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PART II.

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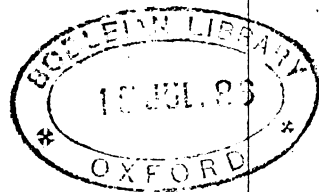
"I come by NOTE, to give and to receive."

*Merchant of Venice*, act iii., scene 2.

# City News Notes

and

# Queries.

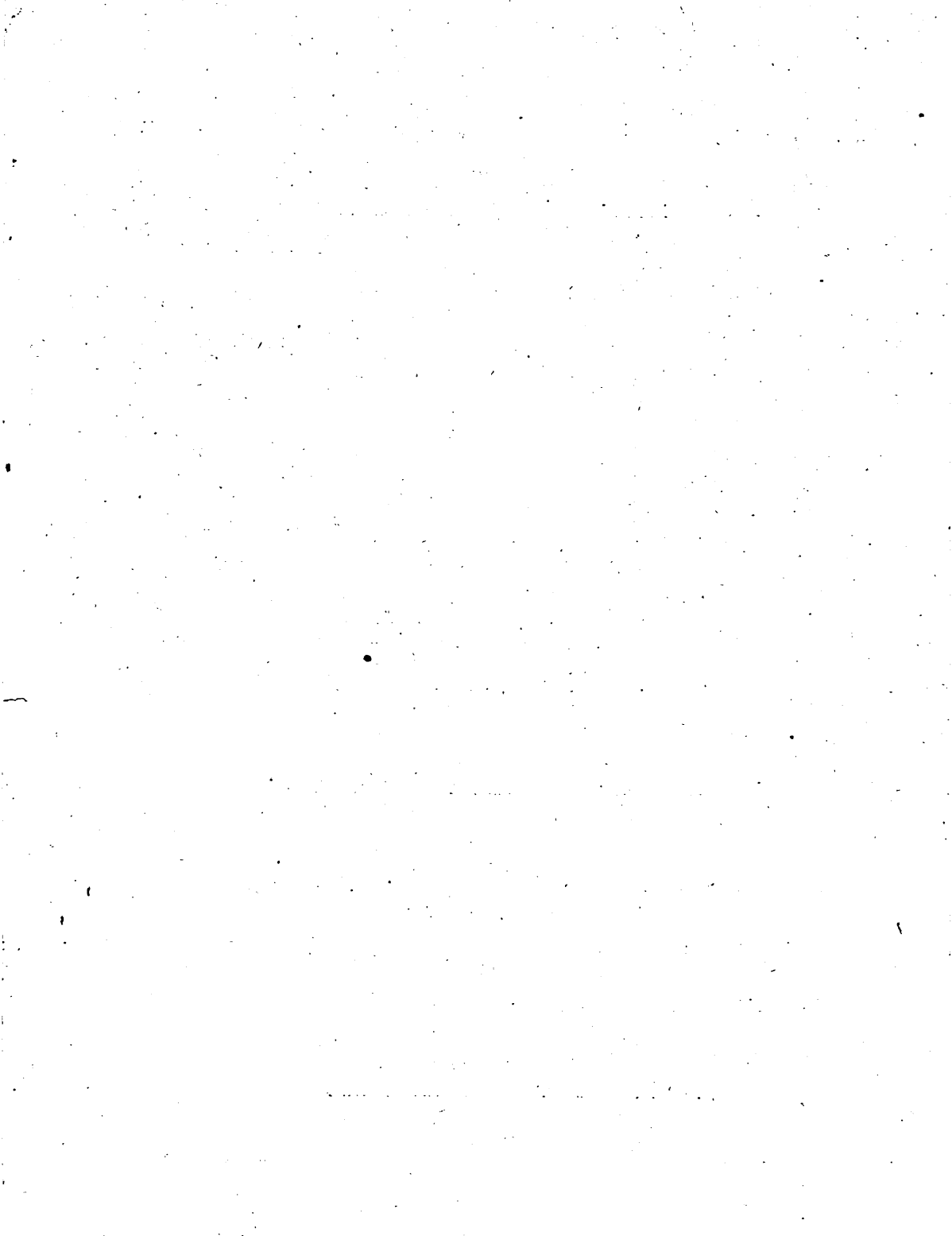


[REPRINTED FROM THE "MANCHESTER CITY NEWS."]

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MANCHESTER:  
CITY NEWS OFFICE, WARREN STREET.  
1878.

PW  
Lyon



"I come by NOTE, to give and to receive."

*Merchant of Venice*, act iii., scene 2.

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**City News Notes**  
and  
**Queries.**

EDITED BY J. H. NODAL.

[REPRINTED FROM THE "MANCHESTER CITY NEWS."]

VOLUME I.: 1878.

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CITY NEWS OFFICE, WARREN STREET.  
1878.

# I N D E X .

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Saturday, April 6, 1878.

## Notes and Queries.

### COMMENTS AND ANSWERS.

"THE BAR OF MICHAEL ANGELO."

(Note 169, March 30.)

[187.] I must strongly object to a misquotation of one of Tennyson's most beautiful stanzas in *In Memoriam*. Your correspondent, "A Manchester Pythagorean," thus quotes the well-known passage—

over his ethereal brow  
The bar of Michael Angelo.

Whereas the passage runs thus:—

And over those ethereal eyes  
The bar of Michael Angelo.

In my opinion your correspondent is equally wrong in saying "that the allusion is to the meeting eyebrows of the great Florentine painter and sculptor." My own opinion, which is that of all who have so far expressed an opinion upon the subject, is that what he meant by the splendid line was that indication of massive intellect which is to be found in the protruding ridge or bar of the skull where it beetles over the eyes. This is most conspicuous in the portraits of Michael Angelo, and was, no doubt, prominent in Arthur Hallam. This is not phrenology but something far higher, which seizes upon a truth by imaginative intuition, and expresses it in language suited to the conception. I will only add that when I read the misquotation, spoiling, as it does, so splendid a stanza, it was a great trial of temper.

PHILIP WENTWORTH.

Your correspondent, "A Manchester Pythagorean," who called attention last week to a passage in *In Memoriam*, would probably feel indignant if the "golden verses" of his master, the vegetarian sage of Samos, were misquoted; but, surely, the golden verses of the laureate are worthy of equally devout regard. Is it possible that Tennyson could have written—

And over his ethereal brow  
The bar of Michael Angelo?

How a "brow" could be "ethereal," and how supposing it were, a bar could be "over" it, are matters of which it is difficult to conceive. And if the "bar" be the eyebrow, the word "over" should, in the case supposed, be printed "under."

Leaving this, however, I am curious to learn if the interpretation of the passage by your correspondent be the true one. I have always thought that the word "bar" referred to the fine configuration of the frontal sinus of the great Florentine, and

not to a mere hirsute peculiarity. But did this peculiarity exist? I certainly never observed it in any portrait, neither did it strike me when, a year ago, in Ruskin's museum at Oxford, I examined a bust of the master. But I have repeatedly observed that in the heads of great painters the space between the eyebrows is unusually broad and clear, as, very notably, in the case of Raphael.

I should be glad to have, from some of your correspondents, an authoritative explanation of the passage from *In Memoriam*. At present I am inclined to place the statement of your Pythagorean in the same category as that of the story of the Wandering Jew, or the doctrine of the metempsychosis of your correspondent's master.

T. L.

THE MANCHESTER STAGE: SIMS REEVES, SOTHERN,  
AND FARRER.

(Nos. 158 and 175.)

[188.] Mr. John Evans, in his polite note which appeared in last Saturday's *City News*, fails to convince me of his accuracy concerning the above-named actors. In reply to my statement with regard to Mr. Sims Reeves and John Parry, Mr. Evans says: "Whatever John Parry may have discovered in the great singer was anticipated by his Manchester critics—notably John Harland—and by no less an authority than Mr. Reeves himself, he having told Mr. John Dickenson (then a bookbinder in the Market Place) of his intention to proceed to Italy." I remember Mr. John Harland's criticisms on Mr. Reeves very well, and my impression is that they were anything but complimentary. I knew Mr. John Dickenson, the bookbinder, very well. He took the checks for the upper circle at the old theatre in Fountain-street, and after becoming stone-blind, died a few years ago. Mr. Reeves may have told him that he intended to go to Italy, but I beg to repeat that it was not until John Parry gave his opinion with regard to Mr. Reeves' capacity that the year's visit to Italy was brought about. In his paper read before the Literary Club, Mr. Evans is reported to have said, when Mr. Reeves was at the Theatre Royal, Manchester, that, "highly incensed with Mr. John Harland's plain-spoken but truthful utterance, he vowed to a friend what he would do in the future; he would save money, go to Italy, and return and astonish his critics." Considering that Mr. "John S. Reeves'" weekly salary at the Theatre Royal was of the most slender description, he must have been what Mr. Evans describes a most "careful man" indeed to have saved money to take him to Italy and pay an accomplished musician to teach him how to manage his voice. I know what Mr. Reeves' salary was exactly, because I have seen his receipt. It is no discredit to him that his pay was meagre, but Mr. Evans must excuse me for believing

that he was able to save money at that time. Mr. Reeves came to Manchester direct from Edinburgh, and made his first appearance on the Manchester stage, taking the solos in the National Anthem. He all but broke down on that occasion. He had previously played for a season at Drury Lane, under Mr. Macready's management, and was second tenor singer to the late Mr. Allen—as sweet a singer as ever graced the stage. Mr. Reeves's experience with Mr. Macready, Mr. Phelps, Mr. James Anderson, Mr. Henry Phillips, Mr. Allen, and others, was of immense service to him; but neither Mr. John Harland nor anyone else in Manchester at that time anticipated his future eminence.

Mr. Evans says that his "conclusions are that Mr. Sothorn appeared at the Queen's Theatre in the early days of F. B. Egan's management." In his paper read before the Literary Club, Mr. Evans said that Mr. Sothorn made his first appearance at the Queen's as Mr. Stuart. When was that, and in what character? Mr. Stuart of the old Manchester Theatre, the predecessor of Gustavus Brooke, and who went to the Haymarket Theatre, played a starring engagement at the Queen's some thirty years since. If Mr. Sothorn appeared there as Mr. Stuart it must have been several years afterwards, and yet he went to America in 1851 and did not return to this country for ten years. Mr. Sothorn made a speech some years since, in which he stated that he made his first public appearance on the stage as Sir Edward Mortimer in the *Iron Chest*, but that he soon discovered that tragedy was not his forte. In fact, it was not until he invented Dundreary from the skeleton of a character written by Mr. Tom Taylor that Mr. Sothorn's abilities were recognized.

Mr. Evans has come to the conclusion that he had confounded the present Mr. William Farren's appearance at the old Queen's Theatre with his elder brother, Henry Farren. Mr. W. Farren first played at the Olympic, under his father's management, as Mr. Forrester. Mr. W. Farren, senior, after bringing out the late Mr. F. Robson, undertook the management of the little Strand Theatre, where the younger William Farren appeared as Moses to his father's Dr. Primrose in a version of the *Vicar of Wakefield*. A new version of *The Vicar* was played in London last week with William Farren in his father's old part. Mr. Vezin is also playing the character at another house. The present Mr. W. Farren was originally intended for a singer, but his voice broke. Nevertheless he can sing very agreeably yet. My impression is that he did not appear in Manchester until he came with the old Haymarket company.

Mr. Evans states, in his paper read at the Literary Club, that when the present Theatre Royal in Peter-street was opened, on the 29th of September, 1845,

with Douglas Jerrold's comedy *Time Works Wonders*, the company collected together was excellent, and included Miss E. Montague, Miss Rebecca Isaacs, Miss Coveney (afterwards Mrs. Charles Pitt), &c I think Mr. Evans will find that he has here made another mistake. Mrs. Charles Pitt was married to her husband long before the Peter-street theatre was built, and I believe the Miss Coveney mentioned by Mr. Evans was Mrs. C. Pitt's sister. Mrs. Pitt was never a regular member of the old theatre or the present Theatre Royal company during her husband's lifetime. She appeared a few times, generally at Mr. Charles Pitt's benefit; and I remember her performing the Fool in *King Lear* on one occasion, when her husband represented the aged King of Britain. Since Charles Pitt's death his widow has frequently acted at the Manchester theatres. Mr. H. M. Pitt, formerly of the Queen's Theatre, Bridge-street, and now manager and leading actor of a travelling company, is a son of the late Mr. and Mrs. Charles Pitt, and was, I believe, born in Manchester when his father belonged to the Theatre Royal company.

PETER QUINCE.

#### THE CURFEW.

(Nos. 4, 29, 41, 62, 75, 91, 99, and 115.)

[189.] Notwithstanding Mr. Robert Langton's reply (No. 115), I venture to note the following from Mr. J. E. Bailey's *Old Stretford*, p. 51:—"It was the custom to pay the clerk a shilling a year 'for ringing the 5th of November.' From 1783 a five o'clock a.m. bell was rung, for which 10s. a year was paid. . . . In 1863 the wardens, in their wisdom, stopped the curfew-bell." Dr. Renaud, in his *Ancient Parish of Prestbury* (Chetham Soc., xeviii., 1876), p. 51, gives under date 1577: "Ringing the curfewe one wynter season (elsewhere written curfyr and corfirs); ringinge the five o'clock bell (this practice is yet in vogue)."

H. T. C.

#### DR. DALTON.

(No. 177, March 30.)

[190.] In the *City News* of last Saturday, J. J. speaks of Dr. Dalton as "a truly great man, who, under a somewhat grim exterior, had a kind and gentle heart." Surely J. J. never saw Dr. Dalton or his well-known portrait. There was nothing grim about Dr. Dalton. His face was as kind and gentle-looking as was his heart. The last time I saw him was about a year before his death, when I met him walking arm-in-arm with his attached friend Mr. Peter Clare along York-street, in the direction as though they were proceeding from the Literary and Philosophical Rooms in George-street to Clare's house in Quay-street. They were walking at rather a slow pace, owing to the doctor's feebleness, his arm resting on that of his friend. The sight was so

striking that I could not resist stopping to gaze after them, and their figures still seem to be photographed on my memory. They were both dressed in Quaker garb. Peter Clare was the very picture of neatness in his apparel. He wore knee-breeches with silver buckles, showing his fine well-shaped legs. No one could meet him in the street without being struck by his appearance. He always presented a happy, cheerful-looking face, the whole of which was visible. He and his father were the clock-makers of the day.

J. T. S.

April 3, 1878.

## DAWS AND ROOKS.

(Query No. 185, March 30.)

[191.] Query 185 is headed "Crows or Rooks," which is an error. The inquirer wishes to know whether the birds now building in the spire of the City Road Wesleyan Chapel are daws or rooks. Neither crows nor rooks come about steeples; neither one or the other were ever known to build in holes of any kind. The birds inquired about are daws, and easily to be distinguished from rooks; they are about the size of a pigeon; they are jet black, the male having a grey patch at the back of the head. Holes in old trees are their favourite breeding places; clefts in rocks are also taken possession of for the same purpose. Cunning as the daw is he seems to have got the foolish notion firmly fixed in his noddle that it is his mission to fill up every old tower and steeple he comes across, and he shows wonderful industry in prosecuting his purpose, although he seldom succeeds. I know an old tower within which is a spiral staircase, and every week throughout the spring a large sackful of sticks is removed from the foot of it, which have been dropt through the loopholes by the daws. As the ravens brought food to Elijah, so do the daws find the "ancient warder" fuel. Vast quantities of sticks so brought had been allowed to accumulate in the western towers of York Minster prior to the fire there, and which very materially assisted the conflagration. In many places wire netting is now placed behind loopholes and louveres to circumvent Mister Jack. I have just visited his quarters in the City Road, and found, as I expected, that he was at "the same old game," dropping sticks through holes in the steeple of the chapel which does not afford him any lodgement whatever for a nest, and which sticks drop on to a floor far below. Two barrows full were recently removed into the chapel-keeper's house, and applied to a more practical purpose. The daw family show a preference for "High Church," but, with an impartiality which one cannot but admire, they do not treat a high chapel with disdain.

FELIX FOLIO,

## NEW CROSS.

(Query No. 182, March 30.)

[192.] At the beginning of this century Manchester had two stone market crosses. One was in the Market-place, erected in 1752, in front of the old Shambles (the site now occupied by the fish shops and the Cotton Waste Dealers' Exchange). This cross, together with the pillory and stocks which stood near, were removed in 1816. In 1770 the town north-east of Market-stead Lane did not extend beyond Church-street and Turner-street. In a plan of the town in 1772, Oldham-street is marked as "the intended street." Soon after this date Newton Lane and Ancoats Lane, now Oldham Road and Great Ancoats-street respectively, were laid out and buildings rapidly increased, so that in a few years a new town had sprung up. At the junction of these streets a large cross (the New Cross) was erected, with lamps fixed to the obelisk, surmounted with a wind-vane; a space for the sale of produce was enclosed with posts, and butchers' stalls were erected and known as "New Cross Shambles." Swan-street at this time was called New Cross-street. The cross is very distinctly shown in Laurent's "Topographical Plan of Manchester," published in 1793. The whole were removed about 1819, I believe, on the establishment of the present Smithfield Market.

G. H. S.

Heaton Moor.

## LOCAL WORKS.

(No. 186.)

[193.] The Manchester Free Library possesses an earlier edition of "Miss Moreton" than that described by Mr. Plant. It is in two thin duodecimo volumes, with the following title:—"The Authentic and Interesting History of Miss Moreton, and the Faithful Cottager. Omnis vincit amor. In two volumes. Manchester: Printed for and by W. Shelmerdine and Co., and sold by the author, at Mr. J. Wybergh's, No. 13, Deansgate. Anno Domini, 1798." At the end of the introduction the author signs himself "W. P. Rich." According to Scholes's Manchester Directory of 1797 John Wybergh was a shoemaker and leather-cutter. Can any correspondent furnish information about W. P. Rich?

C. W. SUTTON.

Another book of some local interest has come to light, one which must be very scarce, as only a few copies were printed for the author's friends. It has only 42 quarto pages, with three drawings by the author, done on stone by H. G. James, Ridgesfield. The title is, "Observations on the Round Towers of Ireland," by Robert Hyde Greg, Quarry Bank; printed by Robinson and Bent, St. Ann's Place, Manchester, 1824. It is inscribed to his friend and

companion during the tour in Ireland, William Rathbone of Liverpool. I find the Essay, as it is called, reprinted in the ninth volume of the first series of Memoirs of the Literary and Philosophical Society of Manchester, but without the lithographs.

JOHN PLANT.

SPELLING OF SHAKSPERE'S NAME.

(Query 184, March 30.)

[194.] Vervex cannot do better than refer to Mr. Horace Howard Furness, who, in a footnote to page 343 of vol. iv. of his Variorum Edition of Shakspeare, has the following:—"There is in my library a volume—sad monument of wasted time—containing the name of Shakspeare spelt in four thousand different ways. Herr Stedefeld's makes the four thousand and first."

A. S.

QUERIES.

[195.] PERSIAN POEM.—Who was the author of a poem beginning as follows, and where is it to be found?

He who died at Azim sends  
This to comfort all his friends.

PENMAN.

[196.] HULME HALL LANE, MILES P LATTING.—Has there ever been a hall there? If so, where was it situated, by whom was it occupied, and when did it disappear?

E. F. B.

[197.] BANDITTI.—This word occurs in the margin of Booth's translation of Diodorus Siculus, printed in London in 1700 (page 571). Is there any earlier instance of its use?

A MANCHESTER PYTHAGOREAN.

[198.] BRIDGWATER VIADUCT.—This road, connecting the bottom of Deansgate with the Chester Road, was opened about 1839-42. Can any reader give me the precise date?

HULMITR.

[199.] THE OLYMPIC THEATRE.—Is your correspondent G. H. S. correct in stating that the building in Stevenson Square, recently occupied by Falkner Brothers, was

erected for a theatre? Was it not built by the friends of Dr. Warren, and occupied by them as a place of worship prior to their removing to Every-street, Ancoats?

G. H. A.

[200.] BLACKLEY HALL.—I am obliged to G. H. S., but the extract from the Rev. John Booker's work does not give the information I asked for, and which I now repeat. Who built Blackley Hall, and when, and who lived there up to 1603, when, as Mr. Booker says, "the hall and demesne passed into the possession of Sir Richard Asheton of Middleton"? Will G. H. S. kindly oblige with further particulars?

W. W. W.

[201.] "POST AND PETREL" AND "BLOW-SHOPPES".—In Booker's History of Blackley Chapel (page 21), as quoted by Mr. Edwin Waugh in his Lancashire Sketches, under "Boggart Ho' Clough," and again by G. H. S. (Note 172) in your issue of last Saturday, the post and petrel style of building is mentioned. What is meant thereby? The whole of the many books and the likely live informants which we have so far tried, have left us in the lurch. In Leland's Itinerary (vii. 42), likewise quoted by Mr. E. Waugh (ibidem), we read:—"Wild bores, bulles, and falcons bredde in times past at Blake's; now for lack of woode the blow-shoppes decay there." I have sought for an explanation of the word "blow-shoppes" in vain.

A. S.

[202.] DECAYED TREES ON MOSS LAND.—On Saturday morning last, while passing through a ploughed field between Moston Lane and White Moss (or Chadderton Moss), I observed trenches two or three feet deep dug in the peaty soil, and in each of them lay a partly decayed tree. The soil which had covered the tree lay by the side of the trench. Here and there were small heaps of the same rotten wood, while in other places the surface of the field appeared to be strewn with it as with manure. I was puzzled to know: (1) Whether the trees grew on the spot, and, falling, had been buried by successive deposits of vegetable matter; or (2), whether they had been buried by artificial means; if so (3), for what purpose; and (4) whether decaying wood is good for manure?

E. F. B.



## LITERARY CLUB.

PROPOSED UNIVERSAL CATALOGUE. THE FOUNDER OF OWENS COLLEGE.

At the weekly meeting of the Manchester Literary Club on Monday, the election of Mr. F. Howard Allen, of Timperley, as a member was announced. Mr. Wm. E. A. Axon read a short communication on the proposed Universal Catalogue.

Mr. Axon said Sir Henry Cole had induced the Society of Arts to issue a proposal for a printed catalogue of all books issued from the invention of typography to the year 1800. Sir Henry Cole suggested an international convention; each country preparing its own list on a uniform plan, and issuing it at stated periods. Mr. Axon thought an international commission would probably do the work most quickly. A complete and account of the progress of printing by its works would be valuable alike for what it would teach and for what it would suggest.

The President (Mr. Nodal) said it was a matter for congratulation that the Society of Arts was directing its attention to bibliography, which was a pursuit that met with too little encouragement. Bibliography was every year becoming of greater importance, with the multiplication of the products of the printing press. It was becoming one of the perplexities of the age to know how to ascertain and register the extent of those repositories of knowledge, books. This could only be done by the indefatigable efforts of the bibliographer. The project which Mr. Dilke, and more recently Sir Henry Cole, had brought forward seemed to resolve itself into a question of the best method of attempting the work which it was proposed to undertake, and the plan of limiting the list to works published before 1800 commended itself to the judgment, partly because useful experience would be gained by this partial effort, and partly on account of the comparative fewness of the books printed up to that date. He presumed the notion of the Society of Arts was that this work should be undertaken by the Government, and therefore it was important that all libraries, societies, and institutions which take an interest in these matters should endeavour to create a public opinion in favour of it, and so operate upon Parliament. The subject ought also to be brought under the consideration of the International Literary Congress in Paris June next.

Mr. C. W. Sutton, and Mr. John Plant having spoken of the value of such a work to librarians,

Sir Henry Cole said he would assume that they all agreed with Mr. Plant, who very sensibly said, "Let us have anything," for at present they had, comparatively speaking, nothing in the way of a catalogue such as they wished to see. (Hear, hear.) Nobody could put his finger on any record that would show them what English books were printed before 1800; what information there was on the subject was very fragmentary, and a man might spend a lifetime in trying to pick it up in the various libraries. He was emphatically of opinion that if any corporation or any individuals were to find a few hundred pounds for the purpose, a collection of titles would be a matter of no difficulty, and that within a very few years a sufficiently largely percentage for all practical purposes of the titles of books printed up to 1800 might be collected. The Society of Arts started an inquiry on this subject, not upon the expediency of preparing such a catalogue, but as to what the work was likely to cost, and how to do it. The Prince of Wales, before going to India, was induced to appoint a commis-

sion to consider the expediency of such an undertaking, and they obtained some very important evidence. First of all, Mr. Bullen, of the British Museum, who had most liberal views on the subject, stated that the trustees of that institution had really before them a project for doing something. (Laughter.) This "something" was that they should print the titles of all English books in that collection issued up to 1800. But what was wanted was something that would tell them not only what they had got in the Museum, but also what they ought to have. (Hear, hear.) It was quite clear to Mr. Bullen's mind that the British Museum should print a catalogue of its own collection at once, and he (Sir Henry) believed that could be done in three months. He thought the outcome of the inquiry was a strong feeling that an effort in that direction should be made, and the first step towards obtaining a universal catalogue was to persuade, and spur, and squeeze the Treasury into the belief that this country could afford to print it and include it amongst the parliamentary papers. It was a matter of growing interest now that free libraries were extending all over the country, that something like a national pressure should be put upon the Government to produce a catalogue of the British Museum Library. Of course there were a hundred reasons why it should not be done, but they need not discuss them now. (Laughter.) Let the Government do for the national library in the British Museum what Manchester had done for its free library. He would suggest, as they were not afraid of a little agitation in Manchester, that they should send up a memorial to the trustees of the British Museum, intimating that having heard it is their intention to print a catalogue of all books in that collection issued up to 1800, they desired to suggest that the list be extended so as to include all books either in the museum or such as were known to exist elsewhere. Coming now to Mr. Plant's question, of who was to pay for the work, he did not think the country would be ruined if it had to pay for it, nor would any of them be the worse for it. But assuming that the Government would not pay for it, he did not think the Society of Arts would have much difficulty in finding out a mode of payment. For instance, they might say to the managers of the large libraries, "For a subscription of so much per annum you shall have so many copies." Or they might increase the number of honorary members of the society and include a copy in their subscription. (Laughter.) In conclusion, he would recommend them to help the trustees of the British Museum to a more correct opinion on the subject in the first instance. If the movement were fairly started in this country, Italy, Germany, and France would take it up instantly.

The Chairman said the Literary Club knew something about memorializing the British Museum trustees from experience, and it was not encouraging. In fact, it was extremely discouraging.

Sir Henry Cole said in that case they should try what they could do by the influence of their parliamentary representatives.

The discussion was thus closed.

Mr. J. C. LOCKHART read a biographical sketch of John Owens, the founder of the College. He said the only notice hitherto published was written by Mr. J. P. Aston, and appeared as a preface to a volume of introductory lectures on the opening of Owens College in 1852. It was as follows:—"John Owens, the founder of this College, was born in Manchester in the year 1790. His father,

Owen Owens, left his native place, Holywell, whilst very young, and soon afterwards settled in Manchester, where he obtained employment, and by unremitting diligence and economy saved from his earnings the means of commencing business on a small scale. The same habits enabled him to overcome the difficulties which impeded his progress, and to attain the position of a wealthy and respectable merchant. His son John received a good education and became his father's assistant, and ultimately his partner. His life was spent in the neighbourhood of his birth, and continued to be devoted to mercantile pursuits, in which he acquired a large fortune; and this was largely augmented on the death of his father, whose property he inherited. He was never married. He died on the 28th July, 1846, at the age of fifty-six, and was buried in the churchyard of St. John's in Manchester, on the west side of the church. Mr. Owens led a private and almost secluded life, and took no ostensible part in public questions. He had, however, from his youth upwards taken much interest in the subject of education, a feeling which was strikingly manifested by his ultimate disposition of his large property." It was to add to these scanty details that he (Mr. Lockhart) had undertaken the labour of collecting what few facts were still floating about in the memories of the few persons that were living who had known John Owens. He had had the greatest difficulty in finding anyone who had known him. Owen Owens, the father of John Owens, was born in the year 1764, and at an early age, without any pecuniary means, he came to Manchester and obtained employment. In the year 1788 he married Sarah Humphreys, of which marriage were born, besides John, two other children, who died in their infancy. The business carried on by the father was that of hat trimming and umbrella furnishing, which was a very profitable one. In 1800 John Owens was sent to the academy of Mr. Hothersal, of Ardwick Green, and it was there that he formed the acquaintance of George Faulkner, which, ripening into a friendship, lasted until death separated them. In 1819, John Owens was taken into partnership with his father under the title of Owen Owens and son, Carpenter Lane, manufacturers. In 1815, Owen Owens had not only opened houses in London and in the principal provincial towns, but also an establishment in Philadelphia, United States, having for a partner Mr. Thomas Owens, who died in 1819. The Philadelphia concern was afterwards given up, and then the firm withdrew from the hat trimming and umbrella business and embarked in that of merchants, which was continued to the death of both partners. Subsequently, John Owens went into partnership with his old friend George Faulkner and the latter's cousin, Samuel Faulkner. The firm was Samuel Faulkner and Co., fine spinners, John Owens and George Faulkner finding the principal part of the capital, and Samuel Faulkner undertaking the management of the mill. John Owens retired from the firm shortly after the destruction of the mill by fire, and Owen Owens died in 1844, at the age of eighty, leaving his son John the whole of his property. Mr. Lockhart gave some interesting personal reminiscences of the relations between George Faulkner and John Owens. There was no doubt, he said, that if George Faulkner's son, of whom John Owens was godfather, had lived, Owens College would never have been founded, as it was upon his friend's advice entirely that he acted. Owens attended the ministrations of Dr. McCall in Mosley-street Chapel along

with his father, but some discussion arose in the congregation as to the removal of the chapel. John Owens joined the dissentients, and left the communion altogether. After this he was a regular attendant at the services at St. Saviour's Church, the Rev. Mr. (now Canon) Birch being then Rector. At his death he left £168,025, but this amount, owing to the depression of trade at the time, was not quite realised. Roughly stated, he left it in the following manner: Relatives, £35,500; friends, £14,250; charities, including £1,000 to the Royal Infirmary, £1,350; servants, £350; the balance being over £100,000, which was left to the college. To his friend George Faulkner, in a codicil, he left £10,000, in the following terms: "To my friend George Faulkner, in my said will named, the sum of £10,000, as a slight manifestation of my affection, esteem, and regard." Mr. Lockhart gave a graphic description of the personal appearance, habits, and character of John Owens, and remarked at the close that it was almost impossible to give a roseate hue to a life spent in money-grubbing and obscurity, and one utterly devoid of sweetness and light. It was to be hoped that some forecast of the thankfulness and gratitude of the thousands he was about to benefit was vouchsafed to him in his final hours.

Mr. Alfred Owen Legge afterwards read a paper, evincing minute research and much recondit learning, on the subject of Erasmus at Walsingham.

## FIELD NATURALISTS.

### ARCHEOLOGICAL VISIT TO CHESTER.

On Saturday last a party of the Manchester Field Naturalists and Archeologists' Society spent a delightful day amongst the old stones of Chester. Everything was in their favour. They were met by Mr. Thomas Hughes, F.S.A., a well-known antiquary, and the secretary of the Chester Archeological Society; and in him they found a guide so valuable that it was almost as if the stones told their own tale. It is by the labour of such men as he that the patches of the difficult parts have been put together, and it can now be told, to our comfort and content, with a wonderful completeness. Then the weather was kindly. The low grey clouds of the morning were broken up by a bleak north-easter—that cold and bracing friend whom Charles Kingsley has had the courage to praise; and the day remained bright and clear and sunny, with a blue sky piled with beautiful, though unpromising, cumulus clouds.

The Field Naturalists, however, had little time for sky and clouds. They had, indeed, so full and interesting a day that every half-hour teemed with new matter. They left the station a little after eleven, and proceeded through the fine park presented to the city by the late Marquis of Westminster to the ancient church of St. John the Baptist. Much of it is in broken and beautiful ruins, for a ter its partial fall in the sixteenth century it was pieced up into form much within its old limits, and the rest was left in decay. Where the chancel once was there is now a carpet of soft turf, and the broken arches and bits of walls rise in detached masses from it. Nature has sprinkled the crumbling stones with green from her kindly hand, and the yellow wallflowers, now open, glowed in the sunshine on every crevice and ledge. It was a pretty picture. Close to the ruins is a very interesting building, that is now conjectured to have been the chapter house. It has lately been taken possession of and restored by some of the Chester authorities, who, by the way, do their work of guarding and pre-

servicing the relics of the past with unusual zeal—before that time it was choked up with a lot of extraneous building in part brick, and was used as a dwelling-house. It was here that De Quincey's mother lived for some years of her widowhood, and readers of his autobiography will remember his mention of the old Priory house. Was it not to this place, indeed, that he returned after his mad flight and wanderings in London? The Church of St. John the Baptist, as it now exists, is a beautiful specimen of early architecture. It is much shorn of its full proportions, but its simple forms are full of dignity. All the lower arches are pure Norman, as well as the great arches that formerly supported the central tower that is now gone. The upper arches are of the transition period, and show that first slight departure from the round that shortly developed into the pointed Early English arch. The entrance is through a very beautiful Early English doorway; and the action of the weather upon the soft red sandstone that has been unfortunately so much used—except by the cunning Roman masons—in the architecture of Chester, is here very clearly seen. For the first foot or two from the bottom of the arch, the edges of the stone-work are sharp and clear, while above this it is so worn and crumbled away that the intention rather than the actual work of the stonemason has been preserved. Mr. Hughes explained this by relating that for hundreds of years the ground-level was a foot or two higher than at present, and the lower part of the archway was allowed to remain covered by it; and it was only on its being cleared out that the wonderful way in which the soil had preserved the stone-work was discovered.

The ancient walls were next seen, and were trodden from Bridge Gate to East Gate, when lunch was got at the Grovenor Hotel. After that the circuit of the walls was completed. It was a splendid walk; raised above the old city, with views across the open country lying in sunshine, and a strong cold wind blowing, like in character to those fierce, strong people who first threw up this ancient rampart. Constant stops were made to hear interesting stories and legends of the past, or mark the spot where an archaeological "find" had been made. Indeed, the neighbourhood of the leader was so much desired, that in the march along the narrower parts of the wall a good deal of treading upon heels and regretful apologies inevitably took place. The much-restored Cathedral was passed, and that stretch of country overlooked, now covered with new buildings, where the unhappy Charles saw his army defeated. Below the tower on which he stood the canal flows, and it actually here lies in the bed made by the old Romans for their fosse. Further on, a stretch of meadow land, guarded by a row of ancient trees, lies within the walls. This is the Barrow Field, full, it is said, of Roman interments, some of which have been accidentally broken into. A small pit in one corner marks the spot where a wholesale burial was made in the time of the Plague, and where in consequence the ground has gradually dropped.

Then the ancient Water Tower was reached, up to which, in old times, the waters of the Dee flowed at high tide. Now the river makes its curve at a little distance away; and over a stretch of green the eye reaches the beautiful outlines of the Welsh hills, clear on Saturday in sunlight, and streaked with snow. In an enclosure just below the walls here lies some portions of Roman columns and the heating apparatus of the Roman bath, which have been brought here from their place of dis-

covery in the city. Surely no spot could be pleasanter than this, or no conditions be more suitable for mental satisfaction. To stand in the present, and to be led back to the far past by its relics, is a very wonderful feeling; there is in it the tender inquiring sadness that one feels as one stands by the grave of a friend long dead. The Castle was passed shortly after, but was not entered; indeed, it did not look tempting, although a Roman archway is said to exist below its very modern-looking masonry. Then the Dee was reached,—the sacred Dee, crossed by a fine, solid bridge of Edward the First's time, which reminds one of Llangollen Bridge, higher up the same stream. The spot where the old Roman ford existed was pointed out. This finished the circuit of the walls, and the quaint old historical houses of Chester were next seen, and a visit paid to the museum of the Natural Science and Archaeological societies. Here the party was met by Dr. Stollerforth and Mr. Shone, F.G.S., who represented the Natural Science Society. They kindly pointed out the objects of interest, and Dr. Stollerforth related the interesting particulars of Charles Kingsley's connection with the society. Mr. Hughes showed the archaeological treasures, consisting of Roman altar-pieces, inscriptions, carvings, and a fine, intact specimen of herring-bone pavement. Two carved pieces of Roman work which were seen have only been discovered and unearthed within the last few weeks, and still await particular examination and description.

The last object in the day's programme was Chester Cathedral, and it was reached after a short visit to the Town Hall. It was approached through the cloisters, those delicious, fancy-bewitching relics of a custom long swept away. One side of the cloisters, which had altogether disappeared, has been rebuilt; and though it is very beautiful, and carries out the original design, one could not help feeling extremely thankful that the rest could be left alone. One section of the party had left the historical bits of the Chester streets unvisited, and had come on to the Cathedral in time for afternoon service. The rest, accompanied by Mr. Hughes, reached it when the service was over and the choir was having afternoon practice. It was impossible now not to long for a little more time; a time for perfect rest, to absorb the sacred and beautiful influences of the place. The western sun was shining through the great, coloured window, the richly-painted roof seemed to catch the light, and hold it; while below, under the massive arches, there was shadow and gloom. The sweet treble voices seemed to rise to the light, and linger there—suggestive of the thought that all beauty leads us upward to light and truth. The interesting points of the Cathedral were gone over carefully, and the chapter-house and its quaint contents seen. The Cathedral has come from the hands of Sir Gilbert Scott very fresh looking. Restoration is an undoubtedly necessary duty, the debatable question, and one that takes a nice antiquarian judgment to decide, is, at what point it should cease. However, one is reconciled even to the extreme of restoration on entering the south transept of Chester, for this is yet untouched, and its state of plaster and dilapidation is most discomfiting and painful.

After tea at the Grovenor Hotel, Mr. Hughes gave a short address, and then the party returned to Manchester, feeling that two days under his guidance for the antiquities of Chester would not have been too much. Mr. Carr was the society's leader for the occasion, and all the arrangements were excellent.

Saturday, April 13, 1878.

## Notes and Queries.

### NOTES.

#### THE ORMULUM AND ITS AUTHOR.

[202.] Dr. R. G. Latham contributes to the recently issued volume of Transactions of the Historic Society of Lancashire and Cheshire, an interesting paper on Orm or Ormin, the writer of the Ormulum, in which he suggests that the evidence points to Lancashire rather than Lincolnshire as having "the best claim to have produced the earliest known composition in that division of the English dialects to which the present literary, classical, or standard English belongs." There are Ormakirk and Ormerod in Lancashire; there are two Ormsbys in Lincolnshire. In the latter county the associated names of Orm and Walter occur in the twelfth century. This is curious, as the writer of the Ormulum had a brother named Walter. An entry in the *Testa de Nevill*, quoted by Dr. Latham, makes Orm the brother-in-law of Walter. Perhaps some of your readers, skilled in local etymology and archaeology, may be able to throw some more light upon this subject—one of considerable interest for those who care for the literary antiquities of the county.

#### A MANCHESTER PYTHAGOREAN.

#### ECCLES WAKES.

[203.] The following is a copy of an old song sold at Eccles wakes some thirty or forty years ago:—

#### THE HUMOURS OF ECCLES WAKES.

In August last, being holiday time,  
And being myself a young man in my prime,  
To see Eccles wakes it was my intent,  
So I dressed in my best, and away I went.

Chorus—With Ned and a few men,  
And Robin, the ploughman  
And Sally, and Alley, and Mall.

Each lad took his lass as we passed along,  
And when we came there it was wonderful throng,  
There were some crying "Eccles," some "Banbury" cakes,  
For the lasses and lads that attended the wakes.

Chorus—So Ned treated Sally  
And Bob treated Alley  
And I bought a Banb'ry for Ma'l.

Yon fine dressy workfolk from Manchester town  
They strutted as if the whole wakes were their own;  
Putters-out, warpers, yea, cutters and all,  
Dressed like masters and dames, jeer'd both me and my Mall.

Chorus—I ne'er saw their fellows  
They spread their umbrellas  
Ere rain from the elements fall.

The bellart ere long tied the bull to the stake,  
The dogs were set at him, some pastimes to make;  
He jostled about, gave a terrible roar,  
Toosed the dogs in the air, and the folk tumbled o'er.

Chorus—Such squeaking and squalling,  
Such pulling and hauling,  
I ne'er in my life saw before.

Mrs. Race in the dirt pulled her mousseline gown,  
Mrs. Waringwell had her new petticoat torn;  
Their spouses, poor creatures, in quitting the mob,  
Had their coats tern to spencers—rob'd'd Stitch of a job.

Chorus—Rent aprons and shawls,  
Which they got in their falls,  
Made many poor wenches to sob.

But stop, my good folks, the fun ended not here;  
For a Banbury merchant attending the rear,  
Crying, "Buy now, or toss," which the bull chanced to

<sup>SPY</sup>  
Gave his basket a toss, for he chose not to buy.

Chorus—I thought to the wakes  
There were coming with cakes  
Confectioners down from the sky.

Next followed the race for a leathern prize;  
Tits entered the field, amid bustle and noise.  
"Now, Bobbin!" "Now, Short!" "Now, Ball!" was the  
cry;

But Bobbin beat Short, and Ball passed them both by.

Chorus—Disputing who'd won,  
Soon to fighting they run;  
And the winner came off with black eyes

When racing and fighting were all at an end,  
To an alehouse each went with his sweetheart or friend;  
Some went to Shaw's, others Phillippe's chose,  
But me and my Ma'l to the Hare and Hound goes.

Chorus—With music and cakes  
For to keep up the wakes  
Among wenches and fine country beaux.

R. R. R.

April 8, 1878.

### COMMENTS AND ANSWERS.

#### DR. DALTON.

(Nos. 177 and 190.)

[204.] Kindly give me leave to corroborate J. T. S. in his note respecting the appearance of Dr. Dalton in his last days. I too have seen him leaning on the arm of Peter Clare, and so vividly do I retain the picture of the pair in my memory that, had I the limner's power, I could produce it on canvas without any other than memory's aid. They both wore the garb of a Quaker in cut, not drab, but black, and there was a primness and finish about their broadcloth and spotless linen that one seldom saw in Quay-street, where Peter Clare lived. Clare was erect and dignified, and seemingly proud of the burden on his right arm which Dalton's left hand pressed upon it. "Grim"! Everything the reverse of grim was exhibited in Dalton's remarkable appearance. J. J. must have taken his notion of Dalton's looks from a knock-knee'd effigy of him with a most

distressful visage, which occupied a niche over a grocer's door at the corner of the street which bears John Dalton's name. Dalton's frail little body was much bent, and while Peter Clare was his prop on one side a short stick assisted him on the other; but in spite of the stoop he turned up to heaven a countenance from which beamed a combination of kindness, happiness, and serenity such as, once witnessed, can never be forgotten. WM. HINDSEAW.

THE MANCHESTER STAGE: SIMS REEVES, SOTHERN,  
AND FAREEN.

(Nos. 158, 175, and 188.)

[205.] I have again to thank "Peter Quince" for his communication, but as, I apprehend, we are approaching a "storm in a teacup" element, which adds nothing of material interest to the subject and only leads to a reiteration of my statements, he must forgive me for cutting the matter short. He may be assured I shall only be too delighted to receive any information or corrections he may furnish. The main point at issue in regard to Mr. Reeves is whether the great singer was appreciated at his true worth while fulfilling his Manchester engagements of 1843-4. Of course no one, Mr. John Parry himself included, foresaw all the future greatness of our English tenor at that time. But I firmly maintain that there were three people in Manchester who then assessed Mr. Reeves at his true worth, and had some notions of his future position. These were—first, Mr. Reeves himself, who always held (very properly) a fair opinion of his own powers; the late Mr. H. B. Peacock, who expressed to the writer's father expectations of future greatness in the then young singer; finally, Mr. John Harland, who in his criticism in the *Manchester Guardian* of 25th October, 1843, said:—"Mr. J. Reeves sang one or two songs with considerable power, and with care he seems likely to make his way." And again, on 27th January, 1844:—"If we were to choose for Mr. Reeves a path to fame, we should say that it lies in the singing of the fine ballads of Charles Dibden, and in some of those songs for which Charles Inledon was famous." I think the latter extract proves, with almost mathematical precision, not only that Mr. Harland fully appreciated Mr. Reeves, but in addition gave currency to a prophecy which has been singularly verified in his career even to his last appearance in Manchester, at the Theatre Royal, last Saturday and Monday evenings, when he attracted immense audiences by the mere rendering of two or three of the ballads in question. With regard to Mr. Reeves's salary, his being a "saving man," and other little points about Mr. John Dickenson, I think "Peter Quince" will admit they are just a trifle beneath discussion.

In connection with Mr. Sothorn, I am quite at a loss to understand why "Peter Quince" should make it appear that I am mixing up John Stuart (who died the other day, and to whom I made frequent allusion in connection with his engagement at the old Theatre Royal under the Clarkes' management in 1841) with Mr. Sothorn as "Douglas Stuart." Once more, only this morning, Mr. John Fulllove positively assured me that he saw Mr. Sothorn perform under the name of "Douglas Stuart" at the old Queen's during Mr. Egan's management, and he is now looking up the bills for "Peter Quince's" satisfaction. I believe Mr. Bailey Lee, and others are cognizant of the same fact.

The point at issue relating to the two Farrens was cleared up in my last and admits of no additional comment.

I was always under the impression that the Miss Coveney, advertized at the opening of the present Theatre Royal, became (or was) Mrs. Charles Pitt. I make the correction, although rather trivial, except to the then Miss Coveney, most interested in the circumstance. JOHN EVANS.

6th April, 1878.

Sothorn (Dundreary) acted at the old Queen's Theatre as "Douglas Stuart," and after one of his performances I was introduced to him by the late F. B. Egan. B. LEE.

In answer to "Peter Quince" and others, I beg to say that Mr. Sothorn, under the name of Mr. Douglas Stuart, did appear at the old Queen's Theatre, in Spring Gardens, under Mr. F. B. Egan's management. It was a three nights' engagement before his departure for America; and one night, the night I was present, he played Frank Friskley in the farce of *Boots at the Swan*.

JOHN CAVANAH.

123, Market-street, Manchester, 10th April, 1878.

Soon after F. B. Egan became manager of the old Queen's Theatre, Spring Gardens, I remember Mr. Sothorn, under the name of Douglas Stuart, playing a few nights, prior to his departure for America; and, further, Egan calling my attention to the occurrence, after the great success that followed his impersonation of Dundreary at the Haymarket Theatre. J. F.

Sale.

"THE BAR OF MICHAEL ANGELO."

(Nos. 169 and 187.)

[206.] There is so much suffering and "tamper" in the world that I am sorry to have made any addition to either by my misquotation, for which I apologize with all due sorrow. The explanation suggested in my note was the only one received after many fruitless inquiries in several counties and in

various cities. If a more adequate or more correct explanation is offered it will be gratefully received by  
A MANCHESTER PYTHAGOREAN.

THE EYES OF THE TOAD AND LARK.  
(Query 183, March 30.)

[207.]

Some say the lark and loathed toad change eyes.  
"Romeo and Juliet," iii, 5.

Dr. Johnson, who spent his youth at Stourbridge and Lichfield, says:—"The tradition of the toad and lark I have heard expressed in rustick music:

To heav'n I'd fly,  
But that the toad beguiled me of mine eye."

The saying may possibly have arisen from the fact that the toad, with a dismal, croaking voice, has large and beautiful eyes; while the lark, with a sweet pipe, has little, ugly eyes.

EDWARD NIXON.

West Park-street, Salford.

SPELLING OF SHAKSPERE'S NAME.  
(Nos. 184 and 194.)

[208.] In a roll of Richard II., 1379, mention is made of a Walter Shakespere. When the poet's father was deprived of his gown as alderman of Stratford, the name is given as John Shaxpere; but when "he comes not to church for fear of process for debt," it is John Shackspere. In the body of the great bard's will the name is William Shackspeare, but the signature on each of the three folios is William Shakspeare. A copy of the works of Ovid was found some years ago (printed in 1630), which had been used as a sort of album, and in it was discovered what is said to be an undoubted autograph of the poet:—"thyne Sweeteste, W. Shakspere.—Stratforde, March 16."

E. NIXON.

THE OLYMPIC THEATRE.  
(Queries 166 and 199.)

[209.] Correspondents G. H. S. and G. H. A. are both in error. The Olympic Theatre, afterwards the drapery establishment of Falkner Brothers, Stevenson's Square, was not erected by "the friends of Dr. Warren." When the doctor was expelled from the Wesleyan Conference a large number of members of the body left with him, by whom a new section of the Methodist family was formed, called by themselves the Wesleyan Methodist Association, but better known as "Warrenites." They first erected a wood building on the opposite side of Lever-street, and then removed to a new wood and brick building which afterwards became the site of Olympic Theatre. The congregation vacated the Tabernacle, as it was called, on the erection of the Lever-street Chapel, now the Methodist Free Church. The "Warrenites" now removed to Every-street, Ancoats. This supposition arises from

a misconception. Dr. Warren soon after the formation of the Wesleyan Methodist Association entered the Church, and was for several years minister of All Souls, Every-street, where he many times preached to a congregation of twenty or thirty persons. He was at one time one of the most popular Wesleyan ministers; but he failed to attract an ordinary congregation either of Wesleyans or churchmen when he entered the Church. He was a man of great ability, and contested the palm of Methodist supremacy with the late Dr. Bunting.

J. J.

Douglas, Isle of Man

There was a temporary wooden building where what is called Falkner's Bazaar now stands. This was used by Dr. Warren as a preaching room till his new church in Every-street was completed. It was then pulled down and a permanent brick building erected for a waggon warehouse. But the railway system was then developing itself and the warehouse became unprofitable and was given up. It was then made into the Olympic Theatre, and, on that failing also, was purchased by Messrs. Falkner and made into a bazaar.

I have a very good recollection of the theatre from a little adventure I had there of my own while it was in the height of its prosperity. When Carter, the lion king, came over from America with his trained animals, he was engaged for perhaps a fortnight to perform in the Olympic, but, as his performance could not well last a whole night, there was a short play acted every evening as a beginning and the entertainment was closed by the wonderful performances of Carter and his lions. A few days after this heroic fellow came to Manchester I became acquainted with him, and he, as a special favour, invited me to spend a night behind the scenes so that I might have a nearer view of the animals and see his contrivances. One of his performances was that of riding across the stage in a triumphal car drawn by a lion. As soon as this was over the scene fell and the lion had to be unyoked and put back into the cage. But on this particular night he refused to go in, and, to escape the urgency of the keepers, made a rush across the stage to behind the scene where I was standing, with perhaps half a dozen actresses before me, watching the performance. This caused a fearful scream which was heard all over the theatre, and one or two of the ladies fainted, but the lion only appeared anxious to find a hiding place, and we were all more frightened than hurt. When the keepers came they managed to get him back without much trouble. This, however, caused a little delay, which gave the young ladies time to recover their equanimity, and then all appeared to go on as usual.

R. WOOD.

4, Broughton Place, Cheetham Hill.

According to a plan I have of the preachers of the Wesleyan Association in the Manchester Circuit for January, February, and March, 1838, containing thirty-three preaching places and sixty-seven other names besides Dr. Warren's who has neither number nor appointment. It was called the Tabernacle, Stephenson Square. It was opened as the Olympic Theatre, December, 26th, 1838. At the time of the consecration of All Souls' Church, November, 1840, a writer in the *Manchester and Salford Advertiser* of that date asked, What has become of the Doctor and his beloved methodism?

W. KENYON.

Newton Heath, 9th April, 1878.

### QUERIES.

[210.] **AUTHOR WANTED.**—Who is the author of the often-quoted line—

Welcome the coming, speed the parting guest?

R. R. R.

[211.] **QUEEN'S BOUNTY.**—On birth of three children at one time, Her Majesty makes a gift of three pounds to the parents. What is the origin of this?

A TRIPLET.

[212.] **REVENUE.**—What is the proper pronunciation of this word? I hear it pronounced two ways—(1) with the accent on the first syllable, as in *avenue*; (2) with the accent on the second syllable, as in *expenditure*.

ARMINIAN.

[213.] **THE FIRST PRE-RAPHAELITES.**—Will any of your readers inform me who the seven painters were that established the pre-Raphaelite style of painting in this country, and who were known as the "P.B." or pre-Raphaelite brethren?

NEMO.

[214.] **CLAYTON OLD HALL.**—Will some of your readers furnish the date of erection of Clayton Old Hall, near Manchester, and other particulars?

J. H. L.

[A paper by Mr. Edward Williams, read at the Manchester Literary Club, and reported in the *City News* of March 23, gives much information concerning Clayton Old Hall, its past owners, and present condition.—ED.]

[215.] **QUOTATIONS WANTED.**—Whose are the following lines?

Yes, faith is a goodly anchor  
When skies are as sweet as a psalm;

and

Not all the preaching since Adam  
Has made death other than death.

They are quoted as the "sneer of the sceptic," in a religious periodical.

A MANCHESTER PYTHAGOREAN.

[216.] **THE WISHING GATE.**—Wordsworth, I believe, in one of his poems, places a maiden on a beautiful evening beside a gate on the roadside looking down o'er the valley, alone, waiting for or thinking of her lover, and wishing. Can any reader refer me to the poem and

the passage? Or to any passage in Keat, Tennyson, or others of our classic poets, where the subject is treated? I shall be grateful, and others will be interested.

ΔΙΔΑΧΑ.

[217] **THE PHRASE "ENTERTAINED TO DINNER."**—With your permission I wish to ask whether it is correct to write "entertained to dinner?" I constantly meet with the expression now, and indeed it is because I find it in your well-edited columns that I break silence and ask the question. If my memory serves me aright, the phrase was not used in those old days, *consule placeo*, when I was a boy. I can understand inviting a man to dinner and entertaining him *at* dinner, but the words "entertain to dinner" seem to me a solecism. I do not ask this question except to gather information, for it is very possible that you yourself or some of your numerous correspondents will prove to me that I am wrong. At any rate, right or wrong, I shall be placed under another obligation to you besides the many already incurred, if the question be solved for me in your columns.

CHARLES H. COLLYNS.

Wirksworth.

[218.] **THE QUAKER REVIVER OF GOTHIC.**—Dean Stanley preached a funeral sermon on Sir Gilbert Scott, in Westminster Abbey, on Sunday. Referring to Gothic architecture, he is reported to have said:—"That peculiar conception of architectural beauty called Gothic was altogether unknown to pagan or Christian antiquity. It was unknown alike to the builders of the Pyramids or the Pantheon, to the builders of the Roman Basilica or the Byzantine St. Sophia. Born partly of Saracenic, partly of German parentage, it gradually won its way to perfection. It flourished for four centuries, and then died as completely as if it had never existed. Other styles took its place. By Catholic and Protestant it was alike repudiated, by French and Italian; relates no less than by English and Scotch reformers. Suddenly, in the first half of this century, a new eye was given to the mind of man. Gradually and imperfectly through various channels in this country, and chiefly through the minute observations of a Quaker student, a vision of a strange past rose to a newly-awakened world—the glory and the grace of our soaring arches, of our stained windows, were revealed as they had never been to mortal eyes since the time of their erection." Who was the Quaker student to whom Dean Stanley referred?

AN EX-"FRIEND."

Some interesting memorials of John Milton have been discovered in the archives of Oldenburg by Professor Stern. They comprise a relation by Mylius of his visit to England and conversations with Milton, and some unpublished letters of Milton's.

## THE LESSER CELANDINE.

Moston, April 10, 1878.

The flower of the week is the bright little celandine, the beautiful but plebeian blossom of the fields and hedges. Crossing a meadow near the house you come to a runnel of water between two grassy banks, and there, under a thorn, gleaming in the sun, is Wordsworth's flower.

Pansies, lilies, king cups, daisies,  
Let them live upon their praises;  
Long as there's a sun that sets,  
Primroses will have their glory;  
Long as there are violets,  
They will have a place in story;  
There's a flower that shall be mine,  
'Tis the little Celandine.

Ere a leaf is on a bush,  
In the time before the thrush  
Has a thought about her nest,  
Thou wilt come with half a call,  
Spreading out thy glossy breast  
Like a careless prodigal;  
Telling tales about the sun,  
When we've little warmth, or none.

Wordsworth, in his annotation of the poem, the two finest verses of which I have given above, says:—"It is remarkable that this flower, coming out so early in the spring as it does, and so bright and beautiful, and in such profusion, should not have been noticed earlier in English verse. What adds much to the interest that attends it, is its habit of shutting itself up and opening out according to the degree of light and temperature of the air."

I suppose Wordsworth is right in his inference that the flower had not been mentioned by any poet before himself; nor indeed has it been much alluded to in later verse. Its colour is against it. To the careless observer it would be "merely a buttercup," but the loving student of nature despises nothing, overlooks nothing, and to him nothing is "common or unclean;" he dare not doubt, and his reward is to find beauty lurking in the humblest forms. You must bend low over the celandine before you can see its loveliness, then you discern how brilliant is its burnished yellow, and how symmetrical are its ray-like petals and its heart-shaped leaves. The sensitiveness of the plant is shown not only by its opening and shutting the corolla according to the temperature, but also by a change of colour. It may

often be found with the yellow petals blanched white by a cold wind. The celandine is later in our neighbourhood this year than usual. I have often found it to be the very first of the wild flowers. Wordsworth, though he wrote his poem on the last day of April, speaks of it as a February blossom:—

February last, my heart  
First at sight of thee was glad.

GEOFFREY MELBROOK.

## SCIENTIFIC STUDENTS.

## ZOOLOGICAL VISIT TO BELLE Vue GARDENS.

On Wednesday last the members of the Manchester Scientific Students' Association met at Belle Vue, and, under the leadership of Mr. Robert E. Holding were conducted round the various cages and enclosures. Entering by the Longsight gate and keeping to the right, the new range of cages next to the paddock was visited. There are two species of the llama (*Llama Peruanæ* and *L. Huanacus*), a fine zebra (*Equus Zebra*), the black and white species; two emus, the elegant gazelle (*G. Dorcas*), a fine pair of the axis deer of India, the male with fine horns in the velvet stage; a species of porcine deer, a fine pair of white pelicans (*P. Onocrotalus*), natives of North Africa; and a specimen of the weird-looking adjutant stork (*L. Argala*). At the end of the range is an aviary in which are numerous species of finches, parquets, and small doves. Adjoining are a very fine North American bison, whose noble proportions were greatly admired; the Cape buffalo, the Wapiti stag, and the most recent addition, five specimens of the reindeer (*R. Tarandus*) from the Westminster Aquarium. Re-entering the new range are fine examples of the crested and helmeted curassow, amerhurst and golden pheasant, and a very beautiful intermediate cross between the two. Close by are a fine pair of the curious weka rail of New Zealand (*Cyranomus Australis*); a good example of the red-billed tree or whistling duck of Central America; specimens of the reeves pheasant, silver pheasant, scarlet ibis, the showy Balearic cranes, and a remarkably tame Arabian vulture (*V. Mona. hus*).

Proceeding along the sheds towards the elephant house, the white-tailed gnu, the small zebu, the bactrian camel, and a splendid pair of the great South American condor, were noticed. The pond occupied the members' attention for a while, and numerous species of aquatic birds were pointed out, viz., whistling swan, Australian black swan (*C. Atratus*), Chinese and Egyptian geese, and several of the duck family. The elephant house, monkey, lion, and tiger cages were afterwards visited. In the so-called Old Range there are two litters of lions born in the Gardens, the eldest being about three years old, and in the lion house there are a lot of cubs six weeks old. As a zoological collection it is the finest out of London, and the members expressed regret that it is not more largely used for educational purposes.



## ART.

## REMBRANDT ETCHINGS AND THE NOVAR COLLECTION.

A sale of the duplicate etchings by Rembrandt, which had been carefully selected by a committee of experts from the albums belonging to the University of Cambridge, lately removed to the Fitzwilliam Museum from the library of the University, where they had been preserved, for upwards of 150 years, took place in London last week. There were 232 etchings in all, some very choice, and one so rare as to have once been supposed to be unique, when in the Cracherode collection, now in the British Museum, but of which two other impressions were found in the Cambridge albums. The one now sold as a duplicate is "a copse and paling, with studies of two heads and a horse seen from behind" (Wilson, 358; Bartsch, 364; and Blanc, 348). It was a rich impression, full of burr, on thick India paper, and it brought the large sum of £305, Mr. Thibaudeau being the purchaser. But this large price was surpassed in the sale of the collection of the late Mr. H. Danby Seymour, which took place on the following day, in which the portrait of Old Haaring, third state, and very fine, brought £325. 10s. The Cambridge duplicates brought a total of £2,260, and the Danby Seymour collection, £2,500.

Great enthusiasm was shown at the sale of the Novar collection of pictures in London on Saturday last, and the prices obtained for the Turners surpassed the highest expectations which had been formed, and were indeed most remarkable considering the present depressed condition of affairs. The sale began with the pictures by Bonington, of which two were the finest examples of the master in existence. Some surprise was expressed that these had not attracted the notice of the authorities of the National Gallery, as masterpieces of one of the founders of the reputation of the English school of landscape art. The Fish Market, Bologna, sold for £3,150, and the Grand Canal, Venice, for the same. It is said that Turner admired the last-named picture so much that he wished it always to hang near his own. There were two pictures from William Hogarth's series representing the Harlot's Progress. The quarrel with her new lover sold for £541; the scene in Bridewell, the woman at the

washing blocks, with the taskmaster, £315. These were the only two remaining of the set of six, the others having been burnt in a fire at Fonthill, Mr. Beckford's. Hogarth held a sort of Dutch auction in his own room of this set and the eight of the Rake's Progress, and five other pictures, January 25, 1745. They then brought him £427. 10s., those of the Harlot's Progress selling for fourteen guineas each. Sir Joshua Reynolds' portrait of Kitty Fisher, much faded, but still beautiful in the sweet morbidezza both of colour and expression, brought £735. The fine portrait of Miss Stanhope, by Sir Joshua, called Contemplation, fell to Mr. Agnew for £3,150. In entering upon the Turner drawings the auctioneer remarked that they had been kept in portfolios and had never been exposed to the light, consequently they were many of them of finer quality than those in the National Gallery. They were also quite new to the public, as he was sure they had not been seen by more than a hundred persons from the time they were first painted. The highest price was obtained for the Zurich, twelve inches by eighteen, £2,160. Ancient Italy was the first of the oil pictures to appear, and it was received with a burst of applause. It was knocked down to Mr. Agnew for £5,450. Modern Italy, £5,260. Rome, from the Mount Aventine, when placed before the audience drew forth long and loud applause, and its great beauty was testified by its bringing the highest price, £6,142. 10s. Modern Rome, the Campo Vaccino, £4,672. 10s. St. Mark's Place, Venice, by moonlight, £5,460. Van Tromp's Shallop at the entrance of the Scheldt, £5,260. Avalanche in the Valley of Aosta, Savoy, £935. 10s. The Departure of Adonis for the Chase, painted about 1806, but not exhibited at the Royal Academy until 1849, £1,942. 10s. Kilgarran Castle, £3,570. The total amounted to £78,520.

THE ORIGIN OF LAKES.—Professor Ramsay, F.R.S., Director-General of the Geological Survey, in a lecture on the Great Ice Age, at the London Institution, said the eye of a trained glacialist can detect with certainty the traces of long-departed glaciers in many parts of the world. The well-known examples in Wales were first mentioned, and then in succession those of Scotland and North England were described. These facts had been noticed by many observers, but there was a point in connection with this which Professor Ramsay said he claimed as his own idea, and that was with regard to the origin of lake basins. His belief is that in all cases they have originated from glaciers—that is, that the basins have been scooped out by glaciers. He pointed, in confirmation of his position, to cases in many parts of the world where there are lake basins near mountain chains which could have furnished glaciers, and that lakes are absent in districts where there are no high chains. He did not, however, say that there were not some which had originated from other causes.

Saturday, April 20, 1878.

NOTE.

THE PEEWIT AND ITS EGGS.

[219.] The collectors of peewits eggs for the London markets are much aggrieved by the restrictions which have recently been enforced by the farmers of the neighbourhood of Settle (Yorkshire) prohibiting them taking these eggs. The collectors contend that the taking of the eggs previous to the month of June, instead of decreasing the number of birds has a contrary effect. They account for it in this way. A peewit, like a common hen, will lay as long as it is robbed, during the several months of spring and summer. If the birds sit on the first laying of eggs the young are hatched in inclement weather and great numbers are cut off by the cold. If the period of sitting be postponed until about June, by the removal of the eggs, the brood then hatched will have the advantage of suitable weather for their rearing and very few are lost. They also say that there are a great many more peewits in the district than there were forty years ago. An opinion on the above subject from our worthy naturalists will be very interesting to many, and I shall be grateful.

E. G.

COMMENTS AND ANSWERS.

THE FIRST PRE-RAPHAELITE PAINTERS.

(Query No. 213, April 13.)

