

# ‘Perfectly Civilised and Proper’: The Social and Cultural History of Blood as Food in Ireland

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**ABSTRACT:** The presence of blood as food in the cultural and social history of Ireland is a prism through which shifts in competing worldviews can be observed. In the practice, preparation and consumption of blood as food, it has been a food of high value and good economic sense, but also isolated by colonial propagandists to ridicule and intentionally misrepresent as a weapon of suppressive control.

Blood, or black, pudding, the most familiar form of blood as food in Ireland, was once governed by a set of rituals and rules designed to bring a sense of community to its preparation through the formation of a seasonal *meitheal*. Roles were clearly delineated: men were responsible for slaughter and butchery, and women food preparation and preservation. Children were involved, minimally, to observe the rituals of pig slaughter and pudding making, learning through observation and communality.

Blood pudding making was traditionally the output of women’s work on subsistence farms, the sale of which generated income and a way for women to assert autonomy in a patriarchal culture. Contemporary production of blood pudding is removed from the domestic sphere and the work of women into the commercial sphere and the work of men, a contextual change that enabled the elevation of blood as food from the ordinary to the extraordinary. In doing so, embedded, ruralised rituals around blood pudding making began to demise: the gathering of the *meitheal*, the communal experience, exchange of knowledge and recipes, the sharing of food, and feasting together.

The present day ‘up sell’ of blood-based food products as a healthful ‘super’ food run concurrently with global issues of food poverty, wasteful systems of food and climate change. Such considerations have been re-labelled for modern times, but their essential messages of good food, good economy and food as a valuable resource would be recognisable to those who once relied on blood as food as an important part of a diet centred on self-sufficiency and good domestic economy.

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The use of blood as food is not unique to Ireland. In medieval Europe it was ‘not uncommon for even poor families to own a pig, which was slaughtered in autumn’, (Davidson, 1999), after the pig had fattened on the abundance of autumn mast, to preserve winter fodder store, becoming food itself, and the blood from slaughtered pigs used to make well-known puddings of France, Spain, UK, and Ireland.<sup>1</sup> Such ubiquity raises the question: where does the modern perception of blood and black pudding as a traditional food of Ireland originate? The practice, utility, consumption, and attitude towards blood as food in Ireland evolves in the social and cultural context, particularly in relation to observations of the Irish peasant diet by aristocratic ‘travellers’ - commentators working on behalf of the British government with a vested interest in dehumanising the Irish for purposes of dominion and control. By mid to late twentieth century, a revival in interest of Irish food emerges, particularly cookery books specialising in Irish ingredients and recipes. In the past half a century, black pudding is a popular food once more

transcending social class, equally at home on breakfast plates, fine dining menus, and everything in between.

Blood as food in Ireland is represented in historical texts as early as the 11<sup>th</sup> century poem *Aislinge Mac Con Glinne*, (Meyer, 1892); an elucidation of the land of plenty genre, (Sexton, 1995), a fantastical land made of food.<sup>2</sup> In '*Blood as Food*', (Lucas, 1989), focus is on the practice of live bleeding cattle between the sixteenth and nineteenth century when it's suggested the practice disappears from record.<sup>3</sup> The practice of live bleeding cattle is one of good sense to subsistence farmers: cattle were more valuable alive than dead for their supply of *bán bidh*, or white meats. *The Corpus Iuris Hibernica*, (Binchy, 1978), codified food for payment of rents, tithes, and restitution, and underpinned hierarchical protocols of hospitality.<sup>4</sup> The eating of meat was reserved for upper classes, bullocks were '*surrendered as part of the food rents between farmers and landlords*', (Sexton, 1998), and so consumption of blood represents one small way the peasantry could access flesh meat.<sup>5</sup>

The term cattle is generally taken to refer to beef cows rather than milch cows, however the account of the Rev. Philip Skelton in 1757 in *Blood as Food* states: '*thus the same cow often afforded both milk and blood*'.<sup>6</sup> This clearly suggests live bleeding was practiced on milch cows as a renewable source of food without resorting to slaughter until the cow became unproductive (Lucas, 1989). Blood is a source of fresh meat and nutritious making it out as food of great economy, healthfulness, and immense enjoyment. The introduction to *Cattle in Ancient Ireland*, (Lucas, 1989), notes the 'thousands of allusions are not to cattle in general but specifically to cows and more specifically to cows as yielders of milk'.<sup>7</sup> However, turmoil exerted in the years leading up to and immediately following reformation of the cattle trade in Ireland, culminating in The Cattle Act of 1666, suggests that while milk remained a valuable source of food in the domestic sphere, in the commercial sphere focus was ever more on rearing of beef cattle for export to England.<sup>8</sup>

