not his, but belongs to another man with the same name.

Stubbe was a know-it-all who had a marvelous dexterity for cranking out a book on every kind of occasion. These books have considerable historical interest, and at least one of them—*The Indian Nectar*—has something more. Anyone who delights in ribaldry or in acrimonious wit should look into it, as well as anyone who regards the seventeenth century as an old curiosity shop. The more serious student will discover in the book a writer who is unconsciously but totally committed to the idea of progress, whose spirit is as anti-clerical, rationalistic, and utilitarian as any the so-called Age of Enlightenment produced. In his self-importance and all-around unorthodoxy, Stubbe resembles such later food reformers as the Reverend Sylvester Graham, one of the early "roughage" people, or C. W. Post, who tried to sell his breakfast cereal under the name "Elijah's Manna." But Stubbe was more than a food-faddist. Like Burton before him, he had a richly stocked mind of the sort that makes rapid and unlikely associations. If the maze of ideas and the welter of documentation in *The Indian Nectar* remind us of Burton, other things in the book and in Stubbe's career remind us of Defoe. Stubbe is like Defoe when he plumes himself on his exalted connections, when he hires out his pen in a controversy, and when he undertakes projects for the public good. Perhaps the whole matter might be summed up by saying that *The Indian Nectar* is the kind of book Burton would have written had he been Defoe.