[220.] The question asked by Nemo suggests the fact that a remarkable chapter in the history of modern English art still remains unwritten. It would be useless, I believe, to look anywhere for a complete and clear account of the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood. As far as I have been able to make out from scattered references in various publications, the founders of the Brotherhood were Messrs. Dante Gabriel Rossetti, William Holman Hunt, John Everett Millais, Arthur Hughes, Ford Madox Brown, Charles A. Collins, and William L. Windus. They were joined very soon after starting by Messrs. R. B. Martineau and Edward Lear. Mr. Martineau may have been one of the original group, but Mr. Lear (since so well known to the world for his Nonsense Pictures) was a convert. He was trained abroad in the old conventional school,

and attained considerable success as a landscape painter, but after the rise of the Pre-Raphaelites he went again to nature and unlearned a good deal of his previously-acquired methods. The Brotherhood was established somewhere about 1850. Its periodical, the *Germ*, of which only four monthly numbers (price one shilling each) appeared, was published in 1851. Among the contributors to it were Holman Hunt, Dante and William Rossetti, Thomas Woolner, the sculptor, F. M. Brown, and James Collinson, painter.

The Pre-Raphaelites experienced at the outset the usual fate of innovators and pioneers. Their aim was misunderstood, their principles were ridiculed, their work was savagely assailed. The schism, or rather the heresy which led to Pre-Raphaelitism consisted mainly in the assertion that the principles on which art had been taught for the past three hundred years were essentially wrong, and the principles that ought to guide artists were those which prevailed before the time of Raphael. Mr. Ruskin in his Edinburgh Lectures, delivered in 1853, said the young men who were the leaders of the schism, when pupils, agreed "in disliking to copy the antique copies set before them. They copy them as they are bid, and they copy them better than anyone else; they carry off prize after prize, and yet they hate their work. At last they are admitted to study from the life; they find the life very different from the antique, and say so. Their teachers tell them that the antique is the best, and they mustn't copy the life. They agree among themselves that they like the life, and copy it they will. They do copy it faithfully, and their teachers forthwith declare them to be lost men. Their fellow-students hiss them whenever they enter the room. They can't help it; they join hands and tacitly resist both the hissing and the instruction. Accidentally, a few prints of the works of Giotto, a few casts from those of Ghiberti, fall into their hands, and they see there something they never saw before—something intensely and everlastingly true." This led them to the discovery of the principle upon which they founded their crusade. "Pre-Raphaelitism has but one principle, that of absolute, uncompromising truth in all that it does, obtained by working everything, down to the most minute detail, from nature, and from nature alone. Or, where imagination is necessarily trusted to, by always endeavouring to conceive a fact as it really was likely to have hap-

pened, rather than as it most prettily might have happened." Mr. Ruskin in the same lecture pointed out the faults to which the school was liable; but, he said, "with all their faults their pictures are, since Turner's, incomparably the best on the walls of the Royal Academy; and such works as Mr. Hunt's Claudio and Isabella have never been rivalled, in some respects never approached, at any other period of art." This was in 1853.

It is extremely interesting, now, to glance over Mr. Ruskin's Notes on the Picture Exhibitions, published in the five years 1855-9, and to read his impressions of the influence of the Pre-Raphaelite school, as well as his criticisms of the works of the most eminent of the body as their powers were developed. Thus, in the Notes for 1856, he says the visitor to the Royal Academy will no longer be able to "distinguish the Pre-Raphaelite works as a separate class. Between them and the comparatively few pictures remaining quite of the old school there is a perfectly unbroken gradation, formed by the works of painters in various stages of progress, struggling [forward out of their conventionalism to the Pre-Raphaelite standard. The meaning of this is simply that the battle is completely and confessedly won by the latter party; that animosity has changed into emulation, astonishment into sympathy, and that a true and consistent school of art is at last established in the Royal Academy of England." In the following year, 1857, Mr. Ruskin gives the first indication of Mr. Millais' deviation from strict Pre-Raphaelitism, or what he regards as such. "The steady advance of just principles of painting," he says, "is strangely complicated in the present exhibition with examples of error or of backsliding. The Pre-Raphaelite cause has been doubly betrayed by the mis-timed deliberation of one of its leaders, and the inefficient haste of another; and we have to regret at once that the pictures of Holman Hunt were too late for the exhibition, and that those of Everett Millais were in time for it." In the detailed criticism of Mr. Millais' picture, *A Dream of the Past*, he says: "The change in his manner, from the years of Ophelia and Mariana to 1857, is not merely Fall—it is Catastrophe; not merely a loss of power, but a reversal of principle. There may still be in him power of repentance, but I cannot tell; for those who have never known the right way, its narrow wicket-gate stands always on latch; but for him who, having known it, has wan-

dered thus insolently, the by-ways to the prison-house are short, and the voices of recall are few." This opinion is harsh enough, but it is nothing to the scathing onslaught upon his once favourite painter in the *Picture Notes of 1875*.

Manchester was specially fortunate in 1857 in the examples of the early Pre-Raphaelites shown at the Art Treasures Exhibition at Old Trafford. These were: Autumn Leaves, by Millais; Claudio and Isabella, Scene from the *Two Gentlemen of Verona*, The Hireling Shepherd, The Awakened Conscience, and Strayed Sheep, by W. Holman Hunt; Convent Thoughts, by C. A. Collins; Burd Helen, by W. L. Windus; A Hayfield, and Christ washing Peter's Feet, by Madox Brown; April Love, by Arthur Hughes, Syracuse, by Edward Lear; and Kit's Writing Lesson; by R. B. Martineau. J. H. NODAL.

In the memoir of Mr. J. E. Millais in *Men of the Time*, a brief account is given of the rise of the Pre-Raphaelite school, in which W. Holman Hunt, D. G. Rossetti, and Charles A. Collins are named. To these should be added W. L. Windus, the painter of Burd Helen; and, I suppose, Ford Madox Brown.

By the way, may I ask who wrote a clever illustrated skit, which came out at the time of the Art Treasures Exhibition in 1857? It is a pamphlet of nineteen pages, with the following long title:—'Poems inspired by certain pictures at the Art Treasures Exhibition, Manchester, by Tennyson Longfellow Smith, of Cripplegate Within, edited by his friend the author of 'Thorns and Thistles.' Illustrated by the Hon. Botibal Bareacres; and dedicated, with profound admiration and awe, to that greatest of modern poets, philosophers, artists, art-critics, and authors, the Immortal Ruskin. Manchester: Sold at the bookstall of the Exhibition." C. W. S.

#### PERSIAN POEM.

(No 195, April 6.)

[221.] I can in part answer "Penman." The poem is printed in an account of the cremation of Mrs. Ben Pitman at Cincinnati, which appeared in the *Phonetic Journal* April 8th. It is there said to be from the Persian, but no further information is given as to its authorship. As some of your readers may be interested in it I have transliterated it from Mr. Pitman's beautiful phonetic system into the old nomic want of system in which we conserve the pre-

judices and blunders of centuries. The poem is as follows:—

THE RESURRECTION OF ABDALLAH.

He who died at Azim sends  
This to comfort all his friends.

Faithful friends! It lies, I know,  
Pale and white and cold as snow;  
And ye say "Abdallah's dead,"  
Weeping at the feet and head.  
I can see your falling tears;  
I can hear your sighs and prayers;  
Yet I smile and whisper this,  
"I am not the thing you kiss;  
Cease your tears and let it lie,  
It was mine, it is not I."

Sweet friends! what the women crave  
For the last sleep of the grave,  
Is a hut which I am quitting,  
Is a garment no more fitting,  
Is a cage from which, at last,  
Like a bird, my soul has past.  
Love the inmate, not the room;  
The wearer, not the garb; the plume  
Of the eagle, not the bars  
That kept him from those splendid stars!

Loving friends! be wise and dry  
Straightway every weeping eye;  
What ye lifted on the bier  
Is not worth a single tear;  
'Tis an empty sea-shell, one  
Out of which the pearl is gone;  
The shell is broken, it lies there;  
The pearl, the all, the soul, is here;  
'Tis an earthen jar, whose lid  
Allah sealed the while it hid  
That treasure of his treasury,  
A mind that loved him; let it lie,  
Let the shards be earth once more,  
Since the gold is in his store.

Allah glorious! Allah good!  
Now the word is understood;  
Now the long, long wonder ends;  
Yet ye weep, my foolish friends,  
While the man whom ye call dead  
In unspoken bliss, instead,  
Lives and loves you; lost, 'tis true,  
For the light that shines for you;  
Lives in light ye cannot see,  
In undisturbed felicity—  
In a perfect paradise,  
And a life that never dies.

Farewell, friends; but not farewell;  
Where I am ye too shall dwell.  
I am gone before your face,  
A moment's worth, a little space,  
Then ye come where I have slept,  
Ye will wonder why ye wept;

Ye will know, by true love taught,  
That *here* is all, and *there* is naught.  
Weep awhile if ye are fain  
(Sunshine still must follow rain),  
Only, not at death, for death  
Now we know, is that first breath  
Which our souls draw when we enter  
Life, which is of all life, centre.

Be ye certain, all seems love  
Viewed from Allah's throne above;  
Be ye stout of heart, and come  
Bravely onward to your home.  
Say "Il Allah! Allah la!"  
O, love divine! O, love always!"

He who died at Azim, gave  
This to those who made his grave.

I should like to know if this is really a genuine translation of an Oriental poem, or is it an imitation by some American or European versifier?

A MANCHESTER PYTHAGOREAN.

THE QUAKER REVIVER OF GOTHIC ARCHITECTURE.

(Query No. 218, April 13.)

[222.] The Quaker alluded to by Dean Stanley was doubtless Thomas Rickman, whose remarkable work, "An Attempt to Discriminate the Styles of Architecture in England, from the Conquest to the Reformation," was originally published at Liverpool in 1817. A fifth edition was brought out by Mr. J. H. Parker in 1848, who in his preface observed that "notwithstanding the numerous works which have appeared within the last five or six years, it is surprising to observe how very little real information has been added to that which Mr. Rickman collected and digested. The general accuracy of his observations, and the acuteness with which he made use of the facts he had collected, are really quite wonderful, considering that he was the first to examine the ground, and may be said to have invented a new science."

Thomas Rickman was a native of Maidenhead, where he was born 8th June, 1776. His father was a surgeon and apothecary, and he was himself brought up to his father's profession. He, however, quitted it for commerce in 1803, and in 1808 removed to Liverpool, where he took employment in an insurance broker's office. While in that situation he prosecuted the study of architecture, for which he had shown a strong partiality, and eventually he adopted architecture as his profession, and many successful works were carried out under his direction. Specimens of his art may be seen in Lancashire at Over Darwen,

Lower Darwen, Tockholes, Preston (churches of St. Peter and St. Paul), Liverpool (St. and Jude's), Whittle-le-Woods. Rickman settled in Birmingham sometime between 1820 and 1830, and died there 4th January, 1841. He was, like his parents, a member of the Society of Friends, but is said to have relinquished his connection with that society a few years before his death.

C. W. S.

#### THE WISHING GATE.

(Query No. 218, April 13.)

[223.] Wordsworth's poem on the Wishing Gate is not included in the cheap editions of his works published by Routledge and Warne and Co., probably for copyright reasons. It will be found in the second volume of Moxon's small pocket edition of 1849, at page 188, under the head of Poems of the Imagination. It is also quoted in Longfellow's *Poems of Places*, under "Grasmere," vol. i. page 272.

The Wishing Gate is (or rather was) at the side of a former turnpike leading from Grasmere to Ambleside, now called the Middle Road, and almost disused. The old gate, with its "moss-grown bar," has long since disappeared, but the spot retains its traditional interest, and a new gate substituted for the old one is covered with the initials and names of more recent votaries. The traditional legend is, that wishes formed or indulged at the gate have a favourable issue. In addition to the better known poem, Wordsworth wrote a second, entitled "The Wishing Gate Destroyed," in which he lamented the loss of his old favourite.

WEST MORLAND.

#### THE OLYMPIC THEATRE.

(Nos. 188, 199, and 209.)

[224.] The Olympic Theatre in Stevenson Square was purchased by my brothers in 1842, and in that year the building, with but little external modification, was converted into the present drapery establishment.

GEORGE FALKNER.

Your correspondent J. J. is correct about the Olympic Theatre in Stevenson Square. The Tabernacle he mentions as being on the other side, was what had been used by Mr. Cooke as a circus. He was grandfather of the Cookes who were in Peter-street a short time ago. Your other correspondent on the above subject, E. Wood, is not quite right in all particulars. The waggon warehouse he alludes to was entirely pulled down, and the site was extended and excavated for a proper theatre. I have a lively

recollection of the same. As a stage-stricken youth, I watched its daily progress, particularly the stage part, which was at the opposite end to the present entrances. Mr. Wood refers to Carter, the lion king, but he may remember a greater success than Carter, namely, T. Rice, the great Jim Crow singer and dancer. Sometime after the theatre got into a more legitimate way. G. V. Brooke, with Miss Maria Duria (I am not quite sure of the name being correctly spelt) drew very well for a while. Then the place fell in very low water, and all sorts of speculations were tried. I remember one of the many amateur performances. It was got up by a number of cotton mill people. They played "Grace Huntly" and one or two other pieces. The performance, if I may use the term, beggars all description. No sooner did any one appear on the stage, then he was hailed as "Jack Jones" or "Bill Thompson" by some friend in the pit or gallery. The Joseph Huntly, or as the case might be, would turn round to the audience, have a good laugh at them, put his finger to his nose, and make a tragic exit. The whole wound up with the throwing of apples, oranges, or something heavier; the lights were then put out, and there was a general scramble to get away. The theatre closed finally soon after, and was made into the handsome bazaar it now is. The stage form or framing is still plain to be seen.

W. H.

Ochorton Road.

#### THE TREES ON CHADDERTON OR WHITE MOSS.

(Query No. 202, April 6.)

[225.] In answer to your correspondent I may give him the following information respecting the decayed trees on White (or Chadderton) Moss, from the writings of Mr. Bamford, Mr. James Dixon, and Mr. Edwin Butterworth. The peat soil is probably from four to ten feet in depth. There is scarcely any room for doubting that the site of this bog is a large basin of muddy, rich marl, with a fine sand below; and that it was once comparatively an upland wood, the trees of which bowed to and groaned in the wind. The stems and huge branches of trees were often laid bare by the diggers in cultivating it. Nearly all the trees have been found lying from west to east or from west to south. They consist of oaks, beeches, alders, and one or two fine yews. The roots of many of them are matted and gnarled, presenting interesting subjects for reflection on the state of this region in unrecorded ages. Some of these trees are in part

charred when found. One tremendous oak lying on the north-west side of the Moss has been traced to fifteen yards in length, and is twelve feet round. There is some reason to believe that the wood was overthrown simultaneously, or nearly so, by a convulsion of nature which made this upland into a valley and filled it with a flood of boggy matter. Most of the timber met with here appears to have been undoubtedly on fire at an extremely remote period; large trunks of trees have been in some instances entirely burnt through, and the branching roots have been burnt or charred. The oak trees found are of much larger dimensions than any now growing in the same district. The timber appears to have been driven down by some force operating from north-west or due west, as no trees have been found which were apparently forced in any other direction. Oaks have frequently been taken from a depth of six feet, as also firs and yews, perfectly sound in all their parts except where they have been exposed to the air or lain near the surface. White Moss was a place where a great many political and other meetings were held from 1812 to 1820. The greatest portion of the bog land was first cultivated by Joseph Jones and Richard Gould, Esquires.

Tonge Springs.

J. A. HUDDART.

#### CLAYTON OLD HALL.

(Query No. 214, April 13.)

[226.] The date of the first erection of this old mansion is not to be found in any of the authorities I have met with on the subject. It is first mentioned as the residence of Sir Richard Clayton, whose daughter and heiress married Robert de Byron in the year 1199. Little remains of the original structure, and what there is can only be seen by a close inspection on the spot. That portion which is open to general view is no doubt the work of the Byrons, Chethams, and subsequent occupiers. The old domestic chapel was removed so late as the early part of the last century. One of the four bells of the chapel still remains at the hall, swung in a belfry of comparatively modern construction.

EDWARD WILLIAMS.

As the account of the outbuildings in connection with Clayton Hall, which appeared in your issue of the 23rd March, is not very clear, with your permission I will try to put the matter right. Clayton Hall originally possessed three sets of outbuildings, designated respectively the wheat barn, the oat barn,

and the great barn. The wheat barn has been converted into the farm house, now occupied by Mr. William Thornton, and stands on the left-hand side of the turnpike road, but not in line with the road. The oat barn has been recently taken down. It stood contiguous to the Green's Arms public-house, and nearly at right angles with the turnpike road, and was erected on strong oak crooks, resting on rough ashlar flags, and was slated with grey slates; the other portions of the building being oak timber, except where patched with bricks and mortar. The great barn was situated further west, and was burned down in the year 1852, Sept. 23. It was a long low structure, of the post and petrel style, with thatched roof, and large dripping eaves, and was used as shippens as well as barn. It was this barn which was said to have been built of timbers taken from the old church of St. Mary's, Manchester. Hollingworth in his *Chronicles of Manchester*, page 44, says "Credible tradition sayth the one part of the sayd wooden building was removed to Oardsall, another part to Clayton; but the maine body was remooved to Trafford." This tradition was also current in the neighbourhood of the barn, and seems to be borne out by the fact that most of the timber was beautifully carved and decorated in the then style of church architecture; and the further fact that the Byron family were intimately connected with the old church, and were at the same time in possession of the Clayton estate and hall. One of the brethren of the Manchester Rosicrucian Society took a sketch of this barn a short time before it was destroyed, and could no doubt, if still living, shed a flood of light on this subject.

S. LEES.

Clayton.

"WELCOME THE COMING, SPEED THE PARTING GUEST."

(Query No. 210, April 13.)

[227.] This line is from Pope's *Homer's Odyssey*, book xv., lines 83-4:—

True friendship's laws are by this rule express'd,  
Welcome the coming, speed the parting guest.

Also in Pope's *Imitations of Horace*, satire ii., lines 159-60, it is written:—

For I, who hold sage Homer's rule the best,  
Welcome the coming, speed the going guest.

J. H. BURTON.

Ashton-under-Lyne.

[Answers to the same effect have been received from E. O. B. and L. C. G., who says the line is to be found in most books of *Familiar Quotations*; Charles John Jones, Stockport; J. H. K., and many others.]

## QUERIES.

[228.] BY HOOK AND CROOK.—Spenser, in his *Færie Queen*, b. v., c. 2, s. 27, says:—

The which her sire had scrapt by hooke and crooke.

What is the origin of this phrase? R. R. R.

April 16, 1878.

[229.] THE REV. JOSHUA BROOKES.—Can any reader say if there is any published Life of the Rev. Joshua Brookes, or any work containing the current anecdotes of the reverend and eccentric gentleman? J. J.

Douglas, Isle of Man.

[There is a biographical sketch of Mr. Brookes in the Manchester Grammar School Register, and an admirable and most graphic portraiture, with many authentic anecdotes, in Mrs. Linnaeus Bank's novel, *The Manchester Man*.—Ed.]

[230.] LOCAL WORKS.—About the year 1838 there was a work printed by Bradshaw, 26, Church-street, Manchester, in twopenny numbers, called "The Luminary of Astrology, or Zoactical Phenomena, by Georgius Logi." Can any one say how many parts were issued, and whether the author was of local celebrity as an astrologer? JOHN PLANT.

TURCOPHIL AND RUSSOPHIL.—Dr. T. H. Leary enters a protest in the *Times* against the growing use of such compound terms as "Russophil and Turcophil" on the ground that they do violence to the recognized principles of composition alike in the Greek language from which they are partly compounded, and in the English language into which they are now being introduced. From a Greek point of view, he says, "Turcophil" and "Russophil" would mean "loved by the Turk," "loved by the Russ"—a meaning clearly contrary to what we are supposed, by their writers, to understand by such terms; while they would not mean, "loving the Turk," "loving the Russian"—a sense on which we are supposed to understand them. The usage in classical Greek which rules respecting "phil" (*φιλος*) in composition is simple and absolute. That usage gives an active sense to "phil" as a prefix, and a passive sense to it as a suffix in composition. Accordingly we have in Greek "philotheos," "loving God," but theophilus "beloved by God." The usage of "phil" as a prefix in an active sense applied equally to compounds of proper names (and this is the case before us in "Turcophil" as in such terms as "philhellen" philobarbaros). Grote, the Greek historian, has followed out the same analogy and adopted the same usage in his great history, when he writes, and correctly, "philo-Athenian" and "philo-Spartan." Looking to our own language, Dr. Leary notes that "phil-Hellenic" has been long naturalized among us, though not so long as such terms as "philanthropic" and "philharmonic," and many others. Hitherto, then, our usage has been to make "phil" a prefix, according to the principles followed in the language from which it comes. On the ground, therefore, of consistency, if on no higher ground, Dr. Leary suggests "Philo-Turk" instead of "Turcophil," and "Philo-Russ" instead of "Russophil," as more correct and more in harmony with established usages.

## LITERARY CLUB.

## THE REVIVAL OF THE DRAMA.

At the usual weekly meeting of the Manchester Literary Club on Monday, Mr. Richard M. Newton read a paper on the Effect of the Study of Foreign Literatures upon two of Lord Bacon's "Idols" or false notions, namely, the Idols of the Den and the Idols of the Market.

Mr. R. J. UDALL read a paper on the Revival of the Drama. A reviving interest in the stage, he said, had recently evinced itself in many ways. The subject had been discussed in unexpected quarters, and especially in the religious world. A clergyman in the current number of *Macmillan's Magazine*, in an able article on the Church and the Theatre, had laid down four axioms:—(1) That a change, in the Church of England at any rate, has come over the expression of theology, and therefore the relations of the clergy of that Church towards the theatre have become modified or altogether changed. (2) That the Church of England is a great social, as distinct from a great ecclesiastical institution. (3) That the theatre exists, and in all human probability will continue to exist. (4) That necessity is laid upon the clergy to have opinions about such places and the frequenters of them. From these axioms is adduced what may appear to be a truism—that to have opinions on any subject you must first have knowledge and experience of it. These are important admissions, because the Church for a long while has ignored them. At the present day the number of theatres is greater than ever, and the profession of the actor is more lucrative than at any former period; but can it yet be said that the stage receives the attention bestowed on the concert, the picture gallery, and the novel. These are accepted by society as general topics for serious and becoming discussion, whilst until very lately the theatre has been regarded as the place where little more than the amusement of the hour might be looked for. From whence little is expected little will be accepted, and a Lethæan sense of satisfaction with the fare provided will prevent endeavours towards a restoration of the great powers for good, of which the theatre has been and still is capable. Grant that the playhouse still has power to attract, as witness the crowded houses; grant that to the majority of its visitors the performances give all they ever possess of poetry, of history, of a world beyond the drudgery of daily toil; grant these premises, and it must be admitted that there is here, ready-made, a grand field for education. Mr. Udall then reviewed the improvements which have been made in the structure, accommodation, and arrangements of theatres; the growth of a good modern dramatic literature, and the position and prospects of actors and acting. With regard to the second point, he said that the present century had witnessed the advent of many great dramatic poets—Landor, Browning, Shelley, Byron, Sir Henry Taylor, Swinburne, and Tennyson—three of whom, if not four, were dramatists of the highest order, but their productions had, unfortunately, not been written with an eye to stage performance. Other writers again, Bulwer, Sheridan Knowles, Talford, had achieved their mark as acted dramatists. With their works, and the glorious roll of the past, the lack of sterling plays can be no excuse for crowding the stage with so much that is trivial, poor, and debasing. As war breeds generals, so would an altered stage bring forth great writers for it. As regards actors,

If we do not possess a large number capable of doing justice to great dramas, may not the want of opportunity be blamed for their shortcomings? May they not defend themselves in the words of Congreve's prologue to the *Mourning Bride*:—

Were you not grieved as often as you saw  
Poor actors thrash such empty sheaves of straw?  
Toiling and labouring at their lung's expense,  
To start a jest or force a little sense.  
Hard fate for us! Still harder in the event  
Our authors sin, and we alone repent.

The actors of to-day do not "repent," in the sense of pecuniary remuneration, but those of them who can appreciate the splendid opportunities which their art affords, must lament the app'ance which is bestowed on mere buffonery, and the stage carpentry to which they are made subservient, Mr. Udall concluded as follows:— I have been speaking hitherto more particularly of the condition of the drama in our own country, but if a reformation is so urgently required, can we look abroad for a model? Whenever this question is discussed, France is generally pointed to as the country where the stage is most flourishing. Its actors are generally admitted to be the first in the world, for they are Frenchmen, and therefore actors "to the manner born." But they are not supreme in all divisions of the drama—in comedy farce, and burlesque they have no equals—but in tragedy their efforts at all events, in these days, are not remarkable. But the capital of France possesses among her many admirable institutions a national theatre—the *Theatre Français*—the very mention of whose name must bring delight to those who have had the opportunity of witnessing its performances. There at least the drama has its due, and is acted with earnestness and reverence worthy the muses. This theatre, with its system of pensionnats and sociétaires is a worthy model for a similar institution in England; but it is partially supported by a State grant, and in England Government aid for the theatre may not be looked for. In speaking of the French drama, it may not be out of place just to say one word respecting its morality. Many people judge of this from the perverted and mangled versions of French plays represented on our boards, but these in no way carry to the mind of the audience the ideas contained in the original. The suggestiveness of the French play may be recommended by its wit—here its grossness will find nothing to excuse it. Besides, scenes which are representative of French life and character, are not necessarily so of English; and we do not wish to be harrowed by a phantasm of what English society might become. Keep the characters French as in the original, let the action take place in France—merely translate the dialogue—and the play will do no harm, for no one will go to see it, and we shall be spared useless discussion of the merits or demerits of a rather second-rate *Palais Royal* farce, and placarded statements of its attractiveness to royalty. Throughout Germany the theatre is a subject of national interest. None of the cities which were once the capitals of small States, are without an excellent theatre—"stock" companies exist in all of them—and consequently a school of dramatic art. A lady writer in *Mocmillan* for April, 1877, gives a graphic account of the theatre at the little town of Meiningen, "The present stronghold of the legitimate drama," as she calls it. The reigning duke and his accomplished wife are enthusiasts, and

it is due to their knowledge, encouragement, and training that the Meiningen troupe is at present the real exponent of the loftiest dramatic literature. She says their performances almost reach that impossible point—perfection, and she proceeds to give detailed accounts of performances she witnessed—the *Merchant of Venice* and *Julius Caesar*, *Twelfth Night* and *Wilhelm Tell*. I have myself seen in Berlin a better performance of *Twelfth Night* than I ever witnessed in this country—better as a whole that is, not in its individual parts. The writer concludes by saying that "the fostering care of the wealthy, artistic few might do for this country what governments do for Dresden, Vienna, and Meiningen," and further adds that "no Italian opera would flourish, costly exotic as it is, without the lavish encouragement of the fashionable world. Subscriptions on a far less extravagant scale would soon make a classical theatre in London—and, let me add, elsewhere—"unsatisfactory at first," she continues, "improving as criticism and genius developed. In a few years, by becoming 'an institution,' its success would be assured. A society has lately been established in our city for the purposes of bringing about what I have feebly advocated. Its mission is a great one. I know nothing of it beyond what I have gathered from the account of its preliminary meeting in the newspapers. But if the practical element, which is not far to seek, prevails in its counsels and work, we may look for not unimportant results. It may make those who are now indifferent enthusiastic—those who have time and money at disposal willing to co-operate, and a *Mæcenas* may yet be found who shall make the stage of England, famous throughout the world, as famous as its dramatic literature.

## BOTANISTS.

### ANNUAL MEETING.

The annual meeting of the Manchester Botanists' Association was held on Sunday evening last at the rooms in Union-street. Amongst the members and guests present were Messrs. James Percival (president), E. W. Binney, James Cash, Samuel Barlow, J.P., Thomas Brittain, D. Fielden, W. E. A. Axon, and others. The gathering commenced early in the afternoon, and some hours were spent in discussing the interesting objects that were exhibited. The tables were laden with cut flowers, most of them exotics, which served not merely for decoration, but also, and more especially, the more essential object of study, the specimens being named, and a few facts supplied with regard to each by the president, Mr. James Percival, whose knowledge of plants, both native and foreign, seems inexhaustible. Mr. Crowe having taken the chair,

Mr. THOMAS ROGERS, the honorary secretary, read the annual report. The most interesting botanical fact in connection with the year's work appeared to have been the re-discovery of a rare moss, *Bartramidula Wilsoni*, so named in honour of the author of "*Bryologia Britannica*," at Cwm Bychan. The plant had not been seen in that its original British station, for forty years, Mr. Wilson himself having sought for it in 1869 in vain. It was found last summer by Messrs. Rogers and Percival. The society was reported to be in good working condition, maintaining its strength numerically, and with a balance on the right side of its accounts.

Mr. E. W. BINNEY, F.R.S., said that for many years he had been a visitor at these meetings, and he was always



glad to testify to their usefulness. Science might be cultivated from various motives. Those who followed it for fame were sometimes disappointed, and those who desired to make money out of it did not always succeed. Of course there was no reason why a scientific man should not make money out of his discoveries, instead of some fool doing so who had had no share in the labour. The third class, those who followed science for its own sake, were sure of an exceeding great reward in the pure and durable pleasure it gave. (Hear, hear.) He was sorry to say that the race of Lancashire mathematicians was dying out, but it was a matter of congratulation that there were no signs of the extinction of the botanists. He had hoped that the spread of Mechanics' Institutes would have given an impetus to the cultivation of science, but such had not proved the case. Those institutions had turned out many men who had been prosperous in business, but very few of those investigators who sought out the secrets of nature. Richard Buxton, poor as he was in worldly goods, had the most philosophical mind he had ever encountered. He thought there were signs that before long museums and picture galleries would be opened on the Sunday. (Hear.) It was important that they should protest against the vulgar prejudice which said that a man of science ought not to utilize the Sabbath. He had done so for fifty years, and would do so to the end. (Applause.)

Mr. Wm. E. A. AXON said that he rejoiced to be again present at an annual meeting of the society and to hear of its continued usefulness. He was glad to see there Mr. E. W. Binney, the president of the Literary and Philosophical Society, sitting side by side with Mr. James Percival, the president of the Manchester Botanists' Association. He hoped a still closer bond of union might be drawn between the two societies. The old house in George-street was dignified by the presence of Dalton and Henry in the past and of Joule in the present, and it would be an additional glory if it became also the home of this society, which could boast of Hobson and Buxton and Percival. (Hear, hear.) The society was doing good by its persistent if quiet advocacy of a free Sunday. The naturalist, to be successful, must no doubt be a field naturalist, yet aids must not be despised. He would remind them that Hobson made drawings which were of great use to him from the natural history books in the Chetham Library. The Manchester Botanists' Association, representing as it did a large number of practical workers in science, ought to ask the authorities of local libraries and museums to open their stores at that time of the week when every class had a clear day's leisure. (Hear, hear.) He could not understand the unfortunate prejudice which apparently existed in some minds against the Sunday study of natural history. Surely, even on religious grounds, it was desirable that men should learn the lessons taught by field and flower. The poet's word was true—

"Where I in churchless solitude remaining,  
Far from all voice of schoolmen or divines,  
My soul would find, in flowers of God's ordaining,  
Priests, sermons, shrines."

(Applause.)

Mr. DAVID FIELDEN expressed a hope that some means might be devised by which members of the artizan societies could have access for scientific studies to the Botanical gardens at such a subscription as would lead the privilege to be largely used. (Hear, hear.)

Mr. Hampson, of Tyldesley, and Mr. Entwistle, of the Botanical Gardens, also addressed the meeting, and Mr. Rogers called attention to a scrap book lent by Mr. Axon containing articles, pamphlets, letters, and other memorials relating to the Lancashire artizan naturalists and mathematicians.

**GEOLOGY IN THE HANDS OF THE POET.**—A correspondent of the *English Mechanic* says the higher grounds of Dunkirk and the Blean, East Kent, are composed of London clay, and are in places covered with beds of old river gravels. The rivers having rapidly and deeply cut their channels when the land stood at higher levels, and flowing sluggishly when the surface was lower, filling the valleys they had previously excavated with alluvium, denudation going on until some of the bottoms of the gravel-strewn valleys, became gravel-capped hills. Tennyson expresses this operation of nature well:—

There rolls the deep where grew the tree.  
O, earth, what changes hast thou seen?  
There where the long street roars, hath been  
The stillness of the central sea.  
The hills are shadows, and they flow  
From form to form, and nothing stands;  
They melt like mist, the solid lands  
Like clouds they shape themselves and go.

**BURNS'S COTTAGE.**—It is rather humiliating to know that, while the admirers of Robert Burns go on multiplying statues, no attempt is made to rescue the cottage of his birth from the degradation to which it has been subjected for more than seventy years. It is still a common drinking shop, as it was in the days when John Keats made a pilgrimage to the shrine on the lovely banks of the Doon. One of the Glasgow daily journals has just made a powerful appeal to the Scottish public on the subject under the appropriate head of "A Desecrated Shrine." It says it will listen to no more of the eloquence that is poured forth on each recurring 25th of January, the poet's natal day, until the scandal is removed. It suggests that the cottage should be purchased by public subscription, and set apart as a library and museum for the reception of a complete collection of all the editions of Burns, and of autograph MSS. and other relics of the poet. This is an excellent idea, and it is to be hoped we shall soon see it carried into effect. So long ago as 1810 the cottage was visited by the illustrious Irish orator Curran. It had then been a public-house for several years. "We found," says Curran, "the keeper of it tipsy. He pointed to the corner on one side of the fire, and with a most malapropos laugh, observed, 'There is the very spot where Robert Burns was born!' The genius and the fate of the man were already heavy on my heart; but the drunken laugh of the landlord gave me such a view of the rock on which he floundered, that I could not stand it; but burst into tears."

## GOOD FRIDAY BUNS :

### THEIR HISTORY AND ASSOCIATIONS.

At a meeting of the British Archaeological Association held in London on Wednesday, Mr. H. Syer Cuming, F.S.A. read a paper on Good Friday Buns. He said it was a fact no less interesting than true that from the earliest ages certain kinds of bread and cakes and other viands composed of flour had been employed in religious rites, and during sacred festivals and seasons. The author gave many instances how in ancient times bread was used in religious rites, mentioning the Silid bread, the fact that the cakes sacred amongst the Egyptians and Orientals had their parallel amongst the Greeks and Romans, and that the Hindu elephant-headed god, Ganesha, was frequently represented holding in one of his hands a bowl filled with cakes. At home we had St. Michael's bannock for Michaelmas, the carvis, or seed-cake, for Allhallow Eve, and for Christmas the yule-dough or baby-cake, the plum-pig, plum-pudding, goose-pie, and the shred or mince-pie; with spiced-bread and sugared cake for Twelfth Night, the taffy for St. David's Day, pancakes for Shrove Tuesday, the tansycake and pudding-pie for Lent in general, and the carling, simbling-cake, and simnal for Mothering Sunday. After Good Friday's cross buns came rice and tansy puddings for Easter Sunday and the Bel-tein oatmeal cake for the 1st of May. Most of these had doubtless a pagan origin—e.g., the Bel-tein cake, and the little pastry pig, with its currant eyes and wooden trotters, which latter was a survival of the worship of the Keltic lunar goddess Ked, or Keridwen, the mystic sow. As to the archæology of Good Friday buns, the accounts given in the popular manuals, such as Brand's and Hone's, were all based on authorities no sounder than Jacob Bryant and the Rev. George Stanley Faber. This was shown in reference to the derivation of our word bun from the Greek accusative "boun," for heifer, and a supposed connection thus made out between the mystic heifer, symbolical of the moon-goddess, and the cakes offered to her as Queen of Heaven, and so with our Good Friday buns. It was remarkable that Grecian sculptures and paintings represented sacred cakes of the same form as our modern bun, even to the Greek cross with which they were marked. Having shown that the Good Friday buns could thus be traced back to very early times, Mr. Cuming raised the question how it was to be explained that they were now to be found in England only. Continental Europe knew nothing of them, and only the southern part of Britain. Though admitting the absence of any direct proof, he thought the

idea might be reasonably maintained that the presence of the Good Friday bun in England was coeval with the introduction of Christianity into our island in Apostolic ages, and that with the early Eastern missionaries who brought us the new faith it was symbolic of the bread broken by our Lord Himself at the Last Supper and of His death on Calvary. For two persons to break a Good Friday bun between them was not only a pledge of friendship, but a surety against disagreement, the act being accompanied by the words:—

Half for you and half for me,  
Between us two good-will shall be.

Again, the Good Friday bun was regarded, not as ordinary food, but as something endowed with peculiar sanctity, as was clear from its having for ages been the custom with the superstitious to keep it through the year for good luck, and also as a charm against fire, nay, as a sure remedy in certain diseases. He had known a woman drink down a little grated bun as a cure for sore throat, and at the present time there were some twenty stale Good Friday buns strung on a cord and hung up as a festoon above the door of a room in a house at Brixton Hill, in the belief that they would scare away evil spirits. To the notion that these buns resisted corruption longer than other flour food, allusion was made in "Poor Robin's Almanack" for 1733.

EARL BEACONSFIELD'S DIAPASON.—In the House of Lords last week the Earl of Beaconsfield spoke of the "diapason of our diplomacy." A correspondent of the *Times*, criticizing the phrase, says:—"The diapason stop on the organ is, I presume, that which sounds the octave in unison with the principal. Lord Beaconsfield might with great appropriateness have spoken of the diapason of the Cabinet in which the bass of Mr. Hardy is tempered by the treble of Sir S. Northcote; or prayed, in the words of Milton, for the unison of the Conservative party after the removal of its discords:—

That we on earth with undiscording voice  
May rightly answer that melodious noise;  
As once we did, till disproportioned sin  
Jarred against Nature's chime, and with harsh din  
Broke the fair music that all creatures made  
To their great Lord, whose love their motion swayed  
In perfect diapason, while they stood  
In first obedience and their state of good.

Milton was both a poet and a musician, and knew what he was about; but when our chief literary statesman talks of the octave of our diplomacy as if it meant the same as the key-note of our policy, what hope is there for the future of plain language or of common sense?"

Saturday, April 27, 1878.

NOTE.

THE BLACK KNIGHT.

[231.] Happening to be in Ashton-under-Lyne on Easter Monday, my attention was arrested as I passed along the street by a singular procession, of which the central figure was an effigy of a man placed on horseback, wearing a helmet and a dark-coloured cape or cloak, and holding in his hand something like a baton. It was accompanied by a big drum and some other instruments, which served at least greatly to assist the volume of sound issuing from this somewhat tumultuous gathering. A man with a box collected money from the by-standers. The name given to the figure, I am told, is "the Black Knight," and the procession is said to have some significance in connection with local history. It is now said to have considerably degenerated, and to be shorn of much of its ancient splendour. I afterwards came across a rival procession with a similar figure, in this instance seated in a conveyance. This was also accompanied by the inevitable applications for "bakaheesh." Some contributor to your Notes and Queries may be able to throw light on the origin and meaning of this strange custom.

J. C.

COMMENTS AND ANSWERS

THE FIRST PRE-RAPHAELITE PAINTERS.

(Nos. 213 and 220.)

[232.] To C. W. S. I may reply that the author of "the clever little skit" which appeared in 1857 upon the Pre-Raphaelites who exhibited their works in the Art Treasures Exhibition was the late Mr. J. B. Wareing, a gentleman of varied and cultivated acquirements, to whom was confided the selection and arrangement of the mediæval art department of the exhibition, and who, after its close, published an important illustrated work upon the objects under his care. Mr. Wareing himself made all the lithographic caricatures of the pictures in the little "skit," and wrote all the verses. I undertook the printing and publication, and the secret of the authorship has been observed until now.

GEORGE FALKNER,  
Deansgate, Manchester.

BY HOOK AND CROOK.

(Query 228, April 20.)

[233.] An earlier instance of the use of this proverbial expression than that given by your corre-

pondent will be found in "The Boke of Colyn Cloute," by John Skelton (1460-1529), the poet laureate of the time:—

Nor will suffer this boke

By hoke ne by croke

Prynted for to be.

May not the saying have had its origin from the friendly rights of easement exercised by one tenant over the holding of another for the removal of dead or damaged portions of trees? The decayed branches could easily be removed from the upper parts of a tree by means of a "crook-lug"—a long pole with a hook at the end—without damaging the tree, as might be the case if an axe or saw had been used. In an old record a right is claimed "with hook and crook, to lop, crop, and carry away fuel."

EDWARD NIXON.

West Park-street, Salford.

THE FATHER OF THOMAS DE QUINCEY

(Nos. 129 and 157.)

[234.] Hittite objects to Mr. de Quincey, senior being described as a "merchant," considering the title "a euphemism for shopkeeper," and refers to an advertisement quoted by Dr. Maginn in his attack on the author of the *Confessions*. The following is the advertisement in question:—"Manchester, Dec. 2/83. Thomas Quincey, intending very shortly to decline all retail trade, is now selling off on low terms his prints, muslins, table linen, gauzes, laces, &c., of all sorts, with all his cut goods of whatever kind, and haberdashery articles in general. N.B. The Irish linen, Scotch, &c., trades in the wholesale line he will continue as usual." If the father of Thomas de Quincey the author can be identified as this Thomas Quincey, of course he must have been a shopkeeper two years before the birth of his son, and ceased to be one in December, 1783. The son was born 15th August, 1785, when we must conclude Thomas Quincey was a wholesale merchant.

The Grammar School Register records the admission of "Thomas, son of Thomas de Quincey, merchant, Bath." The volume of the Chetham Society referred to by Hittite says this merchant "carried on a very considerable business, according to the modest computations of those days, as a West Indian merchant in Market-street Lane, in a warehouse which was his property, and which was absorbed in the improvement of Market-street under the Act of 1821. That

he died in his thirty-ninth year, leaving an unencumbered estate producing exactly £1,600 a year." According to the author of the *Confessions*, the "modest mansion," as he calls it, of Greenhay, with its appurtenances, cost £6,000, and as I recollect it as it appeared forty years ago, I think this not incredible. It stood in grounds of three acres in extent, was then called "The Hall," or "Greenheys Hall," and was one of the best (though the oldest-fashioned house) in the then fashionable locality. H. M. BRIDDON.

Ashton-on-Mersey, April 17, 1876.

THE MANCHESTER STAGE: SIMS REEVES SOTHERN,  
AND FARREN.  
(Nos. 158, 175, 188, and 205.)

[235.] One word in conclusion with regard to Mr. John Evans's paper and his reminiscences of the Manchester stage. The letters of Mr. B. Lee, Mr. John Cavanah, and "J. F.," are conclusive about Mr. Sothorn's appearance at the old Queen's Theatre as Mr. Douglas Stuart. Mr. Cavanah says: "It was a three nights' engagement before his departure for America." That must have been in 1851, whereas Mr. Evans, in his paper, said that he "proposed to deal with the period from 1842 to 1847." The details mentioned regarding Mr. Sims Reeves, Mr. Sothorn, Mr. W. Farren, and Miss Coveney are, as Mr. Evans suggests, of no great importance; still, if details are to be mentioned at all, it is as well that they should be correct. I had no intention to make it appear that Mr. Evans was mixing up "John Stuart," formerly of the Manchester theatre, with "Douglas Stuart." I merely said that Stuart—Thomas, not John—after he went to the Haymarket Theatre appeared for a few nights as a star at the old Queen's Theatre, during the period with which Mr. Evans professed to be dealing. I saw him play Iago to the Othello of T. H. Lacy. Mr. Evans appropriately quotes the late John Harland's criticism on Sims Reeves's ballad singing, but I think if he will refresh his memory by reading some of Mr. Harland's criticisms on Sims Reeves in opera, even after he returned from Italy, he will feel constrained to modify his views with regard to his accuracy as a musical prophet. I think, at the time of which we are treating, the late H. B. Peacock was the musical critic of the *Examiner*, but as the *Examiner* was first published in 1846, that was two or three years after Mr. Reeves's first appearance in Manchester. What Mr.

Peacock said to Mr. Evans's father regarding Reeves's future eminence is no doubt correct, but I don't think he expressed similar views at that time in print. I always understood that Mr. Sims Reeves considered himself that his fame would chiefly rest on his oratorio singing, but certainly his singing of Dibdin's ballads is what perhaps recommends him most to popularity. As I did not hear Mr. Evans's paper read, and only saw the short extracts which appeared in the newspapers, of course I could only deal with the facts which appeared in them. No doubt the paper as a whole was correct. PETER QUINCE.

Mr. Sims Reeves was first introduced to Manchester as a concert singer by Mr. Robert Weston, professor of music; and to Liverpool by Miss Whitnall, a contralto singer of considerable ability. At the latter place he sang frequently at the popular Saturday evening concerts at Lord Nelson-street Concert Hall at which concerts John Parry frequently appeared so that Mr. Reeves probably received good advice from him as to his future career. Mr. Robert Weston, one of the first to introduce cheap concerts for the people in Manchester, got up concerts in most of the neighbouring towns expressly to introduce Mr. Reeves to public notice, the latter being Mr. Weston's guest at that time. I remember being present at a rehearsal by the members of the Philharmonic Institute, a society of which Mr. Weston was conductor, whose meetings were held in Pine-street School, just behind the old York-street Chapel. On that occasion Mr. Reeves was present. It was the night before he left Manchester for Italy, and Robert Weston made reference to his departure, and predicted his return as a great singer, who, he believed, would become famous. I quite agree with Peter Quince that the criticisms of the *Manchester Guardian* at that time were considered anything but favourable to Mr. Reeves, and I know this opinion was shared by Mr. Weston and other musical men. Mr. Evans is probably not aware that Mr. Harland rarely, if ever, wrote the musical critiques at that time. They were written by a very worthy townsman (still living), and always signed with a Greek S. This gentleman must feel somewhat amused on reading Mr. Evans's remarks. My own opinion is that Mr. Reeves's abilities were not duly estimated whilst performing at the old Theatre Royal, and but meagrely up to the time of his departure for Italy.

T. M. B.

Ashton-on-Mersey.

## SPELLING OF SHAKESPEARE'S NAME.

(Nos. 184 and 184.)

[236.] Rapin, in his *Acts Regia*, being a sort of index to with extracts from Rymers's *Federa*, quotes from the second part of the sixteenth volume of the *Federa*:—"A licence granted to Fletcher Shakespear and Company, to play comedies, tragedies, histories, interludes, morales, pastorals, stage plays," dated May 19, 1603, at Westminster. H. M. B.

## THE OLYMPIC THEATRE.

(Nos. 186, 189, 209, and 224.)

[237.] This was built for a theatre, but did not pay. James Carter, the lion king, exhibited there shortly before Messrs. Falkner converted it into a drapery establishment. At that time Van Amburgh was exhibiting at one of the other theatres in professed rivalry, when in fact they were partners, the rivalry being a mere ruse to draw good houses. It was on the stage of this theatre that James Carter first met the young lady who became his wife, the daughter of Samuel Dean, a pawnbroker living at the corner of Thomas-street and Tib-street, well known as money-changer to the theatres. At the wedding of Miss Dean and Mr. Carter Van Amburgh was groomsmen; one of the bridesmaids was your correspondent, not then ISABELLA BANKS.

## CHECKQUERS.

(Query No. 154.)

[238.] In reply to Mr. Pownall's query, he who would seek the origin of the practice of distinguishing inns by the sign of the "chekers" must commence his investigation prior to A.D. 79, for I have seen the checkers on the liquors-hops at Pompeii, and it is said they are found at Herculaneum also.

H. M. BRIDDON.

This old and well-known sign is mentioned in Lerwood and Hotten's *History of Sign Boards*, pp. 463-9. The sign of the Chequers has been found in exhumed Pompeii; but, according to Dr. Lardner its use in England is derived from a table which was used by merchants, accountants, and judges, who arranged matters of revenue in the middle ages. The surface of this table was divided into squares, and was called an Exchequer, and the calculations were made by counters placed on its several divisions. "A money-changer's office was generally indicated by a sign of the chequered board suspended. This sign afterwards came to indicate an inn or house of entertainment,

probably from the circumstance of the innkeeper also following the trade of money-changer, a coincidence still very common in seaport towns." C. W. S.

## THE REV. JOSHUA BROOKES

(Query No. 229.)

[239.] If J. J. will turn over the pages of John Harland's *Manchester Collectanea*, vol. 2, he will find very copious references to this eccentric clergyman, from which I myself gleaned. E. W. Proctor's *Memorials of Manchester Streets* also mentions him in three places. ISABELLA BANKS.

In addition to the Grammar School Register and Mrs. Linnæus Banks' *Manchester Man*, much information concerning this remarkable clergyman may be gleaned from Bamford's *Early Days*, Parkinson's *Old Church Clock*, and the *Songs of the Wilsons*, edited by Mr. Harland. I furnish two anecdotes which are characteristic, and for the truth of which I can furnish undoubted evidence.

In old Market-street Lane there was a well-known shop kept by one Hyde, a tea dealer, whose son, Mr. Proctor tells me, is still living. A wedding in the Hyde family was arranged to take place on a certain morning in the Collegiate Church; and at the same time and place another, not less important, wedding was arranged to be celebrated. The Rev. Joshua Brookes received, on this occasion, a double invitation to breakfast. Among parsons of the last generation there was thorough social feeling and intercourse. From the dilemma in which the reverend gentleman was placed he thus extracted himself. Approaching Mr. Hyde, the bride's father, he said, with eccentric good humour: "Well, I'm sorry I can't go to your breakfast this morning, but if you'll send me a quarter of tea it will do just as well." Splenetic people must not draw a false conclusion from this anecdote; for, properly interpreted, it was not an instance of greed but of good humour.

On another occasion my informant, now an old man, then a small boy, was walking across the churchyard, when the short portly figure of the Rev. Joshua Brookes emerged suddenly from round a corner. The boy was timid and ready to run, but the eccentric clergyman laid hold of him by the collar, and pointing to some men who were on ladders repairing the church, said: "Look theer, lad; look theer! They'r making two holes while they'r only mending one." It was no doubt this rough familiarity with the com-

mon people that made Joshua Brookes deservedly popular.  
PHILIP WENTWORTH.

"POST AND PETREL" AND "BLOW-SHOPPES."

(Query No. 201, April 6.)

[240.] I beg to suggest that "post and petrel" is a corruption of "post and pan," a style of building thus described by Mr. J. O. Halliwell in his Dictionary of Archaic and Provincial Words:—"A house formed of uprights and cross pieces of timber, which are not plastered over but generally blackened, as many old cottages are in various parts of England." This seems to me only another name for what, in Lancashire at least, is known as "black and white" building.

"Blow-shoppes:" *Notes and Queries*, first series, vol. vii., p. 409, in explaining this term, says:—"Leyland appears to refer to blacksmiths' forges, which decayed for lack of wood." This definition is also given by the late Thomas Wright in his Dictionary of Obsolete and Provincial English, vol. i., page 227.

G. H. S.

Heaton Moor.

"Petrel," I apprehend, is a misprint for "pan," "post and pan" architecture being a term often used to define the style of building which was at one time so common in Cheshire and other localities where timber was plentiful and stone scarce. "Post" is the upright timber, and "pan" the horizontal. In Yorkshire, "pan" is still used to designate a wall plate; in France it is the purlin, and in that sense may be found used in Lancashire, I believe. In the assize of 1189 (London) "panna" is used for the wall plate laid upon a party wall of stone to receive the posts of a "solar" or upper storey of timber construction: "and he who giveth the land shall have the clear moiety of the wall, and put his 'panna' upon it and build."

The French word is "panne," but they have also "pan"—a side, a wall face, a skirt; and "pan de bois" signifies to them what post and pan does to us, namely, the face of a house constructed of timber.

In Scotland "panne" is used for the shallow curtain or vallance that is hung round a bedstead; no doubt adopted, like many words, phrases, and customs, from the French.

W. R. CORSON.

10 St James' Square

[ "Petrel" can scarcely be a misprint for "pan."—ED. ]

THOUGHT AND LANGUAGE OF FOREIGNERS.

(Nos 144, 149, 162, and 180.)

[241.] Through the kindness of friends "at home" I regularly receive your valuable paper, and have been very much interested in the Notes and Queries. In your copy of March 9, "Hittite" asks, "In what language do foreigners think?" From my experience I may perhaps be able to answer to some extent his query. Some years ago I had to go from here to Germany on business connected with the office I then was in. I did not know one word of German, but on other accounts was selected for the mission. You may fancy my anxiety to learn the language. On my arrival at — I set to work with a will. My office hours were from nine to six, with an interval of an hour for dinner. I took a lesson from a professor of languages from seven to eight a.m., and another from seven to eight p.m., all grammar and composition. Friends with whom I became acquainted told me, on seeing my anxiety to learn, that the best plan was to read the newspaper aloud; "never mind if you don't understand it." They said, "Read; it will accustom you to the sound, and you will more easily be able to tell what people say to you." I did read, and soon found that it was a good thing. I became familiar with the sound of the words, and did not have to hesitate or ask what was said when addressed by anyone. But the slow process of translation went on in my mind all the time I was being spoken to, and then I had to think over my answer (in English), translate that into as good German as I could, and speak it out. A singular occurrence set me a-thinking in German. I had a dream one night, and held an imaginary conversation with some one entirely in German. To my great surprise I spoke fluently, and, so far as I could judge, correctly, both accent and grammatical construction. On awaking I remembered the dream, but could not call to mind the conversation. However, I thought to myself if I can dream in German why cannot I think in German; and I began to practice, and found it quite easy after a few days. I do not think that every "foreigner" gets the habit of thinking in the language of the country he may be in, but I am sure that all who are situated as I was, and wish to master a language, they will do well to think in the language of the country they are in.

CAPULET.

Beck Island, Illinois, U.S.A., 29th March, 1878.

PERSIAN POEM.  
(Nos. 195 and 221.)

[242.] To the information supplied by "A Manchester Pythagorean," respecting the poem "He who died at Asim," I may add that it appeared in the April (1874) number of the *St. Chrysostom's Magazine*, a New York High Church publication. It is said to be from the Arabic. J. S. B.

QUERIES.

[243.] AUTHOR WANTED.—Can any of your readers inform me who wrote the line, and where it occurs:—

In wedlock may ye be lovers still.

W.

[244.] COLD-HOUSE CHAPEL.—Can any reader inform the writer who are the present trustees of this chapel? It was built and endowed by a Mr. Winterbottom, about the year 1756, one Caleb Warhurst being the first minister. He left in 1761 for a larger chapel, built in the then Hunter's Court, now called Cannon-street. E. D.

[245.] BURNING A WOMAN AT BURY IN 1763.—The new part of *Byegones* contains an extract from the *Annual Register* for 1763, respecting a woman who was sentenced to be burnt for poisoning her husband. She was tried at Chester Spring Assizes, but respited until April 23rd, "on which day she was executed at Bury." Is this the Lancashire town?

A MANCHESTER PYTHAGOREAN.

[246.] JACKDAWS.—I should be glad if Felix Folio or any other of your numerous correspondents would inform me the age to which Jackdaws generally live. I have had one about six years, and he is quite a beauty and as full of mischief as ever; but during the last few weeks I have noticed that the upper part of his beak overlaps the lower, and I have wondered if it was an indication of old age. If I ask Jack himself he only says "what for," "be quiet," or else he laughs at me. He can say "be quiet" and "what for" as plainly as a Christian, and he looks far wiser than many men I know. J. G. HARRISON.

Lime Grove, 24th April, 1878.

[247.] ROMAN CAMPS AT KERSAL: RIGHT OF WAY.—On that portion of the Ordnance map which marks the end of Vine-street, Kersal, there occur the words "Castle Hill," which appear to relate to a small hill occupying a space between the end of the street and Kersal Cell, and whose summit is now covered with a somewhat circular clump of trees. Is this the site of a Roman camp or fort? From the base of the hill a road, grown over with grass, leads, via Radford-street, to Bury New Road. Another path leads up to Vine-street. Both roads are stopped with gates, and I wish to know if there is a right of way

through them. The main road terminates only a few hundred yards from the path which goes past Kersal Cell to Agecroft. Between Kersal Hotel and Rainesall a camp formerly existed. Can any reader give me some information about this camp, the site of which appears to be now occupied by villas?

J. R. LEACH.

NEW SCIENCE ASSOCIATION IN  
MANCHESTER.

OBJECTS AND CONSTITUTION: FIRST MEETING.

A new Manchester scientific society has held its first meeting this week. It has taken the name of the Science Association, and, according to the Rules, it has been "established for the purpose of enabling persons, especially those belonging to the industrial portion of the community, to meet together for mutual advice, instruction, and communication in all branches of science. But while the society has for its main purpose the study of science in general, it shall, as far as possible, appoint definite subjects in which several of its members take special interest, to take priority in its proceedings." The subscription is to be half-a-crown a year. Ladies are admitted as members, and, say the rules, "in this society both sexes shall be upon a perfect equality in voting and speaking, and in all other rights and privileges." The officers of the society are as follows:—President, Mr. Thomas Harrison, F.C.S.; vice-presidents, Messrs. W. Leach, W. Chaffers, Thomas Rogers, and J. Caldwell; committee, Messrs. T. Crighton, J. Ellison, George H. Hurst, Joseph R. Leach, and William Mayer; treasurer, Mr. Alfred Tozer; and secretary, Mr. Alfred Hutton. The proposed definite subjects for consideration are:—Microscopy, acoustics, light and heat, chemistry, physiology, magnetism and electricity, botany and geology.

The committee in a printed address state that "the want of a thoroughly practical scientific society has long been felt in Manchester and the district, amongst those interested in the diffusion of scientific knowledge which shall be adapted to the requirements and circumstances of the artisan. There are societies in the town which are deservedly held in high esteem, but from their expensive character, and their frequently awkward hours of meeting, they are not available to those who work daily for their livelihood. That there is much scientific knowledge—and great desire for more—among working men, there can be no doubt. There have been during the last few years, popular science lectures and classes in all branches of science, and it is certain that much knowledge has been imparted, and interest aroused by these means. What is wanted is, that this knowledge and interest shall be brought to a focus, centralized, and applied systematically to a definite purpose. Under these circumstances, no apology is needed for the introduction of the Science Association. There are a few features about this association in which it differs from any at present existing. In the first place, the subscription is fixed at an amount which will exclude no one, however humble. Another feature is the appointment of definite subjects for especial study. The division of a society into sections has, hitherto, almost invariably failed; either the sections or the society have fallen to pieces. On the plan now proposed, it is hoped that all

the advantages of the sectional system will be obtained without its disadvantages. All the sections will meet in one room, and at one time. The communications in any one section will be listened to and commented upon by those belonging to all the others; and in this manner, by mutual support, the vitality of the whole will be preserved." Finally, the committee call attention to another peculiar feature, the proposed holding of the annual soiree in different parts of the town, so as to diffuse the usefulness of the society as widely as possible.

The first ordinary meeting of the association was held in the Memorial Hall, on Tuesday evening last, when an inaugural address was delivered by the President.

Mr. Harrison, in the course of his remarks, referred to the circumstances which had led to the formation of the society, and to its aim, which was to draw together ardent students of Nature in all her aspects. He spoke of the greatness and grandeur of Nature and her laws; of the manner in which the study of these laws influences the mind; and of the peculiar excellence of such study as a means of relaxation and intellectual growth to the tired artisan. No books can make a man a scientific man. Patient observation is required for this. He must go out, see, and compare for himself in the woods, fields, quarries, and museums. The influence of national ignorance in fostering superstitions, in causing persecution, war, and pestilence, was pointed out; also the increased prosperity and happiness which must result from a more widely spread knowledge of the workings of Nature's laws. The study of science was also dwelt upon in its bearings upon religion. True science is not opposed to religion. It must, on the contrary, from the very nature of things, underlie all true religion. The laws of science are but the expression of the thoughts and will of God.

The remainder of the evening was spent in inspecting and conversing upon a varied collection of objects that lay upon the table. Amongst these were a number of wild flowers collected in a Derbyshire ramble on Good Friday, by Mr. George H. Hurst; a polariscope, by Mr. W. Leach; a phoneidoscopa, a newly-invented instrument for exhibiting the influence of musical vibrations upon a soap bubble, shown by Mr. Harrison; a peculiar needle for the better sewing up of wounds, by the same; a nest of the Longtailed Tit, by Mr. Alfred Tozer; and a case of beautiful microscope slides, by the same, containing fossil polyzoa from the Red Crag, Challenger soundings, and a series showing the mode of development of the Fern. These last admirably illustrated a brief but clear exposition of the subject by Mr. Quinn, by whom the process and the organs concerned in it were carefully described. About forty members and friends were present.

A fragment of Raphael's work is about to be added to the Scottish National Gallery. It is a portion of one of the famous cartoons executed by the painter for his patron Leo X. as designs for tapestry; but, curiously enough, it has come to Edinburgh from the Antipodes, having been bequeathed to the Royal Scottish Academy by the late Sir D. Monro, speaker of the New Zealand House of Representatives.

## LITERARY NOTES.

Dr. Robert Carruthers has just completed the fiftieth year of his editorship of the *Inverness Courier*, a length of tenure of office probably unparalleled in the history of the newspaper press.

The condition of the Shakspeare Memorial Library at Birmingham, which forms a portion of the Central Free Library of the town, and is the largest Shaksperian collection in the world, was reported upon at the annual meeting of the committee on Tuesday. It was stated that during the past year 295 volumes had been added to the library. The volumes were—English, 110; German, 91; Dutch, 36; French, 15; Italian, 14; Polish, 8; Spanish, 6; Greek, 5; Swedish, 3; Bohemian, 2; Portuguese, 1; Russian, 1; Servian, 1; "Slavonian," 1; and Icelandic, 1. Of these 295 works 207 had been purchased by means of the Shakspeare Library Fund, and 88 had been presented, and the library now contained 6,794 works.

An amusing story is told of an interview between the Chinese Ambassador in this country and Mr. Robert Browning. The ambassador, it appears, is a poet, and having expressed a desire to make the acquaintance of an English member of the fraternity, he was introduced to the author of *Red Cotton Night-cap Country*. Mr. Browning expressed a desire to know how much his Excellency had published. "Only three or four volumes," was the reply through the interpreter. "Then," said Mr. Browning, "I am a greater offender than his Excellency, and unequal to him in self-restraint. What kind of poetry does his Excellency write—pastoral, humorous, epic, or what?" There was a pause for a short time. At length the interpreter said that his Excellency thought the poetry would be better described as the "enigmatic." "Surely," replied Mr. Browning, "there ought then to be the deepest sympathy between us, for that is just the criticism which is brought against my own works, and I believe it to be a just one."

Mr. James Croston, F.S.A., in the booklet (apparently privately printed) on the First Free Library in Manchester, has made clear a curious chapter in our local history. It is an account of the establishment of John Prestwich's Library about the year 1662, and of its maintenance out of the town's rates in the Jesus Chantry of the Old Church. Humphrey Chetham's collection has generally been accounted the first free library in England, but Prestwich's must now take precedence. It gradually fell into decay, however, and may be said to have disappeared before the beginning of this century.



A new edition—the third—of the Index-Catalogue of the Hulme Branch Free Library has been issued this week by the Manchester Free Libraries Committee. Since the appearance of the second edition two thousand volumes have been added to the collection, which now numbers nearly 14,000 works. The catalogue is admirably clear in its arrangement, and gives not only the titles, but in many cases the detailed contents of those books which deal with various subjects, or are recognized works of reference. Like all the committee's catalogues, too, it is wonderfully cheap—the price being only one shilling.

How is it that the chief offenders against the purity of the Novel are women? By a curious coincidence two of the chief literary journals on Saturday last referred to the fact—both by way of contrast to the excellence of two new fictions they were noticing. The *Saturday Review*, referring to Mrs. Molesworth (Ennis Graham's) *Hathercourt Rectory*, said "the tone of the book is healthy throughout. It is as far removed as possible from those novels in which women who seem lost to all sense of shame aim at securing a large sale of their works by suiting them to the lowest tastes and the meanest capacities. Not an impure thought is entertained, nor an impure line written. There have been periods in our literature in which it would have been nothing less than an insult to congratulate a woman on the purity of her writing. Such periods, we hope, will return, though we see but few signs of it at present." And the *Spectator*, in a brief note on *Forget-Me-Not*, the late Miss Kavanagh's last story, says of its author: "It may safely be said that she never wrote a line that was not pure and sound in tone. It was always a relief to turn to books so full of delicacy, grace, and tenderness, from the doubtful situations and sinister excitements which one has almost come to expect when one sees a woman's name on the title-page of a novel."

**PROGRESS OF BOTANY.**—A Belgian journal of horticulture has given some curious figures showing the rapid increase in our knowledge of the vegetable kingdom. In the Bible about 100 plants are alluded to; Hippocrates mentioned 234; Theophrastus 500, and Pliny, 800. From this time there was little addition to our knowledge until the Renaissance. In the beginning of the fifteenth century Gesner could only enumerate 200, but at its close Bauhin described 6,000. Tournefort in 1694 recognized 10,146 species; but Linnaeus, in the next century, working more cautiously, defined only 7,294. In the beginning of this century, in 1805, Persoon described 25,000 species, comprising, however, numerous minute fungi. In 1819 De Candolle estimated the known species at 30,000. London in 1839 gave 31,731 species, and in 1848 Professor Lindley enumerated 66,435 dicotyledons and 13,952 monocotyledons, in all 80,387; but in 1853 these had increased to 92,920, and in 1863 Bentley estimated the known species at 125,000.

Saturday, May 4, 1878.

NOTES.

A BURIED OAK AT CHEETHAM HILL.