The Irish port city of Cork was the centre of the Irish provisions trade between 1680 and 1825, and in 1776 '*109,052 barrels of salted beef were delivered annually to ports in England, Europe and as far away as the West Indies and Newfoundland*', (Sexton, 1995), representing 60% of the full Irish export total (McCarthy, 2016).<sup>9</sup> Such was the level of animal slaughter in the city it earned the monikers '*the Slaughterhouse of Ireland*' and '*the Ox-slaying City of Cork*' (Sexton, 1995).<sup>10</sup> But for all the beef processed in the city, offal and blood were foods of the poorer classes, and drisheen, a blood pudding made with beef and sheep's blood serum sometimes flavoured with the herb tansy, ever since considered '*the blood pudding of Cork*' (Sexton, 1995).<sup>11</sup>

Throughout this time, reports on consumption of blood as food by the Irish poor, particularly in rural settings, are published fomenting a perception of the Irish as savage and uncivilised. Sexton (2018) refers to the traditional Gaelic food culture as one that '*was systematically denigrated by commentators and propagandists for the crown. Gaelic food practices were described in blanket tones of stock, revulsion and disgust [...] Presented as primitive, disordered and unhygienic, the food culture of Gaelic Irish became a*

*convenient symbol with which to represent the general disarray and barbarity of 'the other'*.<sup>12</sup> These reports were taken out of the social and cultural context of harvesting blood, the many ways eaten, and its high regard among the rural Irish peasantry for its enjoyable taste. A dearth of contextualisation disregards the economic situation of the rural Irish and the healthfulness of blood as food. One recorder less prejudicial, John O'Donovan in 1834, working in Ireland for the Ordnance Survey, wrote describing the use of blood as '*not through necessity, but as a luxury*', furthermore: '*it was irrational to allow the use of the blood of a dead animal as food and object to the use of the blood of a living one*', (Lucas, 1989).<sup>13</sup>

In Lucas' examination of blood as food in Ireland, he presents a collision of competing worldviews. On one hand, the Irish worldview of blood as food is regenerative, economical, nutritious, delicious; a source of fresh meat that is free of the taste of salt, and versatile in how it can be prepared, cooked, flavoured, and served. On the other, the outsider's worldview of blood as food is one of animalistic behaviour, visceral, raw, of last resort, lacking skill, an opposite exclusionary worldview.

O'Donovan's 1834 letter acknowledges his own personal prejudice in observing the practice, and notes that it is '*considered a great luxury by the mountaineers*', that '*The cattle are improved, not injured by being thus bled*', and that '*the blood is sufficiently boiled, it is taken up and mixed with butter, and variously prepared according to the taste and knowledge of the cook*'.<sup>14</sup> This account stands out from other commentators as O'Donovan took care to observe the customs surrounding harvesting, cooking, and eating blood, acknowledges his own bias in his reaction to the practice, and locates it in the context of the Irish worldview when he says: '*the people are not only not ashamed of it, but unwilling to discontinue it, because they insist that it is perfectly civilised and proper*'.<sup>15</sup>

Proactive attempts to undermine and displace the Irish worldview is a form of colonisation, the danger being '[...] *changed circumstances can destroy or displace a worldview, and once this happens, the old worldview no longer holds sway for society*'.<sup>16</sup> The reportage of propagandist travellers for the British Crown for nearly 400 years fades towards the end of the 19<sup>th</sup> century when accounts of live cattle bleeding begin to die out, likely a consequence of Ireland rapidly changing in multiple ways after the Great Famine.<sup>17</sup> One million Irish deaths and, in following years, an estimated two million emigrated representing a loss of collective, indigenous knowledge, social and cultural practice that contributed to the traditional Irish worldview of blood as food. It takes skill to use a three-bladed lancet 'fleam', or flame, and mallet, the tool for bleeding a live animal, and possible that those who could had died or fled in the famine years. It may also explain why, as accounts of live bleeding of cattle diminished, the use of pig blood in the domestic sphere for pudding making becomes dominant in accounts and in memory.