[248.] In reference to Query 202, respecting the trees found in Chadderton and White Moss, I have paid some attention to this particular subject for more than fifty years, and hope some day to give you the result of my observations. But at present I only wish to give you a few particulars of an oak tree I have lately had dug out of a bog where we are making a new bowling-green at Cheetham Hill. This tree had grown on a rather sandy marl to a great size and to extreme old age, and, like most other oaks grown in insular situations, was low and wide-spread. But it was a mere shell when found, and all the branches had fallen off before the stem itself had fallen. It had then been gradually buried, partially by its own weight and partially by the bog accumulating round it, so as in the end to cover it about a foot deep. The remains, however, were nearly as black and hard as ebony; and, thinking that it would be something of a curiosity, I have made it into two rustic chairs, which are specious and easy, and any one curious in such matters will find them ready for use. The tree must have been of large diameter, as the chairs are but the segments of a circle, and yet one of them in the widest place is about three and a half feet across, and one of the branches more than half a yard in diameter.

R. WOOD.

4, Broughton Place, Cheetham Hill.

A RECEIPT FOR BRAGGAT.

[249.] On reading over the letter of Geoffrey Melbrook on Mid-Lent in your impression of April 6th, I was put in mind of some lines sent with a simnel, some few years ago, to an old friend, and as they contain a receipt for making "Braggat," I forward them to you.

W. D.

In Lancashire we have a custom old,  
To feast on Sunday when half Lent is told,  
On cakes, the special make of Bury town,  
Which there with Braggat-cup are washed down.  
Some call it Simnelle Sunday, some say, Nay,  
'Tis Braggat Sunday that we call the day.  
Which name is right, or how the name arose,  
Is a moot point; but this I can depose,  
The custom is a good one, so I send  
A simnelle cake to thee, my worthy friend;  
And if to Braggat thou dost feel inclined,  
Just try the mixture which I've here defined:—  
Two fresh-laid eggs into a basin break;

Whip them well up, as if a cream you'd make ;  
 Then add of fine old rum a glass or so,  
 And let the mixture in a large jug go,  
 Whilst in a pan you seethe a quart of ale—  
 Not Bass's bitter, no, nor Alossp's pale,  
 But ale of the best sort that you can get  
 (Stone ale's a sort that makes a rare good whet).  
 Now, whilst the ale is bubbling on the fire,  
 Stir in moist sugar till it doth acquire  
 A liquorish taste; then grated nutmeg add  
 (A tablespoonful will not make it bad).  
 And when the liquor boils, just pour it o'er  
 The eggs and rum placed in the jug before;  
 Then in and out throw it a time or two,  
 Until well mingled is the mixture through;  
 Then once more to the pan—don't let it boil,  
 For, if you do, you sure the Braggat spoil,  
 The eggs would break and curdle; but, when hot,  
 Into a tankard pour the precious lot.  
 Then pass it round, as loving-cup of old  
 Was pass'd around at Christmas time, we're told.

"MARY BARTON" AND GREENHEYS FIELDS.

[250.] Mrs. Elizabeth C. Gaskell, wife of Rev. W. Gaskell, Unitarian minister, Manchester, in 1848 published *Mary Barton, a Tale of Manchester Life*. The following is a quotation:—

There are some fields near Manchester, well known to the inhabitants as "Green Hays Fields," through which runs a public footpath to a little village about two miles distant. In spite of these fields being flat and low—nay, in spite of the want of wood (the great and usual recommendation of level tracts of land)—there is a charm about them which strikes even the inhabitant of a mountainous district, who sees and feels the effect of contrast in these common-places but thoroughly rural fields, with the busy, bustling manufacturing town he left but half an hour ago. Here and there an old black and white farmhouse, with its rambling outhouses, speaks of other times and other occupations than those which now absorb the population of the neighbourhood. Here, in their season, may be seen the country business of hay-making, and ploughing, which are such pleasant mysteries for townspeople to watch; and here the artisan, deafened with noise of tongues and engines, may come to listen awhile to the delicious sounds of rural life; the lowing of cattle, the milk-maids' call, the catter and cackle of poultry in the old farmyards. You can not wonder, then, that these fields are popular places of resort at every holiday time; and you would not wonder, if you could see, or I properly describe the charm of one particular stile, that it should be on such occasions a crowded halting place. Close by it is a deep, clear pond, reflecting in its dark-green depths the shadowy trees that bend over it to exclude the sun. The only place where its banks are shelving is on the side next to a rambling farmyard belonging to one of those old-world, gabled, black and white houses I named above, overlooking the field through which the public footpath leads. The porch of this farmhouse is covered by a rose tree; and the little garden surrounding it is crowded with a medley of old-fashioned herbs and flowers,

planted long ago, when the garden was the only druggist's shop within reach, and allowed to grow in scrambling and wild luxuriance—roses, lavender, sage, balm (for tea), rosemary, pinks, and wallflowers, onions, and jessamine in most republican and indiscriminate order. This farmhouse and garden are within a hundred yards of the stile of which I spoke, leading from the large pasture field into a smaller one, divided by a hedge of hawthorn and blackthorn; and near this stile on the further side, there runs a tale that primroses may be found, and occasionally the blue sweet violet on the grassy hedge bank.

Would any of your numerous and well-informed correspondents kindly supply information concerning the probable site of De Quincey's residence and the village, field footpaths, and farms alluded to in the above interesting description. W. SURGE.

COMMENTS AND ANSWERS.

POST AND PETREL.

(No. 201, April 6; No. 240, April 27.)

[251.] Mr. Booker uses this term again in his "History of the Ancient Chapel of Denton" (Chetham Society, vol. xxxvii., page 23), where he speaks of Denton Hall as "an interesting specimen of the post and petrel style so common throughout Lancashire." He describes the hall as "built chiefly of timber, a foundation of masonry supporting a framework formed of vertical posts crossed by horizontal beams, and having the intervening spaces filled with plaster." Mr. Halliwell, in his Dictionary of Archaic and Provincial Words, gives the following:—Petrol. A kind of chalky clay, mentioned in Florio [i.e., "Florio's Queen Anna's New World of Words, or Dictionarie of the Italian and English Tongues,"] ed. 1611, p. 327. Petrel, then, seems to mean the plaster, or "daub," used in the outer walls. The word in the modern Italian dictionaries is "petrolio," but this means petroleum, rock-oil. CHAS. W. SUTTON.

To one not versed in architectural terms, it seems the most feasible way of replying to Query No. 201 by giving examples of buildings erected in the post and petrel style of architecture. The Rev. John Booker, M.A., F.S.A., in his History of the Ancient Chapel of Denton, speaking of this time-honoured fane, says: "As now seen it is substantially the same as when first built, being the only one of the more ancient chapels in Manchester parish still retaining those original architectural features which it is probable all once had in common. The chapel is constructed chiefly of timber, and in an ancient document in the patron's possession, is said to have been

framed in Hibbert wood,—a low footing or basement of stone supporting a strong framework of that material, with upright posts, divided into squares by horizontal beams extending the length of the building, the whole braced at intervals diagonally, and the spaces filled with plaster flush with the outer surface of the woodwork." Here post and plaster are the two principal words bearing on our text. Again, he says, "Denton Hall, without laying claim to any distinctive merit in its architectural details, is, nevertheless, an interesting example of the post and petrel style so common throughout Lancashire. It is built chiefly of timber, a foundation of masonry supporting a framework formed of vertical posts crossed by horizontal beams, and having the intervening spaces filled with plaster, some of these spaces being ornamented with quatrefoils." Here again the post and plaster are the distinctive features. Then in reference to Hyde Hall, in Denton, he says, "It is built in the picturesque half-timbered style so characteristic of the period. The framework is formed of timber, consisting of a number of heavy oak beams resting upon a foundation of masonry, and crossed in a lateral direction by others of the same character, the interstices or "panes," as they are technically termed, formed by this plaiding of the woodwork filled with a plaster or composition of mud and clay, additional support being obtained from substantial buttresses of stone in three and four stages placed at intervals along the walls." Here also post and plaster of clay and mud are the prime features of this style of architecture. The old chapel, let me add, will amply repay a visit.

S. LEES.

Clayton.

From my original query it might be inferred that I had met with a good deal about the "post and pan" style of building. It did not occur to me that "petrel" could be a misprint for or corruption of "pan." I rather wonder that it should occur to any one. Yet, are G. H. S. and W. R. Corson apparently not wrong in conjecturing that both terms mean the same thing? It only remains to seek the reason why, thereby endeavouring to convert guess into knowledge. We are aware that "petrel" in English, not only signifies "Mother Carey's chicken" (and, by the bye, why is that called "petrel"—Latham's Johnson has a [P] in the room of the stymon), but also "brest-plate." In this latter sense it comes to us

from the French "poitrail" through "paytrel" ("Her paytrel was of iral fine"—Scottish Ballads), and "poitril." But "poitrail," I find, is in French also the name e.g. of the cross-beam over the jamb of a doorway or shop. Hence "petrel"—"pan." Another derivation of "petrel" would be from the French "petrir," i.e. "to knead," not only dough but also "clay" or "loam." Finally, a reference may be permitted to *πετρος*, "stone," calling to mind the style of building in which pebbles embedded in a soft material are used in filling up the gaps left by the timber. Not impossible this, for a post laid crosswise is still a post, I opine.

As Mr. E. Waugh and G. H. S. (No. 172) merely quote from the Rev. Mr. Booker's book, and as by him, for aught I know, we may not be able any longer to receive light on the matter, perhaps S. Lees of Clayton, who used the term "post and petrel" less than a fortnight since (226 of the *City News* Notes and Queries) will oblige us.

At the worst this inquiry may yield a momentous issue. It may be the starting point of a novel practice—the practice, that is, to avoid employing terms the meaning of which we do not understand.

"Blow-shoppes," in the passage of Leland's by me referred to, appears unique. The explanation quoted, No. 240, scarcely tallies with the context.

A. S.

Manchester, 1st May, 1878.

#### THE BLACK KNIGHT.

(No. 231, April 27.)

[252.] Various reasons are assigned for this riding of the "black-lad," as the effigy is also called, one being that Sir John de Aasheton (1422) deputed his two sons, Robin and Rauf, to ride over certain lands and enforce certain penalties if the said "sour" lands contained more than a specified number of corn-marrigolds, the weed being difficult to extirpate and considered destructive to the land. These penalties were exacted with terrible rigour by the latter; and when by marriage he became Lord of the Manor of Middleton, he and his followers committed such outrages and excesses as brought the name of Sir Ralph de Aasheton into execration. He enforced the old feudal right when a vassal married, and this arbitrary exaction of a custom (which lay at the root of the first French revolution) it was which attached odium to his name. He was called Black Ralph rather from his character than from his armour. He

was the son of a second marriage, and it is said that his elder brother, the heir of Assheton, left a small sum to perpetuate the custom of guld-riding in association with the memory of his half-brother, who had made his name a sound of terror over both their lands.

I heard many legends of Black Ralph when I visited Ashton in my girlhood, and remember being shown an old tower to which he and his followers were said to carry off any girl they happened to take a fancy to, and keep her there by force. I was very young at the time, but I never forgot it. Harland and Wilkinson's Lancashire Folk Lore has an article on this subject.

ISABELLA BANKS.

From an old Gazetteer I take the following:—"A singular custom prevails here (Ashton-under-Lyne) on Easter Monday. The ceremony consists in preparing an effigy of a man in armour, i.e., the "Black Lad," which is fixed on horseback, and after being led in procession round the town, is dismounted at the Old Market Cross, where it is torn to pieces and the fragments usually burned amid the execrations of the populace. This custom, which is carefully maintained and attracts annually many thousands of spectators from distant places, originated in the reign of Henry VI. to commemorate the abhorrence in which Sir Ralph Assheton, one of the feudal proprietors of the soil, was held by the inhabitants on account of the merciless manner in which he exacted from his tenantry the fines and forfeits due to him as a baron, and the rigorous way in which he punished with the stocks, imprisonment, or death all offences committed within this manor. A field on the south-west side of the Old Hall . . . was the place of execution, and the spot is still known by the name of the 'Gallows Meadow.'" By the courtesy of Mr. C. W. Sutton, of the Reference Library, I have also seen a pamphlet entitled "The Black Knight of Ashton; being an account of a visit to Ashton-under-Lyne to witness the annual riding of the 'Black Lad,' with some tales and songs by the way." By Wm. E. A. Axon. There is a fund of interesting, historical, and antiquarian information to be found in this work well worthy J. C.'s perusal. It will be found in the Supplementary Catalogue of the Books in the Old Town Hall.

T.

[Mr. John Pollitt, of Newton Heath, also sends an account of Sir Ralph Assheton, and says the ceremony at Ashton is "now little better than an annual drunken spree."]

### QUERIES.

[253.] THE METHODISTS.—Would any of your informed contributors kindly communicate the why and wherefore of the several "splits" or divisions from the Wesleyan Connexion? These "splits" may be enumerated: New Connexion, Primitive Methodists, Warrenites, and Methodist Free Church. J. J.

[254.] MR. BRIGHT'S LAST QUOTATION.—Will you or any of your readers say where the following lines quoted by Mr. Bright, from "one of our not often-read poets," occurs:—

On this perhaps,  
This peradventure, infamous for lies,  
We build our mountain hopes, spin  
Our eternal schemes.

ALPHA.

May 3, 1878.

[255.] AN ART QUERY.—I have in my possession a very good but rude sketch of a farm building—I should think continental. The subject is very simple, but the execution of it in its details leads me to think that it must have been struck off by a master. In one corner there is to be made out, not any initials, but simply "York Square, 1836." If, amongst any of your numerous art correspondents, there should be one who could throw any light upon "York Square, 1836," I should be obliged.

J. W.

### THE LITERARY CLUB.

#### ANNUAL MEETING.

The annual business meeting at the close of the session of the Manchester Literary Club was held in the society's room at the Clarence Hotel, Piccadilly, on Monday evening. There was a large attendance. Mr. J. H. NODAL, the president, exhibited on behalf of Mr. William A. Turner, who was unable to be present, a copy of the *German* in the original covers as issued, in which state it is exceedingly scarce. The covers are valuable because they give the names of the authors of the several contributions, which do not appear in the work itself. The *German* was started in the spring of 1850 by the Pre-Raphaelite Brethren, and was intended to explain and illustrate their views in art, poetry, and literature. Only four numbers were issued, and at the third number the title was changed from the *German* to *Art and Poetry*. The contributors were Dante G. Rossetti (the first draft of whose "Blessed Damozel" appeared in the first number), William M. Rossetti, Calder Campbell, J. Collinson, Ford Madox Brown, Thomas Woolner, the sculptor, John Orchard (a painter of promise, who died in 1850), Walter H. Deverell, William Holman Hunt, and Miss Alleyn. The contents include a remarkable anonymous criticism upon Macbeth, in which the writer endeavours to prove that Macbeth had conceived the idea of usurping the throne of Scotland, and had actually communicated his guilty thoughts to his wife, before that interview with the witches which is popularly supposed to have first put the notion into his mind. The arguments and proofs brought forward by the writer to sustain his contention are of convincing cogency, and, of course, have an important bearing upon the interpretation of

the characters of Macbeth and Lady Macbeth. The four numbers of the *German*, originally published at a shilling each, were recently sold at an auction in London for £3. 12s., and he (the chairman) understood that as much as four guineas had been given for a complete set.

The HONORARY SECRETARY (Mr. Wm. E. A. Axon) read the annual report of the Council. It stated that the session had been crowded with work of an interesting and varied character, which, if wanting in predominating tendency or persistency in some special pursuit, yet reflected very fairly the multiplicity of the subjects which engage the attention of men of letters at the present time. General literature and criticism, history and archæology, and philology, had all been well represented in the papers read. There had also been contributions of a lighter nature, whilst the papers which might be expected to form a feature in a Lancashire literary society—those, namely, of a local or county interest—have formed a fair proportion of the number read, and have been of a more than ordinary importance and interest. During the recess the first two of a proposed series of visits to public or semi-public libraries were made—the first to the library and museum of the borough of Salford in Peel Park, and the second to the Chetham Library, Manchester. The object of these visits was to ascertain what materials are at the command of the student and the scholar in the libraries and museums of the district, and to see how far those stores of knowledge are doing the work for which they were designed among the people. The club last year compiled and issued a bibliography of Lancashire and Cheshire, giving a list of the publications of the two counties for the year 1876. It was highly praised in many journals, the *Bookseller* observing that “nothing so suggestive and so really useful to the general book-trade as this important record has hitherto been published in the provinces.” But it was a laborious as well as a costly undertaking, and as the promise to continue it was conditional upon an adequate response from the public and the book-trade, and that response had not been forthcoming, the further prosecution of the bibliography had been abandoned. It has been suggested that a section of the club might be established to deal with matters relating to books and libraries. This bibliographical section should consist of members connected with libraries or of those cognizant of the growing importance of bibliographical pursuits, and, in addition, of such librarians outside the club and others interested as chose to become associates. The fourth volume of papers was in the press, and will be illustrated by drawings contributed by the artist members. The accumulation of materials for the projected Biographical Dictionary of Lancashire Artists has been prosecuted with diligence, but it is still a moot point whether the club will be justified in undertaking the pecuniary responsibility of the work. In accordance with a suggestion of Sir Henry Cole, a memorial has been forwarded to the trustees of the British Museum asking them to include in the catalogue of books printed up to 1660 which they propose to issue not only those now in the library, but those known to exist elsewhere. Twenty-eight new members had been elected during the session. Nine had been removed from the list by death and other causes. The number now on the roll is 181. The honorary librarian reported an addition to the library of 150 volumes and pamphlets, including many privately-

printed works. The Council had to thank Mr. Edwin Waugh for a portrait of their late member, Samuel Bamford; Mr. Rowley for a valuable series of framed photographic portraits of eminent literary men: Mr. John Page for a chalk drawing of Mr. Joseph Chattwood, the first president of the club; Mr. George Hayes for a number of early sketches and engravings; Mr. Morgan Brierley for an original water-colour portrait of John Butterworth, the mathematician; Mr. Joseph Johnson (formerly of Manchester, now of Douglas, Isle of Man), for a fine engraving of Bradley's portrait of Peter Clare; Mr. John Evans for a large and fine engraved portrait of the Rev. Canon Parkinson; and Mr. Edward Williams for a volume of photographs of Clayton Old Hall.

The treasurer's accounts were presented by the auditors, Mr. J. E. Forbes and Mr. R. C. Alcock. They showed an income of £228; an expenditure of £196; and a balance in hand of £28.

On the motion of Mr. EDWARD KIRK, seconded by Mr. ARTHUR O'NEILL, the report was adopted. A few alterations in the rules were agreed to. The most important was one raising the annual subscription from fifteen shillings to one guinea, which was carried unanimously. The election of officers followed. It was found that the nominations exactly accorded with the number required, and the only changes were the appointment of the Rev. W. Anderson O'Connor, B.A., Mr. Ward Heys, and Mr. Walter Tomlinson, in place of the retiring members of the Council, Messrs. H. T. Crofton, John Evans, and J. H. E. Partington. On the motion of Mr. John Plant, a cordial vote of thanks was accorded to the Council for their services during the past year.

## FIELD NATURALISTS.

OPENING OF THE SUMMER SEASON: EXCURSION TO HOLFORD WOOD.

If a good beginning be a safe augury, then the coming summer season of the Manchester Field Naturalists and Archæologists' Society promises to be unusually enjoyable and successful. Last year the first excursion, delightful as it proved, was undertaken beneath heavy clouds and showers, by half a dozen persons who almost feared the consequences of their own temerity; this year, on Saturday last, a company of nearly seventy sallied forth beneath a bright sky, across warm, sunlit fields, and through musical woods. The excursion was under the conduct of Mr. William Johnson. This gentleman—who was born to be an African traveller and to explore the untrodden wilds—selected, as usual, “a new route.” The plan of the excursion was to leave the train at Plumley and work round by way of Holford Moss and Wood to Lostock Gramam, and it was carried out successfully.

The nomenclature of the district was, as Cheshire nomenclature often is, somewhat unique and puzzling, and became the theme of ingenious speculation. But the whole thing comes out quite clearly with the help of the genealogies. Good old Sir Peter Leycester, whose family seems to have been allied to all the families hereabouts, and who rarely fails us in a matter of this kind, records that about the time of Edward the Second one Thomas de Venables held Lostock. Most of the marriages in those days, notwithstanding what the authors of the Nut-brown Maid and the Lord of Bursleigh may say to the contrary, appear to have been prudent marriages, and Thomas de Venables held Lostock on behalf of his second wife, Joan de Los-

tock. Joan's first husband was William de Toft, younger son of Roger Toft of Toft. William de Toft's son Roger, who lived about 1316, took the surname of Holford, from the name of his place of residence, part of his estate being in Plumbley and part in Lostock-Gralam. The manor house in question is built on a ford, and this ford is situated in a hollow or hole, and the hollow was in former times environed by a wood or "holt." Hence there are three possible origins for the name of Holford, to wit, hole-ford, hall-ford, or holt-ford. Coming back now to Lostock-Gralam, we find that the before-mentioned Joan, the mother of the Holfords, was herself the grand-daughter of one Gralam, who was the son of Ricardus de Runchamp, who in his turn was the son of Hugh de Runchamp whose name heads the pedigree. It was after this Gralam inherited Lostock that it came to be known as Lostock-Gralam, and a learned hypothesis developed on Saturday last, and based on the known association of Arthurian incidents with the vicinity of Manchester—to the effect that the place was in some way connected with the search for the Lost Grail—must therefore be non-suited. But one would like to know more about this Gralam. His Christian name occurs attached to a "junction." This is all we know about him. Why has phonetic decay spared him? What did he do seven centuries ago? What was his character, what was his history, was he hated or beloved, that his name should haunt us to-day? One may turn over a *Brayshaw* and find a theme for speculation, the crystallization of a possible romance, in a railway-guide! Does he know that his name is perpetuated in this modern Domesday Book?

Following the fortunes of Gralam's descendants, the Holfords, one other figure stands out in the list of successors, the last of the name, who was called by James the First the Bold Lady of Cheshire. She was the heiress of Christopher Holford, and married Sir Hugh Cholmondeley. For more than forty years she was engaged in tedious lawsuits with her uncle, George Holford of Newborough, in Dutton, who, after her father's death, was the next male heir to the Holford estate. The mediation of friends at last prevailed, and the disputed lands were parted between the disputants. The Bold Lady survived her husband, and lived at Holford Hall, which "she builded anew, repseyred, and enlarged." Here she died in 1625, aged sixty-three years. Her son, who was made Earl of Leinster by Charles the First, bequeathed Holford to his natural son Thomas, who died in 1667, and was buried at Nether Peover. All that we know of him is the very exhaustive and detailed eulogium pronounced upon him by his chaplain, Mr. Kent, and confirmed by Sir Peter Leycester, according to which he was "a loyal subject, a good husband, a good father, a good master, a good landlord, a good neighbour, a good friend, a good Christian, and a good man." A man who could give satisfaction in all these several capacities, and secure the approval of those whom it concerned in each, is unquestionably worthy of a passing remembrance.

Leaving the station the walk lay for a short distance along a broad road. Near an orchard, on one of the apple trees in which the mistletoe was seen growing, the turnpike road was left and a pleasant field-path was taken. Then followed a succession of country lanes winding, tree-shaded, with haunted-looking hollows; and field-paths twisting round isolated cottages and opening out in unexpected places, which necessarily caused the frequent recall of the too self-confident van of the party,

and often led to the fulfilment of the Scriptures by causing the first to be last and the last first. In tufts overhanging the ponds and all along the margins of the ditches, great marsh marigolds grew profusely. May-flowers, the lavender, or half-mourning with which Nature pays her respects to the memory of departed winter, also of exceptionally large size, were blooming. All the blossoms were unusually large. The hedge-sides were arrayed as if in bridal costume with the lovely, demure anemone nemorosa, so large as almost to suggest convolvulus. The dog violets hung their "modest heads;" the hyacinths, half-open, gave promise of an early glow "infinite azure;" and the rose *lychnis* here and there, imparted a country ruddiness to the group of floral beauty.

The walk was chiefly through fields where the path was almost indistinguishable, being grass-grown. A brown stream which runs through the valley and bears the poetic name of Peover Eye was crossed, and accompanied for a short distance. Attention was called to the hyacinths in a cottage garden, showing how, like the daffodil, this flower loses its pendant character and becomes erect under cultivation. A pleasant chat with an old man of eighty or thereabouts—ten years more or less does not matter in such cases—who was delving with the vigour of Adam, and who held himself as erect as a lamp-post when accosted, occurred at one lane-end A portion of Halford Hall, which the Bold Lady repaired, is still standing. It is a moated dwelling chiefly of timber and plaster. The Field Naturalists did not visit it, but left it on the right, preferring on this occasion a ramble over the moss and through the wood. These constituted the *pièce de resistance* in the walk. The wood is spreading over the moss. Innumerable furied bracken stems, looking like green umbrella handles, gave promise of a glorious sea of fronds later on, and here also were gathered cotton grass and sphagnum, which latter has contributed so largely to the formation of peat bogs, and which Mr. Andrew Steels, in a volume on the subject quoted by Dr. Angus Smith, says he has observed to grow four feet in a year. Hereabouts also occurred the only botanical "find" of the afternoon, *Andromeda polifolia*, observed by Mr. Freeston. The great charm of the scene was due, however, to the young birches, which, spread over hollows and up the hill sides, presented fold after fold of the freshest green, and looked like emerald clouds resting on the slopes. A mass of darker green bounded the scene, crowning the loftier elevations, from which patriarchal Scotch firs looked down with a sober dignity on the young life around.

Lostock-Gralam, which was reached subsequently, appears to have added to itself many new red cottages since the opening of the railway; but it is a pleasant, clean, and cheerful-looking place nevertheless. Here tea was provided. The charge was very reasonable, and there was a liberal supply of sweet bread and butter and fresh eggs, worthy of the Vale Royal. It is true that in the kitchen, the possibility of utilizing a large boiler was ignored, and that the seventy were dependant upon a dear, small, old-fashioned poetical, singing kettle for the supply of hot water for tea. But this was simply charming. Is it not a pleasure to get now and then from the hurry and everlasting system of the town, to the leisure and simplicity of the country? And was not the inn called the "Slow and Easy?"

After tea there was a pleasant half-hour in the gardens at the back of the inn. Subsequently Mr. Grindon

delivered a brief address on some of the plants found, the chair being occupied by Dr. Bahin. Mr. John Hardy followed with some remarks on the "nodding" hyacinth, which loses the striking peculiarity which has caused the name of *saturn* to stick to it from pre-Linnean times, when it is removed for garden cultivation, and on the equisete. The party then returned to the station, and arrived in Manchester about nine o'clock.

#### SCIENCE NOTES.

Professor Huxley has been elected a Corresponding Fellow of the Royal Academy of Rome in the department of Natural History.

The Professors of the College of France have recommended M. Brown Sequard for the Chair of Physiology, vacated by the death of Claude Bernard; but being an English subject he is ineligible unless he accepts naturalization.

Four pairs of swifts were observed near London on Thursday. This is not the earliest arrival on record, but it is still so early as to give promise of a fine, warm summer, Sir Humphrey Davy counting the swift one of the oracles of nature.

The Rev. Robert Main, F.R.S., Radcliffe Observer at Cambridge University, died at the Observatory in that town on Thursday. He was formerly first assistant at the Royal Observatory at Greenwich, and was the author of several astronomical works.

There was an unusual paucity of ozone in the atmosphere during the past month. On seven days not the slightest trace was perceptible, and on eight days the quantity registered was extremely small. During a brief period, however, of comparatively high electrical tension—from the 1st to the 4th—which culminated in a thunderstorm ozone, was fairly developed; but from that period to the end of the month, despite an intervening, storm with vivid lightning, the registration once only rose to three degrees. Mr. R. H. Allnatt, of Cheltenham, who points out these facts, thinks meteorologists should take more cognizance than they do of this most essential atmospheric agent.

A good deal of discussion has been going on lately respecting the value and trustworthiness of the American storm warnings. Mr. R. H. Scott, secretary to the Meteorological Council, in a paper contributed to the *Nautical Magazine* for March, subjects the whole of the "warnings" received last year to a careful examination, and compares each one separately with the actual weather which prevailed in these islands and their neighbourhood at the time to which the prediction referred. The general results of Mr. Scott's inquiry are as follows: That out of forty predictions received only seven could be classed as absolute successes, ten were partially successful, six were in a "very slight" degree successful, while seventeen, or not very far short of half, were absolute failures

Various successful observations of the transit of Mercury were made on Monday. The two French astronomers sent to the Salt Lake, M. André of Lyons and M. Angot of Paris, were able to take seventy-eight photographic proofs of various stages of the transit. They state that the emerging of Mercury from the sun's disc confirmed Leverrier's theory of the planet's motion. Satisfactory observations and photographs of the transit of Mercury were taken at the Government Observatories at Washington and West Point. At the Mendon Observatory M. Janssen was able to perceive Mercury before its entrance on to the solar disc, a phenomenon also observed in Japan in 1874, proving the existence of a vast gaseous atmosphere round the sun, a discovery made by M. Janssen in 1871, and styled by him "a coronal atmosphere." He also obtained a spectrum analysis of Mercury's atmosphere, the composition of which is still unknown, and succeeded in getting a photograph of the planet a quarter of an hour after the transit began. Its real diameter may therefore be ascertained. At Aberdeen the transit was observed by Lord Lindsay, Mr. Ranyard, Dr. Copeland, Mr. Carpenter, and Herr Lohse, and photographed by Mr. Davis.

#### ART NOTES.

The son of Mr. Robert Browning, the "enigmatic" poet, is one of the exhibitors at the Royal Academy exhibition this year. He has definitely chosen art as his profession.

Mr. Ruskin is now so completely restored to health as to be able to resume work. He is revising and adding to the notes by which he has illustrated the exhibition of his Turner's drawings. The seventh edition of this work in much altered form is just ready.

The collection of pictures belonging to Mr. Alexander Brogden, M.P., were sold without reserve on Saturday in London, and produced £10,495. The *Gleaner's Return*, by William Linnell, sold at the Manley Hall Sale for £690, brought £640. 10s. A *Harvest Sunset*, by old John Linnell, sold for £266. A *Lancashire Witch*, by William Bradley of Manchester, brought £65.

Two pictures by Turner, formerly in the collection of Mr. Windus and afterwards in that of Mr. Gillott, were sold in London on Saturday, as the property of a nobleman. Going to the Ball, San Martino, Venice, gondolas, with figures (evening), exhibited at the Royal Academy, 1846: and *Returning from the Ball, early morning*, the companion picture, each brought £1,200. In the Gillott sale, 1872, the first-named sold for 1,700 guineas and the last for 1,500 guineas,

Saturday, May 11, 1878.

NOTE.

THE SOCIETY OF FRIENDS AND SUNDAY-SCHOOLS.  
[256.] The *Times* (see weekly edition April 26) seems to think that the fact of his being a member of the Society of Friends is in itself sufficient to account for Mr. Bright never having been engaged, as he told his Rochdale hearers on Good Friday, in the work of a Sunday-school teacher. The *Times* is not omniscient, but it is not a little strange that the Editor of that journal should never have heard of the celebrated First-day Schools at Birmingham conducted by Friends. There are other schools of a like nature in the hands of Friends, but those at Birmingham are almost of world-wide fame.

Wirksworth.

C. H. COLLYNS.

COMMENTS AND ANSWERS.

THE REV. JOSHUA BROOKES.  
(Nos. 229 and 239.)

[257.] For further notices of him see Chambers's *Book of Days*, vol. ii., p. 568-70; and also the *Manchester Courier* of December 11, 1866, where, under the heading of an article called "The Boscruicians," an amusing anecdote (before unpublished) and also other information is given. G. W. NAPIER.

Permit me to put Mr. Philip Wentworth right as regards the little anecdote relating to the eccentric Joshua Brookes. The wedding alluded to was not that of a daughter of the Mr. Hyde mentioned therein, but a distant relative of the same name. Mr. Hyde's daughter was not married for many years afterwards. The anecdote is quite correct in other respects.

T. P.

MR. BRIGHT'S LATEST QUOTATION.  
(No. 254, May 4.)

[258.] Mr. Bright's last quotation is from Young's *Night Thoughts*:—Night I., lines 377-380.

JOHN BRISTOW.

The passage from "one of our not often read poets," which Alpha alludes to as Mr. Bright's last quotation, is from Dr. Young's *Night Thoughts*:—

On this perhaps,  
This peradventure infamous for lies,  
we build

Our mountain hopes, spin out eternal schemes.

Mr. Bright quoted from the same poem in his speech to his constituents at Birmingham last January,

introducing his remarks on the experience gathered from the Crimean war, with the lines:—

'Tis wise to talk with our past hours,  
And ask them what report they bore to heaven.

The last time the late Lord Brougham was in Manchester he quoted from Dr. Young's *Satires* a passage that was forcibly brought to my memory while listening to Mr. Bright last Tuesday:—

One to destroy is murder by the law,  
And gibbets keep the lifted hand in awe;  
To murder thousands takes a specious name,  
War's glorious art, and gives immortal fame.

The passage alluded to by Alpha is not Mr. Bright's latest quotation; in his subsequent speech, acknowledging the vote of thanks, he quoted the following from Cowper's *Task*, but some of the newspapers seem to have not recognized the quotation:—

War is a game which, were their subjects wise,  
Kings would not play at.

A. W. THOMAS.

The quotation given by Mr. John Bright on Tuesday last is from the First Night in Young's *Night Thoughts*. I give the whole of the passage, underlining the words quoted by Mr. Bright, so that they may be distinguished as by italics:—

By Nature's law, what may be, may be now;  
There's no prerogative in human hours.  
In human hearts what bolder thoughts can rise  
Than man's presumption on to-morrow's dawn?  
Where is to-morrow? In another world.  
For numbers this is certain; the reverse  
Is sure to none; and yet, on this *Perhaps*,  
*This Peradventure, infamous for lies*,  
As on a rock of adamant, *we build*  
*Our mountain hopes, spin our eternal schemes*,  
As we the Fatal Sisters would outspin,  
And big with life's futurities expire.

JAMES GLOSSOP, Sen.

Winton, May 6, 1878.

"MARY BARTON" AND GREENHEYS FIELDS.  
(No. 250, May 4.)

[259.] At the point where Oxford Road becomes Rusholme village, strikes off Moss Lane East, a lane which eventually terminates in Chester Road, a little beyond Hulme Church. A part of this lane—that nearest to the Oxford Road end—runs through what were the Greenheys fields, now, alas, no longer existent, being covered by the multitudinous dwellings called Moss Side. Two or three of the farms alluded to in the above-named tale have disappeared. Flints farm was one. It stood on the left of the lane opposite to the present Alexandra Hotel. On this hotel site, or close to it, stood a fine old country mansion, the once



residence of Thomas Pickford, the carrier, called Mayfield. Mayfield! The very name is redolent and suggestive of sweetness, softness, and geniality. A field's length to the left of where Flint's farm stood stands the farm which Mrs. Gaaskell so pleasantly describes, now a decayed reminiscence of the past. By this farm and pond runs the pathway through the east end of Alexandra Park on to the village of Chorlton-cum-Hardy, once one of the most charming country walks imaginable. The nearest route from Manchester proper to this anciently truly rural neighbourhood was by Boundary Lane, starting out of Oxford Road, which lane near the end of Burlington-street skirted the grounds of Greenhill, the residence of De Quincey's father, the remembrance of which is kept by Greenhill-street. I must differ with Mrs. Gaaskell's description as to "want of wood," for each field was completely screened from its neighbour by a profusion of hedgerow timber trees, which thoroughly embowered a lot of deep, dark, glossy pools, named from their number the Twenty Pits. Thus the sequestered and secluded character of these wood-enclosed fields were their great charm—a charm so felt that many a Manchester youth, whom circumstances have placed in distant lands and in scenes of greater pretension, have often sighed at the remembrance of their quiet, soothing, and homely beauty. JAMES BURY.

May 6th, 1878.

THE METHODISTS.

(Query No. 253, May 4.)

[260.] To give the information your correspondent "J. J." desires would, I fear, occupy more space than you could spare. Perhaps it will suffice to indicate where the information may be found, though even to name merely all these would take up a considerable portion of your space. I name four, and if your correspondent has the opportunity of visiting our Free Reference Library in King-street, he will there find Nos. 1, 2, and 3. No. 4 should be in the hands of everybody.

1. Gardener's "Faiths of the World."
2. Chambers's Encyclopædia.
3. Blunt's "Dictionary of Sects." And note the remark, page 312: "The following article will deal with the history, organization, principles, and practices of the original body, and the offshoots of it will be noticed in succeeding articles in chronological order."

4. Whitaker's Almanack for 1878, page 157.

FRANCIS M. JACKSON.

The New Connexion detached itself from the parent stem in 1797. Its doctrine and order are the same, the only difference being that it admits one layman to each minister into the Conference, and allows the former to share in the transaction of all business, both secular and spiritual.

The Primitive Methodists, who profess to adhere more strictly to the original discipline of Methodism, were formed into a society in 1810, though the founders had left the older society some years previously. The immediate cause of the "split" was as to the propriety of camp meetings for religious purposes; and, in opposition to the Conference of 1803, they admit female preachers. They likewise admit two lay delegates to the Conference for every minister.

There was another split in 1813—the Independent Methodists—who are chiefly distinguished by their rejection of a paid ministry.

The Methodist Free Church was formed by the fusion of two sections of the Methodist body, the Wesleyan Association—which originated in the schism of Dr. Warren in 1834, the principal points of difference appearing to have been with reference to the constitution of the Conference—and the Wesleyan Reform Association, which took its rise in 1849 through the expulsion of several ministers from the parent body on a charge of insubordination.

EDWARD NIXON.

West Park-street, Salford.

MR. SIMS REEVES.

(Nos. 159, 175, 188, 205, and 235.)

[261.] Reference to the Manchester papers (I think the *Guardian*) will reveal the fact that some of the criticisms upon Mr. Reeves's vocal efforts, prior to his Italian training, were of a very severe character, being in effect that it was painful to listen to him, owing principally to the almost deafening power he chose to display in certain passages of his music. Some of the earlier criticisms were simply remonstrative upon this fault, but as Mr. Reeves evidently thought he knew best and went on his own course, his critics grew savage and did not spare him. My own recollections of him certainly corroborate these strictures. He was then a mere boy, slightly built, and I should say an inch or two lower in stature than now. His voice also had very much the character of a boy's, being in reality a counter-tenor, ranging up to C in alto (a note he was very fond of displaying); but as to sweetness, expression, and quality of tone,

they were wholly wanting; and hence such songs as "All is lost" were in his hands utter failures. I heard him in *Sonnambula* at the Old Theatre, where I understood at the time he was paid thirty shillings a night, but at occasional concerts in Manchester he would rarely obtain more than a guinea. But what a change was there when he returned from his continental visit! Physique, deportment, voice, and judicious use of it, had all undergone such a marvellous metamorphosis that I could not trace a single feature of the vocalist of two or three years before. On his re-appearance in Manchester, at a concert at the Free Trade Hall, he sung, by request, Beethoven's "Adelaide" (not in the programme), which at once stamped him as one of the first vocalists in Europe.

R. E. BIBBY.

Denton.

#### QUERIES.

[262.] PETER-STREET CHAPEL.—The Alexandra Music Hall was once a chapel, known as Peter-street Chapel. Can any of your readers inform me to what denomination it belonged, what year it ceased to be a chapel, and to what chapel the congregation which worshipped in it have removed? J. JOHNSON.

Hulme.

[263.] DOB LANE CHAPEL.—Can any of your numerous correspondents oblige me with a list of the ministers who have preached in Dob Lane Chapel; also with any particulars relative to the founding of the congregation? I have read somewhere that prior to 1770 the chapel was so well attended that seats had often to be placed in the aisle to accommodate worshippers.

R. E. R.

May 8, 1878.

[264.] THE MOON.—After coming out of church last Sunday the exceeding charm of a spring evening caused me to prolong my walk through the fields. Coming home I noticed the moon's attractive loveliness. It was what is generally called a new moon, but it was plain to be seen that something covered the rest of her face as if veiled. It appeared plain that all the moon was there, but that something shaded it. Can any of your correspondents explain how it is and what it is? R. RADCLIFFE.

Rusholme, May 7, 1878.

[265.] FOUNDATION STONES.—Can any of your readers account for the fact that, notwithstanding the very general custom which prevails in this part of the country of placing documents, newspapers, and specimens of the current coin under the foundation or corner stone of public buildings, one never hears

(at least I never did) of such mementoes being discovered when public buildings are demolished. Within the last two years we have had two churches razed to the ground in Manchester—St. Paul's, Turner-street, and St. George's, Rochdale Road—but in neither case have I heard of any records being found. Is it because the custom did not exist when those edifices were built? If anyone can enlighten me on this point, or name a single instance where such discoveries have been made, I shall feel obliged.

E. W.

Choriton-upon-Medlock.

[266.] WHIT-WEEK OR WHITSUN-WEEK?—The *Daily News*, in a leading article which appeared on Easter Monday, and had reference to that holiday, said:—"In the North of England, and especially in Lancashire, it is run hard by the first two days of the week which northerners, in defiance of etymology and tradition, persist in calling Whit-week. But the North of England, if it works harder than the south, indemnifies itself by a larger number of set holidays, and its devotion to Whitsun-week does not make it by any means oblivious of Easter." Here we have the words Whit-week and Whitsun-week placed in juxtaposition, and are told authoritatively that neither etymology nor tradition justifies the use of the form "Whit-week." It is desirable that the point should be cleared up. The *Daily News* is quite correct in saying that Whit-week is the form commonly used in Lancashire and the North of England. On what grounds is it declared to be inaccurate?

ALF. GREY.

BIRDS OF PARADISE.—The London Zoological Society have just made an important addition to their aviaries in the shape of two birds of paradise, which arrived from Paris late on Thursday night. On his return from a collecting tour in the Eastern Archipelago last winter, Mr. Leon Langlaize brought with him from Ternante four fine living specimens of these splendid birds, which had been obtained from their native wilds in New Guinea some time previously. During the winter these birds have been kept in a closed aviary in the Jardin des Plantes at Paris, the atmosphere of the French capital at that season having been naturally supposed to be more suitable to these delicate creatures than that of London. An arrangement, however, was made by the London Zoological Society with their owner that, should he succeed in wintering them in Paris, two of them should be transferred to the Regent's Park so soon as the weather should permit. The paradise birds thus acquired are both cocks in full plumage, and it is therefore necessary to keep them in separate compartments. They have been placed in the western aviary immediately to the right of the principal entrance. They belong to the species called by the naturalists the lesser bird of paradise (*Paradisæa papuana*). The only living birds of paradise which have previously been brought to this country were two of the same species which were purchased for the society at Singapore, by the celebrated naturalist Mr. A. R. Wallace, and brought home by him when he returned from his Eastern travels in 1862.

## THE HISTORY OF A THROSTLE'S NEST.

MOSCOW, MAY 8, 1878.

Of such country life as we find to be still possible here, there is no part so delightful or so free from the sophistication of the approaching town as that which appertains to the habits and to the music of our feathered friends and neighbours. Inside our enclosures the birds are jealously preserved and guarded. We give them all the protection we can; and probably our place is to them not only a home, but also an asylum and a refuge. They take what they can get unmolested and ungrudged, and we think ourselves well repaid by the pleasure of listening to their songs and of watching their artless and artful ways.

This morning I found that the young throistle in the nest on the ivied post had taken its departure. This completes my domestic history of a throistle's nest; unless, as is very probable, we should be blessed with a second brood. In that case I must write another chapter. It was on the sixth of April that I first observed the nest. It was then newly-plastered with wet dung or clay, and lined with a little rotten wood. On the ninth the first egg was laid; and on the tenth and eleventh I found the second and third. The thrush often lays four or five eggs; but in this case there were not more than three. The bird then began to sit, and I have visited her every day since. I always took food with me, and gave a low whistle when I approached her nest, so that she knew when I was coming and was not startled. At first she flew away at the sound of my whistle; but afterwards she began to know me, and would sit still until I was within hand's-reach of the nest. On the twenty-fourth one egg was hatched; and as thirteen days is, I think, the usual period of incubation, this was probably the last of the three. By the following day the young bird had grown considerably, and the yellow mouth was wide open. On the twenty-ninth a small perforation had been made in one of the remaining eggs, apparently by the beak of the old bird, but no more chicks have been hatched. On the second of May the little creature began to show its plumage—on the crown of the head, on the wings, and down the centre of the back. On the fourth it was almost entirely feathered, and was so large that

it seemed to fill the nest. If there had been three birds instead of one, this particular mother would have been in the same quandary as that old lady familiar to the nursery, who had to rear her numerous progeny in an incommodious shoe. Finally, as I have already said, the fledging took its flight to-day, the eighth of May, or about fourteen days after the time when it was hatched.

The nests are now very numerous. This week I have come upon several. Two blackbirds have built on an old ivy-covered wall between the farm-yard and the garden. The nests are worked into the ivy, and are somewhat sheltered by a row of poplars in front of them. They are about eight feet from the ground, and in one of them the hen sits quite still, with her head over the edge of the nest, while I stand underneath and look at her. In a field near the pond, embedded in a tuft of dry rushes, there is a small nest which contains four tiny, dullish brown eggs; I am not sure yet to what bird these may belong; and on a stump in an exposed situation I found, a few days since, the nest of a warbler or hedge-sparrow. Here, too, there were four eggs, but of a light blue, and the most beautiful I have seen,

Those bright blue eggs together laid!  
On me the chance-discovered sight  
Gleamed like a vision of delight.

In the meadows just now the dandelion is making a glorious show—turning the green, in fact, into cloth of gold, such as the old knights might have jousted upon. I hope we are none of us vulgar enough to despise this flower because it is so common. It is neither fragrant in smell nor delicate in form, but it is strong and beautiful, bold and buxom—the saucy queen of the vernal bevy. My tastes are, perhaps, depraved; but I must confess that I have even connived at the existence of a stray specimen of this flower in my garden, on a bit of rock-work or in some out-of-the-way corner visited only by myself.

It is pleasant to find that even the dandelion has at last found its laureate. Mr. J. Russell Lowell, the American poet, in some recent verses, which are worth preservation, thus sings its praises:—

Dear, common flower, that grow'st beside the way,  
Fringing the dusty roads with harmless gold!

First pledge of blithesome May,  
 Which children pluck, and, full of pride, uphold—  
 High-hearted buccanears,—o'erjoyed that they  
 An Eldorado in the grass have found,  
 Which not the rich earth's ample round  
 May match in wealth!—thou art more dear to me  
 Than all the proud gay summer blooms may be.

Gold such as thine ne'er drew the Spanish prow  
 Through the primeval hush of Indian seas,  
 Nor wrinkled the lean brow  
 Of age, to rob the lover's heart of ease,  
 'Tis the Spring's largesse, which she scatters now  
 To rich and poor alike with lavish hand,  
 Though most hearts never understand  
 To take it at God's value, but pass by  
 The offered wealth with unrewarded eye.

Thou art my tropics and my Italy:  
 To look at thee unlocks a warmer clime;  
 The eyes thou givest me  
 Are in the heart and heed no space or time;  
 Not in mid June the golden cuirassed bee  
 Feels a more Summer-like, warm ravishment,  
 In the white lily's breezy tent  
 His conquered Sybaris, than I, when first  
 From the dark green thy yellow circles burst.

GEOFFREY MELBROOK.

### OLD ANCOATS.

#### ITS HISTORY AND NOTABILITIES.

On Tuesday evening the first lecture to the members of the Ancots Hall Working Men's Social Club was delivered by Mr. William E. A. Axon, M.R.S.L., who had appropriately selected as the subject of his discourse Old Ancots. There was a large attendance of members. The chair was occupied by Mr. Neville Clegg, who briefly introduced the lecturer.

Mr. Axon said that there was very little in the appearance of Ancots now that would suggest the "forest primeval," yet it was believed that the great forest of Arden extended to this district, but even in Saxon times it began to diminish. It was doubtful at what date some portion of its sylvan glories was displaced by the hamlet of Ancots or Antecotes. Somewhere between 1199 and 1231 Ralph de Ancotes had a grant from the baron of Manchester of all the land of Ancotes for a rent of six and eightpence at the four yearly terms. In 1295 Henry de Ancotes conveyed an acre of land, with a house and yard or garden, to Alexander le Tinctore de Mamecestre. At the close of the thirteenth century, Robert the son of Robert the son of Simon Tinctore gave two ridges of his land to

Alexander de Mamcestre. These names showed that three generations of dyers had been connected with the district. It was a not improbable indication of the early period at which the woollen manufacture and its allied industries were carried on here. Mr. Axon gave particulars of successive transfers of property amongst the families of Ancotes, Chadertons, de Holyngworths, Byrons, and Traffords. Towards the end of the fifteenth century, the two last-named powerful local families held possession and were returned as tenants in the rental of 1472. The town of Manchester would then be separated by stretches of woodlands and fields from the little hamlet of Ancots which had its messuages and orchards, its green lanes leading to the rural bridge over the then clear bright stream of the Medlock. There was a Stanigate and Stonylands, the cause of grief to the agriculturalist; there were the Claycrofts and the Kilnlands in suggestive proximity. There was the Wallbank, the Bridge Furlong, the Smithystead, the Longmere, the Hardacre, the Knoll, the Shortcroft, and the Middlecroft. There was the waste of Elendeye, and a mysterious locality known as the Ringherddel S horteyns. On the Broad Green, we may hope that those who helped the dyers and tended the orchards and farms of the squires, and in all other ways contributed to the prosperity of Ancots, enjoyed many pleasant hours of mirth and sport. From the Byrons, Ancots passed to the Mosleys, who were in their old home at Hough End as early as 1465. The sons of Edward Mosley, who died there in 1571, were active and enterprising men, and engaged largely in the woollen manufacture, then the staple trade of Manchester. Nicholas, the eldest, when nearly fifty, settled in London to superintend the export of their goods, and in 1599 became Lord Mayor, and was knighted by good Queen Bess. He bought the manor of Manchester for £3,500. His brother Anthony, who cautiously declined to serve as constable—an office of honour—in 1603 on account of the plague, bought the estate and hall of Ancots. Amongst other members of the family of whom the lecturer gave particulars was Nicholas Mosley, of Ancots, who had to compound with Parliament as a cavalier "delinquent." A curious illustration of the danger and difficulty of communication was shown by him sending £82 in gold to London in a girdle! He was a friend of Humphrey Chetham, and of Bishop Brideoake, and wrote a book on the Soul of Man, which was published in 1653. The restoration was a source of great joy to the Squire of Ancots. He organized a procession of men and boys, who marched with drums and banners to Manchester, where the conduit ran with claret, in which the health of King Charles was drunk bareheaded with great enthusiasm. Although a

strict Episcopalian he was a man of tolerant spirit, and paid Adam Martindale nobly for teaching mathematics after his rejection in 1662. He was also a friend of Henry Newcome's. His sister Mrs. Margaret Moseley, of the Ancoats, "a very pious, prudent, gentlewoman," was the second wife of another of the 2,000 Nonconformist ministers, the Rev. John Angier. After further sketching the family history, Mr. Axon alluded to the tradition that the Young Pretender visited Ancoats Hall in disguise in 1744. This rested upon very slight foundation, and he did not credit it. The last Moseley resident at the Hall was Sir John Parker Moseley, who received the third baronetcy granted to the family. On March 24th, 1782, he gave a grand ball to celebrate the majority of his son Oswald. The four hundred guests included the most notable of the nobility, gentry, and inhabitants of Manchester. His popularity was shown by the long procession which left the hall in 1786 when its owner was High Sheriff. Towards the close of the last century the Moseleys sold their ancient home to Mr. George Murray, who afterwards pulled it down and built the present structure upon its site. Even in the early part of the present century the scene was picturesque. Mr. George Richardson had well described its landscape of "Fertile valleys, and meadows well wooded; here and there the gleaming bosom of the Medlock might be seen circling its way—

Singing a song of peace by many a cottage home; beyond the river, undulating land with clumps of trees, lifting up their various-tinted heads; humble homesteads were scattered upon the scene, and smoke, the indication of man's habitation, was seen curling in relief from the quiet glory of the hills which unfold the landscape. The fascination is over,—the hands of Time and Change have been upon it,—the scene is faded,—the old hall is no more." The lecturer then referred to the connection with the district of Sir William Fairbairn, Henry Liverseege, Charles Swain, Richard Fuxton, Edward Hobson, Elijah Dixon, and William Hepworth Dixon. Ancoats had been the scene of many stirring events connected with the social and political history of the present century. There occurred the "twisting-in" of 1812, when a peaceful meeting of artisans was broken up by Nad's, the constable, and a band of soldiers. Thirty-eight men were put in peril of transportation by the testimony of a spy sent amongst them by the magistrates. The object of the authorities appeared not to have been the removal of discontent, but the prevention of its expression. So long as the people were willing to starve in silence their rulers were content. Victor Hugo says that when the poor have nothing else left, they will eat the rich. Some approach to the fulfilment of this uncomfortable prediction was seen in the famine

riots of 1823. In 1829, a factory was wrecked in Mather-street. In the seven centuries covered by this retrospect what momentous changes have taken place. The Broad Green has disappeared, the orchards of the Hopwood and the granges of the Traffords, the green lanes, the bright woodlands have been covered over by the habitations of man. The little hamlet is now a mighty hive of industry. The hand of the Ancoats artisan stretches forth to the ends of the earth. Whilst we glory in the progress and prosperity of the present we may regret the disappearance of the clear stream, the green lanes, the merry songbirds, the smokeless sky that made fair and beautiful the old Ancoats that has for ever passed away.

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 WAS CLEOPATRA AN EGYPTIAN?—A correspondent of the *Gentleman's Magazine* raises a question with regard to Cleopatra in Tennyson's *Dream of Fair Women*. "Why," he asks, "should Cleopatra be described as Egyptian? Was she not of the purest Greek blood? The founder of the line of the Ptolemies was a Greek; all his successors were Greeks, and the peculiarity of the family was that they only intermarried among themselves, marrying within degrees of consanguinity, which would appear to us shocking, in order to keep up the pure succession of Greek blood. If I remember rightly, Plutarch tells us of the influence Cleopatra obtained by her knowledge of languages, which enabled her to talk to all races of her subjects in their own tongues, whereas most of her predecessors did not even take the trouble to learn the dialect of the Egyptians. Mr. Galton, I think, in his work on 'Hereditary Genius,' finds an argument on this constant intermarrying of the Ptolemies. The late Mr. Ths. L. Peacock found fault with Tennyson long ago for treating the Queen of Egypt as an Egyptian; but Tennyson has supporters among men who do not simply assume that an Egyptian queen must needs be an Egyptian woman. Mr. Hawthorne has somewhere tried to make out that she was Egyptian, that she became transformed into an Egyptian in some mysterious way by the influence of climate. But I cannot see how the influence of climate for a few generations, even though it might darken a woman's cheek, could convert the daughter of pure Greeks into an African. Suppose the daughter of the English Consul at Canton marries a young Englishman, and their daughter marries another Englishman, would their daughter again (or carry it on for a few generations if you like) be a Chinese woman? Yet this sort of succession would not represent anything like the care taken to keep the Ptolemies Greek; for of the English husbands I have suggested some might have had foreign—and perhaps even Chinese—mothers. How, then, can Cleopatra have been anything but Greek? I think Mr. Story, the American sculptor, has nevertheless persisted in making her Egyptian. On the other hand, Mr. Poynter, A.R.A., has lately, in a lecture, argued very properly that she ought to be treated, in art as in history, as a pure Greek."

## LITERARY NOTES.

The Earl of Carnarvon has been elected President of the Society of Antiquaries in the place of Mr. Frederick Ouvry, who, to the regret of the members, resolutely declined to be re-nominated for the office.

Mr. Earwaker's History of East Cheshire is severely handled in the last *Saturday Review*. The title of the book, it says, is a misnomer, as it is not a history, but simply a collection of documents, the raw materials of history. It lacks "breadth of view and all grace of literary style and descriptive art. Nothing could be drier or more uninviting than the successive accounts of the several parishes, accurate it may be to the minutest detail, but uninformed with light and life." And much more to the same effect.

The Rev. Walter William Skeat, M.A., has been elected to the recently founded Professorship of Anglo-Saxon at Cambridge University. There were three candidates, but the choice of Mr. Skeat was unanimous. The appointment is one upon which the University is to be congratulated. Mr. Skeat, a native of London, is in his forty-third year. He is a most indefatigable worker, and has rendered invaluable service to all students of early English literature and English etymology. The stipend of the new professorship is £500 a year.

Burns's Cottage near Ayr—the birthplace of the Poet—is no longer a public-house. A correspondent of the *Alliance News*, writing from Ayr, says that "within the last few days the drink sign has been deleted and the cottage purged of the drink. The property belongs to the Shoemakers' Corporation of Ayr. The traffic was too valuable to let slip, however, and the liquor is now sold next door, in a house belonging to the same body, and contiguous to the cottage." It is pleasant to reflect that the desecration is at an end so far as the poet's house itself is concerned.

A small but interesting bequest has recently fallen to the lot of Wadham College, Oxford. Attracted by the sews that the College already possessed some Spanish books which had found their way thither in the last century, the executors of the well-known Quaker bibliophile, Mr. Benjamin Wiffen, brother of J. H. Wiffen, the translator of Tasso, have presented to the College library the greater part, if not the whole, of Mr. Wiffen's valuable and curious collection, bearing mostly on the lives and works of the Spanish Reformers. The *Saturday Review*, from which we obtain this piece of information, gives a most interesting account of the incidents which attended Wiffen's search after these rare, forgotten, and well-nigh unobtainable volumes. The story will deservedly rank among the romances of book-hunting.

## ART NOTES.

Mr. P. F. Poole, R.A., has been elected a member of the Institute of Painters in Water Colours (formerly called the New Society), and Mr. J. Fulleylove and Harry Hine have been elected associates.

The late Mr. Joseph Bonomi has bequeathed to the Royal Academy the portrait of Mr. Prince Hoare by himself, and touched by Gainsborough; and the portrait of his (testator's) father, Joseph Bonomi, A.R.A., by Rigaud, R.A.

Professor C. E. Norton, of Cambridge, Massachusetts, is about to issue a set of heliotype reproductions of Turner's designs of the Liber Studiorum. They are to be made from etchings lent by Mr. Ruskin for the purpose, and will be issued to subscribers only ten dollars a set.

The variableness of picture values has again been illustrated in the sale of the remaining portion of Mr. John Heugh's collection, which took place in London on Saturday. David Cox's Junction of the Severn and Wye, Chepstow Castle in the distance, a large and important drawing, from the Ellison collection, exhibited at Manchester, 1857, and International, 1862, sold in the sale of Mr. A. Levy's collection, 1876, for £577. 10s., sold now for £420. P. de Wint's View of Gloucester from St. Catherine's Hill, which sold in the Ellison sale, in 1874, for £640. 10s., now brought only £262. 10s. J. M. W. Turner's Patterdale, from the Gillott collection, in the sale of which it sold for £850. 10s. in 1872, now brought £388. 10s.; Caerlaverock Castle, from the Novar collection, sold in 1877 for £200, now for £189; Abbeville, vignette, engraved in Scott's prose works—£178. 10s., sold in the Novar collection, 1877, for £288; Vincennes, vignette, engraved in Scott's works, the shooting of the Duke d'Enghien, from the Novar collection, when it sold for £147, now for £115. 10s.; Marly, from the Novar collection, when it sold for £367. 10s., now for £409. 10s.; Bedford, a river view of the town, from the Novar collection, and engraved in the "England and Wales" series—£399, sold in the Novar collection for £504. In the same sale The Carpenter's Shop—Christ as a boy, the well known early work of J. E. Millais, sold for £472. 10s.; Holman Hunt's Scapegoat, £504; Portrait of Lady Raeburn, by Sir Henry Raeburn, 610 guineas; Crossing the Brook, by H. Thomson, 750 guineas; View in Shropshire, by Gainsborough, 500 guineas; a small painting (20 in. by 16 in.), The Madonna and Child, by Murillo, gave rise to a spirited competition, and was secured by Mr. Agnew for 500 guineas.

Saturday, May 18, 1878.

NOTES.

THE DANDELION AND THE POPPY.

[287.] I am pleased to read that the despised dandelion (*dent de lion*, or lion's tooth) has found its laureate in J. Russell Lowell. Has the common scarlet poppy of the fields, whose welcome glow in the corn-fields in autumn one sees with delight, found its laureate? I should be pleased to see that it has. I came the other day on some well-meant lines by Jane Taylor which greatly disappointed me. She moralized, I thought, very unnecessarily on the "gaudy weed," commencing thus:—

High on a bright and sunny bed  
A scarlet poppy grew,  
And up it held its staring head  
And thrust it full to view.

We must, I suppose, be prepared to take our Calvinism in our literature as well as in our theology. But surely some poet has pleaded for the redemption of this bright and cheering "lily of the field."

R. BAILEY WALKER.

Cheshire, Cheshire.

THE USE OF THE APOSTROPHE.

[288.] Uniformity in regard to the use of the apostrophe is without doubt desirable; and the "rule" suggested in your last issue seems unobjectionable, if it be at the same time understood that words in the objective (or accusative case, as it was called in the old grammars) case are the same exactly as in the nominative case. This in print is sometimes erroneously varied: say thus—"We took up the Joneses," would be rendered by "We took up the Joneses'" or "the Joneses'."

An established Rule as to the use of an apostrophe in connection with representative Capital letters seems also required. In one newspaper we read probably "Many M.P.'s were present;" in another, "Many M.P.s;" when surely "Many M.Ps." is correct. "An M.P.'s country seat," or "M.P.s' affairs," would be right. Again, "Yours" and "Yours'" are indifferently used. The exact meaning of the writer must of course be thoroughly indicated before his production is placed in the printer's hands, and probably this is often omitted, and the commas, colons, and apostrophes have to be shrewdly guessed at by

the latter, and must be placed, as may be, by him. For instance, we know "the Owens College" to be correct—therefore "Owens"—just as we rightly say "John Dalton-street," not "John Dalton's-street;" and "Princess-street," not "Princess's-street." I am only, however, offering opinions, not laying down the law.

JOHN S. MATSON.

Green Bank, Bowdon.

HEATON CHAPEL CHARITY SCHOOL.

[289.] In the village of Heaton Chapel, at the corner of the road leading from Reddish to Didsbury, and known at this particular part as School Lane, stands a little brick building of two storeys, the lower storey applied to the purposes of a schoolroom, the upper storey being divided into apartments and intended for the residence of the schoolmaster. For nearly half a century this building has been known as "Travis's School." I believe it was founded about a century ago by John Hollingpriet, who by will bearing date August 5th, 1785, "gave to his executors the sum of £200, upon trust, to dispose of the same for the use and benefit of the Charity School situate upon the turnpike road in Heaton Norris, in such manner as to the said executors shall seem best." The Rev. John Booker, in his History of the Ancient Parochial Chapel of Didsbury, 1857, pp. 185-6 (Chetham Society Series, vol. 42), says, "Mr. John Lingard was the surviving executor, and upon his death his representatives paid the sum of £200 to Messrs. Lingard and Vaughan, solicitors, of Stockport, who lent the same on the 31st of May, 1816, to John Holt at five per cent interest, and as a security for the money six houses in Dale-street, Stockport, were mortgaged to John Vaughan, Esq. Messrs. Lingard and Vaughan have regularly accounted for the yearly sum of £10, though they have not received the interest from the mortgagor since May, 1820. The master of this school is appointed by the inhabitants of Heaton Norris, and he receives £9 per annum from Messrs. Lingard and Vaughan in respect of Hollingpriet's legacy, £1 being retained by them for their trouble. The master has upon an average about ninety scholars, who are instructed upon his own terms in reading, writing, and accounts, no children being taught gratuitously.

Mr. John Travis carried on this school for a number of years, and since his retirement a few years ago the building has been closed as a boys' school. Can

any correspondent say why a fresh master was not appointed, and what has become of the £200 and interest?

G. H. S.

Heaton Moor.

### COMMENTS AND ANSWERS.

THE REV. JOSHUA BROOKES.

(Nos. 229, 239, and 257.)

[270.] The several writers about the above Old Church worthy may be glad to be informed that a biographical notice of him is in preparation.

E. K.

MANCHESTER PERIODICALS.

(Nos. 5, 40, 148, 163, 165, and 179.)

[271.] To your list of defunct Manchester Periodicals may be added the following:—

1840-1. The Trades' Journal: The Organ of the United Trades' Association; established to extend and improve Trades' Unions generally in Great Britain and Ireland. Edited by Alexander Hutchinson. Manchester: Printed by William Jackson, New Bailey-street, Salford, 1841. Octavo. Published in monthly numbers at twopence. Twelve numbers appeared, there being an interval of three months between the eleventh and twelfth. Some copies were afterwards issued sewed together, with the addition of a title-page as above. S.

[The list of trade periodicals could, no doubt, be increased. There was an interesting sheet entitled *Weekly Ways*, about which information would be acceptable. It only ran to three or four numbers.—Ed.]

THE METHODISTS.

(Nos. 253 and 260.)