Lucas describes the flame as having '[...] *three flat steel shafts which folded side by side into a slot in the handle like the blades of a pocket knife*', the different sized blades for use on '*a calf, a half-grown animal and a full-grown beast*', and recounts a description of live bleeding a cow thus:

[...] *press a finger on a vein in the animal's neck till it swelled with blood, a rope having been tied around its neck and its head forced sideways and backwards. The rope bore on the vein so that it compressed it and it was then pierced by holding the fleam against it and striking the shaft with a mallet. [...] When enough blood had been drawn, the vein was closed with a pin, around which two or three tail hairs twisted together were tied to hold it in place.*<sup>18</sup>

At the turn of the twentieth century, Ireland was a changing, modernising country with increasing trade, better education for children, and the fight for Irish independence growing apace. Ireland is at a crossroads of defining a new identity for itself as an independent sovereign nation, and in the milieu, tension builds between old traditional Ireland and new modern Ireland. In contrast to previous 'travellers', English writer, H.V. Morton, in his travelogue *In Search of Ireland*, is open to understanding the Irish worldview:

*We in England have almost as much to forget about Ireland as she has to remember about England. We must forget hosts of prejudiced, and often ludicrous, ideas about her and her people, which have accumulated during many centuries of strife and misunderstanding [...]*<sup>19</sup>

Later, Morton recalls a derisory response to his request of drisheen for breakfast at an Irish hotel:

*When I asked in the hotel for 'drisheen' they thought that I was trying to be funny. This drisheen, which looks like a large and poisonous snake, is a native of Cork [...] But drisheen is above such low comment: one might call it the caviare of Cork. [...] It is a peculiar, subtle dish, pleasant and ladylike. I believe that I would have liked it better fried.*<sup>20</sup>

This quote illustrates the new emerging worldview of the Irish to its own native food. Where once it was derided by outsiders, now the Irish themselves contemptibly view drisheen as synonymous with reduced means and opportunity. Thus, the Irish worldview of its tradition of consuming blood as food has been entirely displaced at a time when the country itself is establishing a new identity as a Free State.<sup>21</sup>

Although not explicit, reports Lucas cites in his essay establishes a delineation of roles in harvesting blood (men) and turning it into food to eat (women), whether baked, mixed with oats, flavoured with herbs, or other types of relish or 'kitchen', or boiled into puddings.<sup>22</sup> This further undermines observations of British 'travellers' of blood eaten raw – in fact, there was industry in preparing and cooking the blood in such a manner, and that it was good enough to trade with. It is by this industry of women that the practice of blood as food transcends the rural-domestic sphere and appears in the urban-commercial sphere, placing women at the centre of the discussion of blood as food, and supporting the personal autonomy of Irish women.

The historical records and accounts encountered so far downplay the important role women had in the domestic economy and does little to illustrate their contribution to the social and cultural history of blood as food in Ireland. Dairying, butter making, eggs, meat preservation (cleaning, salting, barrelling, and

pudding making), and cooking were all considered women's work, ensured sufficient food to last the winter, and endowed significantly to the domestic purse. Lucas admits that '*the information at our disposal about the preparation of the blood for food is scanty enough*' and is left having to draw '*from what is known about other aspects of the Irish diet*'.<sup>23</sup> There are grounds to presume bias as the justification for this as only men are writing about food amongst the Irish poor. Detailed accounts in the National Folklore Commission (NFC) Manuscripts Collection into these important, vernacular activities are minimal, so we must look elsewhere – in memory of those who participated in or witnessed the practice.<sup>24</sup> This account of Margaret Feen recorded in Wickham (2013) of growing up in 1920's Clonakilty recalls her mother making puddings:

*A great number of people never tasted meat, but farmers usually cured their own bacon and what a treat it was when the pig was killed and the delectable fresh pork and pork steak was so enjoyed. [...] My mother filled the puddings, after thoroughly washing them, with a mixture of oatmeal, onions, salt and pepper and blood then boiled them in the big pot with hay in the bottom to prevent burning. They were so delicious and they were shared with the neighbours.*<sup>25</sup>

The female perspective of pudding making evokes a more convincing social and cultural history than the insular male perspective of accounts in Lucas's essay as illustrated by this excerpt from *The Women*, (Taylor, 2015):