[272.] The New Connexion separated from the old body owing to one of the preachers—the Rev. Alexander Kilham—putting himself in opposition to the Conference on the subject of the administration of the sacrament. The custom commended to the members of the "Society called Methodists" was to receive the sacrament in the parish church at the hand of the regularly law-ordained minister. Kilham contended that if the preachers or "helpers," as they were first called, could God-approvingly call sinners to repentance, they could surely join together and administer to each other the Lord's Supper. The Conference thought differently, and hence the creation of the New Connexion, first called "the Kilhamites." It is needless to say that Kilham's contention has been adopted by the old body; and that the sacra-

ment is administered in the Wesleyan chapels as regularly as in the parish churches.

Edward Nixon (No. 260) is wrong. The Primitive Methodists never "split" from the old body of Methodists. It is true that one or two of the founders had "met in class" with the Wesleyans. Joe Smith was, when young, a member of a church, but it would be absurd to say that Mormonism was a "split" from that church. Primitive Methodism was a new creation, and started from a few cottage prayer meetings attended by labouring men, chiefly taking its rise from an open-air prayer meeting or camp meeting on Mow Hill, situated on the borders of Staffordshire. The chief mover or founder was Hugh Bourne, who in his later days might, from his appearance, have been taken for the brother of the famous Socialist, Robert Owen. The stipends of the first preachers, a few shillings, were paid out of Bourne's pocket. He afterwards became the printer to the society. The spirit which animated the first Primitives, which earned for them the title of "Ranters," is fast dying out. The society has become, in the eyes of the religious world, "respectable;" and, as a consequence, it has lost much of its original usefulness. It is no longer heard in the streets of the large towns calling to the passers-by, "Stop, poor sinner; stop and think before you further go."

The Wesleyan Methodist Association was "split" from the old body owing to Dr. Warren, the father of Samuel Warren, who wrote *Ten Thousand a Year*, objecting to the formation of training establishments for young ministers. He held that God trained and appointed men for the work. He held that such institutions as that at Didsbury would make preaching a profession amongst the Methodists, as it is a profession in the Episcopalian Church. His cry was: God-made, not man-made ministers. Hence the "split."

The Wesleyan Reform Association, so called by Edward Nixon, was occasioned by the publication of a privately circulated pamphlet, entitled "The Fly Sheets," which specially reflected upon the management of the funds of the missionary department of the society. The ministers at the Conference, held in Manchester in 1849 or 1850, were severally challenged to say if they had written or contributed to the said "Fly Sheets." The Rev. James Everitt, author of *Sammy Hick the Village Blacksmith*, *Wesleyan Takings*, and many other highly appreciated works,



and who was once a bookseller in Manchester; the Rev. Samuel Dunn, a most eloquent and impressive preacher; and William Griffiths, a brave and outspoken gentleman, now an Independent minister at Derby, denied the right of the Conference to put the questions, and would not answer them. While they admitted that they were Methodist ministers, they contended that they had not ceased to be men. They were, of course, expelled; and hence the fashion of the two separated bodies and the formation of the existing Methodist Free Church. OBSERVER.

## MEDICAL WORKS.

(Nos. 152, 161, and 177.)

[273.] In the replies to this I have not noticed any reference to Beeton's Medical Dictionary, price 1s. 6d. This is truly my *vade mecum*, being at once a medical, chemical, and botanical work, from the fact that nearly all the drugs treated upon are explained and traced to their bases, while the modes of preparing them, with their application to every ordinary state of disease, are graphically given. R. E. B.

## "MARY BARTON" AND GREENHEYS FIELDS.

(Nos. 250 and 259.)

[274.] May I be allowed to correct one or two errors into which Mr. James Bury has fallen? Moss Lane East eventually becomes Moss Lane West and terminates at Brooks's Bar, Upper Moss Lane turning out of Moss Lane West at right angles. The Prince of Wales Hotel stands at the corner, and it was opposite to this, and not to the Alexandra—which is considerably nearer Oxford Road—that Flint's farm stood; and, if I am not mistaken, it was not far from this spot that Pickford's house stood. Speaking of Boundary-street, I well remember, when an apprentice, one Sunday afternoon about the year 1829, taking a stroll up Oxford Road, turning down that street, and soon getting into the fields. I followed a footpath through pastures and cornfields, which led me to Jackson's Lane, which then extended a short distance from Chester Road. The Stretford Road, of course, was not then made. J. T. S.

## WHIT-WEEK OR WHITSUN-WEEK.

(Query No. 266, May 11.)

[275.] Upon examination I believe it will be found that the term *Whit-week* is of very modern adoption in Lancashire. In North Lancashire it is "*Whim-week*" or "*Whisunda*," and *Whit-Sunday* is "*Whisun-*

*Sunda*." The Prayer Book has it "*Whit-Sunday*" and "*Monday in Whitsun-week*." In a prayer book with notes I find the following:—"Among the conjectures on the derivation of *Whit-Sunday*, one is that being the eighth Sunday after Easter, it used in the French language to be called *Huit Sunday*."

E. K.

The derivation of *Whit-Sunday* is fully elucidated in *Notes and Queries*, fifth series, vol. viii. pp. 2, 55, 134, 212, and 278. The word appears to be simply *White Sunday*, so named from the white garments used by the neophytes on the administration of the rite of baptism, which in southern countries was performed at Easter, but in northern climates at Pentecost. Mr. Walter W. Skeat says, p. 55, "It is, perhaps, as well to note that *Whitsun-week* is a wretched popular corruption of *Whit-Sunday week*." It should be observed that in the Prayer Book the word is *Whit-Sunday* (not *Whitsun-day*) though we have *Monday in Whitsun(day) week*. Previous to the year 1873 the adjective "*Whitsun*" was not used in Letts's Diary, but always "*Whit*;" from that year *Whitsun* has been adopted until the present, when the old form is partially reverted to.

ONEZ.

## FOUNDATION STONES.

(Query No. 265, May 11.)

[276.] It is, as your correspondent suggests, a little singular, especially in these days of corporation improvements and consequent demolition of buildings, that such "*finds*" as he speaks of are not more frequently heard of. I suppose, however, that a reasonable explanation is that when such discoveries do occur they are rarely considered to be of such importance as to warrant their finding their way into print. One instance of the kind of local interest did appear in one of the Manchester papers about seven years ago. My extract reads as follows:—"The foundation stone of the first Manchester Royal Exchange building, the workmen have arrived at the foundation stone. It bore a plate with this inscription: 'The corner stone of this building, undertaken by public subscription for the accommodation and ornament of the town of Manchester, was laid the 21st day of July, in the year of our Lord 1806. Wm. Fox, Esq., Broughton, reeve; Messrs. Wm. Starkie, Ed. Wood, constables; Mr. Thos. Harrison, architect;

T. Cave, sc.' A hole in the stone contained an ornamental, cream-coloured, earthenware jar. It had not been hermetically sealed, but upon its mouth lay a tobacco-ash tray, with a medallion portrait of Lord Nelson, surrounded by oak leaves and acorns. Within the jar were a shrivelled piece of parchment, which cannot be opened, and three copper coins of the year 1797—namely, one twopenny-piece and two half-pennies. The pencil mark on the foot of the jar of its cost (2s. 6d.) remains very legible, while the ink of the bottled inscription has entirely disappeared."

W. HALKY.

Didbury, 13th May, 1878.

DOB LANE CHAPEL.

(Query No. 263, May 11.)

[277.] The following is taken from the History of Dob Lane Chapel, by the late Joseph Barrett:—The congregation worshipping at Dob Lane was founded by a Mr. Walker, rector of Newton Heath, and who was one of the two thousand ministers ejected from their livings on the passing of the Act of Uniformity in 1662, during the reign of Charles the Second. He laboured to maintain his liberal religious views under the greatest difficulties, and for a time assembled his followers in a barn in the adjoining village of Culcheth, in Newton Heath, fearless of the law which threatened him by virtue of the "Conventicle" and "Oxford" Acts. In 1698 the late building was erected. The following is a list of ministers that have preached at Dob Lane Chapel from the year 1707 until the present time:—

1. Heywood, from 1707 till 1713.
2. William Perkins, from 1713, died 1724.
3. Knight.
4. Sandiford, from 1740.
5. Cordingly, from 1745.
6. Robert Robinson, 1765 till 1775.
7. Houghton, stopped one year.
8. William Hawkes.
9. Richard Auberry.
10. Lewis Lloyd, from about 1794.
11. William Stephenson, tutor at Manchester New College.
12. William Marshall } students at Manchester New
13. Titus Baron } College.
14. George Walker, principal at Manchester New College; left 1803.
15. David Jones, from 1803 till 1825; died there.
16. George Buckland, from 1825 till 1829.
17. Joseph Ashton, from 1830 till 1831.
18. James Taylor, from 1832 till 1847.
19. James Hibbert, from 1847 till 1851.

20. James Taylor again, from 1852 till 1854.

21. Abram Lunn, from 1855 to 1858.

22. Joseph Freeston, from 1858 to 1860.

Note.—The ministers who have succeeded the above are:—

23. W. G. Cadman.

24. R. H. Cotton, B.A.

25. Halliwell Thomas, the present minister.

Dob Lane Chapel was very numerously attended, so much so that forms had to be placed in the aisle, from the time of its erection until Robert Robinson became the minister. After he had been there some time he began to preach the Calvinistic doctrines, and ultimately he preached the congregation away. The trustees did all they could to get without him; they employed a lawyer in Manchester, and got a barrister's opinion from London, and at length they gave him a sum of money to get without him. He had treacherously obtained possession of the trust deeds, which he afterwards denied having, and had also got the key of the chapel, which he kept locked for three years.

ALEX. JEFFREY.

Fallsworth.

[Several other correspondents have sent similar information.—Ed.]

PETER-STREET CHAPEL.

(Query 262, May 11.)

[278.] My namesake, "J. Johnson," writing from Hulme, asks to what denomination Peter-street Chapel, now the Alexandra Music Hall, belonged. It was built by the New Connexion Methodists. When sold, about fifteen years ago, a new chapel, one of the most convenient in Manchester, was built from the proceeds in Chapman-street, near Moss Side, Hulme.

JOSEPH JOHNSON.

Isle of Man.

THE MOON.

(No. 264, April 11.)

[279.] What R. Radcliffe saw is a very common phenomenon. Burns describes it as "the new moon with the old moon in her arms."

E. K.

I noticed the singular appearance of the moon on Sunday night, the 5th instant, described by your correspondent Mr. Radcliffe. I have frequently seen the same phenomenon. It is produced, I believe, by the light from the earth reflected on the moon, and which, falling on that portion of her surface turned away from the sun but towards the earth, makes it visible to us by the same light being reflected back

again upon the earth. If this explanation is incorrect I shall be glad to hear the correct one.

JAMES GLOSSOP, Sen.

Winton, May 13, 1878.

R. Radcliffe asks for an explanation of the common phenomenon of the whole of our satellite being (sometimes) visible when only part of it is luminous. The moon is a dark body, its brightness being caused by the sun lighting it up more or less. Immediately before and after full moon, when the part towards the earth is only lighted up to a small extent, the earth is full or nearly so to the moon, the dark part of which reflects the light from the earth. This information could have been obtained from any elementary work upon astronomy.

S. M.

Of course at the time of new moon, "all the moon is there," but as the sun can only shine on one half of it at once, the enlightened half is then turned away from the earth, except the small crescent which forms the new moon, the side turned towards the earth being principally the non-enlightened side. At this time the enlightened side of the earth, being turned towards the moon, sunlight is reflected from the earth on to it, just sufficient to cause its darkened portion to be visible, producing that appearance which has puzzled your correspondent, and is known as "the old moon in the arms of the new one." A short time since I received a letter, written in sober earnest, from a young lady in a highly respectable boarding school at Southport, saying she had been requested by some of her companions to write to ask me when there was a new moon what became of the old one?

J. T. S.

**AN ANCIENT HOSTELRY.**—Within the last few weeks there has passed away another relic of old London, the Green Dragon Inn, in Bishopsgate-street. It was remarkable for its curious inn-yard, forming a quadrangle, surrounded by wooden balconies leading to the sitting-rooms and bedrooms on the upper floors, and its quaint old dining-room, cut up into separate boxes by dark and high partitions. The Green Dragon, in the Tudor and early Stuart times, formed one of a cluster of hosteries in Bishopsgate for which an historical character may be claimed, as it is on record that William Shabazere was an inhabitant and ratepayer of St. Helen's parish, Bishopsgate, and there can be little doubt that his plays were often performed in the innyards of the Bishopsgate hosteries before Burbage and his companions, as Her Majesty's servants, obtained from Queen Elizabeth a patent for the erection of a regular theatre. A large block of city offices, which is about to be erected on the site of the inn thus demolished, will probably commemorate to a very distant time the name of the old Green Dragon.

#### QUERIES.

[280.] **RIP VAN WINKLE.**—In which of Washington Irving's books is the story of Rip Van Winkle to be found?  
ALPHA.

[281.] **WILLIAM BRADLEY, THE ARTIST.**—In the Art Table-talk of the *City News* of last week it is stated that at a sale of pictures in London, belonging to Mr. Alex. Brogden, a painting by William Bradley, of Manchester, sold for £85. Could any of your readers give any information about this artist? Were his works appreciated during his life, did he realize a fortune? And any other particulars of a man whom Manchester ought to be proud of.

AN ART LOVER.

[282.] **"NOT LOST BUT GONE BEFORE."**—In Miss Havergal's *Royal Bounty*, for the nineteenth evening, the above well-known line occurs in a Stanza, beginning as follows:—

"For I now  
That they who are not lost but gone before,  
Are only waiting till I come; for death  
Has only parted us a little while,  
And has not severed e'en the finest strand  
In the eternal cable of our love:"

Is the phrase "not lost but gone before" original in this passage, and who is the author?  
ONEZ.

[283.] **THE MANCHESTER TRADE: NAMES OF CLOTH.**—I am not in the Manchester Trade, and as an outsider have often wondered what could have been the origin of some of the names of textile fabrics which one sees every day written on the door-posts of merchants and agents in scores of streets within the sound of the Town Hall bells. My difficulty is one from which probably many of your readers could set their warehouse boys to extricate me. If one of them would do so I should be glad, as at present I could not tell a "T cloth" from a "Printer," much less say why the articles so called received their names. What, I would ask, is the etymology of Madapollam, of Mull, of Jaconet, of Tanjib, and of Chambrey?

NOVICE.

[284.] **THE HUMMABUZ.**—Here is a query for your readers. Is the term known? If so, what does it mean, and has it any application apart from the phenomena I now relate? These inquiries I put because I never saw in print any allusion either to the term or the remarkable sounds which have been so euphoniously named, and being familiar with them in my childhood it is clear they were known to a past generation at least. The phenomena itself I have heard and listened to hundreds of times, and in common with my neighbours, with whom it was a sort of village wonder, vainly attempted to get at a solution of the mystery. The sounds in question were simply a low drone, or humming noise, which on calm days, particularly in clear weather, could be heard over the entire districts east and south of Manchester; the neighbourhoods of Gorton, Rusholme,

and Longsight being places where I have noted them most frequently. Commonly speaking, the sounds were continuous, but at times the crescendos and diminuendos partook much of the character of the Æolian harp, and were quite as musical. My solution of the mystery was that it proceeded from the whirl of machinery in Manchester, which, favoured by a still atmosphere, travelled through the air and was toned down by distance to the musical cadences this so often assumed; but on following this notion up, when in the vicinity of any busy factory I never could conceive such a volume of sound being thrown off as would travel a distance of two to four miles; nor could I ever reconcile this theory with the fact that the hummadruz could be heard in early morn and also late in evening's twilight (as I have often noted in the quietude of my angling excursions), when we must suppose all mechanical operations would be at rest; but as those days, now half a century ago, were long prior to the Ten Hours Act, this supposition may not hold good. Whether the phenomenon was ever heard on other sides of Manchester I have no recollection.

R. E. BIBBY.

Denton.

#### LITERARY NOTES.

The first edition of Milton's *Paradise Lost* was sold at the auction of Mr. John Heugh's library in London on Saturday for £40. Ruskin's *Modern Painters* brought £47; Ormerod's *Cheshire*, £59; and Dunham Whitaker's *History of Richmondshire*, £92.

The British Museum Library during the year 1877 received an addition of 87,426 volumes and pamphlets (including books of music and volumes of newspapers), of which 5,024 were presented, 9,456 received in pursuance of the laws of English copyright, 668 received under the International Copyright Treaties, and 22,283 acquired by purchase. To these should be added the volumes comprising the Chinese Encyclopedia, 5,020 in number, which have been paid for, but not yet received, making the entire number of volumes 42,446. 45,069 parts of volumes (or separate numbers of periodical publications, and of works in progress) were also added, of which 1,354 were presented, 26,826 received in pursuance of the laws of English copyright, 508 received under the International Copyright Treaties, and 16,369 acquired by purchase.

**A ROMAN COLUMN AT LINCOLN.**—The top of a Roman column of the Doric order has been laid bare ten feet below the surface at Lincoln, at what is thought to have once been the site of a Roman temple.

**DEAN STANLEY ON LITERATURE.**—Speaking as Chairman of the Royal Literary Fund dinner, in London, on Wednesday, the Dean of Westminster said he would divide literature, as Charles Lamb divided books, into two classes—first, real works of genius; and, secondly, literature which he would venture to call no literature, in which he included dictionaries—(laughter)—works of antiquarian research, and, perhaps, some books of travels. He did not wish to be understood as disparaging these last-mentioned works; on the contrary, he regarded them as most pleasant and useful. Real literature belonged to the first-named class of works—poetry, history, or fiction—the essence of which consisted in their polish and finish. Literature in this sense was the very breath of civilization, and, like civilization, to use a very ancient Latin quotation—

*Emollit mores nec sin't esse ferus.*

The obligations which society owed to this higher kind of literature were not the less deep because the gift of producing it necessarily belonged to only a very few. In proportion as a man worked into the higher atmosphere of literature, properly so-called, he rose, so to speak, above himself, he rose out of his worse into his better self. What a contrast Milton presented, for instance, as a controversialist and as the author of "*Paradise Lost!*" In the former character he was a hideous caricature of himself, and by virtue of the same fact appeared in an aspect which, properly speaking, was not literary at all. True literary power was an abiding quality. It was that which still maintained Pope's version of Homer at the top of the tree, and which enabled Gibbon's *Decline and Fall* and Macaulay's *History of England* to occupy the front rank of English literature. More than one cause contributed to the success of these two works; but the chief were that they were both works of art, polished and finished to the highest degree. There was not a sentence in either of them which had not been carefully framed with a view to its effect on the whole, and which had not been weighed with a view to its rhythm, beauty, and pathos. Was not the vitality of the sacred books of the world to be explained in the same way? Our English Saint-Beuve, whom he would not name, had over and over again insisted on the importance of our viewing the Bible as a literary work. Not for a moment would he disparage the non-literary portions of the Sacred Volume, but he wished to point out that all the most powerful and persuasive parts of both the Old and New Testament were framed in the style which belonged to the highest walks of literature. It was of no mean importance to insist upon the literary character of the Bible. Kept before our eyes, it carried us through ten thousand difficulties; if we lost sight of it for a single moment, we were involved in impenetrable chaos.

Saturday, May 25, 1878.

NOTES.

MANCHESTER PERIODICALS: "WEEKLY WAGES"  
AND ITS EDITORS.

(No. 271, May 18.)

[285.] Information is desired relative to *Weekly Wages*, a weekly sheet of four pages, issued about sixteen years ago. It was projected by its owners and conductors, Mr. Charles Hadfield and Mr. William Macdonald, operative house painters and decorators. It was intended to be an organ representative of the interests of all workmen, of whatever grade and however employed, receiving "weekly wages." It was thought, and rightly thought, that workmen ought to have a periodical of their own to advocate their labour claims; and at the same time be an incentive and encouragement to personal and working-class progress in the attainment of political, social, and intellectual knowledge. It was issued, I believe, for only four weeks. The reason for its discontinuance was the apathy and indifference of the workers receiving "weekly wages," for whom it had been projected. Its owners were singularly sanguine of its success. They had, with much industry, sought and obtained an approximate estimate of the number of the "weekly wages" receiving fraternity in Manchester and the surrounding district. It was thought that at least one in ten would be anxious to buy and read a newspaper which was intended to be exclusively a workman's organ. It was also reasonably estimated that the various trade societies and unions would take considerable numbers for distribution among their members. It was supposed that many thousands weekly would be required. Had it not been for the advice of a cold-blooded friend at least 40,000 of the four issues of *Weekly Wages* would have been printed; and—the greater part at least—subsequently hammered over by a descendant of Douglas Jerrold's famous Trunk Maker. As it was the printer's bill for the 4,000 or 5,000 printed and not sold seriously interfered with the "weekly wages" of the projectors and owners. It is not to be wondered at if the ardour and enthusiasm which they had previously entertained towards the order of the "sons of toil" was considerably cooled and diminished. Notwithstanding the loss and disappointment occasioned by the failure of *Weekly Wages*, the working classes have not had, and have not, more earnest friends

than the unfortunate owners of the long defunct *Weekly Wages*. It is just possible, however, that the unsuccessful journal prompted both the proprietors to become occasional contributors to the newspaper press; which, in the instance of Mr. Charles Hadfield, led on to a remarkable career. Having tasted blood, or in other words felt his power as a writer, he wrote a series of articles anonymously in the *Manchester City News*, commenting upon Arthur Mursell, who was at the time delivering Sunday afternoon lectures in the Free-trade Hall. These articles, pungent and good tempered, literally scalped the would-be philosopher of the Free-trade Hall, and called the attention of the proprietors of the *City News* to the fresh and artistic talent possessed by their unknown correspondent. Finally, this led to an engagement upon the paper, and ultimately to the editorship, which was held for several years; when Mr. Hadfield accepted the editorship of the *Warrington Examiner*, which post he held for a number of years, and from which, owing to ill-health, he retired a few weeks ago, upon which occasion he was presented at a public meeting with a purse containing between £400 and £500. Mr. Macdonald, the other projector of *Weekly Wages*, who is related to the popular author Dr. George Macdonald, has spent an honourable life in the service of the working classes—earning his own "weekly wages," and devoting all his spare time to his own improvement and those coming within his influence. A few years ago he entered the ranks of master painters, but retains his sympathies for the weekly wagers.

JOSEPH JOHNSON.

Isle of Man.

The first three numbers of *Weekly Wages*—issued respectively on the first days of August, September, and October, 1861—can be seen in the Manchester Free Public Library in King-street. Query: Was the third number the last? *Weekly Wages* was a paper of four columns; the price one penny monthly; the printer, Mr. William Evans; the publisher, Mr. Abel Heywood. A prospectus of the Labour Journal Company (Limited) appeared in the first number. The company, it stated, "proposes to raise a capital of £100 in four hundred shares of 5s. each; a deposit of 1s. to be paid on allotment, and 1s. per month afterwards." It is also stated that *Weekly Wages* was "projected by the building trades," and that the provisional committee of the Labour Journal Company (Limited) met every Friday night at eight o'clock,

at the Menai Bridge Inn, Lloyd-street (where Albert Square now is) to facilitate the taking up of shares. There is a list of the shareholders in the third number. Most of the sixty or seventy shareholders had taken one share only, and paid each a solitary shilling; but the House Painters' Society and one of the building trades societies were down for £5 each. Mr. Thomas Hughes (Tom Brown) spoke in praise of *Weekly Wages* in the issue of *Macmillan's Magazine* for September, 1861; and, indeed, it seems to have been an interesting and able periodical, one which I should much like to see resuscitated if it could be conducted in the same spirit and on similar lines.

BOOK-HUNTER.

#### COMMENTS AND ANSWERS.

RIP VAN WINKLE.

(Query No. 230, May 13.)

[286.] This story is in Irving's *Sketch Book*, originally published in 1819-20, and since issued in very many editions both in England and America. A separate edition of Rip Van Winkle, with Felix Darley's charming drawings, was published by Mr. Joseph Cundall of London, in 1850. C. W. S.

Rip Van Winkle is a part of Washington Irving's *Sketch Book*, and the nicest edition Alpha can get is the Elzevir edition, published by George Bell and Sons, at five shillings.

T. J. D.

Heaton Moor.

#### THE USE OF THE APOSTROPHE.

(Note No. 263, May 13.)

[287.] The Apostrophe rule for words ending in *es* is generally made to depend upon the sounding or non-sounding of the *e*. Thus Cornwell and Allen, in their School Grammar, say:—"When a word ends in *es*, the *e* being sounded, the possessive *s* is sometimes omitted. . . . Thus we say, Moses' writings. We may also say, Moses's writings. On the contrary, we do not say James' book; but always James's book, because the *e* in James is not sounded." Again, Morell says:—"Where the singular ends in *es*, sounded as a distinct syllable, the apostrophe only is used; as Socrates' wife." The rule concerns only the termination *es*. I may be allowed, perhaps, although I spell my name with a *y*, to say that in the case of such words as Collins the *s* and apostrophe are always both correctly added.

CHARLES H. COLLYNS.

Wirksworth.

#### WILLIAM BRADLEY, THE ARTIST.

(Query No. 281, May 13.)

[288.] "An Art Lover" asks for information relative to the painter of many well-known pictures, some of which are to be seen in the Peel Park picture gallery. I once had the pleasure of an hour's conversation with Mr. Bradley. It was soon after I commenced business as an auctioneer in Newall's Buildings, Manchester. To one of my sales a picture had been sent, called *The Dove*—a young female with a dove upon her wrist—which I exhibited in the window of my sale-room. One morning a most gentlemanly gentleman requested to look at the picture, and enquired the artist's name. On being told that it was painted by Mr. Bradley, the artist, he answered:—"Nay, that cannot be; I never painted the picture, and I am Bradley the artist." Of course I said that I had been imposed upon, and should not omit to state the fact when I sold the picture. On looking closely at the picture he said he knew the painter, who had been in his service and taken a few lessons from him. The picture was a bad copy of his own picture, and yet, as he pointed out, had some merit. Mr. Bradley had rooms in Newall's Buildings, in which at the last he not only painted but lived. His ending was very wretched. He had an impression that he was not paid and appreciated according to his ability; this, or some other cause, induced intemperate habits. One morning he was discovered lying dead on a stretcher in his work-room. For days, running into weeks, he had employed a lad constantly to bring him brandy from the Thatched House. I had the honour of selling the contents of his studio. The furniture was simply valueless. There were, however, many original sketches, which sold from 2s. 6d. to 20s. His palette brought, I believe, 35s. And so ended, ignobly and pitifully, the career of one of Manchester's most gifted artists.

JOSEPH JOHNSON.

Isle of Man.

I remember Bradley, the artist, having had the pleasure on one occasion of calling at his house in Princess-street and escorting his daughter to a flower show at the Town Hall, about the year 1834. I rather think he once exhibited her portrait at the Royal Institution. Of course he thought it worth painting, which was my own impression. He was then a portrait painter. He was not a resident in Manchester in 1829, but in 1832 was living in Duke-street, Hulme.

Some years afterwards he had rooms in King-street, his house being in Langston-street, Strangeways. His work was appreciated during his lifetime; and although popular as a portrait painter, in later times he devoted himself to historical subjects. I am not aware when he died.

J. T. S.

Of this artist, who was born in Manchester on 16th January, 1801, and died at Newall's Buildings, Manchester, on 4th July, 1867, there is a short account in Samuel Redgrave's Dictionary of Artists of the English School. A longer memoir, apparently taken from some Manchester newspaper, will be found in the *Art Journal* for 1867, page 272.

C. W. S.

"MARY BARTON" AND GREENHEYS FIELDS.  
(No. 250, 259, and 274.)

[289.] As a very old resident in the neighbourhood of Moss Side and Greenheys, Mr. James Bury will allow me to supplement and slightly correct his remarks relative to "Mary Barton" and Greenheys fields. That portion of Moss Lane East which extends from Wilmslow Road, Rusholme, to Mr. Broady's farm at the corner of Dog Kennel Lane was known to old inhabitants of the neighbourhood as "Clock House Lane or Lane," from the fact that near the place where the late Mr. Furley's house now stands there was once a little farm house which contained a small clock tower. Proceeding along this lane in the direction of St. Mary's Church there stood, and does now, a farmhouse well white-washed, with a pond at its front, which even now is of goodly dimensions. In my early days this farm was in the occupation of old James Wood. Not very many yards further on, in the same direction, are the "Greenheys fields" of Mrs. Gaskell's *Mary Barton*. Taking that portion of the "walk" on the left-hand of the lane, we very quickly reach the farmhouse (now and for many years used as a farmhouse and dwelling-house) which has for many years identified itself with the story. There it yet stands, its pond there as of yore, its sides not now as I have seen them, but yet with numbers of ducks swimming about in it. The farmhouse is now occupied by Mrs. Flint. The pathway followed on leads more directly to Withington, but turning by the Spring Bridge and through Doghouse farm-yard, and by Hough End Hall (formerly the seat of the Mosley family) we reach the village of Choriton-cum-Hardy.

Continuing our journey along Moss Lane, standing back from it, and about midway between the Board Many times have I gathered the wild crocus in those

of Health offices and the Alexandra Hotel, was another farm. It was in the occupation, until dismantled a few years ago, of Mr. Botham. Immediately in front of it ran the Corn brook. Often has the writer enjoyed himself in the gardens and fields around this farm and Wood Cottage, on the opposite side of the lane—a white house with pleasant gardens, always gay in the spring time with the hawthorn, pink and white, and the golden laburnum. When this house disappeared in the changes taking place about four years ago, piteous was it to see an old gentleman, its last occupant, who had lived in it nearly fifty years, turn away with the tears running down his old face. Well known was he in that neighbourhood and well liked. Poor old Walker! It was not long he survived the pulling down of his house. He had spoken with Mrs. Gaskell on several occasions.

The house "Mayfield," formerly the residence of Mr. Pickford, was not quite situate as stated by Mr. Bury, but nearer the present Raglan-street. A small, one-storey, whitewashed building, now standing in Bath-street, Hulme (near the late fire) was the house of one of Mr. Pickford's servants.

Opposite the Prince of Wales Hotel, at the corner of Upper Moss Lane and Moss Lane West, stood the old Flint's Farm, a black and white structure of timber and plaster. In Mrs. Gaskell's earlier days this was occupied by a well-known family, the Heywoods. Members of this family are still living in the neighbourhood of Manchester.

On the site of the present church of St. Mary's stood, in well-wooded grounds, the large house occupied by the late Mr. Frederick Phillips, who removed from there to Old Trafford. It had three approaches or drives—one where the corner of St. Mary's-street now is, another nearly opposite the small house adjoining the Loretto Convent, and a third crossing the Cornbrook by a brick bridge where the end of Parsonage-street and Embden-street now is.

Such changes about the old fields and lane—such cart-ruts as there once was in that dear old lane! A portion of it between Embden-street and Wood Cottage would sometimes be flooded by the Cornbrook, so that the sons of the old gentleman residing at Wood Cottage have had to go by Wilmslow Road and Rusholme or wade through the water knee deep. same dear old fields, and very dear are the associations connected with them.

C. J. W.

Moss Side.

I can verify Mr. J. Bury's assertion that Greenheys proper, in Mary Barton's days, was not so deficient in that umbrageous relief which is given by a sprinkling of well-grown trees. Greenheys itself was then almost a bower of sylvan shades, the well-wooded grounds planted by the late Mr. John Kaye, whose good classic taste further enriched the district by building into one of the boundary walls of his extensive pleasure grounds a portion of the monastic ruins of a Welsh abbey—hence the name, The Abbey. Another portion also had done some centuries of duty at the Manchester Old Church, a large portion of one window being removed to Greenheys by Mr. Kaye. The grouping of these together so as to form one compact ruin, a Manchester artist named to me had formed the groundwork of many a successful picture. A well-known feature of Greenheys fields forty years ago was Coffin Bridge, which was simply a rude plank thrown across Cornbrook. I have a pencil sketch of this bridge, which, with the brooklet, is well sheltered in trees; as was also Mr. Pickford's house, which was hardly discernible from Moss Lane, every side of it being so well wooded. The Manchester Cricket Club was first established in these fields, and in that day its gentlemen players gained for it a celebrity almost on a par with the All England club. Overlooking this cricket field stood a solitary house of two storeys, which was remarkable for a prolific vine by which it was covered on three sides; and many will recollect the profusion of well-grown grapes produced by it every year. In these days of smoke and miasmas, we should look upon an open-air vinery so near to us as something of a phenomenon, but probably this vine owed its preservation to the efficient government of the then town officials (these being before the Corporation was established), who visited offenders against the Smoke Act with such rigour as would impel the air being kept in a state of comparative purity; on one occasion no less than eleven mill-owners being fined £100 each for creating nuisance from smoke. Under our present system the administration of the law is a perfect farce. The majority of the Corporation are commonly themselves great smoke producers, many of them notoriously so; hence we may look in vain for any amelioration of our poisoned atmosphere. Such regulations ought to be under Government inspectors, as the Alkali Act is.

Green Hey Hall was particularly well wooded, tall trees surrounding it on every side. The present

Boundary-street was then Boundary Lane; and, like many other rural lanes, had several zig-zag turnings and elbows, some of which are still retained in the present streets. It was then a favourite rural walk to the White House Gardens, at that time a famed resort for holiday people. Stretford Road was first laid out about fifty years ago, but for many years it was hardly passable, even for pedestrians. So late as thirty-five years ago it was considered, from its loneliness, pretty safe ground for the highwayman; the notorious robber Gahagan getting clear off with his booty from at least four victims, all of whom he robbed within a stone's throw of the present Upper Jackson-street. This freebooter, considering his profession, had a good deal of the *suaviter in modo* style about him. On one occasion, when he robbed Mr. William Occleshaw in broad daylight at the corner of Nelson-street and Plymouth Grove, all the booty he obtained was an old family watch, not worth twenty shillings, and he expressed his surprise that any gentleman would carry such a "turnip." He, however, carried it off, and it was afterwards found upon him when he was finally captured—a capture which for gallant daring and determination has few parallels, his captors knowing that he was armed to the teeth. One of his exploits, also in Stretford Road, is perhaps from its coolness worth repeating. He had then a comrade with him, and though it was scarcely dusk they stopped a lady and gentleman, and in almost courteous language, begging the lady would not be alarmed, stated that necessity drove them to this course. At first one of the couple exhibited a well-polished dagger and then put it by. The lady gave up her purse, containing £2. 10s., but asked for the purse to be returned, as it was a keepsake, a request which was at once complied with, saying, "empty purses were of no use to them." The gentleman had only a few shillings, and requested them to examine his pockets, which they declined, saying they would take his word, and that they were not common pickpockets; nor would they examine his pocket-book, on his saying it contained nothing but his private memoranda. Then ensued a short conversation, the lady remarking that so dangerous a calling must ensure their ultimate capture; but they then exhibited the butt ends of a couple of brace of pistol's each, besides daggers, and seemed to deride the notion of being taken. Taking off their hats they then bowed themselves off and disappeared.



Beyond Moss Lane the fields leading to Chorlton were comparatively treeless, and these may have led to the remarks alluded to by Mrs. Gaskell in *Mary Barton*.

Denton.

PETER-STREET CHAPEL.  
(Nos. 262 and 278.)

[290.] Is Mr. Joseph Johnson right in saying that the proceeds of the sale of the Peter-street Chapel by the New Connexion Methodists were applied to the erection of the chapel in Chapman-street? There is only one chapel in the latter street, and that was built by the members of the Methodist Free Church, the New Connexion Methodist Chapel being at the corner of Boston-street and Dorset-street.

J. T. S.

Your correspondent Joseph Johnson is not quite correct in his reply as to Peter-street Chapel. Through deaths and removals the congregation there had become few in number, and it was closed and sold to a gentleman in this city, who afterwards transferred it to a company which opened it as a place of entertainment. A few of the congregation residing on that side of the city joined a small congregation (an offshoot of Peter-street) then worshipping in the Gothic School, Chapman-street, Hulme. They built and now worship in Boston-street Chapel. Chapman-street Chapel belongs, not to the New Connexion, but to the Methodist Free Church, and was built by the Wesleyan Reformers, who amalgamated with the Wesleyan Association, taking the name of United Methodist Free Churches. The balance of the proceeds of Peter-street Chapel (there was a heavy debt upon it) was divided by the trustees amongst five chapels in the Manchester South Circuit, Boston-street Chapel being one of them.

J. H. REDFERN.

54, Denmark Road, Moss Side.

#### QUERIES.

[291.] RICHARD COBDEN.—Can any correspondent tell me when the late Richard Cobden, M.P., was married, to whom, and where?  
T. J. D.  
Heaton Moor.

[292.] ESTIMATES OF POPULATION.—Can anyone say whether the estimates made by Mr. Richman, of the population of the country before 1801, were published; and, if so, whether they contain the estimates for separate parishes and counties?

CIVIS.

[293.] GLEE, PART-SONG, AND MADRIGAL.—Will some of your readers inform me what are the distinguishing characteristics of the musical compositions styled glee, part-song, and madrigal? This is a ques-

tion I have often heard asked, but have never heard it answered clearly and definitely.  
J. C.  
Rusholme.

[294.] CATALOGUE OF PICTURES.—At the Anti-Corn Law Bazaar, held in 1842 at the old Theatre Royal, Manchester, there was a collection of pictures exhibited in the upper box saloons, of which there was a catalogue published. Can any of the contributors to Notes and Queries tell me where I can see such catalogue?  
W. D.

[295.] QUARTERLY MUSICAL MAGAZINE.—I have in my possession thirty-six numbers, equal to nine volumes, of the Quarterly Musical Magazine and Review, bought many years ago from Mr. Pickering when in St. Ann's Square. The last number is for December, 1827. I wish to complete this work. Can any of your readers tell me how long this work was continued, and the most likely means of securing the remaining numbers? So far as I know no musical work of equal merit is being published in these times.

WILLIAM DAVIES.

Cheetham.

[296.] THE LANCASHIRE DIALECT.—In one of Mr. Edwin Waugh's Lancashire tales, entitled "Service Time," I find the compound word "Wicken-whistle," which is a stranger to me. And the word "aboon," meaning above, is not commonly used in the district of Lancashire with which I am best acquainted. What I wish to know is, in what district of Lancashire does Mr. Waugh's rendering of the dialect prevail? I do not question for a single moment Mr. Waugh's correctness. One object I think, and not an unimportant one, in writing the Lancashire dialect, is to preserve the old picturesque words and phrases, such as are plentifully found in old John Collier's inimitable "Tummus and Meary." Can any of your readers point me to a good glossary of such words and phrases?

PHILIP WENTWORTH.

May 15, 1878.

[297.] ADDERS OR VIPERS.—In walking across Carrington Moss on Sunday last, accompanied by a friend, we both saw a serpent about two feet long, rather thicker than one's thumb, and in colour a dirty greenish grey. It quickly wriggled out of sight. Later on my friend saw another, about half the length of the first and of a bluish colour. Can any of your readers inform me to what family of the snake tribe these two belong? My friend called them adders, whilst a gamekeeper whom we saw shortly after, and who said there were plenty of them to be seen on the moss in summer, called them vipers. Are vipers and adders one and the same? Do they sting, and if so, is there any danger, and what is the antidote? Last autumn I spent a few days at Barmouth, and when on the Arthog Moss I turned over a flat stone to make a seat of, and was surprised to find under it a snake some eighteen inches long, coiled up, and evidently asleep. In colour it was similar to the one I saw on Sunday;

but, what was most remarkable, it had two heads, one at each end of the trunk. I called a friend, who was sketching close to me, to come and see it, and without saying anything to him about the phenomenon—for I confess that in my ignorance I was not sure the reptile was other than it ought to be. He immediately exclaimed, "Why, there's two heads on the thing." "Of course there are," I replied; "is that unusual?" "I should think it is," was his rejoinder. It has been to both of us a matter of sincere regret we did not "bottle" our double-headed friend, as everyone looks incredulous whenever the subject is mentioned. Since then I have read White's *Natural History of Selborne*, and the editor mentions a snake with two heads as being in a museum in Scotland, but he omits to state whether the heads are at each end or both together, branching like the fork of a tree.

Radnor-street, Hulme.

JOHN COWLEY.

### SCIENTIFIC STUDENTS.

VISIT TO MIDDLEWOOD AND DISLEY: ANTS AND THEIR COLONIES.

On Saturday last, notwithstanding the somewhat threatening state of the weather, the members of the Manchester Scientific Students' Association mustered tolerably well, thirty-five ladies and gentlemen sitting down to tea at that capital hostelry, the Ram's Head at Disley. The route chosen by the leader, Mr. Samuel Massey, was from Hazel Grove along some pleasant country lanes to Middlewood, whose sylvan beauty is well known to and appreciated by the members. Here the botanists found ample store of the usual spring flowers, while ferns and mosses were abundant on the banks of the stream which ripples through the wood. The wild hyacinths were in great luxuriance, their ethereal blue seemed "like the heavens upbreathing through the earth." The hawthorns were loaded with bloom, making redolent the air with their sweet perfume. Passing out of the wood Lyme Cage soon came into view, and traversing a portion of the park, the Inn was reached after a pleasant ramble of four to five miles. After tea Mr. Charles Bailey took the chair, and Mr. Mark Stirrup, F.G.S., gave his promised paper on Ants.

Mr. STIRRUP said that there was still much that remained unknown about those marvellous creatures, ants, which presented an ample field of research to reward the labours of the patient observer. He then gave a summary of the observations of Sir John Lubbock, Moggeridge, Huber, and other naturalists on the habits of the Ant, as an introduction to a translation of a recent paper in a French scientific journal, on another phase of ant life, namely, their living in communities from which colonies are periodically detached. This paper is by M. Berthelot, of the Institute of France, and was entitled, "Animal Cities and their Evolution." In it M. Berthelot says: "I am one of those who think that from ants some light may be gained with regard to the natural causes which have led men to assemble themselves in tribes in cities and in nations. The same instinct of sociability influences alike both human races and the various animal species. A fundamental difference is alleged to exist in the very organization of the animal societies, which has always

seemed invariable to the naturalists and the observing philosophers for more than twenty centuries past. I do not know if the societies of the beavers and those of the great anthropoid apes have been really examined with sufficient precision as to be able to affirm the absolute invariability of them, especially if one compares them with the villages of the Negroes or the Red Indians, which live in their neighbourhood. Ants even, whose observation is the easiest and most accessible, have scarcely been studied with particular exactness for more than 200 years. Do we know what have been, or what will be yet, the successive changes due to their industry? At the present time there exist facts which permit us to affirm that animal societies are not absolutely uniform: they are developed, are propagated, are renewed according to original processes, fitted for the particular environment in which they are obliged to live. Here is the history of one of these societies, which is not without some analogy to the history of human agglomerations. I have observed for twenty-five years, in an out-of-the-way corner of the woods of Sévres, a society of ants. When I discovered it it was a little hill of the conical form, which everyone knows as peopled by thousands of inhabitants. These were scattered all around, through the grass the stones, the sand, where they traced a thousand regularly-worn paths; other routes arose upon the trees; in brief, the nest of ants had regularly worked the whole of a wooded little hill, upon which I have often followed their roads, prolonged amid the grass and dead leaves to a length of more than a hundred yards, an enormous distance if one compares it with the dimensions of the animal. The animal city was in full prosperity when I saw it; its foundation went back for many years. It had had, without a doubt, its struggles against nature and against animals, its catastrophes provoked by the foot of a pedestrian, by the fall of some heavy branch of a tree, or by the sudden invasion of a stream of water during a storm; but I was not present at any of these vicissitudes. I observed only that at the end of ten years, the city had detached a colony to a distance of several yards, at the foot of a young oak. The colony, feeble and not very large, at the beginning, increased from year to year. It passed without accident through a critical time, that of the periodical cutting of the portion of the wood where it was established. At the time of the war of 1870, my observations were suspended for more than a year. On my return, the colony had become a large ant-nest, whilst the mother-city began to decrease. From year to year its decline was more visible; the number of its inhabitants diminished; they seemed at the same time to have become less active, less eager to carry materials and provisions, less prompt to repair the damage caused to their dwellings, which assumed by degrees an aspect of antiquity and crumbled to pieces partly under atmospheric influences, which were combated with less energy than of old. To-day, the colony has become the principal city; it has caused the bush to perish which had protected it during its childhood against the inclemency of the weather, and it displays in full daylight its buildings formed of dry straws and fragments of sound wood, whose colour contrasts with that of the grayish and decaying roofs of the old ant-nest. Four years ago, a third centre of population had been founded in the neighbourhood, but it has not yet attained the prosperity of the first colony. Nevertheless the old city

has not been completely abandoned. It serves as a refuge for some families, quite numerous yet. But its half ruinous condition recalls that of Babylon, existing during the first centuries of the Christian era, in the neighbourhood of Seleucia and Ctisiphon, successively founded by more modern civilizations. Mr. Berthelot proceeds to found upon these observations a series of hypotheses concerning the future of human cities, and illustrates his remarks by references to the history of Egypt, China, and other old civilizations.

A short discussion followed, in which the Chairman, Mr. William Horsfall, and Mr. Hardy took part.

Mr. Hardy exhibited specimens of a Peetle from Madeira, recently discovered in the Banana plantations of the district around Funchal, and very destructive, being found in immense numbers in the decaying trunks of the various species of Musa, which have from time to time extending over the last twenty years been introduced into the Island, to fill up the place of the Vines destroyed by the combined attacks of the well known Phylloxera and of the Parasitic Fungus *Oidium Tuckeri*. The occurrence in Madeira of this new insect pest was first announced to the scientific world by the late Mr. Wollaston, in the number of the *Annals of Natural History* for October, 1877, and his statements prove beyond doubt that the beetle has been introduced there within the last two or three years. It belongs to the tribe popularly known as the weevils; in science to the Calandroid section of the very numerous and generally distributed Rhyncophera, or snout-bearers, to which also belong the two minute species of grain weevils (*Calandra granaria* and *C. oryzae*), found severally in wheat and rice), common at most times in our own country; both of them, however, especially the latter, doubtful as really British species. The beetles exhibited, *sphenophorus striatus*, are in size about half an inch of a general black colour, and of the true weevil appearance. It is well known to Coleopterists as a common Brazilian and Australian species, and although of perhaps little popular interest to us in England, where the culture of the Banana is confined to the palmhouse and the imported fruit but little relished, it seems not unlikely to become a formidable destroyer in Madeira, where the fruits of the various species of musa form an important addition to the food supply of the people.

#### ART NOTES.

The bad times are telling upon art. At the Royal Scottish Academy's Exhibition, which has just closed, the sales of pictures have only realised £6,000, as compared with £9,500 last year.

The Premier has informed Mrs. George Cruikshank that her late husband's pension of £95 a year will be continued for her benefit. The library of the artist-humourist, containing about six hundred volumes, was sold on Saturday, and realised £1,138. His sketches and drawings sold about a week previously for rather over £1,000.

Copley Fielding appears to be rising in the artistic market. A sea-piece, *Vessels Driving for Port in a Storm*, measuring only some fifteen inches by twenty-two, was disposed of at the Hon. Mrs. Seymour Bathurst's sale last week for £777. The drawing

was considerably smaller than *The Mull of Galloway*, but resembled, in style and quality, that fine example of the master which, in the Quilter sale, 1875, sold for the high price of £1,782. 10s.

#### LITERARY NOTES.

The French Academy has awarded the Langlois Prize (£125) to Mr. Mackenzie Wallace for his book on Russia.

Two additional branches of the Leeds Public Library have been opened at Farnley and New Farnley. There are now seventeen branch free libraries in Leeds.

Mr. G. W. Lovell, author of *Ingomar*, *The Provost of Bruges*, *Love's Sacrifice*, *The Wife's Secret*, and other five-act plays which attained considerable popularity at the period of their production, died at his residence at Hampstead, last week, aged seventy-nine.

The Queen, on the recommendation of the Earl of Beaconsfield, has granted a donation of £800 from the royal bounty fund to the widow of the Rev. George B. Wheeler, late rector of Ballysax, in recognition of her husband's distinguished labours in classical literature.

The English Dialect Society has now nearly ready for issue its first instalment of books for the year 1878, consisting of a Glossary of Cumberland Words and Phrases, by Mr. William Dickinson, F.L.S., of Thorncroft, Workington; and Thomas Tusser's *Five Hundred Pointes of Good Husbandrie*, edited with an introduction, biography, very elaborate notes, and an exhaustive glossary, by Mr. William Payne and Mr. Sidney J. Herrtage, B.A. Old Tusser's work is in a sort of rude rhyme—probably designed to help the memory of the farmers for whom it was primarily intended—and it has been a remarkably popular work in past times, as is shown by the great number of editions and reprints. Its philological value, which is considerable, will be brought out clearly in the new, handsome, and most complete reproduction of the English Dialect Society—a reproduction which will be found to distance all its predecessors.

#### SCIENCE NOTES.

Dr. Hooker, it is understood, intends to retire at the close of the present year from the Presidency of the Royal Society. He will probably be succeeded by Mr. William Spottiswoode.

The Earl of Dufferin has accepted the presidency of the Royal Geographical Society. The noble lord will shortly return to England from Canada, his term of office as governor-general having expired.

The first Lyell Medal has been awarded at Cambridge to Professor Morris, who for so many years filled the geological chair at University College, and whose Catalogue of British Fossils is so well known.

Mr. James Gordon Bennett is fitting up an expedition for the Polar Regions. The preparations are almost complete. Mr. Bennett purchased the Pandora, an English vessel which has already seen service in the Arctic Seas, and has been planned especially for that duty. The Pandora is being thoroughly refitted, and may be said to be almost a new vessel. She will take the name of Jeannette, and the officers to command her will be selected from those who have seen service in the Arctic Ocean. There will also be a thoroughly equipped scientific staff, composed of gentlemen competent to take observations in astronomy, botany, zoology, meteorology, and other subjects. Mr. Bennett intends his expedition to go through Behring's Straits and try the Pacific Ocean road to the Pole. It will sail from San Francisco in June, 1879.

Professor Hughes's microphone promises to revolutionize the whole art of telegraphy. This new invention magnifies the weakest vibrations into sounds audible to the human ear, and there is every probability that in a short time articulate speech will be transmitted over indefinite lengths of wire. It is impossible to say now what substances will not transmit vibrations when placed in an electrical circuit—a pile of nails or a small heap of chain taking up the sounds of the human voice, and transmitting them clearly and accurately to a telephone many miles distant. The scratch of a pin, the touch of a brush, the chords of a piano, or the tones of a voice are transmitted with equal clearness, and by the simplest means, for a single-cell Daniell, a Bell telephone, line wire, and a Hughes microphone are all the apparatus necessary. Professor Hughes has not taken out a patent, but has freely given to the world a discovery the importance of which cannot yet be appreciated.

### COUNTRY NOTES.

#### GORSE.

LYME, May 18, 1878.

For any one who has not the privilege of living in the country it is worth while to make a special pilgrimage to some of the wild tracts in the district just to behold the extraordinary splendour of the gorse. I do not remember, in a lifetime passed almost entirely in the country, ever to have seen this shrub so profusely covered with flowers as in this year of 1878. In this neighbourhood (Lyme) the summit of Jackson Edge is the only point where a large patch of this brilliant shrub can be seen. Here it covers about a couple of acres. On the high lands

between Macclesfield and Buxton I think I remember larger patches. For some reason or other the laburnum, which has been for seven years past wonderfully generous with its brilliant yellow flowers, shows only a few scanty scattered blooms. Is this the case in other districts? Last year offered strange anomalies in the way of contemporaneous flowers. When we quitted Buxton in July, laburnum and hawthorn were still in flower, and on the moors near Pickering we saw the heath in full bloom, only two days later. On the same hedge, side by side, might be seen hawthorn and wild-rose blooming together; not in an isolated case, but everywhere in Derbyshire. Such a confusion of the flowering time of these English plants points to a very exceptional state of temperature.

E. L.

### THE OAK AND THE ASH.

WYTHENSHAWE MOUNT, May 22.

If oak be green before the ash,  
We shall only have a splash;  
But if the ash before the oak,  
We shall surely have a soak.

When will students of nature learn to trust more to their own observation and less to such absurd old proverbs as the foregoing, which is quoted, apparently quite seriously, by Geoffrey Melbrook in his article on the Whitethorn, published in Country Notes of Saturday last? The fact is, the oak is ALWAYS in leaf from two to three weeks before the ash; though no one can foretell the exact time when either of them will assume the garb of summer, that depending entirely on the kind of weather we have during the months of April and May. The season this spring is exceptionally early, and there were more leaves on the oak trees on the last day of April than would be found on the last day of May in a late season.

The first harvest of the year, viz., peeling the bark from the oak, commenced in this neighbourhood on the 22nd of April. The buds of the oak were then just bursting into leaf. Yesterday—that is exactly one month after the above date—I measured many oak shoots of this year's growth from six to eight inches long, and nearly every oak tree was in full leaf. On the other hand, I saw hundreds of ash trees, some of which were just bursting into leaf; a many looking as dead as if it was the middle of winter.

Some oak trees, as well as some ash trees, come into leaf much earlier than others of the same kind. There is always a difference of about fourteen days between the earliest and the latest of each sort. But the oak is always in leaf first; and if anyone will take notice which tree comes into leaf earliest in any year, he will find the same tree to be earliest in each succeeding year, and from this rule there is absolutely no exception. Nature is infinitely various, but never capricious; and though I strongly object to the old saw with which I commenced, I will end with another—"Order is the first law of Nature."

T. W.

BEES.

Moscow, May 22, 1878.

Among the rhododendrons you can always find the bees. I saw the first bee here on the nineteenth of April. It was one which had strayed into the greenhouse. It seemed full-grown and was sumptuously attired in its raiment of black and amber fur. A week later I found one in the open air, working alternately among the rhododendrons and the currant bushes. By the middle of this month the air was filled with their humming. On one hot afternoon I counted thirty or forty of them threading the mazes of a single apple tree in bloom. Their persistent and hurrying industry is quite fascinating. I stood watching one the other day for a quarter of an hour. He had chosen a white rhododendron, and was working it systematically. He pushed into every blossom, trying even the unopened buds, and in some cases making good for himself a violent entrance. How swift is the motion of his wings, as he hangs in ecstasy of expectation over the flowers!—so swift indeed that the eye cannot catch it—you see only an apparently unmoving and nearly transparent slip of gauze. As the bee enters the flower the humming ceases, beginning again, after an instant of silent spoliation, with the most exact recurrence, just as the large body makes its dexterous and backward exit. After he had finished the whole bush he rose suddenly, and before I had time to escape played defiantly round and round my head, with a loud buzzing, as if to say, "There, if I liked I could punish you for your inquisitive temerity;" and then, with a swimming motion away he went up into the sky, above the tree tops, and further than my eye could follow. After he had gone a big, prosaic fly came and gleaned over the same ground. I do not know that anything finer has been written about the bee than these three stanzas which I select from the *Legend of the Hive*, an early poem by Stephen Hawker, the strange person of Morwenstow.

Behold those winged images!

Bound for their evening bowers,

They are the nation of the bees,

Born from the breath of flowers:  
Strange people they! a mystic race,  
In life and food, and dwelling place!

They built their houses made with hands

And there, alone, they dwell;

No man to this day understands

The mystery of their cell:

Your mighty sages cannot see

The deep foundations of the Bee!

Low in the violet's breast of blue

For treasur'd food, they sink,

They know the flowers that hold the dew

For their small race to drink,

They guide—King Solomon might gaze

With wonder on their awful ways!

GEOFFREY MELLOROCK

Saturday, June 1, 1878.

NOTE.

A PASSAGE IN HAMLET.

[298.] A well-known passage in the first scene of *Hamlet* appears in all the editions in the following form:—

A little ere the mightiest Julius fell,  
The graves stood tenantless, and the sheeted dead  
Did squeak and gibber in the Roman streets.

As, stars with trains of fire and dews of blood,  
Disasters in the sun, and the moist star,  
Upon whose influence Neptune's empire stands,  
Was sick almost to doomsday with eclipse.

A verse is supposed to be lost after the third line. A slight alteration in the fourth line, it seems to me, will supply all that is needed to complete the sense:—

Did squeak and gibber in the Roman streets

As *stars* with trains of fire and dews of blood.

A proposed amendment of mine of a reading in the fourth scene:—

The dram of ale

Doth all its noble substance to a doubt

To his own scandal,

was objected to by one of your correspondents last January on the grounds (1) that it is not at all "like Shakspeare;" and (2) that the "his" is left without explanation. Malone, in his note on the passage, says that "his" is constantly used by Shakspeare for "its." It is assuming a good deal to pronounce what is or is not "at all like Shakspeare."

W. A. O'CONNOR.

COMMENTS AND ANSWERS.

THE FIRST PRE-RAPHAELITE PAINTERS.  
(Nos. 213, 220, and 232.)

[299.] In the interesting note on the Pre-Raphaelite movement there are a few errors which it is as well should be put right. First, it is said, "it would be useless to look anywhere for a complete and clear account of the Pre-Raphaelite brotherhood." A tolerably complete and certainly clear account is given by one of themselves, Mr. W. M. Rossetti, in the (now defunct) *Fine Art Monthly Magazine* for August, 1876. Second: Too many names are given as founders of the movement. From all I can hear it seems to be true that Mr. F. Madox Brown was one of the chief motive powers, the intellectual and artistic force, underlying the movement, but he was never a P.R.B.,

although firmly and in constant communication with all of them. The names Mr. Rossetti gives as founders are four, and here is the passage from the article referred to:—"In 1848 there were three student-painters in the classes of the Royal Academy, and a young sculptor, John Everett Millais, William Holman Hunt, Dante Gabriel Rossetti, and Thomas Woolner. Their ages were all about twenty, Millais being youngest and Woolner oldest. To this list we must add, as the only other subsequent members, Mr. W. M. Rossetti himself, who was literary secretary and general adviser, and although not a painter yet a P.R.B.; Frederic George Stephens, now art critic to the *Athenæum*; and James Collinson. Another long passage from the same paper will show the ruling ideas underlying this enthusiastic and important movement:—

"It would be difficult to say to which of these four young men the idea of Pre-Raphaelitism owes its origin most strictly and most decidedly: the origin comes, one may fairly say, from the combination and attrition of the characters, capacities, and aspirations of all four, and from their joint sense of the imbecile and insincere flimsiness—the puerile senility, as one might term it—of much of the art most current and most accredited in our country in those days. Hunt and Woolner may have contributed most to the inception of the movement, so far as energy and robustness, and antipathy to the contrary qualities, are concerned; Rossetti the most, as regards the incitement and suggestiveness of a new project, ideal aim, and love of what is beautiful and inventive in olden art. Millais, with less impulse of leadership in a fresh path than the others, less of that turn of mind which is at once iconoclastic in one direction and reconstructive in another, brought to the movement all the ardour of a vivid temperament, the impressibility of one who feels that he can and will carry his point, and a splendid pictorial capacity, equal to any strain which his own enthusiasm, and the opposition of others, could put upon it.

"These were the four leading members of the so-called 'Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood,' or 'P.R.B.,' which included also three other persons and no more—James Collinson, a painter chiefly of domestic subjects; Frederic George Stephens, an academy student and painter, known now almost exclusively as a writer and critic on subjects of fine art; and lastly myself, never concerned with art otherwise than

as a critic. Ford Madox Brown, a painter already of note before Pre-Raphaelitism began, was also an intimate ally and associate in the movement; yet an independent one, not committed to anything which he or others might have deemed one-sided in theory or lop-sided in performance. In practice he has always been more decidedly of the order of 'historical painters' than any of the others; strong in mind and in handling, pre-occupied above all things with the drama and the character inherent in his subject-matter, and treating many different themes in different ways. Next to him, the person most closely mixed up with the P.R.B. was Walter Howell Deverell, a young painter of no common faculty, who only lived long enough to prove that a longer career would not have been a barren one for his art.

"Nothing is more incorrect than to suppose that their central object was the exact realization of detail—the imitation of uncombined objects of nature, or items of fact, or (as I once heard it expressed) the representation of objects as they are in themselves, and not as they appear to the eye, in their natural relations of space and interdependence. Seriousness and sincerity of invention, a genuine conception of the subject as a whole—these were, on the contrary, leading principles in the school, far higher in rank than any principles or any question governing the external details. I have had occasion ere now to put into words the leading idea (as I apprehend it) of Pre-Raphaelitism, and may here repeat it in nearly the same phrases. The principle was that there is no necessary antagonism between the most pictorial conception of a thing and the thing itself; that entire freedom of invention may be united with entire adherence to visible fact; that truth in conception and in art should be direct and complete, so far as the limitations of conception by art allow of such truth. No doubt, one of the most marked qualities of the earlier Pre-Raphaelite pictures was their precise definition and unstinted elaboration of the details; and this was perfectly consistent with the theory of the artists, as well as distinctive of their practice. That was, however, a means towards an end, and not the end itself. The artists in question were all young men, each having still to form a style of his own; and, partly in furtherance of their main purpose, partly as a matter of severe study and practice, partly in abnegation and protest against the slurred habits and pseudo-æsthetic shams of that period in British

art, they worked with utmost diligence and minute fidelity at all the details—refusing to be satisfied with general resemblances, and exacting from themselves the last tittle of a truth. But there was not one of them so literal-minded as to suppose that, because a student and aspirant has to accumulate knowledge and expertness by instalments and by hard application, therefore only one style of art, and this the minutely detailed style, would be suitable for a master; or that the practice of the school, or of themselves collectively, would of necessity congeal into one sole method, and remain at the one point of departure. They all wished to become masters, and contemplated working out their own personal mastery into such form as their several faculties and occasions should ratify.”

In addition to what Mr. Rossetti has said it may be stated, as one main characteristic of the P.R.B., that the unity of the arts is evidently part of their practice if not of their avowed creed. They are nearly all great and thorough workers, never sparing time and thought on their pictures, and always painting from an idea they wish to realize; not, as is the fatal practice of too many painters, painting anything and then tacking a name to it. They are men of the highest and broadest culture, and always seem to have more subjects they would like to paint than they have opportunity to get through. At first—and this is some reason for their name, or nickname—they resolutely refused to be bound by the trammels of any school, and especially the school of the merely pretty. It was well thought that the tremendous genius of Raphael had done injury to subsequent practitioners, because of the attempts to follow him in mere grace of form and fulness of outward beauty. It was time to recombine the ideal with the natural and the beautiful, and a consequent originality of treatment was attempted which was not based on mere conventional nor Raphaellesque types. Odd developments took place, of course, and many pictures were painted which were, to say the least, curious; but they were never empty oddities, as they were certainly not inane attempts at prettiness; and it remains true that Rossetti, Hunt, Brown, and Millais have painted more works that posterity will not willingly let die than any other four that can be named in our generation. It should be said, what I believe is an acknowledged truth among the chief artists, that Brown has revolutionized the best English art as regards light and

shade, his theory and practice being that all subjects should be painted in the light, and with the relations of shade and light as they would appear in nature. Those who have looked much at pictures will know how this obviously simple rule has been scorned by all the schools.

Those interested in this subject cannot do better than study the many fine works of the P.R.B. school at present on view in the splendid general exhibition at the Royal Institution, Molesley-street, and especially the lovely work by Millais, Lorenzo and Isabella, painted in 1849. This picture is contributed by Woolner, and is signed P.R.B. in two places in the right hand corner. It is a masterly work, and some of us will like it better than those in his slobbery style, as seen in the Stella and Vanessa pictures. This early work shows what a thorough mastery over his art this great genius possessed and has apparently lost.

CHARLES ROWLEY, JUN.

BIP VAN WINKLE.  
(Nos. 280 and 286.)

[300.] A neat this famous story, by the famous transatlantic litterateur, permit me to “rush in” where more timorous correspondents might “fear to tread,” with the “startling intelligence” that it was written—so at least I have always understood—in my native town, Birmingham, and had its origin in a Dutch legend which Mr. Van Wart, a local merchant engaged in the American trade, communicated one evening to his guest Washington Irving. There was a connection by marriage between the families of Irving and Van Wart—either the former wooed and won the sister of the latter or *vice versa*, or somebody else wedded somebody else within their joint circles, I cannot pretend to severe precision in the matter—but there was at all events an alliance which brought them into intimate intercourse and lasting friendship. Irving was labouring under one of his periodic attacks of melancholia at the time he paid his only lengthened and memorable visit to his Birmingham relative, and was so struck with the gossiping account given of the supposititious vagabond Hollander, that it threw him into a fit of violent laughter, which ended in his sitting up all night to reproduce the narrative after his own inimitable fashion. He was engaged in a desultory manner upon his *Sketch Book* at the time, and the MS. was duly forwarded for publication in New York. Further this deponent sayeth not.

G. LINNÆUS BANKS.

London, Royal Oak Day, 1878.

## VIPERS.

(Query No. 297, May 25.)

[301.] A correspondent asks, "Are vipers and adders one and the same? Do they sting, and if so is there any danger and what is the antidote?" Vipers and adders are one and the same; the latter term, however, is generally but erroneously applied in Lancashire to the common and harmless ringed snake. The only venomous reptile we have in England is the viper, but, in common with most of the serpent tribe, it is never the assailant, and bites only when it is handled or trod upon. I have no doubt that the first serpent your correspondent saw was a ringed snake, from the description of its colour, its length, and its circumference. I have seen a great number of vipers, but I never saw one "two feet long, rather thicker than one's thumb." The ringed snake, which is, as I have said, perfectly harmless, grows to the length of four feet in the south of England, and attains a corresponding thickness. The second one seen was most likely a real viper. The bite of the latter being exceedingly venomous gives much pain, and has in some instances caused death. The cottagers about the south country commons keep by them oil made from the fat of the viper to apply as an antidote to its bite, but any oil would, no doubt, have the same effect. The young of the viper—the species being ovoviviparous—are born alive, not produced from eggs like many other species; and, until they have attained a considerable size, upon the approach of danger take refuge in the interior of their parent by going down her throat, she opening her mouth wide for the purpose, and rapidly disappearing—if she be not prevented—immediately the last one has entered. This interesting habit is yet doubted by some naturalists, amongst whom, however, I cannot be reckoned, as I have witnessed the fact.