*Dealing with the dead pig was a communal affair. Neighbouring women came together to fill the sausages and puddings and each had a different recipe, but the recipe of the woman of the house prevailed at her pudding filling. We all enjoyed savouring the different flavours throughout the year. Filling the puddings, as it was called, took over the whole house, with disgusting-looking buckets of pig's guts standing all around the kitchen, as well as enamel buckets full of boiled blood laced with herbs and all kinds of mysterious concoctions. There was a black-pudding mix and a white-pudding mix. It was a messy business, but finally the mixture was pushed into a mincer to which a funnel was attached, and over this went the pig's well-washed gut, which was then filled with the mixture. It came out in long, thick tubes, and my mother cut it at intervals into loops, then plunged them into a pot of boiling water that stood on the open fire. Then she filed them along the handle of a brush until they cooled. Nowadays we can buy the world-famous Clonakilty black pudding in most supermarkets, but it all began with the resourceful women in the farmhouses of rural Ireland. Preserving every bit of food the pig supplied was most important. Fresh pork steaks as well as the home-filled sausages and puddings were distributed among the neighbours, who returned the compliment when their pig was slaughtered. Thus, fresh meat as had more often throughout the community.*<sup>26</sup>

Taylor is illustrating a traditional Irish gathering known as a *meitheal* where neighbours, friends and family assist with crop harvesting and other activities related to the storing or putting up of food. A *meitheal* is temporary in nature, gathering and disbanding once the work is done; no payment is exchanged, only the expectation the favour will be returned when a neighbour calls their own

*meitheal*. Unwritten rules and rituals govern a *meitheal*, and roles for men, women and children were clearly defined: children cleaned out the piggery and men slaughtered, hung and butchered the pig. The women prepared barrels, salted meat, made black puddings, and cooked up a feast of fresh pork steak and pieces of black pudding fried in bacon lard for their helpers. Tea, porter and whiskey is shared along with stories, jokes and songs until all return home with a piece of black pudding in hand.

Many households, urban and rural, owned a pig reared for meat and slaughtered in the autumn. A modern pig provides on average three litres of blood yielding around twelve puddings tied into rings.<sup>27</sup> Blood was salted and stirred to prevent coagulation then set aside while the delicate work of cleaning the intestine, ('the pudding'<sup>28</sup>) was completed. The blood is then mixed to a recipe which may include grain, (oatmeal, rye or rice), onions, salt, spices, milk, and pork fat; the intestine filled, tied, and cooked in water below the boil to prevent bursting. Children were part of the day's labour too, one account recalled running away and hiding in the trees away from the squeals of the pig as it was trussed ready for slaughter. Aside from the horror and gore associated with the day, accounts focus on communality and the anticipation of eating fresh meat, a rare and delicious treat. One account in the NFC stated: '*When we sit at the table and get a plate of pork or rashers or black pudding & sausages before us do we ever think of the poor old pig that we never think about (sic)*'.<sup>29</sup>

There is much variation of black pudding recipes across Ireland, possibly due to the *meitheal* rule that, while each woman had a recipe of their own, the only one followed belonged to the woman of the house. Recipes were rarely written down but pressed into memory through generations of watching, doing and teaching. Each variation adds to an unwritten library of recipes as unique as a fingerprint potentially indicating maker, place and season. It is difficult to pinpoint exactly when the domestic practice of blood pudding making began to wane but possibly attributable to growing urbanisation and societal change – especially for women. The practice held out in rural settings longer and is in living memory of older generations, but this typical aspect of rural life begins to disappear rapidly from the mid-twentieth century. At this time, cookery books authored by Irish women, such as *The Cookin' Woman* (Florence Irwin, 1949), *My Irish Cookbook* (Monica Sheridan, 1965), and *A Taste of Ireland* (Theodora Fitzgibbon, 1968) are published and include recipes for black puddings.<sup>30</sup> At a time when homespun recipes were under threat, simultaneously new interest in Irish food and cookery was emerging, and in contrast to men writing about the Irish relationship to blood as food where cooking and recipes were conspicuous by their absence, this time, with women at the helm, the recipe and method become fundamental. The emphasis on recipe transcends the rawness of blood as food into the skilled preparation and cookery of blood pudding, emphasising the influence of women in cementing the traditionality of it and identifying it as uniquely Irish.

Notwithstanding, recipes for making or using black pudding have appeared infrequently in English-language cookery books over the last eighty years.

Contemporary recipes are a hybrid of homespun techniques for making black pudding and drisheen (McMahon, 2019) to British author Nigella Lawson's recipe for Black Pudding Meatballs (2020) who comments in the headnote: *'Even unapologetic meat eaters can be disgusted by the dark mysteries of blood'*, a remnant of the old 'other' thought and language of blood as food.<sup>31</sup> The absence of a contemporary repertoire for cooking with animal blood is at odds with the proliferation of differing styles, textures, flavours and shapes of puddings produced today. Lucas draws from a variety of sources to demonstrate the differences in preparation, ingredients, ways of cooking and serving. The use of various 'savory herbs' is the catch-all term for how pudding flavourings differ from another: brooklime, garlic, leek and onion; sorrel, tansy, nettle and watercress; oats or rye; mixed with milk or cooked in milk or boiled in water.<sup>32</sup> The most common presentation of black pudding is the ring, a length of pudding tied at each end and looped into a horseshoe shape, but it is also sold as a chub or stick of varying lengths, girths and weight. Traditional pudding casing is a length of intestine, but often only available in traditional butchers' shops as the FMCG sector prefer synthetic, non-breathable plastic casings that better protect puddings during distribution and extending shelf life considerably. There are pudding cakes or loaves, a style of blood pudding usually moulded into a baking tray, cake or loaf tin without any casing, cooled then cut into roughly square chunks, but nonetheless considered puddings.

Puddings made with fresh blood in a natural, breathable casing are crumblier and the spicing mellow, whereas puddings made with dried blood piped into synthetic casings retain more moisture with a meatier mouthfeel and spices retain more of their piquancy. Depending on the ratio of blood, fat and other ingredients (particularly grain), the pudding may have a rough or smooth texture. Drisheen, distinct from black pudding in that it is made with blood serum not whole blood, has a smooth, silken texture and delicate flavour. The varieties of pudding styles are evident on butchers' counters and supermarket shelves across Ireland. Fresh blood puddings are becoming ever rarer as small-scale abattoirs continue to close due to the rigours of EU regulation and competition from large-scale meat processing plants. The use of imported dried blood is common made in specialised factories processing wholesale quantities of fresh blood into freeze-dried powders with long, stable shelf lives, and renamed for food labels as the less visceral sounding haemoglobin.

In 2016, black pudding hit headlines as a newly proclaimed 'superfood' because of its abundance of iron and other essential nutrients, something that older generations were already aware of. Donagh O'Reilly, Ireland's last remaining drisheen maker, said: *'You have everything in blood, in everybody and everything. Why wouldn't it be a good nutrient for people?'*<sup>33</sup> The present day up sell of blood-based food products as a densely nutritional 'super' food runs concurrently with global issues of food poverty, wasteful food productions systems and climate change. Such considerations have been re-labelled for modern times, but their essential messages of good food, good value and food as a precious resource would be recognisable to those who once relied on blood as food as an important part of a diet centred

on self-sufficiency and good domestic economy. The superfood tag came as offal emerged as a new food trend in Ireland. Fuelled by chefs with an eye on making the restaurant industry more sustainable, a whole-animal approach to meat was touted as an important step forward: lesser cuts, offal, bones, bits and bobs were all reimagined with creative cookery and artistic plating, but it wasn't enough to alter the Irish psyche en masse. In *Odd Bits* (McLagan, 2011), the author suggested a more obvious approach:

*We should take heed the example set by Finland, where frozen blood is available in supermarkets. There is no reason why properly inspected blood couldn't be in our supermarkets too, right there next to the frozen dinners and offering us a much healthier choice.*<sup>34</sup>

Blutwurst (Germany), Birollo (Italy), Morcilla (Spain, Portugal), Kashanka (Poland), Boudin Noir (France), Kishka (Hungary) and Blodvorv (Sweden). Blood pudding appears in any country or culture where eating meat is routine, and the consumption of animal blood culturally permitted. Ireland, therefore, isn't unique in consuming blood as food, and its commonness has expeditiously severed links with the Gaelic-Irish cultural traditions and practices of live bleeding of cattle, the consumption of raw blood as food, and the preparation and cooking of food from blood. Lucas said, '*All things considered, it would seem that the custom [of blood drawn from live cattle] should be construed as an ancient and normal component of Irish dietary habits [...]*'.<sup>35</sup> I am not advocating the return of live bleeding animals, but I would advocate for better consideration of the social and cultural identifiers of blood as food in Ireland.