FELIX FOLIO.

## WILLIAM BRADLEY THE ARTIST.

(Nos. 281 and 288.)

[302.] On a gravestone in St. John's Churchyard, Manchester, is the following at the bottom:—"Also William Bradley, portrait painter, who died July 4, 1857."

J. O.

Stockport.

I knew William Bradley well. His portraits were highly appreciated. He received £120 for the portrait of the late Pudsey Dawson, of Hornby Castle. He once lived in a nice house adjoining Strangeways Hall. Domestic differences led to his house being

broken up. He then retired to his studio in Newall's Buildings, Market-street, where, I am sorry to say, he died on a wretched pallet of straw. His unfinished drawings were sold by the late Mr. Thomas Froggatt, auctioneer.

H. M.

Mr. Joseph Johnson's dismal note about old Bradley reminds me that about forty-five years since the fine old boy lived in Ormond-street, Chorlton-on-Medlock, on the right hand side, in one of a row of houses with painted pillared doorways (then on the verge of the green country). On the door was a bold brass-plate, which bore the words upon it, "Bradley, artist." In those days All Saints' Churchyard was a great green grove, with towering elms within it and vast laburnums.

C. H.

The note signed J. T. S., in reference to the late William Bradley, is in error from my personal knowledge, and I beg to state a few facts. William Bradley the artist was the youngest son of Richard Bradley, of Old Garrett Hall, Manchester, who was a cotton spinner, of the firm of Bradley and Thackray, of Old Garrett Mills. William was a resident in London from an early age. He married the eldest daughter (Eliza) of Charles Calvert, landscape painter, of Manchester, about the year 1834, so that J. T. S. could not at that date have seen his daughter. Mr. Bradley resided many years in Upper Charlotte-street, Fitzroy Square, London, where he was patronized by royalty and nobility; but about the time of his marriage he was temporarily with his father-in-law, Mr. Calvert, in Princess-street, Manchester. William Beresford Bradley, the eldest son, was born 1840. The second, Basil (now an artist and well-known animal painter), was born 1842; Julia, eldest daughter, born 1844; and Blanche, 1846. They survive him. Mr. Bradley visited Manchester about 1840, when he painted Samuel Brooks and John Brooks, Charles Swain, and others, returning to London before his second son was born. He had a studio and rooms in King-street, Manchester, about 1847, his house being in Strangeways. He subsequently had cottages in suburbs of Manchester for his family. His studio was in Newall's Buildings when I saw him last, when he had just completed a full-length portrait of John Duncuft, junior. About 1834 I "sat" often as a child for my uncle (fancy pictures). He was an eccentric, secluded character, but his despondency was no doubt caused by domestic troubles and intemperance. As he did



not correspond with his near relatives they were not generally aware of his death at the time.

ELIZABETH BRADLEY CROFT.

London, May 27, 1878.

The correspondence under the above heading has surprised me. I thought that the name and fame of this, one of, if not the ablest of Manchester painters, was familiar to every one of his townsmen, even of the present generation. Yet I find that the painter of "The Lancashire Witch," of Charles Swain, of Sir Thomas Potter, and of many a bewitching nymph with beaming eyes and golden hair, is as a stranger in a strange place! Can it be that William Bradley, bred in the school and filled with the lore of Lawrence, is even now an antique, if he have not become a myth? I think that the particulars which your correspondents have given are, in the main, inaccurate. Mr. Slugg says he remembers taking his (Bradley's) daughter to a concert. This, I think, is a mistake; and Mr. Johnson's account of the manner of his death is likewise incorrect. There are, however, two men in Manchester upon whom the ample mantle of Bradley has fallen—I mean the present president of the Manchester Academy of Art, Mr. Crozier; and (another able portrait painter) William Percy. I am sure that both these gentlemen are able to supply reliable information, which is evidently much needed, about a man whose memory the people of this city should not willingly let die.

William Bradley was a luminary in the world of art, and I think it is a pity that people should bring to mind the story of his eclipse, of his degradation and disgrace, rather than the time when he was in the zenith of his power.

T. L.

#### WHIT-WEEK OR WHITSUN-WEEK.

(Nos. 288 and 275.)

[303.] It may be a remnant of the custom named by Onez—I cannot say—but I remember some fifty years ago that Scottish Episcopalians in the north of Scotland usually called the day White Sunday, and on that day, the female portion of them especially, donned their summer attire, in which white was always predominant—such as bonnets trimmed with white ribbons, white gowns, or white shawls—while males would show off in white vests and even white unmentionables, then more prevalent than now.

SCOTTISH CHURCHMAN.

#### CHECKQUERS.

(Nos. 154 and 236.)

[304.] I cannot think that the replies of H. M. B. and C. W. S. are correct on this matter. I believe the origin of the use of the checkquers (or, as it is now usually spelt, chequers) in England was that in the fourteenth or fifteenth century the excise was in the possession of an Earl of Holderness, whose arms were the checkquers, and every licensed house was bound to put up this device or suffer a penalty for neglect. I have never seen it in use in the north, but can well remember that in the city of Oxford it was almost universal on the public-houses twenty years since, either on the door-posts or the shutters, and generally painted in black and white, though sometimes in other colours.

T. J. D.

Heaton Moor.

#### FOUNDATION STONES.

(Nos. 266 and 278.)

[306.] Under this head Mr. W. Haley gave an interesting account of the finding of the foundation stone of the first Manchester Royal Exchange. It may interest some of the readers of *Notes and Queries* to give Joseph Aston's account of the laying of the same, published in 1815, in his *Picture of Manchester*, page 206. "On the 21st July, 1806, the first stone of the building was laid (in the absence of William Fox, Esq., the boroughreeve for that year) by George Philips, Esq., attended by the constables and many of the subscribers, amidst the plaudits of a great concourse of people, who concluded the ceremony by the hearty old English way of expressing approbation—three times three. A marble vase containing several pieces of the coin of his present Majesty, and medals of the late immortal Nelson and Mr. Pitt were inserted into the stone, in order to give a treat to the curious when time shall bring these seeds for antiquity to the view of unborn antiquarians." When Aston wrote the above he little anticipated that in about sixty years afterwards these "seeds for antiquity" would see the light.

G. H. S.

Heaton Moor.

#### NOT LOST BUT GONE BEFORE.

(Query No. 282, May 18.)

[306.] Miss Havergal is certainly not the author of this expression. Its origin has been discussed in the London *Notes and Queries* (see general indexes to the third and fourth series), and in the pages of that periodical examples of its use have been pro-

duced from many writers, from Seneca and Antiphanes to Samuel Rogers and Ebenezer Elliott. It seems to have been frequently used in churchyard epitaphs. In mediæval times the inscription was:—

Abit non oblit, prælit,  
Non perlit.

The following epitaph on Mary Angel, widow, who died in 1693, is said to exist in St. Dunstan's, Stepney:—

To say an Angel here interred doth lye  
May be thought strange, for angels never dye;  
Indeed some fell from heaven to hell,  
Are lost, and rise no more;  
This only fell by death to earth,  
Not lost, but gone before.

It has been jocularly said in Ireland that the epitaph "Not lost, but gone before," has been inscribed on the tomb of the Irish Church by the English Established Church.

C. W. S.

This favourite and beautiful voice of consolation from the tombs has, gem-like, been set in the pure gold of poetry more than once. Ebenezer Elliott, in his *Excursion*, says:—

Bone-weary, many-childed, trouble-tryed!  
Wife of my bosom, wedded to my soul!  
Mother of nine that live and two that died!  
This day drink health from nature's flowing bowl;  
Nay, why lament the doom that mocks control?  
The buried are not lost but gone before.  
Then dry thy tears and see the river roll  
O'er rocks that crowned yon time-dark heights of yore,  
Now, tyrant-like, dethroned to crush the weak no more.

The young are with us, yet and we with them.

The original is Greek:—"Mourn moderately for your dead friends, for they have not died but have gone before on the same road on which all must needs go."

HITTITE.

These words, with a little variation in the reading, have been used by various authors, and consequently are not original in the stanza quoted by your correspondent Onez, from Miss Havergal's *Royal Bounty*. Ben Jonson, in his epigram on Sir John Roe (*Works*: Gifford's edition, vol. 8, p. 169), says:—

I'll not offend thee with a vain tear more,  
Glad mentioned Roe; thou art but gone before,  
Whither the world must follow.

Samuel Rogers, in his poem *Human Life*, written in 1819 (*Poems*: Moxon's edition, 1856, p. 160) says:—

Those whom he loved so long and sees no more,  
Loved and still loves—not dead, but gone before.

Ebenezer Elliott, in the first stanza of the poem the *Excursion*, says:—

Why lament the doom which mocks controul?  
The buried are not lost, but gone before.

The authorship, like that of another equally well-known quotation, "Though lost to sight to memory dear," has, I believe, so far baffled all research and remains unknown.

G. H. S.

Heaton Moor.

THE HUMMADRUZ.

(Query 284, May 18.)

[307.] The term "hummadruz" is one which in a long series of years I have never heard used, nor did I ever see it in print till I read R. E. Bibby's query in the *City News*. But as to the remarkable sounds which the term is intended to represent, I have often heard them when passing along the footpath through the fields which lie between Blackley Church and Lichford Hall. Like Mr. Bibby I was much surprised when I first heard them; but after hearing them on several occasions, being desirous to ascertain the cause, I left the footpath and proceeded through the fields in the direction from which the sounds seemed to come. Presently I stood on the borders of a large pit, the surface of the water in which was covered by a multitude of frogs, whose croaking produced the strange sounds that had previously puzzled me.

Mr. Bibby says he never saw any allusion to these remarkable sounds in print. If he will take the trouble to refer to Goldsmith's *History of the Earth and Animated Nature* (A. Fullarton and Co., 1847) he will find the subject mentioned, and frogs designated "Dutch nightingales." In "Memorials of Missionary Life in Nova Scotia" Mr. Churchill says: "Frogs are called the nightingales of Nova Scotia. I have heard them," says he, "with all the variety of sounds and the succession of cadences so remarkable in the music of the Eolian harp." Nor is there anything overdrawn in this simile. The softness of the flageolet and the shrillness and clearness of a whistle might both be adduced as illustrations; but no language can convey a correct idea.

SAMUEL HEWITT.

Nearly two years ago, in the very height and heat of summer, I was on the tops of Penrhos, Llanrychwyn, which is above and on the east side of Llyn Geirionydd. Everything was beauty and repose in that wild mountain solitude. It was about four o'clock in the afternoon when my attention was attracted by a continuity of musical minor murmuring strains, resembling the minor notes produced by the rain-wind playing sadly through the window sashes, and sometimes like the musical tones of the telegraph wires played upon by a whistling north-easter or south-wester. Being busily engaged at the

time I did not pay that attention I might otherwise have bestowed had I been performing a quiet ramble. Now and again I looked round and about me, expecting to see myriads of insects on the wing; but no, the air to all appearances was empty, not a fly was to be seen. The crescendos and diminuendos of the plaintive murmurings I noticed particularly, and was much impressed by them. In a while, after listening, my curiosity grew a little excited, and I wondered where on earth these musical cadences could proceed from. Wherever I moved the sounds were still heard; as they grew piano I was reminded of the large sea-shells which in my childhood I used to place to my ear, recalling the low, sad, distant moaning of the ocean waves. At length, having finished what I was engaged in, I packed up my traps and directed my steps homeward. Still this "hummadruz" or hummaz never left me until I left the moorland top. Before doing so I stooped and examined the dry wiry grass of the mountain, and to my surprise I found an infinitude of life everywhere, in the shape of small winged insects, producing these wild, weird, minor, Eolian-harp kind of strains.

ARLUNYDD GLAN CONWAY.

Trefriw, North Wales, May 28, 1878.

THE REV. JOSHUA BROOKES.

(Nos. 229, 239, 257, and 270.)

[308.] The following anecdote is not likely to be much known, and is too good to be omitted from any biographical notice of the reverend gentleman. A well-known Manchester solicitor, himself always a wag, when a youth seated himself in the minister's pew in the Old Church. Mr. Brookes coming up sharply told him that only parsons and clerks were allowed in that pew. "Well, sir, I'm a clerk," promptly responded the youth. "Eh! What! What clerk are you?" "Oh! I'm an attorney's clerk!" "Oh! Ah! Ths' may sit still." The Rev. Joshua seldom minced matters in his castigations of excessive dress, and on one occasion a sister of mine was about to be christened by him, and of course her fond mother had adorned her youngest born with such a profusion of frills and furbelows as befitted the great event; but as these decorations so nearly buried the face of the young neophyte to brand her face with the sign of the cross was hardly practicable, and the minister brusquely requested the "fol-dols," as he styled them, to be taken off. This, again, was a work of some difficulty; nurse, godmother, real and prox-

each tugging away at the disrobing process, and not a little disconcerted by the plain speaking of his reverence.

R. E. B.

Denton.

QUERIES.

[309.] THE UNION JACK.—Apropos of Whitsuntide, when Manchester will be gay with flags and banners of many colours and devices, it may be well to ask what is the origin of this national banner? Why is it called "Jack," and what is its orthodox combination and proportion?

PHILIP WENTWORTH.

[310.] THE EPIGRAM CLUB.—I lately came across an account of the proceedings at an evening's meeting of an "Epigram Club." It was evidently extracted from some book, and gave specimens of epigrams prepared for a competition for a silver medal. Can anyone tell me from what book the proceedings are taken, as I should gladly meet with it if it is equal to sample?

HITTITE.

[311.] TRAF-FORD.—I am seeking the meaning of the word Traf. Harland's Glossary, in his *Manchester*, gives three explanations of it, which are only supposititious and not satisfactory. I find in a list of Welsh words that of "Tref—a house, a home, a town." As a Saxon Thane fixed his dwelling on the site of the present Old Trafford Hall, which is close to the ford at Throstle Nest, may not that dwelling have dictated the prefix Traf?

JAMES BURY.

May 27, 1878.

[312.] ECCLES CROSS.—Can any of your obliging correspondents give me any information about the old stone cross in the market-place at Eccles? Some thirty years ago I well remember my grandmother saying that my grandfather lifted it, which was considered a great feat. I have also heard since that he severely injured himself in doing so, and had occasion to remember it up to the time of his death.

A THREE YEARS' SUBSCRIBER.

[313.] THE MICHAELMAS GOOSE.—Blount, in his *Glossographia*, says that "in Lancashire the husbandmen claim it as a due to have a goose *intentos* on the sixteenth Sunday after Pentecost, which custom took origin from the last word of old church-prayer of that day: *Tua nos quesumus, domine, gratia semper praveniat et sequatur; ac bonis operibus jugiter præstet esse intentos.* And that the common people mistake it for a goose with ten toes." Easter being a moveable feast, of course would not always bring the period to Michaelmas. We know that our forefathers in Lancashire observed the feast of Michaelmas, but is there any reason for specially connecting Lancashire with the Michaelmas goose or giving origin to the custom of feeding on geese at this time?

CUTHBERT OXENDALE.

[314.] THE TOWNLEY AND WIDDERINGTON PORTRAITS.—Could any of the readers of Notes and Queries point out some source—outside Whitaker and

Baines—where I could get some details of the Towneley and Widderington portraits in the gallery at Fowneley Hall? The estates of the northern Widderingtons (the descendants of the hero of Chevy Chase, who "fought upon his stumps") came into the possession of the Towneley family somewhere about the time of the Rebellion of 1715. About sixty years ago the Widderington portraits were removed from Stells Hall, Blaydon-on-Tyne, and I recently saw them in the picture gallery at Towneley Hall. In the dining-room at Towneley is a fine portrait, said to be by Vandyke, of the first Lord Widderington, who fell at the battle of Wigan Lane with Sir Thomas Tyldesley, on the 25th August, 1651. In the library at Towneley there is a MS. history of the portraits—of both families, I presume—but in the absence of the family it cannot be seen. I am more particularly interested in the Widderington portraits. I can find nothing to assist me in the Chetham Library, or Reference Free Library, Manchester.

H. KERR.

Stocksteads.

### ART NOTES.

An exhibition of pictures by Stockport artists is to be opened in that town in September next. Mr. J. H. E. Partington, himself a native of the town, is acting as honorary secretary, and a guarantee fund of over £200 has already been subscribed in sums of £10 each by the leading inhabitants.

Mr. Ruskin, since his restoration to health, has revised his Notes to the Turner Drawings exhibited by the Fine Art Society in Bond-street, London, and has completed the portion which his sudden illness prevented him from finishing at the time. These additions appear in the seventh edition of the Notes, which are further enriched by several pages of interesting remarks on the drawings, by the Rev. Mr. Kingsley, of South Kilverton, a friend of Mr. Ruskin's who presented the latter with Mossdale Fall, one of the drawings given by Mr. Ruskin to Cambridge University, as well as the Lowther sketches at Oxford.

### SCIENCE NOTES.

Prof. Spencer F. Baird is to succeed Prof. Joseph Henry as Secretary of the Smithsonian Institution.

The committee of the African Exploration Fund of the Royal Geographical Society have resolved to despatch a carefully organised expedition to explore the unknown tract of country lying between the caravan road which is being constructed from Dar-es-Salaam (a few miles south of Zanzibar) and the northern end of Lake Nyassa. Mr. Keith Johnston will be in command, and will be accompanied by another European not yet selected. Should this expedition prove successful, the committee contemplate pushing their explorations to the southern end of Lake Tanganyika, a further distance of 190 miles, thus completing approximately two of the routes sketched out in the circular issued last summer.

### LITERARY NOTES.

A bust of the Bishop Thirlwall, erected in Westminster Abbey, was uncovered on Tuesday. It has been executed by Mr. Edward Davis, and is a faithful likeness. It is placed in the south transept, next to that of Grote, the historian, and not far from the grave which contains the remains of Grote and Bishop Thirlwall.

A month ago we recorded the fact—unprecedented probably in newspaper history—that Dr. Robert Carruthers had completed the fiftieth year of his editorship of the *Inverness Courier*. He has not long survived the anniversary. He died on Sunday last in his seventy-ninth year. He was a fine example of an old school of provincial journalists, who, whilst guiding and forming local opinion on social and political matters, employed his leisure in strenuous study and the production of works of permanent value. He was a great student of Popian literature, and was the author of one of the ablest biographies of Alexander Pope, as well as of other works.

The report of the Royal Commission on Copyright has been laid on the table of the House of Commons. It recommends a considerable extension of the term of copyright. The term under the existing law is for the life of the author and seven years after his death, or for forty-two years from the date of publication, whichever period may be the last to expire. This period is not long enough, for although popular novels often yield a large immediate profit to their authors, many works of the highest class have not proved remunerative until their authors were dead and the copyrights nearly expired. Moreover, our law is less liberal than that of some other countries. In France, Russia, Spain, and Portugal the term is the life of the author and fifty years beyond. In Germany the copyright extends to the author's life and over an interval of thirty years from the time of his death; and this is the period which the Commissioners propose to substitute for the provision now in force in this country. The unsatisfactory state of affairs between England and America necessarily occupied the attention of the Commissioners, and they suggest the appointment of a mixed Commission to endeavour to effect an arrangement of a satisfactory character. The colonial law also requires alteration. In the ten years ending 1876 the amount received from nineteen of our colonies only reached a total of £1,155, of which all but £70 came from Canada. The Commissioners propose that a licensing system for the republication of works, subject to a royalty in favour of the copyright owner, should be introduced into our colonies.

THE NIGHTINGALE IN DERBYSHIRE.—The Derbyshire papers record the presence of the nightingale at Winster, and remark that it is the first time that it has been known to come so far north in that county.

### THE CHRONICLE OF A HEDGE-WARBLER'S NEST.

Moscow, May 23, 1878.

Last week there seemed to be a general departure of young birds. As I went round, I found one nest after another deserted. The little younglings were fledged and had flown—to use an old Lancashire word, appropriate enough to them, they had “flitted.” In that finest of all the precious poems left to us by Henry Vaughan the Silurist, that on “Departed Friends,” there is one stanza which will be in the memory of all those who know his writings—

He that hath found some fledg'd bird's nest may know  
At first sight if the bird be flown;  
But what fair dell or grove he sings in now  
That is to him unknown.

I could not help some such sorrowful feeling as is here alluded to creeping over my mind as I looked at the empty tenements, and wondered what had become of the tender creatures over whose fortunes I had been watching so long.

The first nest which was cleared was that of the Hedge-warbler. I have already spoken of the beauty of the eggs of this bird. They are small in size and of a bright and spotless blue. I first saw the nest, containing four eggs, on the second of May. It was in an exposed situation, on the top of a stump, and against a paling; but it was protected a little from the rain by an overhanging ledge. It was not far from the ground, and though soft and neatly formed a long tuft of dry grass had been allowed to remain hanging below, as if more material had been brought together than was found necessary for the completion of the structure. The Hedge-warbler is bold and familiar in its relations with man, and this will account for the position of the nest; but I have often thought how, as the hen kept on with her long and patient vigil, by night and by day, the frequent footfall on the other side of the paling must have “shot light horror through her pulses.” On the tenth of May the young birds were out; but they were so huddled together at the bottom of the nest that I could not tell how many there were. All that one could see was a round lump of pink flesh, covered with a little dark-coloured down, from which there protruded two heads; but underneath there might have been more. During the period of incubation I only found the old bird once off the eggs; but after the hatching she was generally on a neighbouring tree during the day-time. As night approached she was always on the nest. She became so tame that she would allow me to stand over her without moving, and I was able to see how closely she covered the young brood with her wings. It was always a wonder to me that they were not smothered. On the fourteenth I saw for the first time that all the eggs had been hatched, for there were now quite visible four, red, upturned throats. All bird's nests seem to me to err by defect, and on the fifteenth there was so little room for the young ones that they had to arrange themselves cunningly, one being underneath and three on the

top. All the mouths were up, and turned one way—towards the light and air. By this time the heads were covered with rudimentary black feathers; the bodies were of a dusky brown; and the bills began to show a tinge of yellow. On the eighteenth they looked ridiculously large for their small nest, and I said to myself “if they do not fly soon they will tumble out.” Their eyes were, now, for the first time, open and intelligent; and they seemed to look up to me as if for help. When I saw them last a little green had begun to show itself among the light brown feathers under the head; and on the 19th they were gone. This was nine or ten days after they had been hatched.

GEOFFREY MELBROOK.

### FIELD NATURALISTS.

A RAMBLE FROM CHAPEL-EN-LE-FRITH.

The third excursion of the current season by the members of the Manchester Field Naturalists and Archaeologists' Society came off on Saturday last, Chapel-en-le-Frith being the centre of operations, and the Rev. Joseph Freeston the leader. The morning was again exceedingly unpromising, heavy rains falling during the early hours with a steady persistency which seemed to forbid all hope of a fine day. But with the suddenness of action with which Nature, who appears to have been imbibing the geist of recent political developments, has latterly familiarized us, intense gloom and murkiness was, as if by a magician's wand converted into sunny pleasantness, which continued notwithstanding passing clouds suggestive of the undesirability of being caught on exposed hill-tops or in distant valleys, until the railway station was again reached.

The walk from Chapel lay through the churchyard and in the direction of Bowdon Edge, from the top of which one of the best views in the neighbourhood is obtained. There is nothing specially pleasing in the outline or details of the church itself. It has a square tower, which, with the south end, was rebuilt by the parishioners early last century, and a tall structure at the other end like a feeble attempt at a mill chimney. The walls at the east end bulge in a manner unpleasantly suggestive of golt. But antiquity of religious association hallows the spot. Here a chapel was built between the years 1224 and 1238, and consecrated by Bishop Savensby. In 1317 it was deemed a parish church according to an inquisition of Edward II. There is one curious entry in the register which adds some slight additional corroboration to the proverb that there is nothing new under the sun. Even such a modern wonder as a Welsh Fasting Girl is not without its analogy in by-gone events. On March 13, 1718-17, one Phœnix, a girl thirteen years old, apprenticed to one William Ward, went from Lane Side to return to her master's house. She lay down on Peaslow “between two ruts”—the accuracy of the record in the matter of details is worth notice—and stayed there on the following day, Wednesday, and also on Thursday, Friday, Saturday, and Sunday. Two of these days were the most severe in regard to snow, and cold of any experienced “in the memory of man.” On Monday morning the young woman was found alive by William Jackson, of Sparrow Pit, and William Longden, of Peak

Forest. A little hot milk was given her, and she was then carried to her master's house. On March 25, she was doing well, though still a little stiff. For six days, we are told, she ate no meat; she was not hungry, but very thirsty, and she slept much. "This was the Lord's doing," says the record, "and will be marvellous in future generations." It has not been talked about lately and the account is therefore here re-produced.

The walk was almost entirely an ascent to the farthest point reached, and lay over hill-side pastures, and along pleasant flowery lanes, with the high sandy banks peculiar to the Yoredale rocks, which crop out around Chapel. The blue hyacinth (*Hyacinthus non-scriptus*), the satin flower (*Stellaria Holostea*), and the rose lychnis (*Lychnis sylvestris*), were the prevailing flowers. The pretty little wood-sorrel (*Oxalis acetosella*) also adorned the road sides, and likewise the germander speedwell (*Veronica Chamædrys*) and the sweet yellow galium (*Galium verum*). According to Mr. E. H. Alcock's quaint and entertaining work *Botanical Names*, the latter is the true plant to which the physician Dioscorides, who is supposed to have lived in the time of Nero, gave the name of galium from the Greek word signifying "milk," the plant having been used to curdle that liquid. "An English name for it," says the same authority "is cheese-plant, and the French call it Caille-lait in allusion to its former use." The melancholy thistle (*Cnicus heterophyllus*) was also gathered, and the wall hawkweed (*Hieracium murorum*). In a marshy depression which proved botanically rich the small rose valerian (*Valeriana dioica*), the globe-flower (*Trollius Europæus*), the great white cardamine (*Cardamine amara*), and the bog chickweed (*Stellaria uliginosa*) were found. Here also perhaps the most interesting find of the afternoon, blinks (*Montia fontana*), was obtained by Mr. Sunderland. The English name for this plant is derived from the sensitiveness of the blossoms to the light; the scientific name is a remembrance of Giuseppe Monti, who died at Bologna, where he was Professor of Botany and Natural History in 1760.

Presently the summit of the hill was gained, and one of those fine views of wide plains, backed up by bold hills, which are so easily obtained on the south-east side of Manchester, was disclosed. A singular and striking contrast was presented by the views on the two sides of the eminence. Looking towards Cheshire and Lancashire, the eye rested upon a wide stretch of country teeming with evidences of modern human life and activity, railways threading the rural landscape, farm-houses and villages crowning the lesser elevations, or spread over the intervening valleys, with church steeples and mill chimneys rising here and there amidst the trees. On the other side were only the dark flanks of Kinder and the head of Edale, in whose deep recesses a sublime solitude seemed to reign.

Descending the hill, the route lay past Slack Hall, and so into the road which runs from Chapel beneath Rushup Edge to Castleton. This was ascended for a little way by some of the party, who indulged in one of those lingering saunters which embody the sweetness of knowing that the pleasantness of the conditions are not exhausted, the exquisite regretfulness of an unwilling parting. On the sandy slopes large blossoms of the viola lutea, which sticks to the sandstones hereabout, were found. The subject of the peculiarities of the special *locales* of varieties and species deserves more attentive consideration than it has yet received, and is one which seems to have at least an important bearing upon the

doctrine of evolution. The yellow pansies, remindful of many a free ramble over unpolluted hill-sides, were lingered over for a while, and then followed a steady and resolute march back to the inn, enlivened by agreeable converse. From the windows of the tearoom at the Royal Oak the hills and pastures were visible; and though the eggs were boiled hard, yet this ought not to be grumbled at, because, for digestive reasons peculiar to Derbyshire, it is the custom in the county to treat eggs in this manner. After tea there was a walk to the station, and just a glance at a pleasant dell beyond, where a stream tumbled between banks glowing with hyacinths, and fringed with trees which seemed to stand back in order not to disturb the cerulian beauty which clothed the slopes. The sun having declined, the clouds had now their own way, and presently descended in smart showers. Pending the arrival of the train Mr. Grindon gave, in the shelter of the station house, a descriptive address on the flowers found during the afternoon. Manchester was reached shortly after eight.

### LITERARY CLUB.

VISIT TO WARRINGTON FREE LIBRARY AND ART GALLERY:  
HALTON CASTLE AND LIBRARY.

The first excursion of the Manchester Literary Club during the summer recess took place on Saturday last, when a party of forty-five members and ladies visited Warrington in the morning and went forward to Halton Castle in the afternoon. At Warrington an hour and a half were spent in the Museum, Art Gallery, and Free Library, under the guidance of Dr. Kendrick and the curator and librarian, Mr. Charles Madeley. The Museum, besides being attractively and methodically arranged, and in a way which eminently adapts it for educational purposes, is not too crowded. The visitor can spend his time there without being oppressed by the feeling that he has to wade through a chaos of miscellaneous and unclassified objects, the multitudinous nature of which almost inevitably involves the certainty of mental indigestion. The collection of seals, coins, medals, and brasses is remarkably varied and complete, the English coins comprising almost every known mintage from Alfred's time, and even earlier, down to the present period, as well as a very large number of tradesmen's copper tokens formerly in use in more than a hundred towns and villages in Great Britain and Ireland. The coinage of foreign countries is almost equally well represented. In local antiquities the Museum is very rich. The Art Gallery, which, like the rest of the institution, is under the charge of the Corporation, was opened in October last. Its nucleus was a collection of forty-six pictures, painted or collected by the late Thomas Robson, artist, of Warrington, which were presented to the town by his younger brothers, John and William Robson. Some are original, but the greater part are copies of oil paintings by Reynolds, Gainsborough, Richard Wilson, Lawrence, Titian, Teniers, Vanduyke, Frank Bol, Ruysdael, Rubens, Rembrandt, Poussin, Cuypp, Claude, Correggio, and Murillo. A few modern works have been presented to the town by other donors, and there are some portraits of local worthies. Although the collection promises well for the future, it has at present a scanty appearance, and the visitors were not surprised to learn that the Museum outrivalled it in popular appreciation and attractiveness. The Free Library was next visited. Here attention was mainly directed to the special collection of books and

pamphlets printed and published in Warrington, which is unusually complete, and has recently received a large and valuable accession of about two hundred volumes from Dr. Kendrick. During the latter half of the last century the Warrington press of William Eyres and his successors became celebrated for the number and merit of its issues, as it gave to the world the works of John Howard, the prison philanthropist; the Aikins, Ferriar, Priestley, Gilbert Wakefield, and others, as well as the first volumes of the Manchester Literary and Philosophical Society. Among Dr. Kendrick's donations are eleven chap-books, all printed by Eyres, "for the travelling stationers," and it appears that the handsome competency acquired by the founders of the firm was earned by the production and sale of these and similar illiterate and puerile story books, and not by such beautiful specimens of typography as Alkin's *Facetus* and Howard's "Prisons and Lazarettes." Warrington has a notable history extending over a long period, and in its Library and Museum it has accumulated materials which, for excellence and completeness are surpassed by few towns in the country, and are not even rivalled by any other place in the county. On the way to the station the party passed through the public park, formerly the Warrington seat of Lord Winmarleigh (then Colonel Wilson-Patten, M.P.). Halton was reached from Norton Station. The ruins of the castle are slowly disappearing, but the eminence upon which they stand overlooks a vast extent of country, and will always have its attractions independent of the history and antiquarian interest of the site. The windings of the Mersey may be traced for many miles; half a dozen villages and hamlets and a wide extent of country lie like a map beneath the eye of the spectator; and further away the view is bounded on the south by the striking contour of the Overton Hills as seen from this point, on the west by the Welsh mountains, and on the north-east by the range of which Rivington Pike is the chief object. After tea in the Castle Hotel, two brief papers were read, one by Mr. Charles Hadfield on the history of the castle, and another by Mr. J. H. Nodal on Sir John Cheshyre's Library at Halton, which is housed within a stone's throw of the castle, and is believed to be the first free village library founded in England.

Mr. CHARLES HADFIELD said: The rock on which the castle stands, or stood—this Halton, or the Height—is surrounded by townships named after the cardinal points, Norton, Easton, Weston, and Sutton, as indicating their relative positions to the central and commanding natural fortress we now occupy. No military fortress, however, was known at Halton before the Normans came, but on the neighbouring castle rock at Runcorn, Elfida, a daughter of King Alfred, built a stronghold by which the Danish pirates in those days, sailing swiftly past the silent shore where now stands roaring Liverpool, landed for booty in the valley below and around us. But the primitive scuffle between the piratical Danes and the river police of Elfida were but small affairs. The gentleman we call the Conqueror was a pirate of more comprehensive enterprise. Just eight hundred and eight years since William gave the entire county of Chester to one Hugh Lupus, a fellow Norman, "to hold of him as freely by the sword as he himself held the realm of England by the crown." This Lupus divided the gift into eight or more baronies, which he bestowed on brother soldiers upon the like condition of supporting him with the sword as he was to support the original appropriator. The lucky fellow who was called the first Baron of Halton

was named Robert Nigel, and as he meant to keep what he had got he built a castle on the spot on which we stand. Mr. Beaumont is of opinion that of the original structure not one stone now stands upon another. This pious founder of Halton Castle is said to have won for Hugh Lupus the Castle of Rhiddlan in Wales, in 1098. Many barons followed, distinguishing themselves variously as Crusaders, as signers of the Charta at Runnymede, as soldiers in Scotland and France. In 1360 John of Gaunt was Lord of Halton. Time-honoured Lancaster died in 1398, and his son Henry Bolingbroke became fifteenth and last Baron of Halton. When Henry became King of England the Barony of Halton ceased to exist. For some time it was held in stewardship. The castle seems to have made no mark during the Wars of the Roses. Sir John Savage, who fought at Bosworth in 1485, mustered the Cheshire men under the walls of Halton. Members of various Cheshire families were in succession seneschals of the place. In the year 1579—now three centuries since—"that once proud castle," says Mr. Beaumont, "long the head of a barony and the chief abode of the Constables of Chester, which had given thrones to its possessors, declined from its palmy state, and was transformed into a prison for recusants under the governorship of Sir John Savage. In 1608 the steward of Halton certified that the records of the manor from the time of Edward III. were remaining in his custody at Halton. Mr. Beaumont fears that these records are still there, and suggests their removal to a place of safe custody. Later still another king visited Halton. In 1617 King James I., having slept the previous night at Bewsey, Warrington, the house of Sir Thomas Ireland, arrived at Halton on the 21st, and having hunted and killed a buck in the park, proceeded thence to Rock Savage, the seat of Sir Thomas Savage, of which scarcely a trace remains. Halton was garrisoned for King Charles by Earl Rivers during the civil war between the king and the Parliament, and Captain Walter Primrose was the governor. This same Earl Rivers died at Frodsham Castle in 1654. The Parliamentary troops defeated the garrison in July, 1644, and took possession of the castle. Shortly afterwards the last scene of all that ends this strange eventful history of men and castles, was enacted here. The castle, says Mr. Beaumont, was dismantled and reduced to a ruin.

Mr. J. H. NODAL, in a brief paper on John Cheshyre's Library, said: The little village library of Halton is, in its way, a curiosity. To have been established when it was is sufficiently remarkable, but to have been placed where it is augurs either a great change in the social conditions of the neighbourhood, or want of sagacity in the adaptation of means to ends. It was founded expressly for the use of men of letters and divines, but it was placed in a situation where men of letters were non-existent, and where divines were and still are few. One cannot help wondering what motives actuated Sir John Cheshyre in placing this little collection of books in a remote and rural corner of the country, and in providing for the free use of the volumes by learned men "desiring the same" in a district so far removed from literary and intellectual influences, and beyond the reach of an educated community. The founder was John Cheshyre, afterwards Sir John Cheshyre, king's sergeant-at-law. He was born in 1661, at Halwood, the seat of the Cheshyre family, a stone mansion on the south-east of Halton, now the property of Sir Richard Brooke, and which in 1817 was used as a

boarding school and is now a farmhouse. John Chesshyre was called to the bar in 1689, being then twenty-eight years of age, and in 1714, at the age of fifty-three, he was made king's sergeant and knighted. From 1719 to 1725 his fee-book shows that he was in the receipt, year by year, of nearly £3,250, a very large income for a lawyer at that time. At the age of sixty-three he contracted his practice and his income to £1,320 a year. He died in London suddenly, as he was getting into his coach, at the age of seventy-seven, on the 15th of May, 1738. The library at Halton was established by him five years previously, in 1733, "pro communi literatorum usu," as the inscription over the door of the building declares. In the rules, drawn up by himself or by his direction, it is provided that "for the improvement of learning, and that learned men may be encouraged to advance their knowledge by a friendly communication in their studies and labours, it is desired and intended that any divine or divines of the Church of England, or other gentlemen or persons desiring the same, and particularly that William Chesshyre of Halwood, near Halton, and his heirs, and the owner and inheritor of Halwood for the time being and his successors, may, on application to and with the consent of the curate for the time being, at any reasonable and convenient time or times, on every Tuesday and Thursday in the year, in the daytime have access and resort to the said library." At one of the sittings of the Select Committee of the House of Commons on Free Public Libraries in 1849, the existence of the Halton Library was disclosed by Mr. J. F. Marsh, then town-clerk of Warrington. Speaking of it as the first free village library established in England, Mr. Marsh said that although free access was granted to men of letters, it was scarcely used at all; in fact, its existence was scarcely known, and the population showed no inclination to rescue it from oblivion and apply it to public use. The library then contained 422 volumes, nearly all in folio; the works being chiefly theological or works of ecclesiastical and general history, of the time of the foundation and earlier. The Vicar of Halton is the keeper of the collection. The annual income is £12. There is a catalogue printed on vellum. Few books have been added since the original bequest, and no use is made of the collection except by the library keeper and visitors. The trustee is Sir Richard Brooke, Bart., of Norton Priory, Halton; and his powers, as declared by the trust, are "to see that the books are 'stored' in the library, in safe custody, and not prostituted to common use." Rules which were deemed wise and desirable in the first half of the last century are certainly antiquated now. Still the collection is not one adapted to popular use. It was a fair question whether the books, many of which were valuable, might not be sold in London, Liverpool, or Manchester, and the proceeds applied to the purchase of such a collection of standard modern works as were suited to the residents of Halton, Norton, and the neighbouring hamlets.

A visit was subsequently paid to the library. It is in a building of its own, containing one fair-sized room, and the books are ranged in presses round the walls. The Rev. Mr. Lockwood, vicar of Halton, and keeper of the library, received the visitors, and at the close of the inspection a vote of thanks was tendered to him for his courtesy and attention. The party reached Manchester on their return about ten o'clock.

Saturday, June 8, 1878.

#### NOTES.

CHRISTOPHER NORTH.

[315.] It is somewhat curious to find that the well-known *nom de plume* of Professor Wilson under which he attained to so high a reputation in the pages of *Blackwood's Magazine*, is to be found in a list of inhabitants of Atherton, in the parish of Leigh, near Manchester, in the year 1642. His name is written "Ch'rofer North." JOHN E. BAILEY.

#### INACCURACIES IN SPEECH AND WRITING.

[316.] Accuracy in phraseology is closely connected with clearness of thought. One or two small but not unimportant departures from strict rule deserve note as common in the newspaper press. There are errors by defect as well as errors by surplusage, and both kinds are due to reprehensible hurry, carelessness, or thoughtlessness. The use of "&c." is much to be deprecated. Its worst form is also the most frequent, namely, where letters are signed "Yours, etc." What can be the meaning of such an absurdity? "Et cetera" means "and others of a similar kind;" but surely when a man puts "yours etc." at the end of a letter, he doesn't mean "yours and others of the like kind." Perhaps, at the outset, this strange custom was one of the innovations of those arbitrary gentleman, the printers, who have much to answer for in the way of spoiling the nicety of the Queen's English. A good many authors, however, are fond of resorting to that refuge of idleness an "&c.," although in the majority of cases the symbol conveys no idea whatever to the reader, and should therefore either be omitted or the enumeration should be completed. A writer who will perpetrate such a slovenly sentence as "The hall contained pictures, statuary, &c.," has little respect for himself and none for his readers. Among errors of surplusage may be mentioned "relict of the late,"—often to be found attached to the record of the death of a widow. As the deceased person cannot have been the relict of a living husband, the addition of "the late" is of course needless, and therefore inaccurate. ESPERANCE.

A custom has grown up amongst us of naming the M.P. who stands the higher of two members on the poll the "senior" member for such and such a constituency. *Vide passim* newspaper articles and platform speakers. For instance, A B and C contest the



borough of Blank. B heads the poll, A is second, C is defeated. Straightway, according to the phraseology in vogue, B becomes the "senior" member for Blank, although this is the first time that he has represented it; whereas A is now returned for the fourth time. I have noticed the gradual growth of this inaccurate, and to my mind meaningless, use of words. It is a comparatively modern use. I suppose it will be said that "senior" here means "senior in honour." Comparisons are invidious, but I answer that such is not the meaning of the word "senior." If two brothers are at a public school, and the younger occupies a higher place than the elder, we do not style the younger A senior or A major, but A junior or A minor, notwithstanding his higher place of honour. Accuracy of terms is always worth guarding.

CHARLES H. COLLYNS.

Wirksworth.

COMMENTS AND ANSWERS.

RICHARD COBDEN.

(Query No. 291, May 18.)

[317.] Richard Cobden married in 1840 Catherine Ann, daughter of Hugh Williams, Esquire, and granddaughter of the late David Williams, Esquire, of Gelly-Goch, co. Montgomery. W. J. B.

VIPERS.

(Nos. 297 and 301.)

[318.] The note of Felix Folio (301) does not give any reply to John Cowley's query anent the two-headed snake seen by him on Arthog moss. I beg to supplement the observations of F. F. However strange it may seem that a snake should have two heads—one at each extremity of the body—it is nevertheless a fact well attested by many eminent naturalists. To give an instance or two:—Redi, the celebrated anatomist, kept a two-headed snake for a considerable time, and afterwards dissected it. He found that it had two hearts, two tracheas, and two lungs; the two stomachs united into a common alimentary canal, and the liver and the gall-bladder were double. He further remarks that one head died seven hours later than the other. Not very long since Doctor Coradori, at Ruto in Tuscany, saw a snake with two heads; and he says it sometimes happened that the heads differed as to the use of their faculties; thus, the one head would eat while the other slept. I may add that the name of this species of snake is *Amphisbaena*, and that it is not poisonous.

SAMUEL HEWITT.

WILLIAM BRADLEY THE ARTIST.

(Nos. 281, 288, and 302.)

[319.] I am sorry that my note supplying some information relative to Mr. Bradley should have caused the slightest displeasure. I am one of those who think that the truth should be told when the incidents of any life are related. Would it be wise or well to suppress unpleasant facts in the life of Bacon, of Edgar Allen Poe, of Porson, of Savage, of Chatterton? If we are to make "our lives sublime" it must be by avoiding courses and conduct which, in the lives of those who have gone before, have led to evil and consequent misery. That Bradley was a great and original artist none who have the least artistic conception will deny. It would be well if some of his old friends, ere they go hence, would contribute reliable information relative to the work he accomplished and the prices he obtained for his numerous pictures. Looking back at any event only for a few years and the strangest mistakes are made and misconceptions are conceived. Take, for instance, the letter of H. M., who says Mr. Bradley's "unfinished drawings were sold by the late Thomas Froggatt, auctioneer." They were sold by auction by myself in Mr. Bradley's studio in Newall's Buildings, where he died "on a wretched pallet of straw." Mr. Froggatt was the agent of the Newall's Buildings property, and only became an auctioneer some years afterwards. The result of the sale was under twenty pounds—retained by the agent for the rent of the rooms. T. L. says: "Mr. Johnson's account of the manner of Mr. Bradley's death is incorrect." Would it not have been well to have shown how I am incorrect, and have given a correct description of the death of the talented artist? We are referred to Mr. Crozier and Mr. William Percy for "reliable information;" any that they can give will be esteemed, not because they are no unworthy artistic followers of Mr. Bradley, but because they will state only that which they know. That which is desired in this matter and all matters is the truth—facts, come they from whence they may and carry us whither they may.

JOSEPH JOHNSON.

Isle of Man.

As an inhabitant of Princess-street, Manchester, for thirty years, I knew the late William Bradley the artist. He was a customer at my shop for fruit. One day he was eating strawberries at my place when Mr. John Spier Heron, Mayor of Wigan, brother of Sir

Joseph Heron, came in. A conversation ensued between the two, which ended, I think, in the order for a portrait of Mr. Heron. Another time the Rev. Hugh Stowell and William Bradley met at my door. They stepped inside my place, and their meeting also ended in an order for a portrait of the reverend gentleman. I knew Mr. Charles Calvert, the landscape painter, well.

JOSEPH HOWARTH.

Higher Chatham-street.

Whilst the correspondence on William Bradley is in progress it may not be uninteresting to note down some of the names of his sitters. The town possesses at least five of Bradley's portraits. Three are in the new Town Hall—namely, Alderman Sir Thomas Potter first mayor, 1838-40, presented by Alderman John Brooks; Alderman James Kershaw, M.P., mayor 1842-3, presented by subscribers; and Joseph Brotherton, M.P., presented by Mr. John Harding. A portrait of Macready and one of Swain are in the entrance hall of the Free Library in King-street. The Mechanics' Institution possesses a portrait of Sir Benjamin Heywood, Bart., M.P., its first president; the Manchester Literary and Philosophical Society, a portrait (engraved) of Peter Clare; and in Peel Park are portraits of John Isherwood, Henry Liverseege, and Charles Swain. The Artist's own portrait, then in the possession of Mr. Charles Bradbury, was shown at the Local Artists' Exhibition at Peel Park in 1857. Where is it now? Amongst Bradley's sitters during his stay in London, between 1830 and 1847, are Mr. Gladstone, the Earl of Ellesmere, Sheridan Knowles the dramatist, Lord Beresford, Lord Denbigh, Lord Bagot, Lord Sandon, Sir Edward Kerrison, Sir John Gladstone, and Sir Emerson Tennent. At the Art Treasures Exhibition at Old Trafford in 1857, when he was still living, Bradley was only represented by one work, the Head of a Girl, the property of Mr. A. H. Novelli. A collection of Bradley's works, along with those of Liverseege, Anthony, Stone, Faulkner, the Parrys, and the Calverts, would form an interesting exhibition—a sort of link between the local artists of the last century and the Manchester painters of our own time.

ANON.

LANCASHIRE DIALECT: WICKEN WHISTLE: MR. WAUGH'S WRITINGS.

(Query No. 296, May 25.)

[320.] Philip Wentworth asks the meaning of wicken whistle, and wishes to know in what part of the district Mr. Waugh's rendering of the Lancashire

dialect prevails. The wicken is the old name for the mountain ash, the rowan tree of Scotland, and a wicken whistle is the primitive whistle which lads, with the aid of a "stick knife," will deftly fashion out of a small branch of the tree, the tender bark of which is easily manipulated.

Mr. Waugh has himself supplied an answer to Mr. Wentworth's second inquiry. In the preface to the first edition of his *Lancashire Sketches* he said: "Persons who know little or nothing of the dialect of Lancashire are apt to think of it as one in form and sound throughout the county, and expect it to assume one unvaried feature whenever it is represented in writing. This is a mistake, for there often exist considerable shades of difference—even in places not more than eight or ten miles apart—in the expression, and in the form of words which mean the same thing; and, sometimes, the language of a very limited locality, though bearing the same general characteristics as the dialect of the county in general; is rendered still more perceptibly distinctive in feature by idioms and proverbs peculiar to that particular part. In this volume, however, the writer has taken care to give the dialect, as well as he could, in such a form as would convey to the mind of the general reader a correct idea of the mode of pronunciation, and the signification of the idioms, used in the immediate locality which he happens to be writing about."

In the works of all dialect writers it will be found, I believe, that they are influenced, often unconsciously, by the folk-speech which they heard and used in their childhood and youth; that however they may strive against it, this form and phase of the dialect insensibly moulds and permeates their representations of it. It was so in the case of John Collier, whose *Tim Bobbin* contains a considerable admixture of Cheshire words—reminiscences of his father's speech and of his own earlier days. Mr. Waugh is a native of the country beyond Rochdale, and although in the *Sketches*, his first work, he carried out with much success his intention of discriminating the fine shades of difference which distinguish the dialect in Bury, Rochdale, Heywood, and the moorland hamlets that lie between, I think (subject to correction) that in his later writings he has settled down to one generic representation of the dialect, the foundation of which is that spoken around Rochdale. In his *Factory Folk during the Cotton Famine*, for example, he does not give the distinctive features of the Blackburn and

Wigan folk-speech; nor, as it seems to me, do his characters in *Told by the Winter Fire*, the scene of which is laid on the Waddington fell, talk in the precise tongue of the Clitheroe district. In justice to Mr. Waugh it ought to be added that his representation of the Furness dialect in *Jannock*, and of the Westmorland dialect in the *Cotton Famine* and in *Over Sands to the Lakes*, is remarkably faithful and exact both in words and idiom.

J. H. NODAL.

Philip Wentworth is in the dark with respect to the compound word "wicken-whistle." I beg to inform him that this kind of whistle is made from a portion of a smooth branch of the wicken tree. If P. W. has never heard of such a tree I may tell him that it is to be seen in the hedgerows of Withington and many other localities; but in ornamental plantations it is conspicuous for its beauty, being adorned in spring with numerous corymbose panicles of white flowers, which in autumn are succeeded by an equal profusion of scarlet berries. In Scotland it is called the roan-tree; in England, the mountain ash or quicken tree. L. H. Grindon, in his *Manchester Flora*, says that at Seal Bark, Greenfield, there is a place called the Wicken-hole, from the abundance of trees of this kind growing there. As to the word "aboon," I am surprised that P. W. should have made any demur at all about it, for it is one of the words to be found in John Collier's inimitable *Tummas an' Meery*; and therefore, according to P. W.'s expressed opinion, ought to be preserved by every writer of the Lancashire dialect. With respect to glossaries of this dialect, one will be found, if I remember rightly, in the collected works of John Collier; and there is another appended to "*Tummas an' Meery fet't and made gradely*," by S. Bamford.

SAMUEL HEWITT.

"MARY BARTON" AND THE GREENHEYS FIELDS.

(Nos. 250, 259, 274 and 289.)

[321.] Many thanks for the pleasant and interesting information supplied in answer to my query on the above subject. The suggestions remind me of long, long ago. Thirty or forty years since I would be one of the mad urchins "of the period," but I cannot be more changed by time than the jovial sceneros so feelingly and eloquently described by your contributors. The change from rollicking school boy to tame old fogie is not greater than that which has passed over these charming scenes since *Mary Barton's* day. The

brook and its willows, the hedgerows and meadows, the trim gardens and orchards, are all transformed by a fatal magic into interminable flagged streets and innumerable dwelling-houses. Once upon a time I had a spry little pony of my own, who, for length of ambling service in these lanes, was periodically turned into a rich meadow hereabouts. My "hours of rapture" were those spent in catching "Little Lavrock," but it was a work of labour as well as love. Full many a time success seemed within my grasp, when lo, a shrill winny and two bright shoes thrown up into the air to catch the morning sun, told plainer than any words that dodging agility triumphant was "rapture" to "Little Lavrock." Alas, old friend, I never more shall see thy cheery face. So changed is everything around that I am in doubt and perplexity about the very site of our mutual successes and defeats. We are also still in doubt about Greenhey Hall, the early abode of De Quincey, the English Opium-Eater. It could not be at Greenhill, for he speaks, in his autobiography, of his home being some little distance from that place. There is now in Greenheys Lane a Greenheys Hall near to the "Orchards," the residence of the late Sir James Bardsley, but probability is against that site. A few paces from these are Chorlton Abbey, The Priory, and Priory Lodge, whose grounds, surrounded in part by the "Abbey wall," retain much of their ancient beauty. Priory Lodge was the residence of Mr. Sam Mendel before he made Manley Park "a thing of beauty" if not "a joy for ever." A little beyond Chorlton Abbey stood, until very lately, Duval's most picturesque cottage. For years it stood like a fort, keeping back the invasion of builders, but at length it has succumbed and the invaders are coming in like a flood.

In the transformations which have come about, however, it is a consolation to know that our walks need only be extended a little—say across Moss Lane towards the Old Hall Farm—and the scenes are as rural as ever they were. The gifted authoress of *Mary Barton* would have been pleased to know that some of the scenes she loved so well were consecrated for ever to the public use in the Alexandra Park. Here, at any rate, the successors of *Mary Barton* and Young *Manchester* may disport themselves without stint. It is the most spacious of our parks, but has three defects: it is somewhat flat, short of trees, and has no museum. But to tell the truth, to one stand-

ing, say on the terrace or under the flag-staff, a varied scene of uncommon beauty presents itself to the eye. The plantations, laid out as they are with so much skill, are at this moment in magnificent foliage and bloom; the flowers are in a blaze of glory; the lilac, the May, and laburnum shake their branches to the winds in every grove; while the scent of more distant apple-blossom fills the air with sweetness. Every glimpse of the serpentine lake with its pretty islands is a thing to be remembered, and so far from the birds being banished from their old resort, they congregate here in such myriads that their voices are only outdone by the grave cawing of the rooks which come from the neighbouring woods, or by the jovial laughter of happy children.

W. SURGE.

May 24, 1878.

#### POETS AND THE POPPY.

(Note No. 267, May 18.)

[322.] The poets seem to have done but scanty justice to this most beautiful of our autumn field flowers, though it is not often treated so contemptuously as by Jane Taylor. Eliza Cook pays occasional and graceful homage to its charms, as in the following lines:—

I have seen the harvest sun pour down  
Its rays on the rustling sheaf,  
Till gold flashed out from the wheat-ear brown  
And flame from the poppy's leaf.

Hood, whose love for and appreciation of the beauties of nature was far wider and deeper than a mere cursory glance at his poems would lead one to suppose, has woven the poppy and the ears of corn into a very lovely wreath for the brow of the Eastern maiden, who

Stood breast high amid the corn,  
Clasped by the golden light of morn,  
Like the sweetheart of the sun,  
Who many a glowing kiss had won.

On her cheek an autumn flush  
Deeply ripened—such a blush  
In the midst of brown was born—  
Like red poppies grown with corn.

I shall be glad if other correspondents can make further contributions to the literature of the poppy.

FALCON.

There is a poem about the poppy, but I doubt whether its moral will satisfy Mr. Bailey Walker. It is founded on a conceit of Cowley's who says: "The Poppy is scattered over the fields of corn that all the needs of man may easily be satisfied, and that bread

and sleep may be found together." The verses occur in *The Adventurer*, No. 39, and are as follows:—

He wildly errs who thinks I yield  
Precedence in the well-clothed field,

Though mix'd with wheat I grow;  
Indulgent Ceres knew my worth,  
And, to adorn the teeming earth,  
She bade the poppy grow.

Nor vainly gay the sight to please,  
But blees'd with power mankind to ease

The goddess saw me rise:  
"Thrive with the life-supporting grain,"  
She cried, "the solace of the swain,  
The cordial of his eyes.

"Seize, happy mortal, seize the good;  
My hand supplies thy sleep and food,  
And makes thee truly blest;  
With plenteous meals enjoy the day,  
In slumbers pass the night away,  
And leave to God the rest."

There is a poem on the poppy by Miss L. A. Twamley, afterwards Mrs. Charles Meredith. I cannot lay hands upon it now. Some of your readers may recollect it.

A MANCHESTER PYTHAGOREAN.

#### THE UNION JACK.

(Query No. 309, June 1.)

[323.] The original flag of England was the banner of St. George, *i.e.*, white with a red cross; which, on the 12th April, 1606, was incorporated with the banner of Scotland, *i.e.*, blue with a white diagonal cross. This combination obtained the name of "Union Jack" in allusion to the union with Scotland, and the word Jack is considered a corruption of the word Jacobus, Jacques, or James. This arrangement continued until the union with Ireland, 1st January, 1801, when the banner of St. Patrick, *i.e.*, white with a diagonal red cross, was amalgamated with it, and forms the present Union Flag.

ALPHA.

The word "union" refers to the crosses respectively of St. George, St. Andrew, and St. Patrick, which three are combined in the Union Jack. The meaning of the latter half of the term "Jack" has puzzled many inquirers, for so indefatigable an explorer as the late John Timbs, in his *Things not Generally Known*, had to content himself with an extract from Sir Harris Nicholas, who, though offering some rather far-fetched suggestions, by no means clears up the mystery. The flag used also to be known as the "union flag" simply. May it not be that "Jack" was originally substituted for "flag" by Jack himself, merely to gratify his want of a familiar nickname for the symbol he is presumably so proud of? W. H. Didsbury.

On the 1st January, 1801, the last alteration in our National Flag and in the Royal Standard was announced by proclamation; as had been the case when the saltire cross of St. Andrew was added to the original red cross of St. George and the Crusaders, in April, 1606. In 1801 the arms of France were very properly wiped out of our Royal Standard and the Irish harp substituted, and then another saltire cross was added—that of St. Patrick—to indicate the union of Ireland with Great Britain. Why it was called the Union Jack is most likely technical, and derived from the fact that the flag is hauled up and down by means of blocks or pulleys—or “jacks.” Thus we have a jack-towel, which is made endless so as to run over a roller; and a smoke-jack (now almost obsolete), the chain of which ran over rollers or pulleys. The inventor of the bottle-jack, a near relative of Mr. B.’s, was not so learned as to name his invention from analogy. He produced a substitute for the cumbrous apparatus of fans, pulleys, chain, and spit, only available for roasting meat at large fires in large kitchens; and though it was not a “jack,” correctly speaking, he named it after a thing that was. Jack-tars may derive their appellation from their constant use of the block or jack, and the tar is self-evident. This is simply a suggestion of mine, and I do not claim infallibility of opinion.

ISABELLA BANKS.

THE USE OF THE APOSTROPHE.

(Nos. 268 and 287.)

[324.] The s with apostrophe is nothing more than the abbreviated form of the old possessive case which ended in es, and consequently has nothing whatever to do with nominative or objective cases. Its use should be restricted to the possessive case, and when it is used elsewhere it is so used through forgetfulness or ignorance of its origin. Evidently, as your correspondent John S. Mayson says, “Many M.P.’s” is an error; it should be “Many M.P.s.” “Yours” is the possessive case of “you,” as “mine” of “I.” Thus when I sign myself “yours faithfully,” it is a polite way of saying to my correspondent that I am at his service, belong to him; but “yours,” as “ours” and “theirs,” should always be written without the apostrophe.

CHARLES H. COLLYNS.

Wirksworth.

QUERIES

[325.] BILLYCOCK AND WIDE-AWAKE.—What is the difference, if any, between them? And what their respective age and origin?  
A. S.

[326.] THE PRINTING PRESS IN MANCHESTER.—When was machinery for letter-press printing first introduced into Manchester, and on whose premises?  
R. LANGTON.

[327.] PAYING THROUGH THE EYES AND NOSE.—Who was the first to “pay through the eyes and nose,” or to say lie (or she) did, or was not going to do so, and how is it managed?  
A. S.

[228.] ST. SIMONISM.—Could any of your readers inform me who the brethren of St. Simon were, and what was their object? Also the effect of St. Simonism upon the arts of painting and music?  
W. T. W.

[329.] THE WORDS “PA” AND “MA.”—Can any of your correspondents tell us when and how and why we had the misfortune to begin to use the words pa and ma?—words which, even from the sweetest mouths, seem to have a sheepish sort of bleat about them. In comparison to father and mother I presume we should all say that the other poverty-stricken pair were most ignoble diminutives. One or two experiments will show this to the most sceptical. Suppose we called Abraham or Mahomet the pa of the faithful, or referred to our ma earth. I have a strong opinion that the use of these contemptible monosyllables has been encouraged by the boarding-schools—the great homes of namby-pambyism, weakly manners, and what somebody has rudely called “stinking pride.” The effort to be superficially “fine,” so common among those who earn, or rather get their money with their coats on, will also tend to establish the fashion of saying pa for father and ma for mother.  
C. ROWLEY, JUN.

SCIENTIFIC STUDENTS.

VISIT TO NORCLIFFE: THE ERICACEÆ AND CONIFERÆ.

The members of the Manchester Scientific Students’ Association on Saturday last visited Norcliffe, under the leadership of Mr. William Carr. They were met there by the Liverpool Naturalists’ Field Club and the North Staffordshire Field Club and Archaeological Society. Several plants of interest were gathered. Handforth Hall was first visited. It was built in 1562, and is a fair specimen of the old black and white style of Elizabeth’s days. Mr. Carr read a paper on its history. At Norcliffe, the seat of Mrs. R. H. Greg, the paper for the day was read by the Rev. Joseph Freeston, whose subject was the Ericaceæ and Coniferae.

Mr. FREESTON said the grounds of Norcliffe at this season owed much of their beauty to the rich variety of rhododendrons and azaleas. These showy shrubs belong to the heath family. At first it may seem that they are not much like heaths, but a closer examination shows that in several important particulars, especially the manner in which the pollen escapes from the anthers by means of pores, they agree. The word rhodo-dendron literally means “rose-tree.” The rhododendron seems to

have been introduced into this country from the neighbourhood of Gibraltar a little more than a century ago. This was the rhododendron ponticum. Shortly after several kinds were transmitted from North America, the chief of which was the maximum, a native of Pennsylvania. In 1796 the arboreum was discovered in Northern India by Captain Hardwicke, and about sixty years ago some seeds of this fine plant were sent to the Liverpool Botanical Gardens by Dr. Wallich. It grows to the height of twenty feet, and its flowers are of a rich crimson colour. It proved, however, to be too tender a plant for the open air; but in the course of years the skill and perseverance of the horticulturist have produced hardy varieties which vie with the original in richness of colour. By far the best of these is a seedling raised in these grounds by Mr. M'Claren, and named in honour of the late proprietor, the "Robert Hyde Greg." In colour this fine plant is of a rich carmine-scarlet. In the Norcliffe grounds there are at least three hundred named varieties of rhododendrons and azaleas, two hundred of which have been produced from the best producers in Europe, while the remaining hundred have been raised there. The fact that the strength and beauty of plants can be so much improved by hybridization and other means is a proof that nature is constituted so as to encourage and reward the ingenuity and industry of man. If the richness and variety of colour seen in the grounds at Norcliffe were owing to plants in the order Ericaceæ, much of the gracefulness of form and shades of foliage are due to the trees in the order Coniferæ. This order includes all the cone-bearing trees, such as pines, firs, cedars, araucarias, and many others. In value and importance the coniferæ will stand next to the food-producing orders, Graminaceæ and Palmaceæ. There are about two hundred different species of plants in this order, and the most interesting of them, constituting about one-fourth of the whole number, are cultivated in the Norcliffe grounds. The family is interesting again from the fact that many of the trees grow to a great height, and live to a great age. Among these are various kinds of spruce, silver fir, cedars, cryptomerias, taxodiums, araucarias, and the great Wellingtonia. This latter is known to have been discovered by Mr. Dowd in June, 1850, while hunting deer in Upper California. The trunks of some of these trees are more than a hundred feet in circumference, over three hundred feet high, and are, moreover, said to be two or three thousand years old. The bark of one of these mammoth trees was brought to the Crystal Palace, and remained an interesting object for several years, but was eventually destroyed by fire in 1867. That strange-looking tree, the araucaria, or Chili pine, was first introduced in 1784, by Menzies, who was surgeon and botanist to the Vancouver voyage of survey. At a dinner party given by the Viceroy of Chili, part of the dessert consisted of some strange-looking nuts, some of which Menzies brought with him on board a ship, and sowed in a box of earth, where they grew, and three of them are now living in England, one at Kew, one at Windsor, and the other and tallest at Dropmore. They had enjoyed a great privilege that day in being permitted to see so many specimens of the interesting orders Ericaceæ and Coniferæ.

The party was very large, the members of the three societies numbering altogether about two hundred, Liverpool contributing ninety, North Staffordshire ten, and Manchester nearly one hundred.

#### LITERARY NOTES.

An important recommendation of the Copyright Commission was omitted in our summary of their report last week. They consider that the law requiring copies of books to be given to libraries other than that of the British Museum shall be repealed. Hitherto authors or publishers have had, on demand, to present copies to libraries in Oxford, Cambridge, Dublin, and Edinburgh, and the tax has been found to be onerous as well as unfair. The commissioners also suggest that the publishing period of copyright in magazine articles should be reduced from twenty-eight years to three.