Today, black pudding in Ireland is both a mass-produced food and a small-scale craft food. Clonakilty Blackpudding is one brand made since the mid-nineteenth century born of the traditional female-centric model of domestic economy. It was revived by a farmer-turned-butcher, Edward Twomey, between 1970 and 1990 when a major traditional food revival was taking root in the agricultural enclave of west Cork. Today, it is a mass-produced food item manufactured by the thousands of tonnes and distributed throughout Ireland, UK, EU and Australia, and still much beloved.<sup>36</sup>

In an interview with Irish food writer, John McKenna, on the impact of Twomey's crusade on black pudding between 1970 and 1980, McKenna said: '*The economy was flat, immigration was considerable. It was the time of the Knorr packet soup and dreadful cheeses from co-ops. The Irish were hooked on convenience*'.<sup>37</sup> This is a significant indictment on the state of food culture in Ireland in the latter part of the twentieth century, one where the Irish worldview of traditional food was entirely altered and little valued. Into this deeply fissured food culture, where mass-produced packet soup was considered not necessarily better but more sophisticated than consumption of blood as food, enters Twomey brandishing a ring of Clonakilty Blackpudding and eagerly enticing anyone to taste it: a proud Irish man telling everyone from housewives to Michelin-starred chefs how good traditional black pudding was; how flavoursome, healthful, versatile, economical – all the things



known before but systematically displaced, forgotten, or lost in favour of modernity.

Twomey approached people who held significant sway in how Irish food was considered and presented. Myrtle Allen, Declan Ryan, Gerry Galvin, and Michael Clifford - chefs at the pinnacle of their careers. Edward Twomey's Blackpudding was included in the first Irish Food Guide (1989), and its author, John McKenna recalls how, in the years between 1989 – 1991, there was a tangible change in Irish food: '*People began to respond to Irish food, the change was incredible and there was a sense of excitement*'.<sup>38</sup> Irish food culture was being reconsidered and revalued and Twomey's black pudding was key to that. Today, black pudding is a common food item eaten regularly by every Irish demographic. The regularity and quantity of consumption places it firmly in the national diet, as easily served on the breakfast plate as it is served with oysters.

The craft of handmaking blood puddings using fresh blood and intestines is endangered. Already extinct is the communality of the blood pudding season, its *meitheal* and rich library of recipes; its roles, rules and rituals; the feasting and social cohesion it bestowed on the rural Irish. That these traditions are disappearing or extinct in Ireland means the same could be true for other nations with a similar relationship to food from blood. Utilising blood pudding as a vehicle for faddish food trends will further displace it from its cultural origins. The importance of locating black pudding in the landscape of contemporary gastronomy whilst accurately representing its origins and importance to Irish food culture cannot be overstated.

It is deserving of further research, and the gathering up of the myriad rules, rituals and recipes that surround its making before they disappear forever.

## Notes

<sup>1</sup> Alan Davidson, *The Oxford Companion to Food*, (Oxford University Press, 1999), p82.

<sup>2</sup> Kuno Meyer, *Aislinge Mac Con Glinne – The Vision of MacGonglinne A Middle Irish Wonder Tale*, (London, David Nutt, 1892); Regina Sexton, 'I'd ate it like chocolate': the disappearing offal food traditions of Cork City', *Disappearing foods: proceedings of the Oxford symposium on food and cookery*, (Devon, Prospect Books, 1995), pp. 172–88.

<sup>3</sup> A. T. Lucas, *Blood as Food – Blood Drawn from Living Cattle*, (Ireland, 1989).

<sup>4</sup> D. A. Binchy, ed., *Corpus iuris hibernici*, (Dublin Institute for Advanced Studies, 1978).

<sup>5</sup> Regina Sexton, *A Little History of Irish Food*, (London, Kyle Cathie Limited, 1998).

<sup>6</sup> Lucas, pp 204-205

<sup>7</sup> Lucas, p 4.

<sup>8</sup> Carolyn A. Edie, 'The Irish Cattle Bills: A Study in Restoration Politics', *Transactions of the American Philosophical Society*, (1970) Vol. 60, Part 2, pp 1- 66, [online] <https://www.jstor.org/stable/1006099?seq=1> [accessed 14<sup>th</sup> January 2021].

<sup>9</sup> Kieran McCarthy, *The Little Book of Cork*, (Cheltenham, The History Press, 2016); Sexton, (1995), pp. 172–88.

<sup>10</sup> Sexton, (1995), pp. 172–88.

<sup>11</sup> Sexton, (1995), pp. 172–88.

<sup>12</sup> Regina Sexton, 'Elite Women and their recipe books: the case of Dorothy Parsons and her Booke of Choyce Receipts all written down wth her owne hand in 1666', in Dooley, T.,

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O'Riordan, M., Ridgway, C., *Women and the County House in Ireland and Britain*, (1<sup>st</sup> edn, Dublin, Four Courts Press, 2018).

<sup>13</sup> Lucas, p 221.

<sup>14</sup> Lucas, p 219.

<sup>15</sup> Lucas, p201.

<sup>16</sup> Dr Rosari Kingston, lecture notes, 4<sup>th</sup> May 2021.

<sup>17</sup> Lucas.

<sup>18</sup> Lucas, p210.

<sup>19</sup> H. V. Morton, *In Search of Ireland*, (London, 1930), p vii.

<sup>20</sup> Morton, pp 106-107.

<sup>21</sup> The Irish Free State was established in 1922 under the Anglo-Irish Treaty of 1921.

<sup>22</sup> Lucas, p 218

<sup>23</sup> Lucas, p 218.

<sup>24</sup> The National Folklore Collection of Ireland is one of Europe's largest archives of oral tradition and cultural history, preserving Ireland's rich oral literature alongside its material culture, ethnology and social history. [www.duchas.ie](http://www.duchas.ie)

<sup>25</sup> Alison Wickham, *Women Speak* (Ireland, selfpublishbooks.ie, 2013), pp 77-80.

<sup>26</sup> Alice Taylor *The Women*, (Cork, O'Brien Press, 2015).

<sup>27</sup> 3 litres of blood is the average yield from a modern day pig. Yield may have been less with older breeds. Information provided by craft butcher Hugh Maguire, the proprietor of the Smokin' Butcher butcher shop and smokehouse in Co. Meath. Maguire produces a fresh pork blood black pudding. There are regional variations where black puddings are baked in a loaf tin instead of a ring. Despite not using intestine, or 'pudding', they are still referred to and marketed as black pudding.

<sup>28</sup> NFCS 15: 10-12. Collector: Rita Murphy, Cluain Fearta National School, Clonfert, County Galway, 1938. Teacher: C. Ó Ríoghbhardáin.

[<https://www.duchas.ie/en/cbes/4583330/4580199/4587625>]

<sup>29</sup> NFCS 731: 246. Collector: Joan Moran, (12), Tyrrellspass National School, Tyrrellspass, Co. Westmeath, 1938. Teacher: Mrs Payne. [<https://www.duchas.ie/en/cbes/5009063/4982689>].

<sup>30</sup> Theodora Fitzgibbon, *A Taste of Ireland*, (London, Pan Books, 1<sup>st</sup> edn, 1970); Florence Irwin, *The Cookin' Woman*, (Edinburgh, Oliver and Boyd, 1949); Monica Sheridan, *My Irish Cookbook*, (London, Frederick Muller Ltd., 1965).

<sup>31</sup> Nigella Lawson, *Cook, eat, repeat* (London, Chatto & Windus, 2020); Jp McMahon, *The Irish Cook Book*, (London, Phaidon, 2020).

<sup>32</sup> Lucas, p 218 -219.

<sup>33</sup> Kate Ryan, 'I'm the last drisheen maker in all of Ireland', *The Echo / Echolive.ie*, 14<sup>th</sup> November 2022 [available online: <https://www.echolive.ie/corklives/arid-41005757.html>].

<sup>34</sup> Jennifer McLagan, *Odd Bits – How to Cook the Rest of the Animal* (Jacqui Small, 2011), p 222.

<sup>35</sup> Lucas, p 222.

<sup>36</sup> [www.clonakiltyblackpudding.ie](http://www.clonakiltyblackpudding.ie)

<sup>37</sup> Interview conducted with Irish food writer, John McKenna, October 6<sup>th</sup>, 2021.

<sup>38</sup> Interview conducted with Irish food writer, John McKenna, October 6<sup>th</sup>, 2021.