A new printing club entitled the Record Society, "for the publication of original documents relating to Lancashire and Cheshire," has just been established. Mr. James Crossley is the president (as he is of the Chetham and Spenser Societies); the vice-presidents are Canon Raines, Chancellor Christie, Lieut.-Col. Fishwick, and Mr. James Croston; Mr. J. Paul Rylands is the treasurer, and Mr. J. P. Earwaker the honorary secretary. The other members of the Council are Mr. H. H. Howorth, Mr. G. E. Cockayne (Lancaster Herald), Colonel J. L. Chester, Mr. Thomas Hughes, of Chester, and Mr. W. A. Abram, of Blackburn. The subscription is one guinea a year. Although nearly one hundred members have already joined, it is desirable that the list should be increased as the number of volumes issued each year will be proportionately augmented. The Society has a large and almost virgin field to work in, of growing value to the local historical, archaeological, and social inquirer, and some interesting and unexpected results may be anticipated from its labours.

#### ART NOTES.

The Novar collection, formed by the late H. A. J. Munro, and one of the finest ever made, was finally dispersed on Saturday last. The Turners and other modern works were sold some weeks ago; the older works have now been disposed of. All but one—Raphael's Virgin with the Candelabra—which was bought in at 19,500 guineas. The other Raphael in the collection, *Vierge de la Legende*, fell to Mr. Agnew's solitary bid of 3,000 guineas. Mr. F. W. Burton, the director, made one purchase for the National Gallery—Paolo Veronese's *St. Helena*. The contest for this fine picture was exciting. It lay between Mr. Burton and Mr. Davis, a well-known dealer, and ended in the victory of Mr. Burton, amidst the loudest applause ever heard in Christie's room. The price given was £3,300. The other paintings which passed two thousand pounds were a Claude, a Hobbema, a Murillo, and a Watteau, while examples by Andrea del Sarto and Terburg came very near that sum. On the other hand, the prices of very many of the pictures were extraordinarily low, considering that there was little, if any, rubbish. Clive Newcome declared that the profession of art would not be worth following if one could not paint

better than the Caracci. But even Clive Newcome would probably have been a little surprised at a Caracci fetching the sum of two guineas. What a tale, again, is told by the simple statement that a Venus, for which the name of Titian made a former Marquis of Buckingham give a thousand guineas, sold on Saturday for thirty-eight guineas. The total received for this portion of the Novar collection amounted to £44,500, of course not including the sum for which the Raphael was bought in. Regarding this picture the *Times* plainly hints that not a single bid was really made, the auctioneer being solely responsible for the supposititious bids after the price, 15,000 guineas, at which it was put up. The unusual sound of hisses was heard in the room when the buying-in of the picture was announced.

#### MUSIC NOTES.

A new singer, Mdlle. Mantilla, made her *debut* in England at the Royal Italian Opera on Monday evening, as Selika in Meyerbeer's *L'Africaine*. She displayed a bright and powerful soprano voice, some exceptionally good declamation, and more than average dramatic skill.

A new pianoforte is attracting attention in Paris. The keyboard is doubled on itself, and appears as two manuals, the lowest note of the upper being at the right hand. Amongst the advantages claimed are that the fingering is the same for both hands in similar passages, and that each hand has perfect command over the seven octaves.

The Copyright Commission in their Report express the opinion that the provision in the act authorizing the infliction of a penalty of forty shillings for the unauthorized use of musical compositions has been much abused. They refer especially to cases where the penalty has been inflicted for songs sung at penny readings or charitable entertainments, the persons responsible for the performance being wholly unconscious that they were infringing any rights. The Commissioners propose, as a remedy for the present unsatisfactory state of the law, that every musical composition should bear on its title page a note stating whether the right of public performance is reserved, and giving the name and address of the person to whom application for permission to perform is to be made.

**MIMICRY IN BIRDS.**—Mr. J. Young writes to *Nature* to say that in the track of land on the coast of Kent called Reculver Marsh, the p'ace is much frequented by skylarks and plovers, and that almost all the larks have incorporated the well-known a'arm-note of the plover into their song. Professor Newton remarks that this fact has already attracted notice; for at Thetford, in Norfolk, where the ringed plover is common, skylarks often mimic its peculiar cry. Starlings are said to have acquired the cry of various kinds of birds, notably those of the plover and swallow. Jays are also stated to imitate the note of the carrion-crow.

#### A CURIOUS NEST: SPARROWS AND SWALLOWS.

A few weeks ago I determined to accomplish a long-meditated tramp via the Dove Valley from Ashbourne to Buxton. Dovedale is an old memory of mine, and the neighbourhood all round Ashbourne familiar to my dreams. A hot sunshiny day made me linger through lovely Loamshire (see *Adam Bede*) on my way from Derby to Ashbourne, and before sauntering through Shirley, Yeaveley, and Edlaston, along homely antique lanes, the banks of which were topped with old luxuriant hedges, were million-starred with primroses, hazy-blue with violets not scentless, and altogether rife of a lush and glad spring, I baited at an inn at Brailsford on pedestrian bread and cheese and a cup of ale. There, two or three yards from the inn door, close to an out-house that must have been visited often during the day, an old handless, lipless jug, thrown away, had alighted horizontally in a hedge then leafless. In this jug a robin had built and was sitting quite tamely, and only quitted the nest when I looked close to the jug's mouth to make sure I was not being jested with. Curiously enough the nest had only just been noticed for the first time.

I remarked in an extract in the *City News* lately an observation that sparrows sometimes occupy swallows' nests. This reminds me of an instance of bird-reason and bird-revenge that I can vouch for as correct. In a town where, as a boy, I lived some years, we had a swallow's nest in our window top, regularly tenanted every year, and the source of much interest to us. One year, soon after the arrival of the swallows, I heard a great twittering and commotion round the nest-hole, and noticed swallows alighting and retreating excitedly. For some little time there were visits to the nest, and then it was silent and deserted. Some week or two afterwards my mother, as we were much afflicted at the unusual absence of the swallows, reconnoitred the nest, and finding the entrance had been built up, removed the obstruction and pulled out—a dead sparrow! We were amazed, and kept it a day or two to show to friends and neighbours. Soon afterwards the swallows returned, and laid and hatched as usual. I believe that the swallows, not being able to oust the intruder, had built him in, and so punished him by a horrible death. But it would be difficult to say what instinct prompted them to do this.

I should not have notified this, but that I have at least one to corroborate me, who still well remembers the dead sparrow pulled out of the swallows' nest, and that it seems to me to be a sufficiently remarkable occurrence.

HITTITE.

Saturday, June 16, 1878.

NOTES.

LITERARY COINCIDENCES: I. MACAULAY AND SHELLEY.

[330.] In the course of desultory reading I have lately lighted on places where occur the germinal ideas from which some of the most celebrated passages in our language seem to have sprung. It may interest your readers to note in one or two instances the modifications by which the original thoughts have passed from comparative obscurity into full blown, beauty, and fame.

There are few historical passages so well known to us as Macaulay's mythical New Zealander. The sentence in which he first takes definite form is found in his review of Ranke's *History of the Popes*. Speaking of the Roman Catholic Church Macaulay says: "She saw the commencement of all the governments and of all the ecclesiastical establishments that now exist in the world; and we feel no assurance that she is not destined to see the end of them all. She was great and respected before the Saxon had set foot on Britain, before the Frank had passed the Rhine, when Grecian eloquence still flourished in Antioch, when idols were still worshipped in the temples of Mecca; and she may still exist in undiminished vigour when some traveller from New Zealand shall, in the midst of a vast solitude, take his stand on a broken arch of London Bridge to sketch the ruins of St. Paul's." The essay from which this extract is taken appeared in the *Edinburgh Review* of October, 1840. The dedication of Shelley's *Peter Bell the Third* to Thomas Brown the younger, dated December, 1819, ends with the following sentence: "Hoping that the immortality which you have given to the Fudges you will receive from them; and in the firm expectation that when London shall be an habitation of bitterns, when St. Paul's and Westminster Abbey shall stand, shapeless and nameless ruins, in the midst of an unpeopled marsh; when the piers of Waterloo Bridge shall become the nuclei of islets of reeds and osiers, and cast the jagged shadows of their broken arches on the solitary stream, some transatlantic commentator will be weighing in the scales of some new and now unimagined system of criticism the respective merits of the Bells and the Fudges, and their historians, I remain, dear Tom, yours."

If we were to read these two quotations without any knowledge of their respective dates we should probably decide that Shelley was the imitator, though we might still wonder why he gained so little notice by his adaptation. Borrowed ideas are generally expanded into detail. Macaulay has, however, succeeded by condensing a profuse description to a pointed allusion. The causes of this exceptional success are circumstantial. The beauty of Shelley's thought is like the cold and melancholy fire that flickers over such a scene as he depicts; while Macaulay surprises his reader by a burning spark struck out in the heat of mental collision. Shelley's sentiment is fugitive and solitary. It flutters like a bird of Paradise through the air, and hides its splendours by its elevation and its motion. Macaulay has brought it to earth and taught it to take its place in a zoological garden of various kinds, where, smooth and compact, it proudly shows its shining plumage to the admiring visitor. Shelley again writes in a strain of satirical levity, vague and diffuse, while Macaulay gives sobriety and definiteness to his figure by making the New Zealander walk in a procession after the Saxon, the Frank, and the Greek. Above all Macaulay won attention by illustrating, through a startling rhetorical paradox, an ecclesiastical position which one portion of the community would gaze at with astonishment and another portion would hail with gratified acclamation.

The comparison brings out the obvious truism that in authorship there are other qualities besides literary merit necessary to win immediate and general success. Shelley's genius was employed in its natural sphere. Macaulay was a man of his day and of action, and brought his great abilities into the contest that rages, and will long rage, between opposing errors. Shelley lived in an abstract world, where it would not be well to follow him too long, but where we may pay occasional visits when we desire to see the human mind in its loftiest flights. The practical must not be neglected for theory, but at the same time it would be unfair and misleading to judge of electricity only by telegrams.

W. A. O'CONNOR.

COURT CIRCULAR ENGLISH.

[331.] The *Court Circular* of Tuesday, June 11, has the following sentence: "The Queen receives daily accounts of the most favourable nature of the Emperor of Germany." It is very pleasing to hear that the "nature" of the German Emperor is so



"favourable," and that Her Majesty is daily reassured that the the said happy "nature" continues "favourable." Probably, however, the writer of the paragraph meant that "The Queen receives daily accounts of the Emperor of Germany of the most favourable nature." *Noblesse oblige*. The *Court Circular* above all other papers, should rejoice in the purity of its English.

CHARLES H. COLLYNS.

Wirksworth.

#### THE JEWISH SABBATH.

[332.] We use the term Sabbatarianism to denote what is supposed to be the Hebrew interpretation of the commandment of the seventh day's rest. Are we not in this doing an injustice? There is a passage in Emanuel Deutsch's famous essay on the Talmud which seems to confirm this doubt. He says: "And here we cannot refrain from entering an emphatic protest against the vulgar notion of the Jewish Sabbath, being a thing of grim austerity. It was precisely the contrary, a 'thing of joy and delight,' a 'feast day,' honoured by fine garments, by the best cheer, by wine, lights, spice, and other joys of pre-eminently bodily import; and the highest expression of the feeling of self-reliance and independence, is obtained in the adage, 'Rather live on your Sabbath as you would on a week day, than be dependent on others.'" A MANCHESTER PYTHAGOREAN.

#### HOLY THURSDAY AND OAK DAY CUSTOMS.

[333.] I am indebted to the *Sheffield Independent* of May 31st for the two following extracts, which may be of interest to the readers of Notes and Queries:—

**WORKSOP: HOLY THURSDAY.**—Our Worksop [correspondent writes:—It may be a matter of interest to some readers to record the fact that a large number of the women of Worksop will neither wash clothes on this day nor yet hang the clothes out to dry that were washed on the previous day. It is "bad luck" to do either the one or the other. Why this is so we are unable to explain, but we hear a tradition that "once upon a time," "somewhere," a woman who was busily washing on Holy Thursday was dreadfully alarmed to find the water in her wash-tub turned into blood, and from that day to the day of her death she met with nothing but misfortunes.

**"OAK DAY" AT WORKSOP.**—Our Worksop correspondent writes:—It was customary in Worksop some years ago for boys and youths to pelt with rotten eggs all persons seen in the streets who failed to comply with the custom of wearing a sprig of oak on King Charles's day, the 29th of May. For weeks before the day eggs were bought, begged, or stolen, and laid by in readiness. On the morning of the day the lads would sally out, wearing

oak and laden with eggs, and all who were not duly provided with the magic green were most unpleasantly reminded of it. Now-a-days the eggs are dismissed and the oak retained.

CHARLES H. COLLYNS.

Wirksworth.

#### UMBRELLAS AND HORSES EIGHTY-FOUR YEARS AGO.

[334.] At a meeting of the Sheffield Auxiliary of the Wesleyan Foreign Missionary Society, as reported in the *Sheffield Independent* of May 29th, Mr. Waddy, M.P., the chairman of the meeting, read several interesting extracts from the first report of the society (1794);—

£1. 3s. is mentioned as having been paid for an umbrella for Mr. Harper, a missionary, and as an apology for this unwonted outlay the following words are printed: "Umbrellas may be esteemed as luxurious in this country, but are highly necessary for Europeans under the torrid zone. We should not study the health of our missionaries if we did not allow each of them an umbrella."

This gives us some information as to the comparatively modern use of umbrellas in England. I can quite well remember my father's mother walking to church about the years 1824 and 1825 with an immense umbrella something of the size of a gig umbrella. She used it as a walking stick, and I remember that what would now be the handle was on the ground always, and the point of it was uppermost. I can likewise remember her saying that she saw the first use of umbrellas in Exeter.

Then we have the original cost of a missionary's horse, £12, which after hard work was sold again for the benefit of the missions. This tells us something of the great increase in the price of horseflesh. I remember that when a boy I bought, on the moor itself, a splendid wild Exmoor pony, which served me faithfully for years and carried me many a time after the hounds, for £4. 10s. I believe such ponies brought now to the Bampton fair on the borders of Devon and Somerset, which is frequented by London dealers and others, fetch £25 or £30. We have, moreover, in these interesting extracts an account of "Mrs. Joyce's (I presume a missionary's wife) bill for thread, thimbles, and various other small articles, £1. 19s. 10d." There is also another umbrella bill—five at one fell swoop—for the missionaries, £5. 2s. 6d.; and one for "night caps, 5s." Of night caps my experience is dim; I left them off so long ago—not only the head covering in bed, but the figurative "night-cap" which we teetotallers abjure.

CHARLES H. COLLYNS.

Wirksworth.

## COMMENTS AND ANSWERS.

## WILLIAM BRADLEY THE ARTIST.

(Nos. 281, 288, 302, and 319.)

[335.] I was interested to see in your Notes and Queries that owing to the purchase of a fancy picture by the late William Bradley, at a sale at Christie's, a spirit of inquiry was awakened, the question being asked—who was William Bradley? Various replies have been offered but without effect. I see a note signed T. L. (i. e., Thomas Letherbrow), in which he suggests that either Mr. Percy or myself should satisfy the curiosity of your readers by giving some recollections of our late tutor in art. I am in no way wishful to rush into print, but in the present case I cannot well hold back. I therefore send you a notice of Bradley, somewhat similar to my notice of him in the *Art Journal* near twenty-one years ago, also giving very briefly my idea of his powers as an artist, together with a recollection of my last visit to him when on his death bed. Following this I send a (necessarily incomplete) list of his portrait sitters, and of his fancy pictures, which I trust may be of some little interest to those who cherish the memory of a highly gifted but unfortunate man.

William Bradley was born in Bloom-street, Manchester, January 16, 1801. He was the son of Richard and Rachel Bradley. His father, though scantily educated, was of an ingenious and inventive turn, and as a means of livelihood turned bobbins which he disposed of at Garratt Mill, then belonging to Thackray and Co. Here he afterwards became employed and was eventually a partner in the firm. He resided at Garratt Hall, where in his beautiful garden he took pleasure in growing grapes and melons. He died of apoplexy when his son William was about three years of age.

Our future artist first became a Manchester warehouse boy at 3s. a week (White, Armitage, and Co., New Brown-street). At the age of sixteen he began the practice of art, and styled himself "a miniature and animal painter." In 1819 he lived at 43, Major-street, where his prices ranged from 1s. to six guineas. "Portraits of horses and dogs, according to size. Private instructions in painting landscapes, &c." In Spring Gardens the shop of Daniel Jackson was the resort of those who loved art, and young Bradley was encouraged, and at times employed, to paint transparencies. He had a limited number of lessons from Mather Brown, and excited some jealousy in this

pupil of Benjamin West, P.R.A., and Gainsborough, R.A. At nineteen he began life, as he said, wrongly; and at twenty-one went to London, where Mr. Leveson, his friend, treated him with much kindness. Mr. Bradley took lodgings in Hatton Garden, and afterwards in Gerrard-street. He gained an introduction to Sir Thomas Lawrence, who kindly expressed his opinion from time to time of any work Mr. B. took to show to him. These remarks made a lasting impression on the mind of the young painter, who established himself in London, and was much liked. He occupied the house 54, Upper Charlotte-street, Fitzroy Square, for nine years, namely, from 1829 to 1838, at a rental of £300 a year. He then came down to Manchester along with his fellow practitioner, the late B. R. Faulkner, and in the house of the late Charles Calvert he had a painting room. He was now considered a great man, and his society much sought in this his native town. In 1833 he married Eliza, eldest daughter of Charles Calvert, a lady some sixteen years his junior, and who still survives. Bradley left two sons, William and Basil (who have each embraced art as a profession), and two daughters, Julia and Blanche. The last twelve years of Bradley's life were spent in Manchester. He died of typhoid fever in the room adjoining his studio, July 4, 1857, and he was buried at St. John's Church, where twenty-four years previously he had been married. In the obituary (*Manchester Guardian*) Swain wrote: "In him art has lost an earnest disciple, and Manchester one of her most gifted sons."

As a portrait painter Bradley understood thoroughly all that pertained to likeness; in middle life his style was bold and vigorous; later on he verged into a smooth or Carlo Dolci manner, though at all times he drew well and was a good colourist. He worked on scientific principles, and his thorough knowledge of light and shade enabled him to impart those qualities to his works, coupled with a refined feeling and style which render them acceptable by their pleasure-giving qualities. He was deficient in imagination, but his skill in adaptation and selection, together with a most keen perception and an earnest desire to make excellence his aim, enabled him to perceive and determine as to what constituted success or failure in a work of art. His portraits, as a rule, were not painted in the presence of his sitters. He made most careful drawings and studies, and then, aided by a powerful memory, was enabled to make the best of the time

awarded by those who had the good fortune to sit to him. As a teacher he was most thorough and communicative, only requiring that his teachings should be regarded with a spirit of earnestness akin to his own desires and aims in art.

Bradley was an early riser, saying that all through life he had an idea it would be well to rise with the sun. He used to take his first breakfast at half-past six and his second at ten, to which he had a chop. Being a man of fine build (in height six feet one and a half inches) he did not like to go past four hours betwixt meals, as he said it punished him to do so. He was usually in his painting room from 6 30 a.m. until 11 p.m., and frequently allowed four to eight weeks to pass over without leaving the house, at the end of which time he was prostrate. The drawings he made to paint from are remarkable for their truth and quality, and prove him to have been a most industrious man. His sphere in art may have been of a somewhat restricted character, yet he has left behind him works which will cause his reputation to improve as the ills that beset him become forgotten and the good that was natural to the man shall be proclaimed in his works.

In the twilight of a summer's evening (I think it was on the Wednesday prior to poor Bradley's death) I looked in and spent some time with him. Mr. J. C. Grundy had sent him a little wine. I took with me a somewhat large book in which were engravings from Venetian masters, and, seating myself on the side of the bed, we discussed them. He dwelt especially on two portraits of Tintoret, and remarked how much the old masters did by seeming to do so little; that is, by banishing detail and giving essentials. He advised me a good deal as to my own practice and future, and recommended me to do more by seeming to do less. He remarked, "Crozier, I am going to die." He spoke of the portrait he had in hand of the late Mr. Absalom Watkin, saying, "It is, I know, weak. I am weak; my brushes don't seem fitted to my hands. I try to get to my work, but as I get out of bed on the floor I go down, and on my hands and knees have to get back to bed." Absalom Watkin's head, he said, was a fine subject. A fortnight previously I had met him at the Art Treasures Exhibition. He alluded to this, and asked if I had noticed a portrait by Landseer of Sir A. W. Calcott, painted in two and a half hours. "By the bye," said he, "do you remember the brown of the background? It is,

I think, one of the most perfect shades of brown I ever saw. Do you know or can you tell what it is made of? Here am I, knowing that all through life I have been fretting myself to do something in emulation of such men as Lawrence and others, giving myself infinite trouble, and I go to the Art Treasures and see a work said to have been dashed off in so short a time, one of the finest things I ever beheld." I left, remembering in substance all he had said, and feeling the truth of the saying that "the ruling passion is strong in death." Two more nights and Bradley had passed away, and after resting in the grave for twenty-one years the question is asked, "Who was William Bradley?"

BRADLEY'S PORTRAIT SITTERS.  
(Incomplete List.)

- |   |   |
|---|---|
| Lord Beresford.   | Captain Bateson, afterwards M.P. for Londonderry. |
| Lord Bagot.   | Right Hon. William Ewart Gladstone, M.P.          |
| Lord Denbigh.   | Emmerson Tennant.                                 |
| Lord Sandon.  | Sheridan Knowles.                                 |
| Lord Francis Egerton, afterwards Earl of Ellesmere.         | W. C. Macready.                                   |
| Lady Denbigh and children.                                  | Dr. Dalton.                                       |
| Lady Augusta Fielding.                                      | John Brooks.                                      |
| Sir Edward Kerrison.  | Mrs. John Brooks.                                 |
| Sir John Gladstone.   | Samuel Brooks.                                    |
| Sir Robert Bateson, M.P. for Londonderry.                   | Hon. Mrs. Waldegrave.                             |
| Sir Benjamin Heywood.                                       | J. Kershaw, M.P.                                  |
| Sir Robert Seppings.  | J. Brotherton, M.P.                               |
| Sir Thomas Potter, first Mayor of Manchester.               | Charles Swain.                                    |
| Brigadier Col. Cureston, killed at the battle of Ramnugger. | Henry Liverseege.                                 |
| Colonel Anderson, Buxton Hall (large group picture).        | B. R. Haydon.                                     |
| Rev. Mr. Pearson (for the Earl of Chichester).              | Isherwood, the Lancashire basso.                  |
| Pudsey Dawson, Hornby Castle                                | Rev. Hugh Stowell.                                |
|   | Rev. H. McGrath.                                  |
|   | John Barrett.                                     |
|   | Thomas Ashton, Hyde.                              |

FANCY PICTURES BY BRADLEY: FEMALE HEADS.  
(Incomplete List.)

- |                       |                       |
|-----------------------|-----------------------|
| The Flower Girl.      | Spring.               |
| The Lancashire Witch. | Morn.                 |
| Disconsolate.         | Enemerada.            |
| Innocence.            | Gleaner.              |
| Gipsy.                | Pet Lamb.             |
| Bacchante.            | Girl at the Fountain. |
| Girl and Dog.         | Spaniard.             |
| Girl reclining.       | Turban.               |
| Yellow Ribbon.        | Devotee.              |
| Beggar Girl.          | The Autumnal Flower.  |
| Slyboots.             | The Billet-doux.      |
| Bird's Nest.          | Early Fruit.          |
| Faithful.             | The Dove.             |
| Rosebud.              | The Village Pride.    |
| Idly.                 | The Brigand's Bride.  |

And several landscapes.

ROBERT CROZIER.

47, Sidney-street, All Saints, Manchester,  
June 4, 1878.

I was surprised to see such a meagre and imperfect account in your last issue of the late William Bradley, who was in his time a portrait painter of considerable distinction. Your correspondents seem to me to have known very little about him. However, as T. L.

suggests that Mr. Crozier and myself could probably give some trustworthy information about him, and as I was a pupil of his for about five years (off and on), I shall be glad to furnish you with such details as I can clearly remember.

Early in the year 1835 I went as assistant to Charles Calvert, the landscape painter and teacher of drawing, who resided in Princess-street, where he had an excellent studio and two class-rooms. At that time Bradley had been married to Calvert's eldest daughter about twelve months, and they resided in Longsight Terrace, he having his studio at Agnew's. I became acquainted with him through his frequent visits at his father-in-law's place. Two or three months after I had gone to Calvert he took a house in Chorlton Terrace, Upper Brook-street, for a residence, keeping the house in Princess-street for the class-rooms; whilst Bradley, leaving Longsight and Agnew's, took the upper storey of the Princess-street house mainly for the studio. At this time he requested Calvert to let me work with him, as he considered that I had more taste for portraits than for landscapes. Accordingly to Bradley I went. He was then painting the large portrait of the late Sir Thomas Potter, now in the Town Hall; and that of old Mr. Isherwood, now at Peel Park. He had also one on hand of Dr. Dalton, which I do not think was ever finished. The chalk drawing was very fine, and I remember I made a reduced copy of it for my master. There were a good many other portraits in his studio, recently done, as I supposed. There was one of Peter Clare, another of Mr. Agnew, one of old Mr. Zanetti; and others forgotten by me. I think that of Sir Benjamin Heywood, in the Mechanics' Institution, had only just been finished.

In a few months afterwards Bradley left Manchester and settled in London, taking a house in Charlotte-street, Fitzroy Square (almost immediately opposite to that in which I write); and shortly after he sent for me. I went to London at once, finding Bradley busy with a number of portraits of eminent Conservative statesmen and others. These he was painting for some publishers, whose names I forget. Amongst them were the portraits of Lord Francis Egerton (afterwards Earl of Ellesmere), Mr. Gladstone, Lord Sandon, J. Emmerson Tennant, the Earl of Derby, Earl of Bessford, Lord Bagot, Lord Skelmersdale, Lord Ducie, General Sir Edward Kerrierson, Sir Felix Booth, the Rev. Mr. Scobell, of Vere-street Chapel, and others

I forget. I remember, however, that I made two copies of that of Sir Felix Booth. These portraits were all half-lengths or whole-lengths, and I assisted Bradley with all of them. That of Lord Sandon was very fine, as was also Lord Derby's, which made a considerable sensation in the Royal Academy.

I fear Bradley's engagement with the publishers was rather a disastrous one, as he was left with a good many of these fine paintings on his hands. He had to give up the house, and I to leave him, coming back to my native town. A year or two afterwards he also returned to Manchester; and from that time Mr. Crozier can tell you more about him than I can.

During my connection with Bradley I found him on every occasion most kind and solicitous about my progress as an artist. Indeed he was so with every young painter; and he had a wonderful power of conveying information. He never refused to give advice to any student, though he might be an entire stranger; and he was himself an untiring worker.

WILLIAM PERCY.

Hogarth Club, London, 5th June, 1878.

#### THE WORDS "PA" AND "MA."

(Query No. 329, June 8.)

[336.] Mr. C. Rowley, jun., wishes to know "when and how and why" we had the misfortune first "to use the words pa and ma?" words which seem to him to have "a sheepish sort of bleat." With some sympathy for his wholesome and healthy denunciation of the thin varnish and nasty polish imparted at those that are called genteel boarding schools, I may venture to say that they are not responsible for the familiar "poverty-stricken diminutives." Their true source, however, may be found in the archives of schools of larger dimensions, in the records of the infancy of man, commencing at a time when genteel people, let us hope, were unknown. That word genteel! How glad am I that this corrupt and debased offspring of "gentle" has nearly been thrust out of circulation.

In Tylor's *Primitive Culture*, vol. i. p. 175, Mr. Rowley will be pleased to find a chord of sympathy. When Horne Tooke spoke, in words oft repeated since, of "the brutish inarticulate interjection," he certainly meant to express his contempt for a mode of expression which lay outside his own narrow view of language. But the epithets are in themselves justifiable enough. Interjections are to some extent brutish in their analogy to the cries of animals, and

this fact gives them an especial interest to modern observers, who are thus able to trace phenomena belonging to the mental state of the lower animals up into the midst of the most highly cultivated human language.

Max Muller, on this subject, says in his *Oxford Essays*, that "the name of father, coined at that early period, shows that the father acknowledged the offspring of his wife as his own, for thus only had he a right to claim the title of father. Father is derived from the root pa, which means not to beget but to protect, to nourish, to support. The father in Sanscrit as genitor was called ganitar, but as protector and supporter of his offspring he was called pitar. Hence in the Veda the two words are used together to signify the full idea of father. In a similar manner matar or mother is joined with ganitu, genetrix, which shows that the word matar must soon have lost its etomological meaning and have become an expression of respect and endearment."

We have the authority of those African travellers Burton, Livingstone, and Sir Samuel Baker, all of whom state that the words ma and pa have, with slight alterations, the same meaning in many parts of Africa that they have with us. Recurring to Tylor again, he says, page 176, "when the African negro cries out in fear and wonder mama! mama! he might be thought to be uttering a real interjection—a word used to express some passion or emotion of the mind, as Lindley Murray has it—but in fact he is calling, simple grown-up baby as he is, for his mother; and the very same thing has been noticed among Indians of California, who, as an expression of pain, cry out ana, ana! or mother, mother!

In Sir John Lubbock's *Origin of Civilisation*, commencing at page 284, there is a long list of the words used which represent father and mother in the various parts of the world. A glance at this list, from which I have extracted a few examples, will show Mr. Rowley that it is not improbable that Mahomet may be known as the father of the faithful; if not as their pa, certainly as their baba.

AFRICA.

Language.	Father.	Mother.
Bols (N.W. Africa)	Papa	Ni
Tarrar	Paba	Ne
Pepel	Papa	Nana
Biafada	Baba	Na
Baga	Bapa	Mana
Simne	Pa	Kara

AFRICA.—(Continued.)

Language.	Father	Mother.
Mandenga.	Fa	Na
Guinea	Ba	Ma
Dahomey	Da	Noe
Higher Sudau	Ba	Ma
Songo	Papa	Mama
Limba	Papa	Mama

NON-AYEAN NATIONS OF EUROPE AND ASIA.

Turkish	Baba	Ana
Georgian	Mama	Deda
Tartar (Mantchu)	Ama	Ema
Javaneese	Bapa	Ibu
Malay	Bapa	Ibu
Thibet	Pha	Ama
Burmah	Ahpa	Ami
China	Fu	Mu

NORTH AMERICA.

Costanoes	Ah-pa	Ah-na
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Thus it will be seen that, with but slight variations, the words pa and ma are of nearly universal currency and value among savage as well as civilized peoples, in the past and also at the present time.

To English ears, father and mother are words that are full of force, and it appears but proper that pa and ma should only be used by children so long as they belong to the nurse's domain.

W. H. BAILEY.

Summerfield, Eccles New Road, June 10th, 1878.

Mr. Rowley may easily get at the derivation of pa and ma, now used indiscriminately by small babies and babies of larger growth. Ma is simply the abbreviation of mamma, and pa the abbreviation of papa; but why these lack-a-daisical terms should be preferred to the more robust father and mother I am not prepared to say, as I am not in the secret of the working of the snobbish mind nor that which inspires it. I do not think the custom descended from the "upper ten," as I have been in many that are considered "big" houses where the more vigorous terms are still in use. I am of opinion that the "sheepish bleat," as Mr. Rowley very aptly calls it, originated in some colony of would-be-somebodies, such as we find hanging on to the skirts of "good" society; and who, to make up for lack of proper cultivation, have introduced the vocabulary of the nursery into the ordinary phraseology of domestic life. I find that a good many of these "ma's" have been nurse girls in the days of their spinsterhood, and this fact may account in some degree for the softening of the maternal brain. I find also that these have been devoted novel readers of the penny gingerbread stamp,

and have banished such names as Mary, Lucy, and Hannah from the household in favour of those borne by the heroines of their weekly pennyworth. Hence we have our Mabels, Mauds, and Minnies, with any number of pet *aliases* that at one time would have been regarded as a mark of low breeding. I am afraid we are permitting our vigorous English to be boiled down too much by nursery cooks, and that instead of employing a language characteristic of our race we shall go "mewling" through life with a babyish whine that savours of jam and "Swaggering Dick." "A fig for thy oil-o'-sweet-a-monnds-an-syrups-o'-violets sort o' talk," says old Dame Bradley to her "lady" daughter. "Tak a good broad mouthful, as a honest body owt. That's my sort." And it is the sort of

GILKS SCROGGINS.

RICHARD COBDEN.

(Nos. 231 and 317.)

[337.] I was once informed in the south of England by a gentleman named Rogers that Mrs. Cobden was his sister, and that Professor Rogers was his brother.

A. B. C.

CHEADLE HALL.

(Query No. 141, March 9.)

[338.] Cheadle Hall is briefly mentioned by Mr. Earwaker on page 184, vol. I., of his *East Cheshire*. He describes the building as "a large, plain, roomy house, with many windows." Towards the end of last century it was purchased from the Rev. Edward Beresford, then lord of the manor of Cheadle Bulkeley, by James Harrison, merchant, who was a member of a family formerly holding a good estate in that neighbourhood.

S.

QUARTERLY MUSICAL REVIEW.

(Query No. 295, May 25.)

[339.] There is a set, apparently complete, of this periodical in the Free Reference Library, King-street. It extends to ten volumes, the first being issued in 1818 and the last in 1828. The work was printed and published at Norwich, but only the names of the London publishers are given on the title-pages. Your correspondent should ask his bookseller to advertise in the trade journal for the volume he wants, or he might apply to Mr. W. Reeves, 185, Fleet-street, London,

C. W. S.

THE FIRST PRE-RAPHAELITE PAINTERS.

(Nos. 213, 220, 232, and 299.)

[340.] Mr. W. M. Rossetti's list of the seven founders of the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood, as quoted by Mr. Rowley, differs from mine in excluding Madox Brown, Arthur Hughes, Charles Alston Collins, and William L. Windus, and substituting for them W. M. Rossetti himself, James Collinson, F. G. Stephens, and T. Woolner, the sculptor. Mr. Rossetti's authority must be accepted as unquestionable and definitive, and I am glad that the facts have been rescued from the oblivion of the little-known and short-lived *Art Monthly Review*. It should not be overlooked, however, that the original group speedily obtained accessions, all of whom have been influenced and some have steadfastly adhered to the principles of the brotherhood. Of these Mr. W. M. Rossetti mentions C. A. Collins, Robert Martineau, and William Davis, all now dead; Henry Wallis, Arthur Hughes, William Inchbold, George Price Boyce, and John Brett. Add to these the names of W. L. Windus and Edward Lear (mentioned in my former note), and we probably have a complete list of the founders and the earliest of their disciples. The first three pre-Raphaelite works exhibited at the Royal Academy (in 1849) were Holman Hunt's Rienzi swearing revenge over his Brother's Corpse; D. G. Rossetti's *Girlhood of Mary Virgin*; and J. E. Millais' *Scene from Keats' Isabella, the lovers and others at table*, now in the Art Treasures Exhibition at the Royal Institution, Mosley-street, and the property of one of the original P.R.B.'s, Mr. Thomas Woolner.

In my former note I traced, mainly by the aid of Mr. Ruskin's *Academy Notes*, the defection of Mr. Millais from the Brotherhood. A few days afterwards the following, which seems worth quoting in connection with the subject, appeared in the columns of the *Spectator*:—"To us, of late years, there has hung over almost all of Millais' works somewhat of the sombre radiance of the fallen angel. The pictures are still great, even in their fall. What they might have been, had the artist continued to paint as he began, with Hunt and Rossetti, a quarter of a century since, we can only surmise; as it is we must, as Swinburne says, take 'the best that he gives, and be thankful even for that,'" J. H. NODAL.

### QUERIES.

[341.] **MANCHESTER AND SALFORD SWIMMING BATHS.**—What has been the history of these great sanitary conveniences? Is it on record when the first swimming bath was opened in Manchester or Salford, and by whom? NATATOR.

[342.] **MANCHESTER ENGRAVERS.**—Could any of your correspondents give any information relative to Manchester engravers; whether any of them have risen to eminence in the art; what have been their most important works; and if living or dead? MEZZO.

[343.] **CHARLES MATTHEWS, THE COMEDIAN.**—Ought not this name to be added to the recent list of Lancashire authors? I was lately told, on excellent authority, that he was a native of Liverpool. Some of your local theatrical authorities can perhaps confirm the statement. JOHN E. BAILEY.

[344.] **W. M. THACKERAY.**—Has any biography of this great writer appeared other than the sketches by Hannay, Hodder, and Theodore Taylor, and where are to be found details relating to his life and character? Seen through the medium of his novels, one can scarcely guess what manner of man he was. R. R. R.

### ART NOTES.

Young Mr. Browning, the poet's son, has sold his Academy picture for £300.

Frank Stone's picture of the Last Appeal, at one time well known by the engraving, was sold by auction at Christie's on Saturday last for £147. It was painted for Mr. Thomas Baring, M.P., in 1853.

To whom should the copyright belong on the sale of a painting—to the artist or the purchaser? This difficult question, which has great interest for artists, was considered by the Royal Commission on Copyright. At present the law is rather perplexing. If an artist sells a picture without reserving the copyright by special agreement he loses it, but it does not vest in the purchaser unless there is an agreement signed in his favour. The Commissioners adopted the conclusion of the Fine Arts Bill of 1869, and recommended that, in the absence of a written agreement to the contrary, the copyright in a picture should belong to the purchaser, or to the person for whom it is painted, and follow the ownership of the picture.

With the recent acquisition of the picture from the Novar collection, the National Gallery now contains six examples of the work of Veronese. But, as the art-critic of the *Academy* remarks, there was nothing in the possession of these pictures to render impolitic the acquisition—even at the high price of 3,300 guineas—of such an example as the St. Helena affords of the power, freedom, vehemence, and

splendour of a master whose position in the world of Art is far beyond the touch of the caprices of fashion in matters of art-taste. The picture has apparently been untouched and undamaged. It is a consummate instance of freedom of design and freedom of painting, inspired by all the potency of Veronese's imagination. It is long since the National Gallery received so important and unexceptionable an addition; and the applause which hailed Mr. Burton's purchase, the loudest ever heard at Christie's manifested a true appreciation of the national gain.

Mr. Roland Gilderoy's second annual pamphlet on the Pictures of the Year is larger and more complete than his 1877 publication. His plan of reviewing the whole of the art work of the year, including the actual architecture (not the mere designs) and the pictures by painters who do not exhibit, is more perfect and comprehensive than any similar contemporary production. The worth of this, however, depends of course upon the execution, and we cannot say that Mr. Gilderoy inspires confidence in the truthfulness and wisdom of his strictures. He takes the gloomiest possible views, and thinks very meanly indeed of the mass of modern pictures. Nor has he much width of appreciation. Almost the only painters for whom he has unstinted praise—and his praise is as extravagant as his censure—are P. F. Poole, R.A. (who, he says, "is surely inspired as any painter living"); J. Pettie, H. M. Anthony, F. J. Shields, F. Madox Brown, E. Burne Jones, and Dante Rossetti. On poor Mr. Millais he alternately blows hot and cold. Mr. Gilderoy, again, is a confusing writer, and is frequently inconsistent with himself. In his chapter on the third gallery of the Royal Academy he starts off with telling us that but for Pettie's portrait of Mr. Whitehead "the great room would not have a single great work in it." Yet a little further on, still speaking of the same room, he says, "Mr. Millais's Earl of Shaftesbury is in some respects the most masterly work in the whole exhibition." How are the two assertions reconcilable? Briefly, Mr. Gilderoy, though vigorous in expression, is not persuasive nor convincing, and he seems to be the voice of a limited artistic circle. "No criticism is of any value," said Mr. Ruskin in his first Academy Notes (1855) "which does not enable the spectator, in his own person, to understand, or to detect, the alleged merit or unworthiness of the picture; and the true work of a critic is not to make his hearer believe him, but agree with him." Golden words: unheeded by most art critics, including Mr. Roland Gilderoy.

**THE VEDAS: EFFORTS OF MEMORY.**—Professor Max Müller, in the course of his lectures on the Origin of Religion, which were concluded last Thursday, mentioned that there were still Brahmans in India who could repeat the whole of the Rig Veda by heart, just as their ancestors could repeat it 3,000 or 4,000 years ago. The *Times* remarks that the Rig Veda is computed to contain 153,828 words, or about twice as many as *Paradise Lost*.

## LITERARY NOTES.

Mias Georgiana Hogarth, sister-in-law of Charles Dickens, aided by Mrs. Kate Perugini, daughter of the illustrious novelist, has been for some time past collecting, for publication, the letters of Dickens to his literary friends. They are expected to be ready for issue shortly.

The first meeting of the International Literary Congress was held in Paris on Tuesday last. In the absence of M. Victor Hugo, the chair was occupied by M. Edmund About. A president and secretary for each nation were elected, Mr. Tom Taylor and Mr. Blanchard Jerrold being chosen to represent England.

Mr. M'Gahan, the war correspondent of the *Daily News*, and author of the famous letters on the Bulgarian massacres as well as of a book descriptive of a daring and lonely ride to Khiva, died in Constantinople on Sunday last of typhoid fever, at the early age of thirty-three. He is the fifth or sixth correspondent of London journals who has lost his life during the war.

A notable journalist, Mr. Edward Spender, founder and chief proprietor of the *Western Morning News*, was drowned along with two of his sons whilst bathing near Plymouth on Sunday evening last. A wave broke over them, and they were not afterwards seen. Mr. Spender, besides contributing to reviews and writing a book of travels, was the prolific, able, and entertaining London correspondent of several country newspapers, having, it is said, contributed more letters in this capacity than any three men in England.

Mr. F. C. Price, fac-similist to the British Museum, who recently executed some exquisite reproductions from the press of William Caxton, is proposing to issue subscription-copies of an important heraldic MS. of the seventeenth century in colours, by John Withie, the arms-painter, entitled "The names and Armes of them that hath bene Aldermen of the wards of Aldersgate since the tyme of King Henry 6, beginninge at the 30 yeere of his Reigne untill this present yeare of our Lorde 1616. Which names and Armes weere collected out of recorde 1616." This is a document which will admirably illustrate the heraldic Visitation of London in preparation by the Harleian Society. These London traders at the time in question were to a large extent connections of the best families of English gentry.

The French Academy on Thursday filled up the vacancies caused by the death of M. Thiers and M. Claude Bernard. M. Henri Martin was elected to the seat of M. Thiers, and M. Renan to that of M. Bernard. The first result was scarcely expected. M. Taine, a more accomplished writer than M. Henri Martin, was his competitor, and it was thought that M. Taine's recent book severely handling the French Revolution would have secured him the support of the Duc d'Aumale, with a sufficient following to beat the Republican senator, but M. Martin was elected by 18

to 15. This is a great tribute to the honesty of his History of France. M. Renan, the author of the well-known Life of Jesus, defeated M. Wallon by 19 to 15. This will confirm Monsignor Dupanloup in his rupture with the Academy, which he has not entered since M. Littré's election.

William Cullen Bryant, the American poet and journalist, died in New York on Wednesday in his eighty-fourth year. His death was caused by a fall about a fortnight previously, which brought on concussion of the brain. Bryant was a native of Cummington, in Massachusetts, where he was born in November, 1794. In 1825 he settled in New York, and a few years later became the editor of the *Evening Post*, with which he had remained connected ever since. A collection of his poems was published in 1832, and they at once secured for him a high reputation in this country. Possessing an intimate knowledge of French, German, Spanish, and Italian, Mr. Bryant travelled a good deal in Europe, and his letters to the *Evening Post* descriptive of these journeys were afterwards republished. Among his works are translations of Homer's Iliad and Odyssey. Mr. Morgan Brierley, in the letter from New York which we published last week, gives a pleasant description of his recent interview with the venerable poet. "When in parting," wrote Mr. Brierley, "I expressed a wish that so useful and sunny a life might be spared for many years to come, he meekly replied he was willing to stay or to go when and as best pleased his Master." Words which recal the concluding lines of Mr. Bryant's best known and perhaps finest poem, *Thanatopsis*—

So live, that when thy summons comes to join  
The innumerable caravan, that moves  
To that mysterious realm, where each shall take  
His chamber in the silent hills of death,  
Thou go not, like the quarry slave at night,  
Scourged to his dungeon, but sustained and soothed  
By an unfaltering trust, approach thy grave.  
Like one who wraps the drapery of his couch  
About him, and lies down to pleasant dreams.

## NATURE.

A SONNET: BY H. W. LONGFELLOW.

As a fond mother, when the day is o'er,  
Leads by the hand her little child to bed,  
Half willing, half reluctant to be led,  
And leave his broken playthings on the floor,  
Still gazing at them through the open door,  
Nor wholly reassured and comforted  
By promises of others in their stead,  
Which, though more splendid, may not please him  
more;  
So nature deals with us, and takes away  
Our playthings one by one, and by the hand  
Leads us to rest so gently, that we go  
Scarce knowing if we wish to go or stay,  
Being too full of sleep to understand  
How far the unknown transcends the what we know.



## SCIENCE NOTES.

Lake dwellings have been discovered at Letten, Switzerland, at the junction of the Rivers Limmat and Sihl.

The annual report of the Astronomer Royal concerning the work at the Greenwich Observatory states that the railway through the town of Greenwich has not produced any perceptible effect at the Observatory, from which it is distant about 1,700 feet. It has been worked for several months, and it is fair to assume that any appreciable effect of its proximity would have made itself apparent. To facilitate the observations of stars, a new working catalogue has been prepared, in which are included all stars down to the third magnitude, stars down to the fifth magnitude which have not been observed in the last two catalogues, and a list of 258 stars of about the sixth magnitude, of which the places are required for the United States Coast Survey. The whole number of stars in the new working list is about 2,500. The final result of the examination of the transit of Venus observations, so far as the official astronomers are concerned, appears to be a parallax of  $8'82''$  or  $8'83''$ ; but it seems that in some instances there are serious errors in the times recorded by the observers. The results obtained from photography have "disappointed me much," says the Astronomer Royal; many photographs which to the eye appeared good, lost all strength and sharpness when placed under the measuring microscope.

**THE POET LAUREATE AND THE PHONOGRAPH.**  
When Dr. Mann was lecturing the other day at the Royal United Service Institution on the phonograph, it happened that just before the lecture began the poet laureate was standing by the table. Seeing him there, Professor Tyndall, with the gravest face in the world, but a twinkle in his eye, roared into the mouthpiece of the instrument, in the most peremptory tones, "Come into the garden, Maud!" as though the supposed lover would have added "And look sharp 'bout it, too!" Then, reversing the revolution of the cylinder, the words were repeated from the other side of the instrument, as if from an immense distance, "Come into the garden, Maud!" but still to the last peremptorily. For once the melancholy visage of Mr. Tennyson relaxed into a smile.

**AN ASCENSION THURSDAY SUPERSTITION.**—During last week thousands of men employed at the Welsh slate quarries at Penrhyn refused to work on Ascension Thursday. This refusal arose from an old and wide-spread superstition, which has lingered in that district for years, that if work is continued on Ascension Thursday an accident will certainly follow. A few years ago the agents persuaded the men to break through the superstitious observance, and there were accidents each year, a not unlikely occurrence seeing the extent of the works carried on and the dangerous occupation of the men. This year, however, the men one and all refused to work.

Saturday, June 22, 1878.

## NOTE.

## MANCHESTER CATHEDRAL.

[345.] Many readers of Notes and Queries may be interested to know that the screen of the Lady Chapel has just been re-erected after a restoration which must be considered both judicious and complete. The tabernacle canopies have been entirely restored, and the smaller canopies over the figures of the saints replaced. Two of these figures are new, so is the head of a third. The ogee mouldings and enrichments over each of the openings in this fine old screen are also new. No attempt, however, has been made to obliterate the marks of wilful mischief inflicted on some of the figures by sword cuts and in other ways, and this is perhaps in perfect taste. The effect of the whole is now very good, and let us hope the authorities of the Cathedral will "let well alone."

Rumour has it, however, that the screen is to be "decorated," and for a good idea of the full meaning of that word the visitor should turn his attention to the rood screen and organ case at the other end of the choir. It would be difficult to deprecate too strongly the low, bad, public-house taste that can thus deface good, honest, oak carving. "Gilding refined gold" is nothing to it. Old Herrick, in the *Hesperides*, perhaps comes pretty near it when he sings:—

So that where'er ye looks ye see  
No capitoll, no cornice free,  
Or frieze, from this fine fripperie.

Fripperie is the word, and it would be well if persons who are pressed for subscriptions to restore churches were to know beforehand whether any of the money was to be expended on fripperie. Messrs. Farmer and Brindley, of London, have executed this very admirable restoration.

ROBERT LANGTON.

## COMMENTS AND ANSWERS.

CHEADLE HALL,  
(Nos. 141 and 338.)

[346.] Cheadle Hall proper has now no existence. I have known the village of Cheadle more than sixty years, and have been permanently resident in the parish since 1841. The property looking up the village from the highway to Stockport, recently occupied as a Convalescent Hospital, never was known by any of the old inhabitants as Cheadle Hall. After

the death of the Harrison family it was a boarding school for ladies, conducted most successfully by Miss Harding. When she left Cheadle for Tamworth, her native place, she was succeeded by Miss Hunters, now deceased. Miss Harding's communications with me were frequent, for two of my daughters were her pupils for several years, and her address was "The Hall, Cheadle," and never Cheadle Hall.

GEORGE PEEL.

Soho Mills, Ancoats.

#### TWO-HEADED SNAKES.

(Nos. 297 and 301.)

[347.] In my answer to John Cowley's query, I purposely avoided noticing the "two-headed snake," for two reasons—nay three. First, because I do not believe there are any; second, because the snake supposed by superficial observers to have two heads is not known in this country; third, because I did not wish to raise a fresh controversy upon the subject. Now, however, I expect I have "gone and done it." As I have no practical knowledge of such a beast myself, I shall quote some good authorities upon the subject.

"The head and body of the genus *Amphisbæna* are of uniform thickness, and the tail terminates bluntly, so that at first glance it is not very easy to distinguish between the head and tail, more especially as the minute eyes are buried, and only to be detected through the horny plate that covers them. It is from this similarity of the head and tail that the natives of South America considered this reptile to have two heads, one at each extremity; and that if it was cut in two, so far from being killed, each distinct portion would continue to live, and that the two heads would mutually seek each other, and the bodies become reunited as if nothing had happened." Stedman, in his *History of Surinam*, says: "Another snake which I observed here is about three feet long, and annulated with different colours. It is called *Amphisbæna* from the supposition of it having two heads; and the truth is, from its cylindrical form, the head and tail so much resemble each other that the error is almost pardonable, besides which the eyes are almost imperceptible. The flesh of the *Amphisbæna*, dried and reduced to a fine powder, is confidently administered as a sovereign and infallible remedy in all cases of dislocation and broken bones; it being very naturally inferred that an animal which has the power of healing an entire amputation in its own

case, should at least be able to cure a simple fracture in the case of another. We may here observe that the term *amphisbæna*, though the animal has not two heads, is correct, as it is capable of crawling with the head or tail foremost with equal facility."

The writer on the subject in the *Museum of Animated Nature* says—"The specimens which we have seen alive were dull and inanimate, with no grace or activity in their movements; they crawled slowly about, and, when handled, languidly twisted their bodies, but made no attempt to bite; their appearance was far from attractive. One of these animals, kept alive some time since in the gardens of the Zoological Society, took milk very freely, and subsisted on it for six months."

What the snake seen by Mr. Cowley and his friend upon Arthog Moss was, which was supposed to have two heads, one cannot imagine. I should suppose that it would be as likely to find the sea-serpent there as the *amphisbæna*.  
FELIX FOLIO.

#### THE WORDS "PA" AND "MA."

(Nos. 329 and 336.)

[348.] I cannot feel the same contempt for these two words as Messrs. Rowley, Bailey, and Giles Scroggins seem to do. Because a word in daily use among thousands happens to resemble the sound made by a certain inferior animal, I do not see that we should give up the use of it; neither do I think that the application of such hard-sounding terms as "sheepish bleat" will extinguish this class of words. If these words are best which are most unlike sounds that are and may be made by any other animal, we ought to abolish all words of two letters in which the first is a consonant and the second the vowel; and we might further include such three-lettered words as have for their last letter w or y, or an ordinary vowel, because these are words similar to the sounds made by various animals, and which some can easily be taught to imitate.

I think those words are best which convey our thoughts most accurately and easily either in speech or in writing, and certainly Pa and Ma are both more easily spoken and written than father and mother, and conveying the same meaning express our thoughts just as accurately. Mr. Bailey says, "it appears but proper that pa and ma should only be used by children so long as they belong to the nurse's domain." This means that at a certain period we are

to give up one name for our parents and adopt another; but anyone who has tried this will, I think, find it very awkward. I learned to call my parents pa and ma, but getting a big lad, began to think these were childish names and endeavoured for a little while to say father and mother; but it was too painful. I gave up the idea of changing, and to this day I use the same childish words, and shall never be ashamed of them in whatever company I may find myself. If the words had a "snobbish" origin they are not considered "snobbish" now, for such numbers of families use them that they are quite common. I teach my little girl to say pa and ma, but I thoroughly detest all attempts at "snobbery," and simply use and teach them because I am accustomed to them and no other. The words to me simply denote a being or person, and I shall pay as much respect both to the person and the name by which I know that person, be it father and mother or ma and pa. Until it can be shown that father and mother convey our thoughts as accurately and as easily as pa and ma, I shall prefer the latter; and when it can be shown I shall consider it proper to use the words until it can be further proved that they are more difficult or do not convey the meaning as well. I do not ask that the words father and mother should be abolished, but simply write in defence of ill-used pa and ma. There should be no objection to the four words being considered proper, so that each family may use which they please, and surely this can be done without those who use pa and father considering one another "snobby" and "common" respectively.

Giles Scroggins writes objecting to such names as Maud, Mabel, and Minnie; personally I should prefer Jane, Elizabeth, and Mary; but I can understand persons having a genuine preference for the first-mentioned names, and because their choice does not agree with mine I shall not say they have chosen "snobby" names from the "heroines in their weekly pennyworth."

DESDICHADO.

Newton Heath, June 15, 1878.

CHARLES MATHEWS A LANCASHIRE MAN.

(Query No. 343.)

[349.] Charles James Mathews was born in Liverpool, December 26, 1803, and may therefore be claimed as a Lancashire author. Subjoined is a list (incomplete) of the various pieces written and adapted by him from 1833 to 1875:—My Wife's Mother; Truth,

or a Glass too much; Married for Money; Soft Sex; Aggravating Sam; Bachelor of Arts; Liar; Dowager; He Would be an Actor; Humpbacked Lover; Little Toddlekins; Patter v. Clatter; Paul Fry Married and Settled; My Awful Dad. Further particulars may be found in the *Saturday Programme* for September 18, 1875.

I may also mention that Mr. Henry Neville, author of "The Stage: its Past and present, in relation to the Fine Arts;" and adapter of several pieces from the French, was born at Manchester in 1837.

R. R. R.

DE QUINCEY'S HOUSE.

(No. 321, June 8.)

[350.] Mr. W. Surge says: "We are still in doubt about Greenhey Hall, the early abode of Thomas de Quincey, the English Opium Eater." I do not share this doubt. When I was a young man Greenhey Hall faced the bottom of Burlington-street, and the entrance was by a gate to the left, but not visible from that street. The last inhabitants to my recollection were the family of Mrs. Darbishire, who since then have resided in Ireland.

The Priory spoken of in Greenheys Lane about the year 1836 was inhabited by Mr. Kay, at that time the most celebrated upholsterer in Manchester. I well recollect being taken by my uncle to call upon him, and his showing us one of the peculiarities of his entrance hall, which was either four or six doors opening to so many rooms. Mr. Kay's place of business was in Fountain-street, on the right hand from Market-street, near the Crown.

DELTA.

De Quincey's house stood on the plot of land bounded by Greenheys Lane, Pigott-street, Renshaw-street, and Hall-street. The house itself stood about three-parts the distance up Union-street, between Greenheys Lane and Renshaw-street. It was pulled down in 1838.

J. R. F.

Rusholme.

[See also Notes 57 and 85.]

THE PRINTING PRESS IN MANCHESTER.

(Query No. 326, June 8.)

[351.] I believe machinery for letterpress printing was first introduced into Manchester for the purpose of printing the *Manchester Times* newspaper by Prentice and Cathrall. It was printed by means of a roller turned by manual labour. The office was in Market-street, somewhere between New Cannon-street

and New Brown-street, and the press was on the ground floor, placed so that it could easily be seen at work through the street window. There was generally a crowd gathered round the window every Friday evening watching the operation. Nothing was screened off, and near the window was a desk at which the late Mr. Archibald Prentice, the editor, was often seen writing whilst the press was at work. Having then an idea that the editor of a newspaper was a very mysterious sort of personage (I am not sure that I have quite got rid of the idea), I used to watch him through the window with peculiar interest. I am not certain as to the year when the press was first set up, but fancy it was about 1833. The office was afterwards removed to Ducie Place, part of the site of the present Exchange. The *Manchester Times* was then a weekly paper, published on a Saturday. It was incorporated with the *Examiner* in 1848.

J. T. S.

MARY BARTON AND GREENHEYS FIELDS.  
(Nos. 250, 259, 274, 289, and 321.)

[352.] Fifty years ago Greenheys with its surroundings was somewhat noted for its old farmsteads and quiet isolated cottages, many of which, built of timber and plaster, must have stood a couple of centuries or more. Not a few of these disappeared long ago, and the remainder are rapidly passing away before the levelling innovations of modern structures; and all we shall have left of these dear old places, as your correspondent C. J. W. affectionately terms them, will be what we can gather from such recorded reminiscences as are perpetuated in your interesting journal. But two of these old landmarks, Jackson's and Geary's farms, still remain almost in their pristine loneliness, each covering ground enough for a street of the modern limited liability dimensions. Doubtless the owner is only biding his time when they in turn must succumb to the greed for increased chief rents, and will occasionally ask himself "Why cumbereth they the ground?"—old associations and sentiment weighing nothing where pecuniary interests step in. The domestic relations of both these old farmsteads were broken into by the spread of German residents in the township, a daughter from each farmstead having been wooed and won by scions of these irrepressible foreigners—a bold Bohemian of good position carrying off a bride from Jackson's farm; while from Geary's a daughter (the only one, I believe) also married a German of high respectability. In the

latter case the family associations were scarcely severed, as the young couple had a comfortable house built for them on the farm grounds, where many have since enjoyed their hospitable welcome at evening gatherings, the lady's accomplishments extending to an intimate acquaintance with the music of the day, to which she added ad lib. guitar accompaniments.

Another cottage which stood not very far from Jackson's farm, a white one-storey building, afforded less pleasing reflections. It was long the residence of a power-loom weaver, who, however, added botanical pursuits, and moreover was a leading delegate whenever disputes arose between masters and men upon trade questions. He is said to have been occasionally visited by the late Mrs. Gaskell, and that he was the original of Job Legh, so graphically described by her in *Mary Barton*: but, if so there seems to be no reason why she should have fixed his residence in the questionable quarters she names instead of the neat whitewashed cottage which her notice would have immortalized. But though a turn-out delegate, Job (as I may call him) had none of the fire-brand propensities which some of the disaffected indulged in. On the contrary, he was known to be more of a peacemaker, and never advocated violent measures, such as John Barton was accused of. The original of John Barton I afterwards knew well, and also a close comrade of his, also a delegate, both of whom were operative cotton-spinners. The former, whom I shall call R. K., was a thorough-going leveller, his motto being the three T's, as "liberty, equality, and fraternity" are occasionally described; and I can well imagine, from what I knew of him, that he was one of the most unflinching in upholding what he called the rights of the British workman; but I have good reason to know that he was never guilty of the violent measures attributed to some of the turn-outs. Indeed, some of the acts of violence named in *Mary Barton* never occurred in Manchester at all, the locality of the murder of Mr. Carson (a fictitious name) being changed from a neighbouring town to Manchester; neither were the murderers, two of whom were hung, Manchester men. But R. K. was ever after a marked man, and, as we shall see further on, was refused work both here and in America. The disputes being happily settled, an agreement was come to between masters and men that bygones should be bygones, and that no workman, whether delegate or not, except actual criminals,

should be refused work. But though R. K. would be included in this amnesty, he found it impossible to obtain employment; so he decided to spend a few years in America, until, as he imagined, the matter had blown over. But on arriving in the States, judge of his mortification to find his name had preceded him, and that so prominent an advocate of workman's rights would not be tolerated there. As R. K. had always regarded America as the El Dorado of freedom and liberty, this unpalatable extinguisher of his democratic theories took him by surprise; but only by changing his name and getting work in another trade could he obtain a livelihood, when, after a stay of about six years, he returned to old England a sadder if not a better man. He, however, became painfully aware on his arrival here that his past political proclivities had neither been forgotten nor forgiven, as he was refused work on every hand. Indeed, one of his old employers named to him that his re-arrival in England had been made known to every master spinner in the country. Fortunately for him he had saved a little money, and this enabled him to open a retail coal-yard in Ardwick, in which he prospered; and in after years, such was the reliance in his sterling integrity, particularly with those who had known him the longest, that he became one of the most trusted of men, having several trusteeships in his hands, one of them an estate of very considerable value, which virtually he rescued from the auctioneer's hammer, living to see it freed from its mortgage, and he restored it to the family descendants (whose previous ownership dated four centuries back) free from all incumbrance. He died only a few years ago, leaving property worth six or seven thousand pounds.

The Greenheys cottage in question was long under the surveillance of the police, as ten delegates met there every Sunday, and many midnight sittings were known to be held. It was, moreover, searched more than once ostensibly for Chartist weapons, but nothing criminating was found. Many of these Sunday delegate meetings were professedly called botanist gatherings, but the police were able to point out those who had no pretensions to the science, and hence appearances were against their visits being of so harmless a character as a botanical meeting would imply.

R. E. BIBBY.

Denton.

WIDEAWAKE AND BILLYCOCK.

(Query No. 325, June 6.)

[362.] I think "billycock" refers to the shape of hat or tile, but its origin I know not, and I dislike the name very much. "Wideawake" belongs to the days of Pierce Egan of *Bell's Life*, which had for device an eye wide open, with "Nunquam dormior" for a motto. Hats or tiles had various names, among the rest "chimney pots," and were shaped square and not round as billycocks are. They were called wideawakes because they never had a "nap." They were felt hats, and were a novelty after the old beaver, which had a nap. Above half a century ago Mountcastle was the leading hatter in Market-street, and made a name and fame by covering old beaver hats with silk. Of course they became weighty coverings—but what will fashionable people not bear?—and silk was then coming into vogue. Now we get a light hat and the old beaver is forgotten, while soft "billycocks" and hard "wideawakes," made either round or square, have obtained. By the way, in Pierce Egan's day a hat was not only called a tile but sometimes a topping, and hats were of different colours. See an old song in *Blackwood's Magazine* about 1835:—

"With his gingerbread topping gay."

J. STELFOX.

TRAF-FORD.

(Query No. 311, June 1.)

[363.] This seems to have been a perplexing word. We have abundant evidence that the names of many of our rivers and streams and their belongings are traceable to the old native words meaning water, and these, by the mutations of orthography, have become curiously blended with prefixes and affixes and muddled in a tantalizing way. We have "Avon" pure and simple in a few cases and af, av, an, aw, an, en=water, stream, compounded in many others. T and d are convertible prefixes and take other letters with them, as s and r. For example: St-af-ford, St-av-erton, Dr-ave, Tr-en (now Trent). In Lancashire we have T-aw-d and Tr-aw-den. It seems to me that Trafford is thus derived—Tr (prefix) af (water) ford (ford); plainly waterford, a term which is not unique. It is wisely accepted that there should be corroborative evidence to justify local etymology. *Si testimonium queris circumspice.* The low, flat, watery surroundings of the old shallow or ford at

Trafford to this day warrant the title of waterford. There were several other fords in the neighbourhood of Manchester, each having a distinctive name. In his *Old Stratford* (page 6), Mr. J. E. Bailey says the Trafford family took their name from this ford.

E. K.

#### INACCURACIES OF SPEECH AND WRITING.

(Note No. 316.)

[354.] Accuracy in phraseology is not less important than "Esperance" would make it; it is a matter of the first importance to everyone who would write or speak so as to be understood. This your correspondent knows, and yet he falls into such an inaccuracy as to tell us that "et cetera" means "and others of a similar kind." What could be more inaccurate than this? Et cetera means "and other things," and cannot be conjured into anything else. Those slovenly writers who say "the hall contained pictures, statuary, &c.," are, I admit, slovens; but they are more correct than he who gives the words I have quoted as the meaning of the ill-used Latin words, and who would write "the meeting was attended by Messrs. Brown, Jones, Robinson, et cetera," the last word meaning other men or "others of the same kind." To be sure we often see the word, if we may speak of the two as one, so used, but certainly wrongly used. "Yours, &c.," is a barbarism, but it is scarcely less logical than the "yours truly," which we write to those we have never seen and care nothing about; and "yours faithfully" or "obediently" to those we profess no special faith nor obedience to. Mr. Bright once wrote, "Yours with all the respect you deserve," which I take to be a very proper conclusion to a letter, though it sounds, as it was intended to do, somewhat severe. Might we not very well dispense with "yours" altogether, and simply sign ourselves as I now do?

ELBA.

#### QUERIES.

[355.] VIEWS OF MANCHESTER STREETS.—I want to procure a good series of views of the Manchester streets in 1857. I should think that during the Art Treasures Exhibition there would be many views of Manchester published for visitors. Perhaps some correspondent may be able to name one.

C. T. BRYAN.

[356.] JAMES BROWNE, COMEDIAN.—This once favourite actor, the contemporary on our local stage of Vandenhoff, Salter, the M'Gibbons, and Tayloure,

appeared at the Theatre Royal as late as April, 1853, when he played Rover for his benefit, and subsequently returned to America. Can any correspondent oblige me with the date of his decease? R. E. R.

[357.] TALKING A HORSE'S HIND LEG OFF.—There is a curious phrase, more expressive than polite, about "talking a horse's hind leg off." I met with it some years ago in the classical pages of the *Saturday Review*, and, to my surprise, it was applied to a very distinguished statesman. I have also heard it applied by unappreciative husbands to their spouses. Can anyone give the locale and the circumstances of its origin? W. SURGE.

[358.] CLOSE TIME FOR BIRDS IN LANCASHIRE. Could any of your naturalist correspondents inform me what is now the close time fixed for birds in Lancashire? There is an act for the protection of small birds, another for wild fowl, and yet a third for sea birds. Either one or the other of the last-named has been altered—i.e., the close time has been extended to September 1st—but I cannot learn which one. Any particulars in regard to the said alteration will be esteemed. T. D. S.

[359.] THE FIRST ROMAN CATHOLIC CHAPEL IN MANCHESTER.—The first chapel erected in Manchester by the Roman Catholics was in Rook-street, near the corner of Meal-street. The chapel and the neighbourhood form one of the scenes in Mrs. G. L. Banks' novel, *God's Providence House*. The site is now occupied by Messrs. S. Ogden and Co.'s warehouse. This chapel was erected in 1774. At that time, says Aston in his *Manchester Guide*, 1804, page 123, "toleration was not sufficiently liberal to allow any insulated Catholic chapel, and, like all others of that day, the one under consideration is attached to a dwelling-house." Can any correspondent say when this building was taken down and where the congregation removed to? G. H. S.

Heaton Moor.

ROMAN COINS.—A large number of Roman coins have been found on the estate of Mr. J. T. Mott, at Baconthorpe, near Holt, Norfolk. The discovery was accidentally made by a labourer while at work. The coins, of which there are some thousand, were found enclosed in a broken urn. They are in an excellent state of preservation, both obverse and reverse being perfectly distinct.

THE OLDEST RAILWAY CLERK IN THE WORLD. There has just died at Birkenhead Mr. W. N. Found, who was at the time of his decease the oldest railway clerk in the world. Mr. Found booked the first passenger that ever rode on the Manchester and Liverpool Railway line. The passengers in those first days of railway travelling were booked at what is now the Royal Hotel, in Dale-street, Liverpool, and were conveyed in omnibuses to Edge Hill, thence per rail to Manchester. In Manchester, every ticket was written before it was given to the applicant and intended passenger.

## ART NOTES.

The jury of the Paris Salon awarded the three great prizes on Monday. All were given for sculpture, to the exclusion of painting.

The sales in connection with the Spring Exhibition of the Birmingham Society of Artists, which has just closed, only amounted to £2,190. One hundred and sixty-one pictures were sold.

Mr. W. F. Yeames has been advanced from the rank of Associate of the Royal Academy to full membership. The vacancies in the associate ranks caused by the promotion of Mr. Orchardson and Mr. Norman Shaw to the degree of Royal Academician have been filled up by the election of Mr. Frank Holl and Mr. E. Crofts. The new A.R.A.'s are both figure painters, Mr. Holl's best known work being his picture of Newgate—Committed for Trial in this year's Exhibition, and Mr. Crofts', the Morning of the Battle of Waterloo, in the Academy Exhibition of 1876.

The autotype process has rarely been put to better use than in two of the Arundel Society's latest publications, the Windsor Collection of Holbein Portraits of the Court of Henry VIII., and Twenty-six Drawings by Watteau. Each of the Holbein portraits is accompanied by a short biographical notice; and in the preface there is an account of the various migrations of the drawings, from the death of Holbein until they came into their present safe custody, in the Royal Library at Windsor. The two publications place within reach of the student of art real facsimiles of the work of two notable masters—Holbein, the climax and final outcome of the stern German realism of the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, and Watteau, the true father of the modern French school of picturesque "genre" painting.

## LITERARY NOTES.

A copy of the great Mentz Bible, printed by Gutsenberg in 1455, being the first book ever printed, has been sold by auction at Paris for the sum of £2,000. It was printed on vellum, but is not quite perfect, having one leaf and several portions restored in fac-simile. At the Perkins' sale in 1873 a copy of same work realized the enormous sum of £3,400.

Sir Thomas Duffus Hardy, deputy keeper of the Public Records, died on Saturday at the age of seventy-four. His works included a biography of Lord Langdale; a Descriptive Catalogue of Materials relating to the history of Great Britain and Ireland to the end of the reign of Henry VII.; and the Athanasian Creed in connection with the Utrecht Psalter (a report to the Master of the Rolls on a manuscript in the University of Utrecht).

It is proposed to restore the very interesting church of Morwenstowe, a desolate pariah on the exposed northern shore of Cornwall, henceforth to claim attention from its connection with its late poet-vicar, Mr. Hawker, the author of *The Guest of the Sangreal*, *The Song of the Western Men*, other well-known ballads, and a collection of sacred poems, entitled *Ecclesia*. An intelligent veneration of the spirit of the builders of the old edifice is to pervade the restoration. Some of the architectural characteristics of the church, which contains Norman work, are well-nigh unique, and have been commemorated in the vicar's poems:—

They filled these aisles with many a thought,  
They bade each nook some truth reveal:  
The pillared arch its legend brought,  
A doctrine came with roof and wall.

Tennyson, attracted, it is said, by the remarkable literary and personal interest attaching to the spot, visited the pariah, and there composed the refrain—"Break, break, break, on thy cold grey stones, O Sea;" while Kingsley, under Mr. Hawker's guidance, was introduced to scenes which are embodied in *Westward Ho!* A fund is being formed for the restoration, and the bankers are Messrs. Dingley and Co., Launceston.

The cheapening of books has met with some attention at the Literary Congress in Paris, but the subject is one that is of more importance in England than in any other country. Authors, publishers, and literary societies in this country might indeed do great service both to literary art and to the improvement of the commerce of Literature by directing their efforts to the solution of the question. "In England," said the *Times* of Wednesday, "new works are more expensive than in any other country in the world. A three-volume novel costs a guinea and a half; and a single volume of a history, or a scientific work may cost half as much. In France, on the other hand, the usual price of a one-volume novel is three francs and a half; and the larger editions of serious works cost about seven francs. The effect of our system is mischievous alike to literature and the public. Writers of fiction are tempted to spread into three volumes the matter which a dexterous French workman would easily condense into one. Thus we have bad art and dull reading. The system also greatly restricts the sale of new books. Very few even of rich people buy new novels; almost every one goes to the circulating library for them. The sale of more important books is artificially limited in the same way. The wonder is that no enterprising publisher follows the example of the French, who look for their profits to small prices and large sales. If books were cheapened in this country, the difficulty of arranging a common law of copyright for England and America would be quickly overcome."

Saturday, June 29, 1878.

NOTES.

LITERARY COINCIDENCES: II. DR. NEWMAN AND MILTON.

[300.] The dedication of his *Apologia pro vita sua* by Dr. Newman, which occurs at the end of the historical portion, is conveyed in some sentences which, at the time when the work appeared, were marked out by reviewers as destined to find their place in the future among the beauties of the English language:—"I have closed this history of myself with St. Philip's name upon St. Philip's feast-day; and, having done so, to whom can I more suitably offer it, as a memorial of affection and gratitude, than to St. Philip's sons, my dearest brothers of this House, the priests of the Birmingham Oratory, Ambrose St. John, Henry Austin Mills, Henry Bittleston, Edward Caswall, William Paine Neville, and Henry Ignatius Dudley Ryder, who have been so faithful to me; who have been so sensitive of my needs; who have been so indulgent to my failings; who have carried me through so many trials; who have grudged no sacrifice, if I asked for it; who have been so cheerful under discouragements of my causing; who have done so many good works and let me have the credit of them;—with whom I have lived so long; with whom I hope to die. And to you especially, dear Ambrose St. John, whom God gave me when He took everyone else away; who are the link between my old life and my new; who have now for twenty-one years been so devoted to me, so patient, so zealous, so tender; who have let me lean so hard upon you; who have watched me so narrowly; who have never thought of yourself if I was in question. And in you I gather up and bear in memory those familiar affectionate companions and counsellors, who in Oxford were given to me one after another to be my daily solace and relief."

Dr. Newman must have composed those lines to the music, floating in his memory, of the following passage at the end of Milton's *Second Defence of the People of England*:—"First you, Fleetwood, whom I have known to have been always the same in the humanity, gentleness, and benignity of your disposition, from the time you first entered on the profession of a soldier, to your obtainment of those military honours, the next only to the first, and whom the enemy has found of dauntless valour but the mildest

of conquerors; and you, Lambert, who, when a young man, at the head of a mere handful of men checked the progress of the Duke of Hamilton, attended with the power and strength of the Scottish youth, and kept him at check; you, Desborough, and you, Whalley, whom, whenever I heard or read of the fiercest battles of this war, I always expected and found among the thickest of the enemy; you, Overton, who have been connected with me for these many years in a more than brotherly union by similitude of studies and by the sweetness of your manners. . . . I will yet add some whom, as distinguished for the robe and arts of peace, you have nominated as your counsellors, and who are known to me either by friendship or reputation: Whitlocke, Pickering, Strickland, Sydenham, and Sydney; Montague, Lawrence, both men of the first capacity and polished by liberal studies; besides numberless other citizens, distinguished for their rare merits—some for their former senatorial exertions, others for their military services."

Dr. Newman does not imitate Milton; he only casts his own fused and glowing thoughts in the mould which the perusal of Milton had impressed on his mind. It is the repetition of a figure, not the reproduction of an idea. The recounting of names with suitable descriptions is a figure older than Milton. A striking instance of it may be seen from the third to the sixteenth verses of the sixteenth chapter of St. Paul's Epistle to the Romans. But the mere enumeration of names may on fit occasions be introduced with powerful effect. All serious writing or speaking is addressed ultimately to the reason, and as nothing satisfies the reason but argument, so no eloquence is more cogent and stimulating than a series of short clear arguments following each other in rapid succession. In certain cases every name in a long list of names is an argument. We are made aware of an additional friend or witness to our cause or party, and the sense of encouragement or triumph goes on in an increasing ratio to the end of the catalogue. A procession in real life answers to a catalogue in rhetoric, and the pleasure we take in either is accounted for on the same principle. As the orderly array passes continuously before us our feeling of strength and security passes into emotion. The eyes of Xerxes filled with tears as he beheld the interminable ranks of his army.

W. A. O'CONNOR.



## THE FIRST GAS IN MANCHESTER.

[361.] In the newly issued and greatly improved edition of King's *Treatise on the Science of Gas-making*, produced under the editorial superintendence of Mr. Thomas Newbigger of Manchester, and Mr. Fewtrill, I find a passage concerning the introduction of gas into Manchester which seems worthy of place in Notes and Queries. The authors say that in Manchester the commissioners of police, who managed the affairs of the town under an old Police Act (the 32nd George III.) passed in 1792, began to manufacture gas on a very small scale for public use about 1807. Their first essay in gas lighting was the fixing of a single lamp over the door of the then police office in Police-street, at the bottom of King-street. Mr. Shuttleworth, at one time chairman of the Gas Committee, in a paper giving some account of the Manchester Gasworks, read before the British Association in 1861, remarks: "I well remember the sensation which this lamp produced, and the crowds that night after night gathered in front to gaze at it, manifesting, by their eager and intense curiosity, a vague sort of an impression that an element of nature was being developed that would be useful to mankind. This experiment was soon extended to the lighting of the entire premises occupied by the commissioners; and this further extension was succeeded by applying it to some of the street lamps in the most frequented parts of the town." In 1824 the commissioners, who under their original incorporation were empowered to light the public lamps, obtained a special Act (5th George IV. cap. 133) authorizing them to establish gasworks for lighting the town and supplying the public, this being the first Act granted by Parliament empowering a municipal body to apply public funds to the carrying out of a manufacturing business for public benefit. The works were transferred from the Police Commissioners to the Corporation in 1844.

ALF. GREY.

## COMMENTS AND ANSWERS.

## THE HUMMADRUZ.

(Nos. 284 and 307.)

[362.] On reading, a day or two ago, Gilbert White's *Natural History of Selborne*, I was surprised to find that he was familiar with this phenomenon, and that he had vainly endeavoured to trace it to any particular origin. He thus describes it:—"Humming in the air. There is a natural occurrence to be met with

upon the highest part of our downs in hot summer days, which always amuses me much without giving me any satisfaction with respect to the cause of it; and that is a loud humming as of bees in the air, though not one insect is to be seen. The sound is distinctly to be heard the whole common through. Any person would suppose that a large swarm of bees was in motion and playing about his head." Mr. White also quotes the following from Thomson's *Seasons*, written in 1727, to show that the phenomenon had not escaped the poet's attention:—

Resounds the living surface of the ground;  
Nor undelightful is the ceaseless hum  
To him who muses through the woods at noon.

White seems to have written the above in 1769, and the chief singularity is that the same mysterious sounds should be heard in the truly rural district around Selborne as in the suburbs of a large bustling city like Manchester, fully 200 miles away. It is also highly probable that Thomson's lines would refer to the vicinity of London where the sounds were heard. Again we read in Goethe:—

A sound of song  
Beneath the vault of heaven is blown.

Hence we may conclude that our German neighbours are not altogether strangers to these mystical sounds. The theory proposed by your correspondent Mr. S. Hewitt cannot be admitted. For years I have had quite a colony of frogs almost under my windows, and am thoroughly familiar with their habits and their by no means unmusical croak; but under no stretch of the imagination could these humming sounds be attributed to them. The supposition of Arlunydd Glan Cenway is more plausible, as many insects give off humming noises; but any such sounds would be easily traceable to a centre, even by a half-tutored ear, and the source at once detected. Moreover, so close an observer and profound a naturalist as Gilbert White would not long remain in doubt. Indeed the fact that the humming described in my first notice (No. 284) was heard at all hours of the day as well as of the night will be held to refute altogether the theory that insects gave rise to it, particularly as all creation has its periods of repose in some part of the twenty-four hours, whereas in favourable states of the weather I have had ample opportunities of concluding that the hummadruz never ceased; and we see also that Thomson describes the sound as "ceaseless." Again, the humming gene-

rally appeared to me to fill the heavens to an almost illimitable degree, and anyone looking for its source would certainly look upward, never on the ground. This "music of the spheres" may, with some degree of certainty, be attributed to electrical currents, which, under certain circumstances, are known to give audible sounds, and as the sound commonly appeared to me to flow from north to south it lends some degree of support to the theory.

R. E. BIBBY.

Denton.

[A note by H. J. P. (No. 87, February 16), under the heading of the "Saw-sharpener," is worth referring to in connection with this subject.—EDITOR.]

WILLIAM BRADLEY THE ARTIST.

(Nos. 281, 288, 302, 319, and 335.)

[363.] I think it is well that Messrs. Crozier and Percy have acceded to my request that they should state what they knew of William Bradley. It seemed to me that the absence of information on the subject was hardly creditable to the literary and scientific contributors to Notes and Queries who were anxious to state what they did not know of William Bradley.

It may well be asked—How is history to get itself written? Here is an amiable and reliable authority stating that he took Bradley's daughter to a flower show in 1834, and that in the latter part of his life he (Bradley) devoted himself to historical subjects. Now, everybody knows that J. T. S. would not knowingly make a misstatement even for the lens of Lick's telescope, and the future historian would, therefore, stick to Mr. Slugg. It is amusing to find that Mr. S. is puzzled to choose, afterwards, between "daughter," "sister," and "niece," but it never occurs to him that the charming young lady was Bradley's wife, to whom he was married in 1833. Of course these little delinquencies are easily forgiven to their genial author.

I trust that Mr. Johnson will as easily forgive me if I say that I object entirely to his endeavouring to make my life, or his own, or anybody else's, "sublime" by writing partial, inaccurate, and sensational paragraphs, which asperse the dead and re-open in the hearts of the living wounds which Time, the healer, has only partially closed. I have no reason to doubt that Mr. Johnson is an estimable man, who would not willingly give pain. I entirely believe him when he says he is "sorry" that his "information" should have caused the slightest displeasure, and that what he desires is "facts, come whence they may and

carry us whither they may." This is very admirable, but I would just hint that Mr. Johnson is under no obligation (like a soldier on a battle field) to hitch his Pegasus to some canons of criticism and drag them over the crunching bones of wounded and prostrate victims. Some one has said, and none will dissent from it, that "next to the crime of writing contrary to what a man thinks, is that of writing without thinking." Now, if Mr. Johnson had considered for a moment it would have occurred to him that there were many yet living who were nearest and dearest to Bradley, wife and children and many more to whom his aspirations after sublimity of life would cause the most poignant sorrow. I have reason to know that this is the case, although I am personally unknown to any member of the family. We know that there are many who make their lives sublime (in their own conceit) by exposing the vices and follies of other men, and who gain a degree of moral elevation by looking down into the pit of Acheron in which so many of their fellows writhe and wallow; but I am willing to believe that Mr. Johnson is not one of these; nor yet a man in whom the ruling passion is so strong that he will set up a name and a reputation for the sole pleasure of knocking them down again.

Let me repeat his statements. In No. 288 he says that for weeks before his death Bradley kept a lad constantly employed bringing brandy from the Thatched House; that one morning he was "discovered" dead on a stretcher (i.e., a piece of canvas stretched on a frame) in his workroom; that his furniture was valueless, and that he died "ignobly and pitifully." But in his next letter Mr. Johnson varies this statement, and says that Bradley died on "a wretched pallet of straw." What has he done with the stretcher? Or do I attach different ideas to words which to him mean the same thing? No one can read these statements without coming to the conclusion that Bradley was a forlorn wretch, forsaken of God and man, dying an unhallowed death, unanointed, unanealed by human companionship, and like a wild beast in its lair. How far this conclusion would be from the truth Mr. Crozier's narrative shows. Mr. Johnson invites me to give a correct description of the manner of Bradley's death; in other words—

Proclaim the faults he would not show;  
Break lock and seal; betray the trust;  
Keep nothing sacred; 'tis but just  
The many-headed beast should know.

After what Mr. Johnson has said it is needful that the veil should be raised a little, but reverently. Bradley died then, as Mr. Crozier says, on the 4th of July, 1857 (the day was Saturday, the time nine a.m.), in the presence of his wife, to whom he vainly endeavoured to speak, while the tears were running down his cheeks. Children and friends were in the room immediately after death, amongst the latter Mr. Goldsmith, the architect, and the late Captain Watkin, ex-Mayor of Manchester. The "pallet" on which the painter died was an expensive spring hair mattress, placed upon a trestle with turned legs, made under Bradley's direction by that eminent upholsterer the late Mr. Wilson of King-street. Here it may not be out of place to mention that his tailors were Messrs. Scarr and Petty, to whom he had recently paid four guineas for velvet, &c., for his coat. In his contemptuous account of the effects which he had the "honour" to sell, Mr. Johnson says "his palette fetched 35s." Truly it only fetched 36s.; but here again it is less than half the truth. There were two palettes, one of which now hangs, framed, on the wall of a room in the late Captain Watkins' house; the other was bought by Mr. J. C. Grundy for two guineas, and by him presented to Mrs. Bradley (now Mrs. Allen), in whose possession I suppose it remains. Each was beautifully set, the colours and tints in chromatic arrangement, the open space perfectly clean, and the brushes in excellent order. He was a lover of order, and I believe that his surroundings were orderly and comfortable to the last. I was never in his Newall's Buildings rooms, but I remember his Strangeways studio well, and the fine manners, commanding figure, and powerful features (in some aspects awful) of its occupant. It was large, convenient, and comfortable.

That his mind was in a morbid and unhealthy condition for many years I do not doubt, owing to anxiety, overwork, over-stimulus, and the unnatural life he led, working sixteen or seventeen hours a day for two months consecutively.

Far sunken from the healthy breath of morn,  
Far from the fiery noon and eve's one star.

But although he chose to seclude himself, he was never left a day unattended by wife or children, who bear testimony that in the main he was loving and affectionate. I do not deny that he had great faults, but I submit that these ought not to be brought forward to the exclusion of his excellencies; and I

would remind Mr. Johnson of the saying of Sir Thomas Browne, that "to have great excellences and great faults is the posity of the best natures." And against the vulgar (even if true) story of the boy, the brandy bottle, the Thatched House, and the pallet of straw, I would put that touching, even beautiful, picture which Mr. Crozier has so tenderly and lovingly drawn of that twilight of a summer's evening when the future president of the Manchester Academy of Arts went, with his portfolio of prints, and sat on the bedside of the dying painter. He did not find him "a fury slinging flame," but a man whose soul was still in his work and whose mind yet glowed with enthusiasm for the art of Tintoret and Titian and Paul Veronese; full of generous sympathy for, and keenest insight into, the works of other men; whilst, with the modesty of true power, he depreciated his own. This may seem ignoble and pitiful to Mr. Johnson, but to me it is noble and inspiring. And as I remember how the hemlock of misfortune had been bruised in Bradley's cup, and how, as we are told, contemplating death with calmness, he spoke to his pupil of the future and of the high things of art, exhorting him to be faithful in his devotion to the old shrines, I cannot help thinking (drawing no parallel, of course) of another deathbed, older by 2,200 years, where also the hemlock was mingled and death was near, "but the sun still hung over the mountains and had not set yet," and when the master said to his pupil, "Criton, we owe a cock to Æsculapius; discharge this debt, therefore, for me, and do not neglect it."

To the foregoing I may add a few facts and dates which may not be without interest. Mr. Crozier states that Bradley occupied the house in Upper Charlotte-street, London, for nine years, viz., from 1829 to 1838; in reality he had it for fourteen years, i.e., from 1832 to 1845-6. In addition to the children named by Mr. Crozier there were two others who died at the age of six years:—1. Charles, born in 1847. 2. Minnie, born in 1849. The students of hereditary descent may find food for reflection in the circumstance that the present possessors of the family name and ability, William and Basil, derive their talents and their bias from both sides. Their mother (who is still hale and vigorous) has considerable artistic taste and feeling, and comes, as we all know, of a family of artists. Her father and uncles were all of the Arcadia of art. Her grandfather too, Charles Calvert of Glossop Hall,

afterwards steward and protégé of the Duke of Norfolk, was an amateur painter of considerable merit. Being a delicate man he built himself a house in Oldham-street, which was at that time partly green fields, for the benefit of his health!

And it is an interesting fact that it is to his brother Randolph Calvert, a sculptor of considerable power, but who died young, that the world in general and the students of poetry in particular are so deeply indebted. In his last illness he was attended by his friend Wordsworth, to whom he left the legacy which is put down in the "life" as £900 (but which others say was between £1,000 and £2,000), on which the poet and his sister contrived to live for seven years, that is until Lord Lonsdale paid, principal and interest, the claim which Wordsworth's father had against the Lonsdale estates. This legacy came (as all Wordsworth's legacies did) just at the right moment. It enabled him to retire to the cottage at Crewkerne in Dorset, and to Alfoxden in Somerset; and, in the company of Coleridge, to devote himself to the business of his life; to travel in Germany, to visit France, and finally to settle at Grasmere in 1802 with Mary Hutchinson. Honour and gratitude, then, to Randolph Calvert. T. LETHERBROW.

It will probably have become "a history little known" that this late gifted artist was a man of varied talent, he having been something of a poet as well as a painter. I possess several copies of short poems which he had printed for private circulation only, and which were in some respects almost unique in their conception and composition. He gave them to me in his more sunny days, and I have always treasured them as "curiosities of genius." One of these was entitled "Truth and Good;" another was on "Hereditary Evil." "I knew him well" as "a fellow of infinite jest," and the very reverse of a man of gloom. He painted several portraits of my little sister and one of my mother, and other family connections.

C. F. G. BROOKS.

Broughton, June 11.

JAMES BROWNE, COMEDIAN.

(Query 388, June 22.)

[364.] James Browne died in America shortly after his return thither; the precise date I do not know. His son Tom did live about that time in Coupland-street, Greenhays; but he died young, leaving a widow. In 1845 or 1848 the fixed residence

of 'Jim Browne,' or rather of Mrs. Browne and her daughter Clara, was at one corner of Bold Place, Liverpool, where Mrs. Browne had a shop of some kind, if I remember rightly, preferring it to the nomadic life of the actor. James Browne (whose lithographed portrait hangs on our study wall whilst this is penned) was accustomed, when in Liverpool, to spend his Sunday evenings at the York Hotel, where a number of journalists, actors, and literary men (Mr. B. amongst the number) were wont to gather round the host, James Ward, painter and pugilist. I saw our old friend James Browne (in his public capacity) for the last time on the boards of the Manchester Theatre Royal, Fountain-street, as Goldfinch in the *Road to Ruin*; and a finer piece of acting never was seen. This was during Mr. Clarke's management, and Mrs. Clarke played the Widow Warren; Basil Baker and Walter Lacy being cast respectively Old Dornton and Harry Dornton.

London.

ISABELLA BANKS.

W. M. THACKERAY.

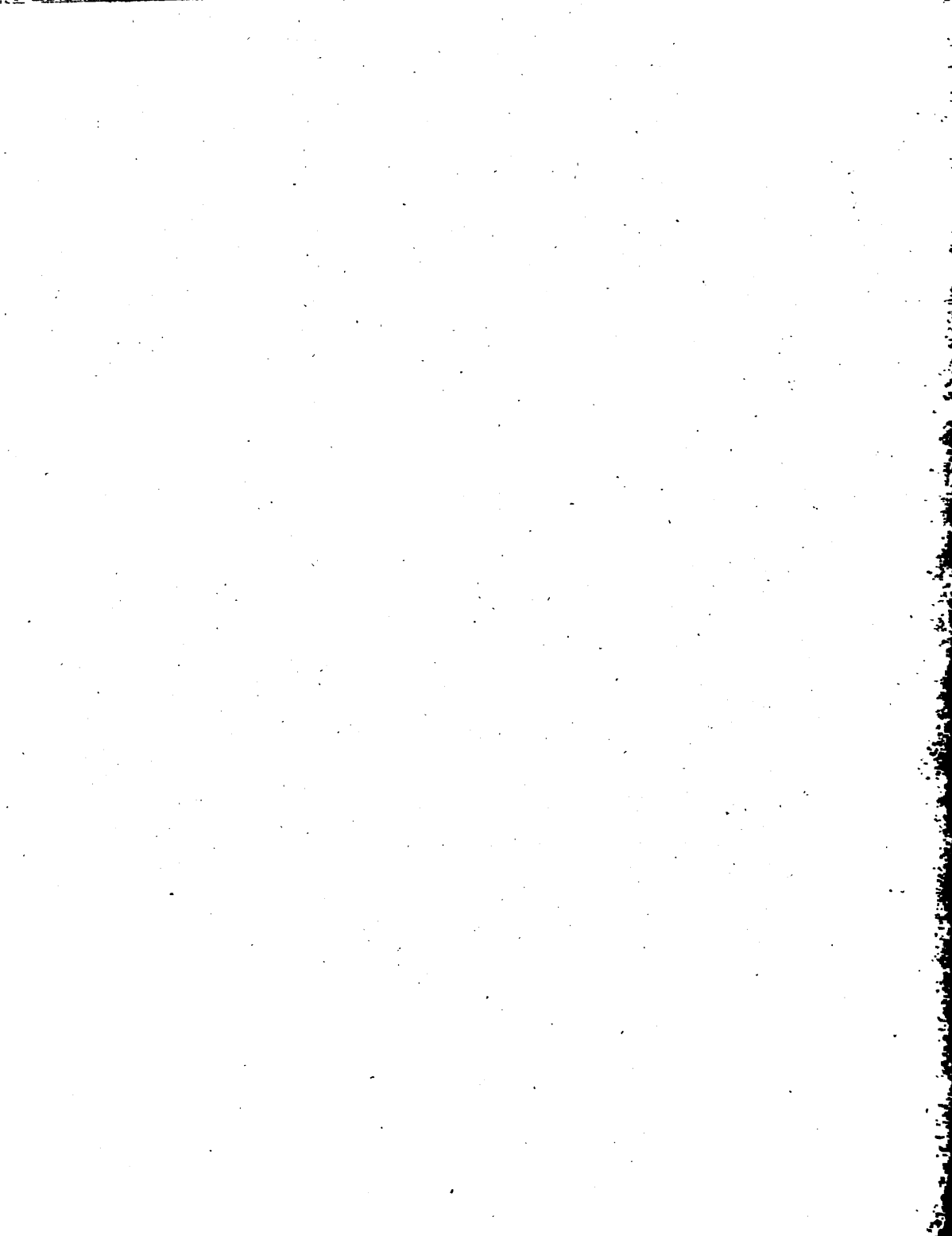
(Query No. 344, June 15.)

[365.] No adequate "Life" of Thackeray has yet been published. There are, of course, very many sketches, notices, and anecdotes of him scattered through the magazine literature of this and other countries. A considerable number of these may be found recorded in Allibone's Critical Dictionary of English Literature (vol. iii., pages 2,380-1), and more will doubtless be revealed by the forthcoming new edition of Poole's Index to Periodical Literature. "Theodore Taylor," named by your correspondent, is a pseudonym of John Camden Hotten, the bookseller.

C. W. S.

Far away the best biographical sketch of the great English novelist which has yet appeared is that by Dr. John Brown, the author of *Rab and his Friends*, in the number of the *North British Review* for February, 1864, two months after Thackeray's death. Poor James Hannay's Memoir, charming as it is, is all too brief; and Mr. Theodore Taylor, (i.e., John Camden Hotten's) book, though full of good and interesting information, is rather a compilation of already published and tolerably well known materials than a revelation of the inner life of the man. For this we have at present no better account than the tenderly-appreciative but necessarily imperfect essay by Dr. John Brown. Thackeray died at the comparatively early age of fifty-two. "Long years of sorrow,





PART III.

PRICE TWO SHILLINGS.

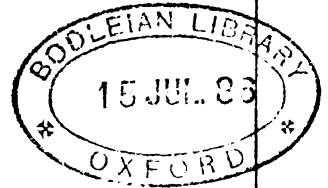
JULY TO SEPTEMBER, 1878.

"I come by NOTE, to give and to receive."

*Merchant of Venice, act iii., scene 2.*

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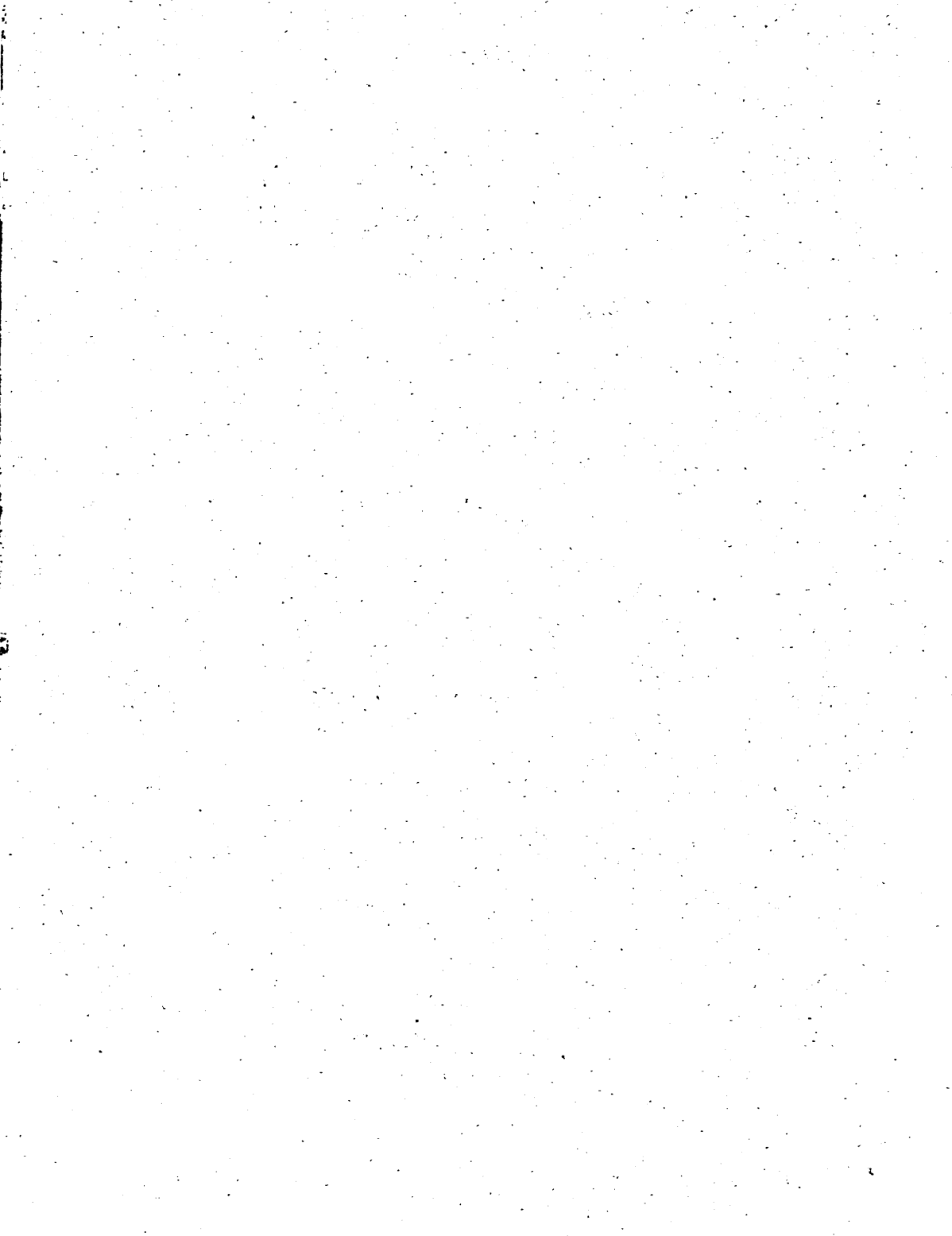
**City News Notes**  
and  
**Queries.**



[REPRINTED FROM THE "MANCHESTER CITY NEWS."]

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MANCHESTER :  
CITY NEWS OFFICE, WARREN STREET.  
1878.





labour, and pain had killed him before his time. It was found after death how little life he had to live. He looked always fresh with that abounding silvery hair, and his young, almost infantine face; but he was worn to a shadow, and his hands wasted as if by eighty years." Domestic suffering, a hard struggle in his earlier years, and hard work in all his years, made him prematurely old. The story of such a life must be worth the telling, and the world will naturally look to his only surviving child, the gifted Mrs. Richmond-Thackeray, for a competent biography of this fine genius and noble man of letters.

ESPERANCE.

TWO-HEADED SNAKES.

(Nos. 297, 301, 318, and 347.)

[366.] I am not surprised Felix Folio refuses to believe in the existence of two-headed snakes, and the quotations he gives in support of his opinion look plausible; but I submit—apart from my assertion of having seen one—that the weight of evidence of their existence, as given by Samuel Hewitt, is more trustworthy. F. F. says: "The snake, supposed by superficial observers to have two heads, is not known in this country." Whether it be known in this country or not is, to my thinking, beside the point. Further on an author he quotes says: "The head and body of the genus *Amphisbæna* are of uniform thickness, and the tail terminates bluntly." Now, if there be anything I am quite sure about it is that both ends of the snake I saw terminated bluntly, very much like the ends of one's thumb, in fact. But the real question at issue is—Had the snake my friend and I saw two heads or not? I have already stated it had two heads, and simply reaffirm that statement. Further, there was not the slightest difficulty in seeing the eyes in both heads, as I had ample time to view it deliberately. Further, it was capable of crawling either end first "with equal facility," as I found when I poked it with a stick. And, in opposition to what "the writer on the subject in the Museum of Animated Nature" says, it was full of activity in its movements, and made for a ditch some couple of yards off with unerring sagacity. It only remains for me to add that my friend, so often referred to, is Mr. Ward Heys, the artist, from whom, though not in Manchester just now, you will doubtless receive a note confirming all I have stated.

JOHN COWLEY.

As I happened to be with Mr. Cowley when he saw the two-headed snake on Arthog Moss, I can, on ocular evidence, confirm his statement; and in doing so I do not dispute for one moment the truthfulness of Felix Folio's authorities, as I can quite believe in the non-existence of a species of double-headed snake, at the same time that I am bound, on the evidence of my senses to believe that I have seen a snake with two heads. I do not dispute that it may have been a monstrosity of the same nature as the double-headed woman, the Siamese twins, or a two-headed calf. I can only vouch for the single fact that I saw it.

WARD HEYS.

Seatoller, Borrowdale, June 24th.

THE UNION JACK.

(Nos. 309 and 323.)

[367.] It was quite as well that your correspondent, Mrs. Banks, in her note on the Union Jack, concluded as follows: "This is simply a suggestion of mine, and I do not claim infallibility of opinion." For the Union Jack never was the Royal Standard of England, and never, as a true Union Jack, had the Irish harp in it; or, if she is speaking of the Royal Standard, it never had a saltire cross in it. Also, as each ship has to carry a complete set of signal flags, and each is hauled up and down by means of blocks or pulleys or jacks, if as she thinks this originated the name, why are they not all called jacks?

FREDERICK A. WHAITE.

64, Bridge-street, Manchester.

THE USE OF "ETCETERA."

(Nos. 318 and 354.)

[368.] The meaning I attached to the word or words "etcetera" may have been imperfect, in so far as it did not comprehend all possible applications; but it was not, as ELBA alleges, inaccurate. Let us see what the dictionary makers say—those few, that is, who say anything about the word. The dictionary I referred to when writing my note was James Knowles's, founded upon Sheridan's and Walker's. Knowles gives:—"ET CÆTERA: A kind of expression denoting others of the like kind." Dr. Alexander Schmidt, in his *Shakspeare-Lexicon* (Berlin, 1874), has "ETCETERA: And the rest; and so forth." The very elaborate one-volume dictionary of W. and R. Chambers, the work of Mr. Arnold J. Cooley, has "ET-CÆTERA: And so of the rest, or others of the like kind; and so forth." All these agree in the main

with the definition I gave, and which ELBA so absolutely rejects.

ELBA says "Etostera means 'and other things,' and cannot be conjured into anything else." In this, as we have seen, he is wrong; but assuming that his definition is absolutely complete and accurate, my objection to the ordinary usage of the word is not one whit less valid. For a correspondent to a newspaper to say, or to be made by the printers to say, "Yours, &c.," *i.e.*, "Yours and other things," is quite as absurd as if he was understood to say "Yours and so forth," or "Yours and others of the like kind." This last, *pace* ELBA, is really the intended meaning of the word or symbol in such a phrase as "The hall contained pictures, statuary, &c." The &c. here is not intended to convey the idea that the hall contained a small menagerie, or a range of cooking utensils, but other things of the like kind—things which we usually associate with pictures and statuary—books, perhaps, and the objects called "articles of virtù." These, I contend, should be enumerated, and the writer should not, through idleness or slovenliness, resort to an "&c." when, by very trifling pains, he might fill up his lazy hiatus. He has no right, in my opinion, to leave the "other things" to the vague imagination of the reader.

ESPERANCE.

I am glad that [ELBA has taken notice of ESPERANCE's strange translation of *etostera*. When ELBA proceeds to criticize "yours truly," "yours faithfully," and similar expressions as unmeaning and unreal, he is passing into a large field of discussion. Indeed he is opening up the whole question which belongs to the habits of speech of the Society of Friends. I do not say that the Friends are wrong, but ELBA advances in his criticism far beyond the notice of the lazy vulgarism "yours, &c." Many continental nations are greater sinners than we are in the phraseology to which ELBA takes exception. I remember when in Rome receiving a letter addressed to me as "Chiarissimo" (most illustrious), and giving me several other titles to which, in my modesty, I lay no claim.

CHARLES H. COLLYNS.

Wirksworth.

TRAF-FORD,  
(Nos. 311 and 353.)

[369.] I take it that Traf-ford was merely the passage by the ford; and that the word has the same root as "traffic," the traffic of Market-street, to wit,

as representing the passing of vehicles to and fro, or the traffic of Manchester—*i.e.*, its trade,—to represent the passage of goods from seller to buyer.

ISABELLA BANKS.

London.

E. K.'s answer is ingenious but unsubstantial. Etymology fails us. With an effort it makes a word by dividing another, Af-on (a Welsh word for a stream, a river), and adding an unmeaning prefix Tr. Water added to ford is entirely repetitious and superfluous, for every ford is a waterford. A ford cannot be on dry land. The name of the port and town of Waterford in Ireland is a misnomer, for the river Suir, on the left bank of which it stands, is a deep tidal one, crossed at one end by a ferry boat and at the other by a bridge 844 feet long, with an opening in the centre for masted vessels to pass. A ford is (1): A place in a river or other water where it may be passed by man or beast on foot or by wading. (2): A stream, a current. We must leave conjecture and use that general dictator of the landed nomenclature, description, to aid us, but herein also the answer fails, for "the low, flat, watery surroundings of the old shallow or ford" at Throstle Nest is not descriptive of the features of that locality. The river Irwell there ran rapidly between high banks, as is evidenced by the erection of a weir and by the steep descent to the ferry as well as by the bluff bend or projection on the Salford side which turns the current of the stream. Throstle Nest! How descriptive the name; as are Woodens-ford, Stret or Street-ford, Long-ford, Cross-ford, all near neighbours; whilst how un-descriptive is Traf-ford. From the depth of the bed of the river it were better called Troughford, a name used by members of the Trafford family in very early times, as is shown by signatures to old deeds. In Doomsday Book the name is called Trayford, whilst a row of cottages at Stretford is called "Tryford" Place. So much for orthography. Indeed it is a "perplexing word" still undefined.

JAMES BURY.

I am not disputing E. K.'s etymology, but when he speaks of Tr as a prefix I desire to know what he makes of this prefix. Prefixes and suffixes do not come of chance adhesion or agglomeration, but must be accounted for.

CHARLES H. COLLYNS.

Wirksworth.

QUERIES.

[370.] CATEATON.—There is a Cateaton-street in Manchester, and another in London. What is the origin or meaning of the word? ANON.

[371.] ANTIQUARY AND ARCHÆOLOGIST.—Will some one explain why the old word "antiquary" has been supplanted by the term "archæologist"? ANON.

[372.] DR. THOMAS PARKINSON AND CANON PARKINSON.—Who was Dr. Thomas Parkinson, a mathematician, born 1745 at Poulton-le-Flyde, rector of Kegworth, Leicestershire; died 1830? Was he any connection of Canon Parkinson's stock? JOHN EVANS.

28th June, 1878.

[373.] THE NIGHTINGALE.—Can you please inform me the the most northerly point in England at which nightingales have been seen and heard, and whether or not my belief is correct that some years ago one or more was heard in Birkenhead Park for some time, until driven away by the attempts made to capture it? NIGHTINGALE.

[374.] MANCHESTER OMNIBUSES.—A few queries about the omnibus. When was it first used for local traffic in Manchester? Was it introduced from some other town? Who was the enterprising man who ran the first 'bus? What route was taken? Was the vehicle from the first called an "omnibus"? It is perhaps worth while to place the facts on record, especially since the development of the familiar carriage into the TRAM CAR.

FIELD NATURALISTS.

VISIT TO KINDER SCOUT: THE NATURAL HISTORY OF KINDER.

On Saturday last the members of the Manchester Field Naturalists and Archæologists' Society visited Hayfield for Kinder Scout. A party numbering between twenty and thirty left Manchester shortly after ten in the morning, and the number was increased to nearly sixty by an afternoon contingent. The excursion was under the guidance of Mr. R. H. Alcock, F.L.S., who had obtained special privileges for visiting the moors. Lunch was obtained at the cottage of Mr. Mower, the secretary to the Kinder Scout Ancient Footpaths' Association. A slight shower fell during the ascent of the lower slopes, but it was of brief duration, and with almost incredible suddenness the dark storm-clouds passed from the hill summits and an exceedingly pleasant and sunny day succeeded. The wild water-course and cascades known as the Downfall were visited, and also the highest point from which a very striking view of Mam Tor and the surrounding country was obtained. Amongst the plants observed were *Rubus chamaemorus* in foliage only, but very plentiful; *Ranunculus Lanormandi*, *Myosotis repens*, *Carex extensa*, *Galium saxatile*, *Carex Stellulata*, *Nardus stricta*, *Gymnadenia conopsea*, *Habenaria bifolia*, *Rhinanthus christa-galli*, *Veronica officinalis*, *Orchis maculata*,

*Polygala vulgaris*, *Pedicularis sylvatica*, *Lotus corniculatus*, *OphioGLOSSUM vulgatum*, and various forms of *Potentilla*. Tea was provided in Mr. Mower's garden. After tea the chair was taken by Dr. Bahin, and a paper on the Botany of Kinder was read by Mr. Alcock.

Mr. Alcock said:—If there are botanists who, being well acquainted with the whole British flora, are pleased only when they find the rarer plants, I am afraid they will be disappointed with the flora of Kinder, for, so far as I know, there are scarcely any to be found here; but for those whose knowledge is not so extended and whose interest in botanizing is therefore more general, there is much of interest. Being the highest peak of Derbyshire, we might expect to find on Kinder Scout what we have in the neighbourhood of Manchester of Alpine vegetation. It must not be forgotten, however, that though it is the highest point of the Peak, Kinder Scout has an elevation of but little over 2,000 feet above the sea level—only half the height of Ben Nevis or Ben Lawers, and much lower than several peaks in the lake country and in Wales. We need not, therefore, look for any great profusion of Alpine plants. The botanical divisions of Britain, made by Mr. Hewett C. Watson for the purpose of a census, being 112, those plants cannot be considered rare that have been recorded from over fifty of these divisions, as they are pretty generally distributed over the country. Now I do not know of more than two British plants in Kinder or its neighbourhood that are rarer than this, and these are *Rubus chamaemorus*, the cloud-berry, and *Arctostaphylos Uva-ursi*, the bear-berry, each of them being recorded in the 7th Ed. of the Lond. Cat. from 31 only of the 112 divisions. Both of them are found only at a considerable elevation, and where the one is found the other may be looked for also. *Rubus chamaemorus*, when a certain height is reached, is common enough in Kinder, and also on the neighbouring moors. *Arctostaphylos Uva-ursi* used not to be so great a rarity, but that it was gathered by the sickly for medicine. The reputation of the *Uva-ursi* as a medicinal plant has been varying. It is the leaves that are used. They are astringent and have been supposed to possess a specific power in some urinary complaints, especially inflammation of the bladder. Most medical writers have doubted this, but the plant is still included in our *Materia Medica*. I am not aware that the berries are made any use of, excepting by the birds—at least in these parts—though they are said to be called bear berries, because they are a favourite food for bears; but of these there are none in Kinder. This neighbourhood was not known to Gerard as a habitat for the cloud berry. He says:—"This plant growth naturally upon the tops of two high mountains (among the moorland places), one in Yorkshire (called Ingleborough, the other in Lancashire called Pendle, two of the highest mountains in all England, where the clouds are lower than the tops of the same all winter long, whereupon the people of the country have called them cloud-berries, found there by a curious gentler an in the knowledge of plants, called Master Heaketh often remembered." The berries are not particularly good, though Linnæus gives them the qualified praise that they do not eat amiss with wine. The chief botanical features of these mountain sides are made up of very much commoner plants. Besides the *Uva-ursi* we find of the Order Ericaceæ large quantities of *Calluna vulgaris*, common heather or ling; *Erica*

cinerea, fine-leaved heath; and *Erica Tetralix*, cross-leaved heath; with three species of *Vaccinium*, viz.: *Myrtillus*, the whinberry; *Vitis-idea*, the cowberry; and *Oxycoccus*, the cranberry. The Order *Empetraceæ* gives us *Empetrum nigrum*, the crowberry. These are the plants that chiefly occupy the moors. Sheep eat the young shoots of the heaths, excepting the *Erica Tetralix*, which they dislike. The shoots and fruit of the whinberry plant are the principal food of the grouse. In order to produce young shoots in abundance the shepherds burn the moors periodically, and if this is done judiciously and in moderately sized patches it is advantageous to the grouse as well as the sheep; but if too great an extent of surface is burnt at once the birds are deprived of their natural cover, and the moor is spoilt for the sportsman. Whinberries, or whimberries, or bilberries, or bulberries, or whortleberries, the fruit of *Vaccinium Myrtillus*, are gathered in large quantities and taken to our markets. They are eaten in puddings and tarts, as everyone here knows, but I have had the pleasure of introducing them to several people as something new to them. It is said that the first tender leaves of the plant, "cannot be distinguished from real tea, when properly gathered, and dried in the shade," which I have made no trial of nor mean to do, as old Gerard would say. Cranberries, the fruit of *Vaccinium Oxycoccus*, are eaten in the same way as whinberries, but are not nearly so abundant. The large kind that we get from America, the fruit of *Oxycoccus macrocarpus*, are much more common in our markets than the fruit of our moors. The name cranberry, according to Withering, "probably originated from the fruitstalks being crooked at the top, and, before the expansion of the blossom, resembling the neck and head of a crane." Prior says that it is so called from its fruit being ripe in the spring, when the crane returns; from the Danish *tranebaer*, *trane* meaning a crane, and he further remarks that it is "a name of late introduction for Lyte calls them *Marrish Worts* and *Fenberries*, and says that there is none other name for them known." Cowberries, the fruit of *Vaccinium Vitis-idea*, are eaten like the other fruits of the genus, but only locally, and they are not commonly met with in our markets. The origin of the name Cowberry is not plain. Prior says it is "apparently from a blunder between *Vaccinium*, the fruit of the whortle, and *vaccinum*, which belongs to a cow." Crowberries, or Crakeberries, which has the same meaning, being derived from *Crake*, are so called from their black colour, or, according to one authority, because crows eat them greedily. They are the fruit of *Empetrum nigrum*, and are not poisonous, but are food rather for birds than human beings. Of spring and summer flowers there is abundance in the meadows and on the banks of the streams. The Water-cress *Nasturtium officinale* grows in some of the small brooks on the moors, where it has probably been planted by the gamekeepers. The small *Polygala* which is now called a sub-species with the name *P. depressa*, may be found in the pastures. According to the third edition of *English Botany*, it is "very common throughout the whole of Britain," and I only mention it now because it is put down in the last edition of the *London Catalogue* (1874) as being reported from thirty-six counties only. So many sub-species of plants have been set up within the last few years that records from all parts must of necessity lag behind. I sometimes think that the nomenclature of the British flora has got

into a more confused state than is necessary. In the case of *polygala*, *Withering* had but one species, *Smith* one, *Hooker and Arnott* two; *Bentham* returned to one; the new edition of *English Botany* and *Hooker's Students' flora* have three species and two sub-species. Lastly, *Mr. Watson*, in compiling the last edition of the *London Catalogue*, for convenience dropped the distinction of sub-species, so we find in it five species of *polygala* with two varieties, one of which is a form of *austriaca*, with varietal name *uliginosa*, while the *Student's Flora* gives us *P. uliginosa*, *Fries*, in preference to and as synonymous with *P. austriaca* *Cranz*. It is curious, too, to note that with regard to the census *P. vulgaris* stands without a single record. Of those that remain *P. depressa* appears as the most common form. *Montia fontana* or *Blinks* is common beside the streams, and there is a little dell not far distant, though it is not in Kinder, where a foreign colonist of the same order grows abundantly, together with *Lychnis diurna* and *Stellaria Holostea*, from the latter of which a short distance off, the foliage being hidden by the grass, it would scarcely be distinguished. This North American plant and its congener *Claytonia perfoliata* are becoming pretty widely distributed over England. The latter is the more widely spread, but this species *alsinoides* has been found in several places during the last few years. It was first picked up growing wild at *Edensow*, near *Chatsworth*, I believe, in 1849. These *Claytonias* are exceedingly prolific, and spread with the rapidity of weeds, especially on the moist sides of streams. On some of the higher pasture: *Gentiana campestris* may be found. *Myosotis palustris* and *Pinguicula vulgaris* are common beside the lower streams, together with *Orchis maculata* and *O. maculata*. In one place the *daffodil* grows in great quantity, and the young people of *Hayfield* gather the flowers by armfuls on *Good Friday*. I have not taken particular notice of the sedges and grasses, but the cotton-grass (*Eriophorum vaginatum* and *E. polystachion*) is to be found on the moors, and there would be much more of it were it not so much liked by the sheep, who eat it with avidity. The plant, in the state in which it is most conspicuous, i.e., when in fruit, does not look particularly tempting fodder, but the sheep eat it in its earlier growth when the shoots are fresh grown. As a branch of botany to which some especial attention has been paid by our society, it will be well to take some notice of the forest trees of *Kinder*. As we come along from *Hayfield* to *Bowden Bridge*, and notice the hundreds of scrubby oaks from eight to twelve feet high, we might think there was not much promise of timber. There are, nevertheless, some very good trees in *Kinder*. The *Mountain Ash* or *Wicken tree*, *Pyrus aucuparia*, grows pretty high up here and there, all alone on the moors beside the rivulets, where it is probably indigenous, being naturally a plant of mountainous districts. The berries serve as food for *fieldfares*, *ousels*, and other birds. They have been used by *fowlers* to entice birds into nooses of horse hair suspended from branches of trees. It was in allusion to this that the tree got its trivial name *Aucuparia*, from the Latin *aucupium*, bird-catching. The *Sycamore*, *Acer pseudoplatanus*, the *ash*, *Fraxinus excelsior*, the *oak*, *Quercus robur*, the *birch*, *Betula alba*, and the *Scotch fir*, *Pinus sylvestris*, grow into fine trees on the lower grounds. A *sycamore* at *Mr. Gee's*, of the *Ashes*, has a circum-

ference of 7ft. at 5ft. from the ground, an oak 9ft. 2in., and a Scotch fir 7ft. I have been struck with a circumstance that has been related to me concerning the firs. We know that, speaking generally, conifers will not grow in towns, nor well in their neighbourhood, and we attribute this fact to the prevalence of noxious vapours arising from the combustion of coal, from chemical works, and from other sources. It has also been observed that some conifers withstand these influences better than others—the Austrian pine, for instance, I have been told, grows fairly quite close to Manchester, where many other conifers would not live. Now here in Kinder, as I am informed, the larch, *Abies larix*, will no longer flourish though it formerly grew well—it sickens and dies like a town tree. Can we attribute this as in the other case to noxious gases? Failing any other explanation, I am inclined to think it is possible. Even in Kinder the nuisances of civilization advance, and even here if we draw a rush or a blade of grass through the hand, or look at the fleeces of the sheep when they are not just new washed as now, we find a suspicion of soot, a sure indication of the existence of other air pollution. But there are other means by which a slight general smutiness might be produced, such as the charred remains of the burnt heather, and the black peaty soil which is all about. I have heard the late Mr. Thomas Gee, of The Ashes, say that he believed some soot came from Sheffield, though it is several miles distant, even as the crow flies; but I should suppose that if the Larches suffer from smoke it is from a very much nearer source. The nearest chimney is that of the Kinder Vale Print Works. These works being built pretty high up in a mountain gorge for the sake of the pure water, the fumes from them cannot be so rapidly diffused in and diluted by a large quantity of air as in a more open country, and may be drawn along by currents in some states of the atmosphere and when the wind is blowing from some certain quarter directly upon a planting of trees on a hill side. Though this might occur only now and then, the effect on a particularly sensitive kind of tree might be to completely stop its growth, and shortly kill it. It is at any rate a curious fact that in situations where the larch and the Scotch fir formerly flourished side by side, the larch now dies while its companion remains. Besides botany there are other branches of natural history of which the field naturalist may find plenty of interesting examples in Kinder. Among the birds there are grouse, and there used to be a few black game and partridges. Curlews breed annually, and cuckoos are very abundant in their season. There are plenty of lapwings and sometimes golden plovers and pigeons. There are also snipes, and in the autumn, but not for long, woodcocks. Among the smaller birds the ring ouzel is common. The migration of numbers of water-lowl may also be observed. In the spring they fly from the west towards the east, and in the autumn return from the east to the west,—wild geese, wild ducks, and other kinds. They have been supposed to travel between the fens of Lincolnshire and the Cheshire lakes. The raven used to inhabit Kinder, but has now become extinct. There are often foxes, too, in Kinder, but they are by no means preserved, and shortly they become extinct also; but others come from a distance to take their places. For the antiquarian I do not know that there is much to note. It is quite recently, that the higher enclosures have been made, before

which it was an open common stretching for miles upon miles right away into Yorkshire without a fence. The house of Frank Gee in Kinder, still possessed by the same family, is mentioned as one of those that sheltered ejected ministers of the Church of England over 200 years ago; but time moves on, and even in my own recollection of this district, which stretches back only some thirty years, it was much more secluded than now, and such an excursion as we have made to-day from Manchester would then have been all but impossible. Mr. LEO GRINDON made a few remarks on the additional plants found, and referred specially to the adder's tongue (*Ophioglossum vulgatum*) and to *Myosotis repens*, which he said was one of the half-dozen sub-species made by the analytical botanists out of Linneus's *Myosotis scorpioides*.

Mr. CHARLES BAILLY, F.L.S., referred to the fact that *Myosotis repens* had been met with along the course of the stream. Pointing out the differences between this species, *M. caespitosa*, and *M. palustris*, with which it is frequently confounded, he said that its stations had not yet been mapped out, and that, as it was a rare plant within the limits of the Manchester flora, its occurrence at Hayfield was worth recording, especially as it had not previously been recorded in Derbyshire. With it was associated *Ranunculus Lenormandi*, another well-defined species, whose distribution in England was equally undefined, on account of its being so frequently passed over for *R. hederaceus*.

#### ART NOTES.

It is not generally known that R.A. is equal to £300 per annum, that being the sum which the Royal Academy pays annually to the forty academicians.

Eighteen portraits have been added during the past year to the National Portrait Gallery. Seven were gifts, and eleven purchases. The donations include Francis Horner, by Sir Henry Raeburn, R.A.; Chancellor Somers, by Sir Godfrey Kneller; R. P. Bonington, the painter; the late Earl Stanhope (who was really the founder of the Gallery); and a bust of W. M. Thackeray, by Joseph Durham, A.R.A. This bust is larger than life, in every-day costume, coat, with cravat and shirt collar. The spectacles, which the distinguished author generally wore, are omitted. Among the purchases are portraits of Sir Kenelm Digby (by Vandyke); Lord Herbert of Cherbury; Henry Kirke White; the great Duke of Marlborough; King Henry the Eighth; King George the First; and Archbishop Juxon.

#### LITERATURE.

The new Professor of Latin at Oxford University, in succession to Professor Palmer, who has been appointed Archdeacon of Oxford, is Mr. Henry Nettleship, one of the most distinguished pupils of Mr. Conington, the first occupant of the chair, and his assistant in the editions of Virgil and Pegasus.

The Free Libraries Act has been rejected in Hackney by 4,389 votes to 631. Only one-fourth of the ratepayers went to the poll.

Mr. Swinburne is engaged upon an essay upon the old play of *Edward II.*, in which, while vigorously attacking the German school of critics, he endeavours to settle the question of the authorship of that remarkable play.

The *New York Publishers' Weekly* makes the somewhat strange announcement that a firm in that city have arranged to bring out an American reprint of the *Saturday Review* within twelve days of its issue in England. The *Saturday Review* has probably the largest sale in America of any English journal, many thousands being sent from this country every week. If Greenwood and Co., the firm in question, have "arranged" the reprint with the sanction of the proprietors of the *Saturday Review*, the fact is a notable tribute to the excellence and popularity of the English paper; but if it is an unauthorized reproduction, some curious complications are likely to arise, and it is to be hoped the injustice of the proceeding will be apparent to the most obtuse American mind.

The International Literary Congress in Paris has adopted as the basis of its decisions on the copyright question, a speech in which Victor Hugo urged that a book once published becomes in part the property of society, and that after its author's death his family have no right to prevent its re-issue. He contended that a publisher should be required to declare the cost and the selling price of any book he intended to bring out; that the author's heirs should be entitled to five or ten per cent of the profit; and that in default of heirs this profit should revert to the State, to be applied to the encouragement of young writers. The Congress has resolved—"That the right of the author in his work is not a legal concession, but a form of property which legislation should guarantee his heirs and representatives in perpetuity, and that after the expiration of the term of copyright fixed by existing laws in different countries anybody may freely republish literary works on condition of paying a percentage to the heirs." Victor Hugo mentioned in his speech that he had never felt it allowable in revised editions to alter more than the style. What would he think of Mr. Matthew Arnold's frequent omissions from his Poems, and of Mr. Tennyson's numerous and vexatious alterations and suppressions? These are scarcely excusable on the score of "style." As to the Congress's decision, it amounts to a claim for perpetual copyright, and is virtually a new proposal for the settlement of a difficult question. Very weighty reasons can be advanced in its behalf.

Saturday, July 6, 1878.

PRINCE CHARLIE.

[375.] I send you a curious poetical comparison made between "William, the son of George," and "Charles, the Pretender." It is contained in a MS. of the Jacobite period in my possession, but whether previously printed or not I am unable to say. The William referred to is evidently the Duke of Cumberland, who defeated the Pretender at Culloden. The bulk of the poetry of the time, as we all know, was in favour of Prince Charlie. This is the reverse of the picture

T. N.

William's a Prince, Charles a false Pretender;  
William's ye son of George, the Faith's Defender.  
Charles, the son of James the fatherless,  
Outran his vanquish'd troops near Inverness.  
William for warfare, Charles for a race,  
But never durst the British hero face.  
William for lawful war, not cutting throats;  
Charles for bagpipes loud, and petticoats.  
William the joy, the darling of the nation;  
Charles a plague unto the generation.  
William the care of heaven, the nation's dear;  
Charles the marks of murder'g Cain doth bear.  
William's returned with trophies to the Court,  
Whilst Charles knows not whither to resort.  
William each loyal subject's pray'rs doth gain,  
Whilst Charles maledictions doth obtain.  
The Holy Father, and most Christian King,  
No help to their distressed dupe can bring;  
Their benedictions and their aids are vain,  
And dead to him, as the late King of Spain.  
But silence, muse, for now I plainly see  
The DUKES and DUPE should not compared be.  
But she design'd the Jacobites to know  
Before what idol they inclin'd to bow  
Who would have wrought the nation's overthrow.

#### COMMENTS AND ANSWERS.

##### THE USE OF "ETCETERA."

(Nos. 318, 354, and 368.)

[376.] "Et cætera" is the Latin of the Greek *Kai ta λοιπα*, which is abbreviated into *K. τ. λ.* as the Latin is into "&c." As the Greek form has not passed from its original use, a reference to that use may help us to employ "etcetera" correctly. When a writer desires to quote a Greek passage briefly he gives some of the words and then adds *K. τ. λ.* which means "and the remaining words." Etcetera, therefore, I think, does not mean "and the other persons," or "and the other things," but "and the other words."

It may be used to represent the remainder of a quotation, of a list of names (of persons or things), or of a well-known formula. Taste is a separate question.

W. A. O'CONNOR.

THE KYRIE SOCIETY.

(Query No. 128, March 2.)

[377.] On the day that the above query appeared in the *City News* the objects of the Kyrie Society were explained in the *Academy* as follows:—Under the name of the Kyrie Society an association of ladies and gentlemen has lately been formed for the purpose of “bringing the refining and cheering influences of natural and artistic beauty into the homes and neighbourhood of the poor.” These influences are undoubtedly felt to a greater extent than formerly among the middle classes of society, and it is a pleasant and unselfish aim to wish to extend their effects as far as possible, so that the taste for beautiful things shall become still wider spread. We therefore sympathize entirely with the Kyrie Society in its endeavour—“1. To decorate with mural and other paintings and carved brackets rooms used by the poor for social purposes, such as clubs, schoolrooms, and mission-rooms. 2. To make gifts of pictures and flowers for the homes of the poor. 3. To lay out as gardens any available strips of waste ground, and to encourage the cultivation of plants. 4. To organize choirs of volunteer singers. 5. To co-operate as far as possible with the Commons Preservation Society in securing open-air spaces in poor neighbourhoods to be laid out as public gardens; and, 6. To further any effort at abating the smoke nuisance in manufacturing districts. Anyone who deems these objects praiseworthy may become a member of this society without subscription, but personal aid in all its undertakings is greatly valued.” S.

MANCHESTER OMNIBUSES.

(Query 374, June 29.)

[378.] I believe the omnibus system was introduced into Manchester by Mr. John Greenwood, of Pendleton, who, on the first day of January, 1825, ran the first 'bus from the bottom of Market-street to Pendleton for a sixpenny fare. According to Pigot and Son's Manchester and Salford Directory for 1832, omnibuses were employed for some time after the opening of the Manchester and Liverpool Railway in 1830, to convey passengers by the “first-class carriages” from the office of the company, 57, Market-

street, to the station in Liverpool Road. Everett, in his *Panorama of Manchester*, published in 1834, page 187, after describing the stage and hackney coach accommodation then existing, goes on to say: “In addition to the hackney coaches and the numerous short-stage coaches which ply several times a day between Manchester and the towns immediately circumjacent, there are now, at regular hours every day, accommodation coaches or omnibuses, carrying passengers at the rate of about twopence per mile from the lower end of Market-street to Pendleton, Cheetham Hill, and Didsbury; and from Oldham-street and Mason-street there are accommodation coaches on the same terms to Newton Heath and Harpurhey. In consequence of these increased accommodations persons are constantly removing, for the sake of health and retirement, to the outskirts of the town and the surrounding villages, leaving those parts which were once occupied as dwelling-houses to be converted into warehouses or offices for business. It is well known that Bonaparte once called the English a ‘nation of shopkeepers.’ Let the present fashion of emigration from the centre of the town go onwards a few years longer, after the same rate as during the last few years, and all that was once called Mancunium, if not a still greater portion of the town, will claim the appellation of a town of warehouses.”

How fully this prediction, made nearly forty-five years ago, has been verified, any person acquainted with the town can testify.

G. H. S.

Heaton Moor.

In reference to Query 374, as to the origin of the first use of the term “omnibus” for a public carriage, I was reminded of a very early use of such a term for a small coasting vessel in Whitworth's *Manchester Magazine*, November 27, 1750:—“The two British ‘busses,’ the Argyle and the Bedford, that had been fishing off the N.W. of Scotland, are arrived in the river (Thames) with as fine a cargo of fish as were taken in the June and July fisheries off Shetland. These are the last fish that will be taken this season.” The term “busses” has gone quite out in the marine service, and yet is revived for “human traffic” on land.

JOHN PLANT.

The first omnibus in Manchester was started about the year 1828 by Mr. John Greenwood, the father of the present Mr. John Greenwood, of the Manchester

Carriage Company, and ran to Pendleton a few times a day—in the morning, at noon, and in the evening. The fare was sixpence. I cannot call to mind whether the name "omnibus" was then used. Shortly after one was started to Cheetham Hill by a Mr. Penketh, I think. In the course of time one began running from Tuar-street, Oxford Road, belonging to Christopher Batty; the fare in this case also being sixpence. These early buses were square little boxes drawn by two horses, similar to those now seen at the railway stations of small country towns. The first increase in their size was attempted soon after the opening of the Liverpool and Manchester Railway, which then terminated in Liverpool Road. The station being so far from the centre of the town, a booking office was opened in Market-street, near New Cannon-street, and the railway company arranged with the celebrated stage coach proprietor, Henry Charles Lacy, of the Royal Hotel, to provide four larger vehicles to convey passengers to and from the central office and the station, for which they were charged sixpence each. Each was painted a dark green colour, and had on the words "Auxilium, No. 1, 2, 3, or 4," as the case might be, in large gilt letters. The plan did not answer and they were given up, I think, before the Victoria Station was opened. Apropos to this I may say the highway from the Market-street office to the Liverpool Road Station was along Bridge-street, where a large building was opened as an hotel by the father of Mr. Sam Mendel, known for many years as Mendel's Hotel, in expectation that the increased traffic of Bridge-street would demand increased accommodation of that kind; but I believe it did not answer very well. J. T. S.

DR. NEWMAN AND MILTON,  
(Note No. 380, June 29.)

[379.] My friend, Mr. O'Connor, has laid us under an obligation by quoting once more that memorable, tenderest, and most musical of dedications, which occurs in the *Apologia* of Dr. Newman. To read it again is a delight. "A thing of beauty is a joy for ever." No less a delight is it to have recalled to memory the noble words from Milton's glorious prose. Mr. O'Connor thinks that the "music" of Milton's sentences must have been "floating" in Dr. Newman's "memory" when he penned his exquisite dedication. It may well have been so. Evil thoughts indulged in, and evil words heard, haunt the soul to its

misery. Noble words expressive of noble thoughts are, to use Mr. O'Connor's similitude, like music floating in our memories, sweeping over the soul like the breath of an angel, and often unconsciously we are indebted to them, when we know it not, even as men's lives are affected by the moral atmosphere which encircles them. Yet there is one point touching coincidences of thought and of expression which is worth consideration. Do not great minds often without any knowledge of one another find kinship of thought by conceiving and bringing into existence the same ideas? Adams and Leverrier arrived at the same discovery in the heavens by simultaneous, but independent, working of their problems. Dr. Newman excels in dedications. The beautiful dedication of his *Early Church* (I quote entirely from memory, both as to the title of the book and the dedication itself, and therefore may not be quite accurate) is worthy of note: "To Isaac Williams, B.D., Fellow of Trinity College, the very sight of whom brings one back to holier and happier times."

Mr. O'Connor is led by his notice of Dr. Newman to give us some interesting thoughts of his own on the power and charm of a catalogue of names as in itself an argument. He has quoted Dr. Newman and Milton. Aptly also he quotes St. Paul as illustrating this point. Mr. O'Connor's comparison between a list of names and a procession in real life is very happy. The "cloud of witnesses" surrounds us, and we feel that we are not alone, but marshalled with our brethren. I think the glorious catalogue of ships and men and leaders in the second Book of the *Iliad* a striking instance of what Mr. O'Connor urges. Who is ever wearied in reading again and again that magnificent list, and who does not always feel as he reads it that he verily sees before him the marshalling of the Grecian forces as they went forth to encompass the Trojan city? The enumeration is poetry of the highest kind, and at the same time an argumentative, historical statement of the power of mighty Greece, led on by the "king of men."

CHARLES H. COLLYNS.

Wirksworth

THE FIRST ROMAN CATHOLIC CHAPEL IN  
MANCHESTER.

(Query No. 359, June 22.)

[380.] I do not know whether your correspondent G. H. S., in his Query of June 22, means the first Catholic Chapel in Manchester or the first building



erected for a chapel. If he mean the latter, the chapel in Rook-street was, I believe, the first erected, and it was also erected, as he says, in connection with and over a dwelling-house and warehouse, as it was then said it was illegal to build a Catholic chapel on English ground. In fact, by the law of England, as laid down I believe by Lord Mansfield, a Catholic priest could not live in England. The entrance to this chapel was in Rook-street; hence its name Rook-street Chapel. I do not think, as far as my memory serves, that Messrs. S. Ogden and Co.'s warehouse occupies its site. I believe it is the very same building, renovated and altered to suit warehouse purposes. When I paid my first visit to it as a small boy, in 1834 or thereabouts, the entrance was, as I have said above, in Rook-street; but shortly afterwards, perhaps in the following year, a new entrance was made to the chapel from the yard in front of the dwelling-house in what was then Back, but now West Mosley-street. This yard is now built over and taken into the warehouse premises, as can be seen by any passer by. Rook-street Chapel was dedicated to St. Chad, and on the completion and dedication of St. Chad's Church, Cheetham Hill Road, in 1847, the congregation removed thither. The registers of the old chapel are preserved at St. Chad's, and are most interesting in connection with the renewal and progress of the Catholic religion in Manchester.

If G. H. S. is under the impression that St. Chad's Chapel, Rook-street, was the first Catholic place of worship in Manchester since the so-called Reformation, he is, I think, under a misapprehension of the facts of the case, as the following information, kindly furnished to me by my esteemed friend the Very Rev. Canon Toole, D.D., will clearly show. He says: "I do not think that Mass ever ceased wholly in Manchester, even when Dr. Chadderton, the Bishop of Chester, and the Earl of Derby took up their residence in Manchester for the purpose of persecuting the Catholics of the neighbourhood and of rooting out the old religion. The families in the neighbourhood who adhered to the old religion had chaplains more or less constantly, who, according to such circumstances as the earnestness of the commissioners (the bishop and the earl), and the vigilance and activity of the pursuivants or priest-hunters, always attended in some degree, with more or less danger, to the spiritual wants of the Catholics of the town. I mean such families as the Barlows of Barlow, and others whose

names are well known, until they were extinguished by the poverty induced by the fines levied for refusing to attend the Protestant services. Later on a priest, who was chaplain to a family near Macclesfield, visited Manchester once a month. It was he who, at one time, used the old dye-house on the water's edge at Blackfriars, with a way to it down the steps in Parsonage, for a chapel. After that the Catholics had a secret chapel in Smithy Door. I always heard it was in that last remains of old Manchester which stood last of all there, and has not been long pulled down. I believe there was another after that in the same neighbourhood before the Rev. Father Helme purchased the premises and opened that in Roman Entry, near Church-street. This chapel was succeeded by St. Chad's, Rook-street, erected in 1774, as above described. A watch was always kept upon the steps in Parsonage to give the alarm to the Catholics in the Dye-house Chapel if any suspected agent of the persecuting laws were seen about." J. O'R.

THE HUMMADRUZ.  
(Nos. 284, 307, and 362.)

[381.] Mr. R. E. BIBBY'S Note acted magically on me. It transported me into the past and distant. Many years ago, on a hot still day in summer, I was walking with a peasant, accustomed to field sports, on a mountain table land, an ocean of purple heath extending as far as the eye could reach. We stopped for a few moments to load a gun, and my companion, for the first time in his life, became aware of the hummadruz. He was certain that a swarm of bees was somewhere near, and went in all directions seeking for it. But finding that, go where he would, the sound never became nearer or more remote, he gave up the quest with a wonder not unmixed with fear, as if he had witnessed something supernatural. I was quite familiar with the sound, but I find that I erred in two respects concerning it. I thought that its "local habitation" was the mountain, and that it had no "name." I did not know until to-day that anyone had noticed it but myself. I had been accustomed to hear it for years, always on the mountain and in hot weather, and supposed it to be the blended hum of innumerable solitary bees and other insects scattered over a wide space in a resonant atmosphere. Even now I am not certain that the invisibility of the insects—for I never saw any—invalidates this explanation, because there is a parallel phenomenon in which the agency is generally unseen and yet indubitable.

One evening I perceived that the downs above the Freshwater Cliffs were covered with spiders' threads, running, as the wind blew, from east to west. They were visible only as the rays of the setting sun glanced off them. The ground was dark and common-place when viewed in any direction but one, but when viewed in that one direction a long pathway of glistening silver webs led towards the sunset. Now, here is the fact to which I call attention. I could not see, though I searched long and carefully, a single spider. Hundreds of acres were netted over with webs, but not one of the little weavers could be seen. On an occasion long before I had seen a field undergoing the process of ploughing become clothed with spiders' webs almost as fast as the plough turned up the soil. On close inspection I then saw some of the spiders.

If anyone wishes to hear a human "hummadruz," let him stand in the gallery of the Exchange on a Tuesday, shut his eyes, and listen.

W. A. O'CONNOR.

Would it be too much to ask R. E. BIBBY where in Goethe will be found: "A sound of song beneath the vault of heaven is blown"? It will certainly be interesting to know what reference, if any, Goethe's words in the original have to what is called the "hummadruz."

A. S.

#### EMINENT MANCHESTER ENGRAVERS.

(Query No. 342, June 15.)

[382.] It is a matter of surprise that the question of *MEZZO*, relative to eminent Manchester engravers, has received no answer. I am aware of one eminent engraver—Mr. James Stephenson, formerly of Manchester, but now resident in London. A small volume, published by a notable bookseller in his day, Mr. William Willis, Hanging Ditch, containing Pope's *Essay on Man*, Blair's *Grave*, and Gray's *Elegy*, dated 1839, contains a frontispiece illustrating the well-known line:—

Whistling aloud to keep his courage up;  
and which is subscribed, "Stephenson, del." and "Stephenson and Royston, sc." When the partnership came to an end Mr. Stephenson worked at his own home in Cheetham Hill, chiefly, I believe, upon engraved work for manufacturers. He had occasionally a commission for something higher than mechanical work. The late Earl of Ellesmere employed him to engrave his portrait (the original being

exquisitely drawn and coloured), upon a steel plate about two feet by three feet. The engraved portrait, however, could be almost covered with a crown piece. The engraving, when completed, was delivered to the noble owner with fifty carefully-taken impressions; and he, on being assured that none had been reserved, took a chisel and hammer and cut into the face of the plate, so that it was completely destroyed. For this portrait the earl cheerfully paid fifty guineas. The portraits were distributed to his friends, and are no doubt very much valued. Several portraits engraved by Mr. Stephenson were first drawn by him. One, a portrait of Dr. Dalton looking at a test tube, was said to be the most characteristic likeness of the famous chemist. A portrait of the Rev. James Martineau, taken in pencil, was a real work of art; so also was a portrait of the late Archibald Prentice, an engraving from which was placed as a frontispiece to his published lectures on America, delivered in the old Mechanics' Institution in Cooper-street, on his return from a tour in that country with the well-known John Brooks.

When Mr. Stephenson had arrived at the conclusion that Manchester was not the place where his labours would be best appreciated, he removed to London; and the wisdom of that step is attested by the fact that at this day, old as he is, he is unrivalled as a line engraver and probably receives the highest prices for his work. Amongst most important commissions entrusted to him the portrait of Tennyson was not the least important. The *Times*, in its notice of the portrait, said:—"This noble picture of a noble original has been done full justice to by the engraver, Mr. James Stephenson, who has faithfully reproduced Mr. Watts's work in one of the best line engravings we have ever seen." Many of the finest engravings of modern times have been executed by Mr. Stephenson. The *Pretty Horsebreaker*, by Landseer; *Ophelia*, which was the picture of one season in the Royal Academy; *My ain Fireside*; portraits of the Prince of Wales and the late Earl of Derby; *Martin's Plains of Heaven*, and others, have established his position as one of the most eminent modern engravers.

JOSEPH JOHNSON.

DE QUINCEY'S HOUSE.

(Nos. 57, 85, 321, and 350.)

[383.] *DELTA* is right. Greenheys Hall stood beyond the extreme end of Burlington-street, from which it was hidden by a mass of trees and the high

brick wall which surrounded the grounds. Round this wall the lane or road swept right and left. A little lower down Burlington-street (on the left hand from Oxford-street), some sixty or eighty yards from the former thoroughfare, stood Mr. Kay's house, which passed from him to Mr. Joseph Carruthers, the woollen draper of King-street, who resided there many years—was there in 1845-48. It was indeed a singular structure, elevated above the garden, with a centre higher than the two expansive wings. It was approached by a double flight of steps crowned by a portico; and, barring cellarage, was principally on one floor, four (or five) doors opening from the spacious hall, from the end of which curved a handsome semicircular staircase lit from above. When I saw it last houses were rising around, the country road was becoming a street—an offshoot of Burlington-street. I think the house was called The Priory, but only the extremity of its back garden reached Greenheys Lane. Its frontage was presented to a plot of waste ground in the unfinished street when I knew it. Mrs. Carruthers told me that William Mort, the poet, lived at Greenheys Hall, or had lived there.

ISABELLA BANKS.

London.

Your correspondent J. B. F. is in error on the date of the pulling down of Greenhey Hall by at least ten years. I never saw it until the year 1847, and was in it in 1847 and 1848. The house known as Derbyshire's house stood in ground on the Greenhey side of Embden-street. It was standing in 1851. In that year I went through it, to examine it with a view to purchase. It was pulled down shortly afterwards.

LAMBDA.

TRAF-FORD.

(Nos. 311, 353, and 369.)

[364.] In order the more fully to elucidate how Old Trafford comes by its name, which E. K. considers so perplexing, and upon which ISABELLA BANKS throws so little light, I will at once notice C. H. COLLYNS' inquiry as to what can be made of the prefix "Tr," and will proceed to quote from the book of that excellent authority the vicar of Holy Trinity, Twickenham, in which he says the prefix Tre is Cymric, and signifies a place or dwelling. It occurs ninety-six times in the village names of Cornwall, more than twenty times in those of Wales, and is curiously distributed over the border counties. It is found five times in Herefordshire, three times in Devon, Gloucester, and Somerset, twice in Shropshire,

and once in Worcestershire, Yorkshire, Lancashire, Cumberland, and Northumberland. As, for example, such names as Trefonen, Tre-ewan, Tretire, Trevill, and Trewen in Herefordshire; Trebronder in Shropshire, and Treton in Yorkshire. Then the word ford is a derivative of faran or fara, to go. A cabman's or waterman's "fare" is the person who goes with him. Farewell is an imperative, meaning journey well. The fieldfare is so called from its characteristic habit of moving across the fields. From faran to pass, we get ford, that which is passed, a passage. This suffix ford occurs both in Anglo-Saxon and in Norse names; but with a characteristic difference of meaning. The fords of the Anglo-Saxon husbandmen which are scattered so abundantly over the south of England, are passages across rivers for men and cattle. Norse fords are found on the coasts which were frequented for purposes of trade or plunder. There are instances in Wexford, Carlingford, Waterford, and Strangford in Ireland; in Milford and Haverford in Wales; and Deptford, the "deep reach," on the Thames.

MORDAUNT BUCKLEY.

London, 1st July, 1878.

WILLIAM BRADLEY THE ARTIST.

(Nos. 281, 288, 302, 319, 335, and 363.)

[385.] "Ex fumo dare lucem" is a proverb which has been well illustrated in the course of the discussion which has been carried on in these columns in reference to William Bradley. There has been smoke 'tis true; a few innocent mistakes have been made; but worst of all is the ghastly shadow which has been cast over his memory by Mr. Johnson's communication. The light which has been shed on the subject by Messrs. Crozier, Percy, and Letherbrow has dispersed the gloom and has rejoiced the hearts of many of your readers. I crave a little indulgence to be allowed to refer briefly to the remarks of the latter gentleman about myself, for the kind tone of which I thank him very much.

I only knew Bradley as a portrait painter, and had I trusted to my own memory I should not have fallen into the error of saying that afterwards he became a historical painter. I unfortunately consulted one or two old directories, where I found that whilst in the earlier ones he is called a portrait painter, in that for 1848 he is marked as an historical one at 43, King-street; as is also Mr. W. Percy, at 47 in the same street.

I have received, through the courtesy of the editor, a very kind letter from the lady whom I took to the flower show, who afterwards became Mrs. Bradley, and is now Mrs. Allen, residing in the south of England, in the enjoyment of one of life's bright, calm evenings. Mr. Miller, my master, she reminds me, was a friend of her father's, and she remembers spending an evening along with him at Miller's house and admiring the flowers he so prided himself in arranging in vases; and the circumstance is impressed on her memory by Miller's admiring a gold chain she wore for the first time, it being the first present she received from Bradley, and put round her neck by him just before she set out for Miller's house.

J. T. S.

There is a slight inaccuracy in Mr. Letherbrow's account of Bradley. It was Raisley Calvert, not Randolph, by whom the bequest was left to Wordsworth. At any rate Wordsworth has the name Raisley, and it is to be presumed that he knew. This is but a trifling mistake, but it is well to be exact even in small matters.

D. H.

#### QUERIES.

[386.] **JOSEPH BROTHERTON'S MOTTO.**—Who was the originator of the quotation:—"My riches consist not in the extent of my possessions, but in the fewness of my wants"? J. G.

[387.] **MARRIAGE WITH A DECEASED WIFE'S SISTER.**—Would any of your contributors kindly give a list of countries where marriage with a deceased wife's sister is legal. W. SURGE.

[388.] **SLANG NAMES OF COINS.**—Charles Lamb in one of his essays speaks of giving "a tester" to a beggar. What coin does he refer to? I should also like to know how coins have received their slang terms. I have heard, whilst in Manchester, a farthing called a fudge, a halfpenny a meg, a penny a brown, a fourpenny piece a joey, a sixpence a tanner, a shilling a bob, and a sovereign a quid. There must be a history in connection with these phrases which some of your correspondents could elucidate.

J. H. P.

[389.] **THE COCK-AND-HEN CLUB.**—Can anyone give me any information about "the Cock-and-hen Club of the performers of the Haymarket Theatre?" All I know of it is derived from a story, somewhat old. Mr. Fawcett was entering very slowly when Mrs. Harlowe, coming up behind him, said: "Advance, thou harbinger of impudence!" "True, Madame," he replied, bowing, "I precede you." The knock of the president's mallet allowed the justness of the re-

mark. If the annals of this club have been recorded I should very much like to read them. In Herrick's words they must at that club have

Such clusters had  
As made them nobly wild, not mad.

HITTITE.

[390.] **VEGETARIANS AND ANTI-VACCINATORS.**—I notice that the annual meetings of the vegetarians and anti-vaccinators in Manchester are generally held in the same week, and that many of the same speakers attend both meetings. The opponents of vaccination are mostly people who have suffered very little from smallpox. Many of the anti-vaccinators manage to evade the law, their children are not subjected to the operation, and yet it frequently happens that they do not suffer from the disease. Now, as there are numbers of people who are both vegetarians and anti-vaccinators, the question presents itself—Are these unvaccinated persons who do not suffer from small-pox also vegetarians? and if they are, can their freedom from disease be traced to a vegetable diet?—or, if they were not vaccinated and not vegetarians, would they be equally free from disease? The two subjects seem to run together; perhaps some of your correspondents can give an explanation. JOHN POLLITT.

Church Terrace, Newton Heath.

#### LITERARY NOTES.

Dr. J. G. Zsigib, of the Royal Stenographic Institute of Dresden, has just published a new and enlarged edition of his *History and Literature of Shorthand*. In the bibliographical section he acknowledges the help received from Mr. J. E. Bailey, F.S.A., of this city, whose knowledge of the subject is unrivalled. The book is the best that has been issued on the subject.

The Bosworth Professor of Anglo-Saxon at Cambridge, the Rev. Walter W. Skeat, is engaged upon an etymological dictionary of the English language, somewhat similar in plan to Mr. Hensleigh Wedgwood's, but more elaborate in character and harmonizing with accepted philological methods. It will fill four volumes, and the first may be looked for next winter. A proof sheet of one of the pages, with which we have been favoured, convinces us that the work will at once take the highest place in the language as an authority.

#### ART.

A Civil List pension of £100 a year has been granted to Mr. Nash, the water-colour painter.

The fine art jury of the Paris Exhibition have awarded the gold medal of honour to Mr. Millais and Mr. Hubert Herkomer for their paintings *Chill October* and the *Last Muster*.

William Bradley's picture of a Lancashire Witch, the mention of the recent sale of which in our Art Table-Talk led to the interesting notices of his life and work in our Notes and Queries, has been purchased for the art gallery in Peel Park, Salford.

The collection of pictures at the Art Museum in Nottingham Castle, which was this week opened by the Prince of Wales, is varied and interesting. The so-called great gallery is probably the most handsome and best-lighted picture gallery in England. One feature of the exhibition is the setting apart of three separate rooms for a display of works by Henry Dawson, H. Clarence White, and E. J. Niemann respectively. The collection of Mr. Clarence White's pictures appears to contain all his best-known works, including his earliest, *Ancient Britains Surprised by Roman Soldiers*, his *Leaf from the Book of Nature*, *Wheat Harvest in the Mountains*, *God's Acre*, and *Convent Garden*. Mr. White was born in Manchester, but his kindred belong to Nottingham, and hence the appropriateness of a collection of his productions on an occasion so memorable to the town.

SCIENCE.

A fossil lobster-like crustacean from the Wenlock shale, obtained by Mr. D. de Touche, of St. John's College, Cambridge, has just been sent to the British Museum for Dr. Woodward's inspection. The oldest fossil of this type previously known was from the carboniferous strata. It is curious that this proof of the greater antiquity should follow so soon on Dr. Woodward's description of a crab-like crustacean from Mons, found in the carboniferous, and not previously known further down than the Stonefield slate.

Mr. G. J. Symons, F.R.S., the well-known meteorologist, urges in the *Times* the desirability of largely increasing the number of rainfall observers. Recent experience, he says, proves that there are not enough. He accordingly invites the aid of a few more persons who can and will fulfil the following conditions:—Possess a lawn or garden free from tall trees; purchase a gauge costing about a guinea; devote five minutes each morning to the observations; keep the records accurately. The full code of rules is being reprinted, and will be forwarded to anyone who intimates a desire to receive a copy. Mr. Symons's address is Camden Square, London.

M. Mouchez, captain in the army, succeeds M. Leverrier as director of the Paris Astronomical Observatory, but with purely administrative functions, the scientific direction being intrusted to M. Tisserand, a young astronomer of great promise, hitherto at the Toulouse Observatory. The Paris Observatory has to some extent undergone reorganization. Leverrier created a meteorological depart-

ment, which was combined under him with the proper work of an astronomical observatory. It has been resolved by Government to separate them, and give each a chief independent of the other. M. Mascart, a thoroughly competent man, has been appointed head of the meteorological department, and as all concerned in the actions and management of the department are really meteorologists, the French meteorological service promises to become one of the finest and most practically useful in the world.

Saturday, July 13, 1878.

NOTES.

GILBERT WHITE.

[391.] When the accuracy of my statement that Gilbert White was curate of Faringdon was questioned by some of your correspondents (see Notes 3 and 15) I wrote to the incumbent of Faringdon and received from him a reply fully confirming my account. An extract from Bell's edition of White's *Selborne* will set the matter beyond dispute. In the life prefixed to the work the writer, referring to Gilbert White, says:—"Shortly after his father's death he became curate of the neighbouring parish of Faringdon, about two miles distant. The first marriage registered there as solemnized by him was in September, 1762; and there he continued to officiate very regularly until 1784, when he resigned the curacy of Faringdon to resume that of his native parish, of which he gives notice in a letter to his sister, Mrs. Barker, dated October 19 of that year: 'Mr. Taylor, our new vicar, has taken possession of his living; and I have re-assumed the curacy after an intermission of twenty-six years.'"—Page xxxvii. From the same authority we learn that Gilbert White held the sinecure living of Moreton-Penkney, in Northamptonshire, from 1757 till his death. His supposed renunciation of clerical preferment consisted in his refusing any appointment that would necessarily withdraw him from *Selborne*.

When the present vicar of Faringdon was proving to me by the signature in the parish registers of baptisms that Gilbert White had been curate of Faringdon, we fell into conversation about the morals of country parishes. He proposed that we should count the number of illegitimate births in the two registers in our hands, he examining one book and I the other

When I had gone through my volume I remarked that I had been struck by the singular fact that the births in question always came in groups after regular intervals of years in which no birth of the kind occurred. Mr. Massey (the vicar) replied that he had noticed the same peculiarity in the register which he had been searching. Did this curious circumstance ever attract the attention of Gilbert White?

W. A. O'CONNOR.

Glengarriff, July 5, 1878.

A BATTLE OF BEETLES.

[392.] The common field beetle is not, I believe, gregarious, as I am not aware that I ever found more than a pair of them inhabiting the same spot—generally under a patch of dry cow dung, rotten wood, or other rubbish which I may have turned over in search of fishing bait. This may be accounted for by the fact that they are too pugnacious among themselves to permit outsiders to share the domicile of a pre-occupied haunt. It is said that they are so far cannibalistic as to devour a weaker or a conquered intruder, even of their own species. With these characteristics it is all the more remarkable that at an appointed time, as in the following case, myriads of them should be found assembled together and acting in concert apparently for no other purpose than to slay and annihilate each other, in what I should infer to have been a pitched battle. Such a scene was witnessed by my father and a number of his haymakers many years ago when returning home from the hayfields at dusk one quiet summer evening. They first became aware of the strife by a loud buzzing sound, and on approaching nearer they found it came from an immense number, being in fact quite a black cloud of these insects, flying around and darting into a crowded nucleus in the most angry manner, and with such force that scores of them were falling dead or maimed from the sheer force of concussion. After watching the combat until they were tired, the spectators passed on, but had to give the warriors a wide berth to avoid receiving some ugly raps themselves from the numerous gyrating outsiders, numbers of which appeared to make a circle of a few yards, apparently with the object of rushing into the thick of the battle with greater force. Next morning, on returning to the hayfield, the field of battle was found to be literally thick with dead and disabled beetles, all lying within a circle of a few yards, proving that the spot selected for the strife had been

most obstinately adhered to, neither side giving way until the bitter end, when the weaker party, as we must imagine, would be driven off, pursued by the victors. What end had to be attained in this unusual strife, whether for disputed territory or tribe against tribe, must be left to conjecture. Unfortunately none of the witnesses of the conflict were naturalists enough to note whether in the mass of dead beetles (which from the stench given off had to be buried as quickly as possible) any difference in species was noted. Had this been done some interesting data might have been drawn from this wholesale insecticide. Perhaps some of your readers versed in beetle history can illustrate the point. Such an episode shows a marvellous degree of instinct, or rather shall we not say intelligence? seeing that a given time and place must have been pre-arranged for so determined and deadly a conflict, in which it will be obvious that all the beetles within an extended circle, probably of miles, had been summoned from their secluded haunts to swell the army of belligerents.

R. E. BIBBY.

Denton.

COMMENTS AND ANSWERS.

GLEE, PART-SONG, AND MADRIGAL.

(Query No. 293, May 25.)

[393.] The glee (a term originally applicable to every description of vocal music) first appeared in its now accepted form about the middle of the last century, and is a species of composition entirely peculiar to England, no foreign composer up to the period named having found anything akin to it in the musical repertoires of other nations. It is written for three or more solo voices, without accompaniment, generally in a cheerful strain, abounding in melody, and requiring a thorough knowledge of part-writing of the most delicate and subtle description, the melodies moving pretty much together and not with points of imitation.

The part-song is a composition for voices in parts, and was introduced in Germany about the first or second decade of the present century of grace.

This is, or should be, an elegant and elaborate form of pastoral composition for three, four, five, or more voices, minus accompaniment, in the strict or ancient style, with imitation and fugue; requiring a consummate acquaintance with part-writing and counterpoint; the several parts or melodies moving in the conversational manner characteristic of the sixteenth

and seventeenth centuries. The essential difference between the glee and the madrigal is that in the latter the musical phrases or portions of melody, complete in themselves, seldom coincide or run together in the different voice parts; one phrase being begun before another is ended, so that they overlap each other, as it were; and the composition is not a succession of separate though connected musical phrases, but a repetition under different circumstances of the same phrase. "The Passionate Shepherd to his Love" (words by Christopher Marlowe, about 1584,) is regarded as one of the most exquisite and perfect madrigals extant.

G. LINNÆUS BANKS.

The madrigal is a short lyric poem adapted to express ingenious and pleasing thoughts, commonly on amatory subjects. It contains not less than four and generally not more than sixteen verses; and consists, commonly, of hendecasyllable, with shorter verses interspersed, or of verses of eight syllables irregularly rhymed. It is the oldest form of secular music and originated with the bards of Provence. It partakes of the old style of harmony, abounding in fugal entry and imitation. No one part predominates over the others, but each takes its turn in specially claiming the ear of the listener. Any number of voices may join in a madrigal. Some quaint point of sentiment often characterizes the close of the madrigal. Many pieces are called madrigals which are only harmonized airs. Instrumental accompaniment is out of place in this kind of music.

The glee is a form of musical composition of English birth. It is meant for single voices, and therefore gives each an opportunity of display and develops every nicety of time and tune. It is commonly extended, like the anthem, into several distinct movements, one relieving by its variety of style the general effect of the others. For instance, "Awake, Eolian Lyre," and "Ye Spotted Snakes." These will bear a number of voices on each part, though great care should be taken to secure unity and delicacy. But many glees contain too minute divisions of time for this. Instrumental accompaniment was never intended for such glees, and would defeat their object. Accompanied glees have been written by Sir Henry Bishop and others, in which the instruments play special parts and produce special effects.

The part-song is said to be of German origin. It differs from the glee as the hymn tune differs from

the anthem. The part-song and hymn tune repeat the same music to several verses, which the glee and anthem never do. Part-song is intended to bear many voices on each part. It differs from the madrigal in not admitting so much of the fugal style, in depending more upon modern choral effects, and in permitting the upper part generally to predominate. A harmonized air is practically a part-song; but from the nature of its origin a greater comparative interest attaches to the melody than to the other parts. Some of the plainer part-songs would bear accompaniment but are better without it. Indeed, such part-songs as those of Mendelssohn and Smart, with their fine development of voice and expression, would be injured by it.

SAMUEL HEWITT.

DR. NEWMAN AND MILTON.

(Nos. 360 and 379.)

[394.] I certainly cannot see for what special feature the sentences quoted by Mr. O'CONNOR from Dr. Newman are destined to find their place amongst the beauties of English composition. It appears to contain several faults which will always prevent this. Thus, in the first sentence, he says: "I have closed this history, and having done so." Now, the closing here means the passive cessation from continuing the history; how, then, can the active auxiliary done grammatically have reference. Our correct writers would have said, "and having closed it," unless, indeed, they had considered the phrase, as it certainly appears, unnecessary. Again, a stone or piece of bread may be asked for and received, but surely not a sacrifice. Both this phrase and the one above alluded to might have been omitted with advantage, losing nothing in perspicuity but gaining much in brevity and strength. It is in seemingly unimportant particulars as these that the great qualities of our standard authors shine with such lustre. Compare Dr. Newman with the second Epistle to the Corinthians, eleventh chapter, and note the vast difference in power, felicity, and conciseness of expression. The last sentence of the quotation begins: "And in you," having grammatical reference to Ambrose St. John, while the context treats of the "affectionate companions." This is not a happy expression. Thus the writer begins with St. Philip's sons, branching off to Ambrose St. John, and then reverting to the companions a second time. How different is the logical Milton, who, in the specimen of composition adduced as similar to Dr. Newman's, proceeds in a thoroughly

artistic and scholarly manner—first with Fleetwood, then Lambert, then to Desborough and Whalley combined, then to Whitelock, Pickering, Strickland, Sydenham, Sydney, Montague, and Lawrence collectively, and finally to “numberless other citizens.” “Dr. Newman does not imitate Milton.” True; the suitors failed to bend the bow of Ulysses. Unless, therefore, Dr. Newman can give us something superior to the present extract his writings can never hold their own as models of composition, while we can refer to Milton, Addison, Cowley, Cowper, Junius, Paley, and scores of others. J. E.

Manchester, July 4, 1878.

To make complete the very striking parallel between the two passages adduced by your able correspondent, it seems wanting that the passage from the *Defensio Secunda* should be cited as Milton wrote it, viz., in the language of the *issimuses* and *errimorums*. The passage is thus invested with more dignity, and the rhythm and “swing” of the words are brought into better contrast with Newman’s English. The original passage is as follows:—

Te primum, Fletuode, quem ego ab ipsis tyrocinis ad hos usque militiæ honores, quos nunc obtines a summis proximis, humanitate, mansuetudine, benignitate animi eundem novi; hostis fortem et imperterritum, sed et mitissimum quoque victorem senait: Te, Lamberte, qui vix modicæ dux manûs, ducem Hamiltonum juvenis, totius Scotiæ juventutis flore ac robore circumseptum et progredientem retardasti, et retardatum sustinuisti: Te, Desboroe, te, Hualei, qui atrocissimas hujus belli pugnas vel audienti mihi vel legenti, inter hostes confertissimos expectati semper occurrastis: Te, Overtone, mihi multis abhinc annis, et studiorum similitudine, et morum suavitate, concordia plusquam fraterna conjunctissime. . . . Addam et nonnullos quos toga celebres et pacis artibus, consiliarios tibi advocasti, vel amicitia vel fama mihi cognitos; Huitlochium, Pickeringum, Stricklandium, Sidnanum, atque Sidneium (quod ego illustre nomen nostris semper adhæsisse partibus lætor), Montacutium, Laurentium, summo ingenio ambos optimisque artibus expolitos; aliosque permultos eximiiis meritis cives, partim senatorio jampridem munere, partim militari opera insignes.

This eulogy was penned in the year 1653-4. It is noticeable that the cluster of Commonwealth’s men introduced into the entire passage comprises fourteen persons, particulars of whom are to be found in vol. iv. of Masson’s *Life of Milton*, recently published, pages 606 *seq.* and *passim*; and at page 602 the above extract, to which Mr. O’Conor has called attention,

may be found presented there also in the form of a translation, and that not at all in Miltonic language.

JOHN E. BAILLY.

#### SLANG NAMES OF COINS.

(Query No. 388.)

[395.] J. H. P. inquires what coin Charles Lamb referred to when he spoke of giving a “tester” to a beggar. The parentage of the word has been fathered upon the Yankees; but this is incorrect. Columbia has less to do with it than Hibernia, where a “tester” or “taster” is still the synonym for a sixpence, as a “hog” is for a shilling. Previously to the assimilation of the currency of the two countries in 1825, a “white hog” meant an English shilling or twelve pence, and a “black hog” the Irish shilling of thirteen pence. To “go the whole hog” is a convivial determination to spend the whole shilling; and albeit nomadic bands of so-called nigger minstrels have made that expression “familiar in our mouths” as an emanation from South Carolina, or some other slave state, it is not difficult to trace its importation thither by the droves of Irish emigrants who have now for nearly half a century pioneered their way to the Land of the West. A “tizzy” is in common with a “tanner,” another synonym for a sixpence amongst certain classes in London, and amongst fast men generally and turfites in particular wherever the scum of the fraternity “most do congregate.”

G. LINNÆUS BANKS.

I was rather startled to find J. H. P. asking “What is a tester?” and considerably shocked that he should connect the classic word with such a vocabulary as the Manchester street boy is in the habit of using. I scarcely think that the slang terms he mentions are likely to be preserved in the writings of the leading authors of the present age; or that any Dry-as-dust of 300 or 400 years hence will find it interesting to inquire the origin of a “meg” or a “brown.” But this word “tester” is found, I think, in Chaucer; at any rate there is *tester*, a headpiece, from which the name of the coin is derived. It is mentioned in Ben Jonson, in many places in Shakspeare, in Swift, Pope, and Locke, who says: “A crown goes for sixty pence, a shilling for twelve pence, and a tester for sixpence;” and, to quote a poem at least two hundred years old, in which I firmly believed when of a fairy-loving age:—

When mortals are at rest,  
And snoring in their nest;



Unheard and unespied,  
Through keyholes we do glide;  
Over tables, stools, and shelves,  
We trip it with our fairy elves.

And if the house be foul,  
With platter, dish, or bowl;  
Upstairs we nimbly creep  
And find the sluts asleep;  
There we pinch their arms and thighs,  
None escapes and none spies.

But if the house be swept,  
And from uncleanness kept,  
We praise the household maid,  
And duly is she paid;  
For we use before we go  
To drop a tester in her shoe.

J. H. P. might also have found the meaning of "tester" in almost any dictionary, from Dr. Johnson down to the modern and low-priced Nuttall; so that I think I may be excused for saying that J. H. P. might take to heart with advantage the advice given by the wise mother of Sir William Jones to her son, when pursuing his infantile inquiries: "Read, William, and you will know." L. F.

Tester or teston was the popular name of the shilling, derived from the *teste* or *tête*, the king's head impressed on the coin. The teston was introduced in England in the reign of Henry VII. (1504). In the time of Henry VIII. its value became so reduced by debasement that it was not worth more than one fourth of its original value of twelve pence. In John Heywood's "Epigrams," published 1560, is the following:—

"Of Read Testons.

"These Testons look read. How like you the same?  
Tys a token of grace—they blush for shame."

At the time of the epigram the coins were composed for the most part of copper, and so were of a reddish complexion. Before their debasement they were entirely of silver. See the *Illustrated London News*, Dec. 23, 1855, page 723. C. W. S.

AGE OF JACKDAWS.

(Query No. 246, April 27.)

[396.] No one seems able to say what is the natural length of a jackdaw's life. I have kept several, but all came to an untimely end save one, and he died what appeared to be a natural death in his eighth season. F. FOLIO.

ECCLES CROSS.

(Query No. 312, June 1.)

[397.] Eccles Cross stands where it stood of old, according to that moveable authority "the oldest inhabitant." It was formerly a little more elevated than it now is. In days of yore there was a cross on the space lower down the village, and the two open spaces are called respectively the Upper and Lower Cross. The former is where the existing cross stands, which is near to the old bull ring. C. O.

VEGETARIANS AND ANTI-VACCINATORS.

(Query No. 390, July 6.)

[398.] Fruit-eaters are less liable to smallpox than flesh-eaters. I have never known a vegetarian die of smallpox. The flesh-eating Red Indians have been decimated by it. Smallpox is scarce in Spain, because the Spaniards are fruit-eaters and anti-vaccinators. I assert positively that vaccinated people are more liable to smallpox than the unvaccinated.

HENRY PITMAN.

BRIDGEWATER VIADUCT.

(No. 198, April 6.)

[399.] In 1860 the *Manchester Examiner and Times* gave a series of articles entitled "Manchester Corporation Matters." In one of these, on the Improvement Committee, it was stated that the Knott Mill Improvement (the Bridgewater Viaduct) was begun in 1840, and that the cost was £4,300. I cannot give Hulme the year of opening, but I should think 1841. G. H. S.

Heaton Moor.

JOSEPH BROTHERTON'S MOTTO.

(Query No. 386, July 6.)

[400.] Joseph Brotherton's quotation, engraved on his monument in Peel Park, is, if my memory does not betray me, by Dr. Adam Smith, and occurs either in his *Wealth of Nations* or else in his *Theory of Moral Sentiments*. I have not the books conveniently at hand, but perhaps J. G. will refer himself and report you "chapter and verse." E. O. B.

In answer to the inquiry relative to the inscription on Brotherton's Monument, Socrates is credited with the sentiment if not with the exact words. Chrysostom may have obtained his thought from the same source when he said, "That's true plenty not to have, but not to want riches." J. JOHNSON.

Douglas.

## MANCHESTER OMNIBUSES.

(Nos. 374 and 378.)

[401.] One of your correspondents inquires about the origin and history of the omnibus; and as I am an old man I will endeavour to give the few particulars which I still retain in my memory. The omnibus is of French origin. It was introduced into Paris rather more than fifty years ago, and, as the name indicates, was intended for all. This kind of vehicle was found to be so useful that it was at once adopted in London and from thence spread into the provinces. When I came to Manchester, about forty-five years ago, I found them running in almost every direction. But the buses of that time were very different from those of the present day. They carried eight inside and perhaps as many out, and had a door behind to keep the passengers from falling out. Few of these buses had guards. When the passengers wanted to get out the driver had to come down from the box and open the door and receive his fare, which was then sixpence inside and fourpence out. Notwithstanding these high fares, however, the pace they went was very slow, so that, with the frequent stoppages, there was very little time saved by riding; and I remember a Cheetham Hill gentleman sometimes asking the driver if he would have his nightcap. At that time every driver had a horn to blow to give notice of his coming; but if there was a guard he usually had either a French horn or a keyed bugle, and he played tunes up and down Market-street. But what was then considered a musical treat has long since been put down by the authorities as a nuisance.

R. WOOD.

Broughton Place, Cheetham Hill.

As an old Pendletonian, I ask leave to contribute a few personal recollections about the origin of the omnibus system in Manchester. G. H. S. and J. T. S. (378) are, I believe, both right as to the "enterprising man," viz.: John Greenwood, but which of the two is right about the time, 1825 or 1828, I have at present no means of proving, except my memory, which is in favour of the first. Both are right as to the route, but I should think that the first trip would be from Pendleton to Market-street, the former being the headquarters where were situate the office and stables, as well as the home of the proprietor. It may also be noted that several of the old mail coaches came through the village daily from Liverpool and other towns on the route. The guard sounded his

horn to give notice of his approach, when the several postmasters would be waiting, with their bags made up ready, would throw them to the guard, who caught them without stopping the mail for a moment.

So then the name, Pow Mail, or as some would call it, the Pendleton Mail, is easily accounted for and was used until success made it necessary to increase the size of the conveyance, the result being something like that described by J. T. S. as "square little boxes," and a new name was given to them of "the Bee."

Was the vehicle from the first called an omnibus? I say no. We in Pendleton did not hear the word for some years afterwards. The first vehicle used was a common hackney coach, and if my memory serves me right its colour was yellow. As the experiment was purely tentative, I do not remember any special name being given to it except the one given by the public, viz., "The Pow Mail," which seems to me now to have been somewhat ironical, although it did not then seem so. For it may be noted, the place was more frequently called "Pow" than its proper name by the then inhabitants, in consequence of its having a may-pole, which is standing yet as the Pendleton Pole. These Bees were managed by one man, who was driver and guard both in one. The Bees would hold eight or nine inside, and had a seat in front which would hold three or four beside the driver. This last was a very important post, as he had to collect the fares on the route and account for them at the office. This, the proprietor believed, did not always happen, and was a frequent cause of a breach of the third commandment. Mr. Greenwood contended that the drivers "might allow him one wheel out of the four, seeing that he (Mr. G.) had to find all expenses." The fares were still sixpence.

The alterations and improvements that have been made from time to time in these conveyances have been a gradual process down to the present tram car. Mr. Greenwood has encountered in his time much competition, and just managed to keep a fair supremacy in the bus traffic, keeping up the fares to the old price until M'Ewen came into the town with a new lot of buses and astonished everybody by at once reducing the fares from sixpence to threepence. Here was a rival indeed. Of course, Mr. G. had to follow suit, and from that time (I don't know the date) as great a revolution has been made in the bus traffic as was made by Rowland Hill in the Post-office, establishing the penny post.

JOHN HULME.

## QUERIES.

[402.] **OLDHAM-STREET WESLEYAN CHAPEL.**—Can any of your readers furnish the date as to when this chapel was first opened, the name of the minister who was appointed for the occasion, and why the British coat of arms are exhibited in this chapel and in none other in Manchester? S. J. T.

[403.] **JOHN TAYLOR, OF BOLTON-LE-MOORS.**—Who was the above-named? In the poems of Edward Rushton, of Liverpool (8vo., 1824, page 77), his epitaph is given, it being added that he died of the yellow fever at New York, 11th September, 1805. It would appear from the epitaph as if he left his country for political reasons. J. E. B.

[404.] **CYPRUS.**—Now that it is very likely, from recent events, that the island of Cyprus will become an object of great interest, would you kindly point out (or probably some of your correspondents would also) the best work published of its history, both ancient and modern? I imagine the history of the ancient portion will be highly interesting.

Stockport, 12th July.

SENEX.

[405.] **CLOGS, COTTON, AND POTATOES.**—These three things have a special relation to Lancashire; the two former more especially, and the latter in some way, because it is said the tuber was grown in Lancashire first of any place in England. Can any of your correspondents give me any authentic account of the date of their introduction into this county, by whom they were introduced, and any other particular of them of an archaeological character? CUTHBERT OXENDALE.

[406.] **TENTERDEN STEEPLE AND GOODWIN SANDS.**—In your issue of Saturday, June 29, in an extract from an article in the *Times* referring to our foreign trade, there occurs the following sentence:—"If they did know they would not, as sensible men, confuse their minds with notions which are just as sensible and relevant, and no more, as the familiar illustration of Tenterden Steeple being the cause of Goodwin Sands." Would some of your readers kindly inform me what the "familiar illustration" is? W. B.

[407.] **MANCHESTER PHOTOGRAPHIC PERIODICAL.**—I have a copy of the first number, for January, 1856, of "Photographic Illustrations, by Members of the Manchester Photographic Society" (George Simms, St. Ann's Square). It is a quarto pamphlet, with four photographs and five pages of description. The photographs are—Bramhall Hall, front; Bramhall Hall, from the court; bust of Dr. Thomas Arnold; Nasmyth's Steam Hammer. In the preface it is said, with regard to the issue of the numbers, that "no time is fixed for their publication, but it is hoped that not fewer than four will be issued during the year." Can any reader say how far the publication extended? C. W. S.

## LITERATURE.

Miss Winkworth, the accomplished translator of the collection of hymns known as the *Lyra Germanica*, died suddenly last week.

The ratepayers of Kensington, by a majority of ten votes in a crowded and excited vestry meeting, have rejected a proposal for the adoption of the Free Libraries Act.

Mr. William Hardy, formerly keeper of the records of the Duchy of Lancaster, has been appointed Deputy Keeper of the Records, in place of his brother, the late Sir Thomas Duffus Hardy.

An International Bibliographical Congress began its session in Paris last week, under the presidency of the Count Champagny, member of the French Academy. The Congress embraced three sections—(1) Scientific and Literary; (2) Popular Literature; (3) Bibliography in the Technical Sense.

Mr. James Crossley, the President of the Chetham Society, has recently been engaged in the removal of his library from his old residence in Cavendish Square, Chorlton-on-Medlock. The formidable nature of the undertaking may be gathered from the fact (mentioned by Mr. H. H. Howorth at a meeting in Manchester on Thursday) that Mr. Crossley's collection numbers no fewer than 65,000 volumes.

The latest society journal, *Piccadilly*, despite Mr. du Maurier's title-page and Mr. Whistler's etchings, has not proved successful, and has been discontinued. The *City Mercury*, which began with a great flourish of trumpets seven weeks ago, has likewise ceased to appear; and so has the *Looking-Glass*, a Manchester monthly periodical, whose chief feature was a cartoon portrait of some more or less eminent local personage.

Mr. Swinburne has a project afoot for bringing out a new dramatic dictionary, to be as exhaustive as Collier's in the matter of names, but also to contain long and critical articles on the more important writers. Some of these larger biographies are to be written by Mr. Swinburne and others who have given special attention to the Elizabethan drama. By the way, it is understood that Mudie's Library Company have refused to place Mr. Swinburne's new series of Poems and Ballads in circulation among their subscribers, although as the pieces are not indecent it is difficult to discover the reason for the decision. Mudie's Index Expurgatorius will soon become as famous as that of the Vatican.

## ART.

Mr. Thomas Brock has been chosen to be the sculptor of the memorial of Sir Rowland Hill which is to be erected at Kidderminster.

Sir Coutts Lindsay has consented, at the request of the Sunday Society, to open the Grosvenor Gallery for three Sunday afternoons from two till six o'clock. The admission will be free, and there will be a special and cheap catalogue prepared for the visitors.

In addition to the gold medals of honour awarded to Mr. Millais and Mr. Herkomer at the Paris Exhibition, "first medals," as they are termed, have been given to Mr. G. F. Watts and Mr. Alma Tadema, and second medals to Mr. Oules and Mr. Calderon. Third-class distinctions have been awarded to Sir John Gilbert, Messrs. Orchardson, Pettie, Leslie, Riviere, and Green.

### SCIENCE.

Dr. Springmühl has discovered a splendid blue colouring matter among the derivatives of anthracene.

Mr. Lewis Smith, of Rochester, U.S., announces the discovery by himself on Sunday last of a large faint comet; no tail or nucleus, but central condensation.

Mr. Thomas Bain has just sent home from the Cape a large collection of fossil saurians. There are amongst the bones 308 crania, some apparently new to science. Mr. Bain found the head of a saurian in the matrix of the coal within two feet of the seam.

Professor Virchow, the distinguished physiologist, has decided upon quitting active political life. He has long been a leading member of the Fortschritt party in the German Reichstag. In an address to his late constituents he says: "I cannot accept a seat in the Reichstag simply because it would be incompatible with my scientific labours to do so, and would inevitably lead to my abandoning them altogether. Perhaps you think me a good-enough politician, but for myself I think I am a better savant. I am convinced that in this, my real province, I can be more useful than in the Reichstag."

### MUSIC.

The Gluck Society appeared on Wednesday for the first time in public, at the Royal Academy of Music, and on the same occasion Purcell's opera, *Dido and Aeneas*, was performed in London "for the first time since 1677"—at least, so the programme said.

The fashionable musical instrument in London just now is the zither. It is for the time superseding the piano. Herr Schulz is teaching it to the Princess of Wales, and she is patronizing zither concerts. Like the harp, which was also once the rage, the zither will probably have a brief reign, and then be as unduly forgotten and neglected.

The first of the English concerts at the Paris Exhibition was given in the Trocadero, in presence of the Prince of Wales, on Wednesday. Mr. Arthur Sullivan and Mr. Henry Leslie were conductors, and Mr. Leslie's choir took part in the concert. The performers were Madama Arabella Goddard, Miss Robertson, Miss Fanny Robertson, Miss de Fonblanque, Mrs. Mudie Bolingbroke, Mr. Joseph Maas, Mr. Wadmore, and Mr. Barton M'Guckin. The programme consisted exclusively of English compositions, the object being to give French and other foreigners an opportunity of judging of English composers and musicians. The pieces were selected from the works of Messrs. G. A. Macfarren, M. W. Balfe, Henry Purcell, W. Sterndale Bennett, Samuel Wesley, Henry Leslie, Orlando Gibbons, Arthur Sullivan, J. F. Barnett, Joseph Barnby, Thomas Morley, and W. V. Wallace. The principal music critics of the Parisian journals were present. M. Henri de la Pommeraye and some other very good judges at the close of the performance expressed a most favourable opinion upon it. It was regretted that there was no *claque* to warm up the house, and that so much of what is heard at musical festivals in cathedrals was in the programme. The French do not care for serious music, and were afraid that it would not do to applaud at a concert in which the grave and solemn predominated over the gay. The selections from Balfe and Wallace were the most appreciated of any by the French auditors. The tone of the newspaper notices on the following day was genial, but the criticisms are well worthy of the attention of English musicians and connoisseurs. M. de la Pommeraye, in the *France* deems the opening concert most interesting to those who wish to study and compare. He cannot characterize the entertainment as throughout very amusing, but Frenchmen are too prone to look for nothing but amusement in art. The *Gaulois* thinks the complicated movements of Wesley's *In Exitu* of high interest to musicians. While admiring the compositions of Mr. Sullivan and Mr. Leslie, it affirms that they how a want of originality in the modern English school. The *National* says the English are admirable imitators of Mendelssohn and Handel, but are not at all in the current of progress perceptible on the Continent. It thought the concert, though highly interesting to professional people, as a whole monotonous and dull. The *Soir* objects to the preponderance of oratorio pieces, now out of fashion, and does not like what it calls the stiff, cold, unvaried English style of singing.

The will of the late Mr. Charles James Matthews, the eminent comedian, has been proved by his widow, Mrs. Elizabeth Matthews, to whom he leaves all his property. The personal estate is sworn under £20,000.

Saturday, July 20, 1878.

NOTES.

THE CALVERTS.

[408.] A reverent reader of Wordsworth, Mr. David Holt, has drawn attention to what he naturally thinks is an error in my note (No. 363) in the issue of the 6th July. I am glad that he has done so because it may have the effect of clearing up what is to me, at present, a puzzle. We all know the Sonnet "to the Memory of Raisley Calvert."—

Calvert! it must not be unheard by them  
Who may respect my name, that I to thee  
Owed many years of early liberty.  
This care was thine when sickness did condemn  
Thy youth to hopeless wasting, root and stem;  
That I, if frugal and severe, might stray  
Where'er I liked; and finally array  
My temples with the Muse's diadem.  
Hence, if in freedom I have loved the truth,  
If there be aught of pure, or good, or great,  
In my past verse—or shall be, in the lays  
Of higher mood which now I meditate,—  
It gladdens me, O worthy, short lived youth!  
To think how much of this will be thy praise.

It may seem strange that in view of this I should adopt the name of "Randolph," but I did so on the authority of the young man's immediate relations. In a letter from the nephew of the sculptor, Mr. Fred Calvert, the following reference occurs—"my father had a brother called Randolph . . . the bosom friend of Wordsworth." The writer of this (of whom more presently) was a man of clear memory, a scholar, a translator of Cicero, by habit accurate in thought and expression; and it is difficult for me to believe that he (among others) could be so strangely ignorant as not to know the name of that uncle whose genius and early death had excited such deep sympathy, and whose last act in life had done so much to place the laurel on the brows of "him that uttered nothing base." I admit that it is just as difficult to believe that the poet could forget the name of the dear friend and benefactor to whom he paid the tribute of his grateful and graceful verse. The Christian name of Calvert does not occur in the text of the Sonnet, but I suppose we must conclude that the title thereof was written by the same hand. Is it not quite possible, however, that both names may be right, and that this is only another version of the story of the Knights and the Shield?

Now, as the readers of, and contributors to, the columns of Notes and Queries have a rather vigorous appetite for facts and dates and family histories, they may not be displeased if I furnish them with a little pabulum in connection with the Calvert family about which we have been talking lately.

It will be new, I dare say, to many of your readers to learn that the present possessors of the name claim the Baltimore peerage, claim to be descended from that Secretary Charles (some say George) Calvert who colonized and ruled Maryland in the days of James I., and who was created an Irish baron in 1624. He is reported to have been a man of rare capacity and virtue, holding court as at Windsor, and establishing and maintaining a degree of religious toleration in advance even of that of the Pilgrim Fathers. What opportunities this man had if he had only known them! Perhaps did know them? He might have taken boat to Southwark, and seen the Lord Chamberlain's company in—

Those flights upon the banks of Thames  
That so did take Eliza and our James!

He might have seen and heard Shakspeare in one of his own plays—in *Hamlet* for instance! He might have stepped into a shop and bought the last new book, the folio of 1623, "set forth" by Heminge and Condell; he might have heard the great Lord Chancellor, the author of the *Novum Organum* deliver judgment; he might have known Sir Francis Drake, or Sir Walter Raleigh, when he sailed up the Orinoco with his fourteen ships ere he returned to Palace Yard and laid on the block that wondrous world—his head!

In an old, not intelligible, and seemingly imperfect pedigree which I have seen, I find the following names:—Sir George, first Lord Baltimore, created an Irish baron in 1624 (James the First died in the following year); Cecil, second lord; John, third; Charles, fourth; Benedict Leonard, fifth; Charles, sixth; Frederick (living 1768), seventh. So far the pedigree; but Frederick really died at Naples in 1774, the year in which the first American Congress met in Philadelphia. I presume that the War of Independence was disastrous to the fortunes of the Calvert family, and I will also quote presently what Carlyle says about the Irish estates; but some members of the family, I am told, still wear the Baltimore arms, and Charles, the steward of the Duke of Norfolk, was trying to make good his claim when he died.

In the wonderfully vivid and picturesque pages of Carlyle—Life of Frederick the Great, book x. chap. 7—there will be found a brief, but pregnant, account of the Baltimores, chiefly of the sixth of that ilk, aged forty, who in wandering about the Continent (not a “wandering knight forlorn”) picked up the brilliant and luminous Algarotti, aged twenty-seven, fresh from Bologna University and Paris, friend of Voltaire and his divine Emilia, full of poesy and classical scholarship, of his treatises “on the opera” and “Newtonianismo per le Donne” (Astronomy for Ladies). “A man beautifully lucent in society, gentle yet impregnable there; keeping himself unspotted from the world and its discrepancies—really with considerable prudence first and last.” These two, Ulysses and Telemachus, find their way from Potsdam to Reinsberg, and there captivate the heart of the Crown Prince, Friedrich, afterwards styled the Great. He writes to his father of the orb and its satellite, also to Suhm at St. Petersburg, and, enthusiastically, to Voltaire. “We have had Milord Baltimore and Algarotti here. . . . This milord is a very sensible man, who possesses a great deal of knowledge, and thinks like us that sciences can be no disparagement to nobility, nor degrade an illustrious rank. I admire the genius of this Anglais, as one does a fine face through a crape veil. He speaks French very ill, yet one likes to hear him speak it; and as for his English he pronounces it so quick there is no possibility of following him. . . . Evidently an original kind of figure to us, cet Anglais. And indeed there is already a rhymed epistle to Baltimore, . . . which, though it is full of fine, sincere sentiments, about human dignity, papal superstition, Newton, Locke, and aspirations for progress of culture in Prussia, no reader could stand at this epoch. . . . And so Baltimore passes on, silent in history henceforth—though Friedrich seems to have remembered him to late times as a kind of type figure when England came into his head. For the sake of this small transit over the sun’s disc I have made some inquiry about this Baltimore; but found very little, perhaps enough. He was Charles, sixth Lord Baltimore, it appears; sixth and last but one. First of the Baltimores, we know, was Secretary Calvert (1618-1624) who colonized Maryland; last of them (1774) was the son of this Charles; something of a fool, to judge by the face of him in portraits, and by some of his doings in the world. He, that seventh Baltimore,

printed one or two little volumes (now of extreme rarity—cannot be too rare) and winded-up by standing an ugly trial at Kingston Assizes (plaintiff an unfortunate female); after which he retired to Naples and there ended, 1774, the last of these milords. He, of the Kingston Assizes, we say, was not this Charles, but his son, whom let the reader forget. Charles, aged forty at this time, had travelled about the Continent a good deal; once long ago, we imagined we had got a glimpse of him (but it was a guess merely) lounging about Luneville and Lorraine along with Lyttelton in the Congress of Soissons time? Not long after that, it is certain enough, he got appointed a Gentleman of the Bedchamber to Prince Frederick, \* who was a friend of speculative talkers and cultivated people. In which situation Charles, sixth Baron Baltimore, continued all his days after; and might have risen by means of Fred, as he was anxious enough to do, had both of them lived, but they both died—Baltimore first in 1751, a year before Fred. Bubb Doddington, diligent labourer in the same Fred vineyard, was much infested by this Baltimore, who, drunk or sober (for he occasionally gets into liquor), is always putting out Bubb, and stands too well with our Royal master one secretly fears. Baltimore’s finances, I can guess, were not in too good order; mostly an absentee; Irish estates not managed in the first style, while one is busy in the Fred vineyard! ‘The best and honestest man in the world, with a good deal of jumbled knowledge,’ Walpole calls him once, ‘but not capable of conducting a party.’”

Not the least brilliant figures are these of Charles Calvert and Algarotti, among those which shine amidst the luminous shadows of Carlyle’s pages, which flash with “new lights of heaven, and bog-meteors of phosphorated hydrogen conspicuous in the murk of things! Bog meteors, foolish putrescent will-o’-wisps, tomfoolery and kinderspiel.” At this moment, let us remember, while the Crown Prince writes, and Voltaire reads, of the illustrious strangers, and the old King is drawing to his doom, Wesley and Whitfield in England are laying the foundations of Methodism.

And as one realizes Carlyle’s picture of the English Milord who inspired Frederick’s *Épître sur la liberté*, one cannot help calling to mind that other Charles

\* Prince of Wales, son of George II. of England and Queen Caroline.

Calvert whom many of us knew wielding the pencil in the drawing class of the old Mechanics' Institution, Cooper-street, and teaching us, according to the light of that time, the principles, or at least the practice, of landscape art. I remember a bit of the compendious instruction he imparted, thus, "Lay in your sky and distance with blue and grey; use warmer colours for your middle distance; then come on with browns, reds, and yellows for your foreground, and," said he—suited with vigorous action the words—"Whack it in—like Claude!" What would the author of *Modern Painters* say to that? Tall in person, vivacious in manner, abounding in good stories "not only witty himself but the cause that wit was in other men"; his nose a high aquiline or hook, hinting of the wine his wit had brightened, thus he dwells in memory, the father of the wife of William Bradley.

As I have not access to the archives of the Calvert family I cannot give every link in the chain of relationship between the first and last Lord Baltimore and the Glossop steward, all the writings and deeds having been in the hands of the youngest son of the Steward, the late Michael Pease Calvert, a gentleman whom I only knew by sight. But as I understand (subject to correction) the steward was the grandson of the Neapolitan lord of unlovely memory, presumably appointed by the Duke on account of his knowledge of the family history. This steward had eight children, and the family being Roman Catholics, the following entries appear in the baptismal registry of the Catholic Chapel, Rook-street, Manchester. (I leave out the formal statement and details of sponsors.) All the children were baptized by Rowland Broomhead, and I may mention that the sponsors for the youngest son were Michael Hansby and Lady Montague.

Sept. 23, 1785, Charles Calvert, son of Chas. Calvert and Eliz. Holyday, his wife.

Nov. 15, 1786, at Glossop-dale, Mary Calvert.

April 3, 1788, John Calvert.

Aug. 11, 1789, Elizabeth Calvert.

Jan. 8, 1791, at Glossop, Emma Calvert.

April 11, 1793, " Frederick Calvert.

Sept. 18, 1795, George Calvert.

March 15, 1798, Michael Pease Calvert.

The first, of course, was the father of the lady whom Mr. Slugg so gallantly escorted to the flower show in 1834. Frederick died only about eighteen months ago; he was professor of elocution in the

new colleges of Edinburgh and Glasgow, an intimate friend of Sheridan Knowles, and, as before said, the translator of the entire works of Cicero; born in 1793, he had nearly reached the patriarchal age of eighty-five. Of the George Calvert, born in 1795, there is the following notice in the *Gentleman's Magazine* for 1825, page 473:—"Died 14 November, 1825, George Calvert, Esq, surgeon, aged 30, third surviving son of the late Charles Calvert, Esq., of Oldham-street, and of Glossop Hall, county Derby. The death of this gentleman will be a loss to the profession which he had chosen, and of which it was anticipated he would have become a distinguished ornament from the talent displayed in his recently-published treatise *On Diseases of the Rectum*; in his translation of the *Anatomie générale per M. Bichat*, and by the rare circumstance of the Jacksonian prize of the Royal College of Surgeons having been adjudged to him for three years in succession."

Of the father himself, the Duke's steward and the brother of Raisley or Randolph Calvert, it is said that he had the artistic faculty in no small degree, and that there are pictures of his extant which would abundantly prove this.

THOS. LETHERBROW.

Dalesy.

LITERARY COINCIDENCES: III. EDMUND BURKE AND CURRAN.

[409.] In April, 1777, Burke, in his Letter to the Sheriffs of Bristol, wrote:—"Before this act, every man putting his foot on English ground, every stranger owing only a local and temporary allegiance, even negro slaves who had been sold in the colonies, and under an Act of Parliament, became as free as every other man who breathed the same air with them."

In June, 1794, Curran, defending Hamilton Rowan, spoke as follows:—"Do you think that a victory obtained by justice over bigotry and oppression should have stigma cast upon it by an ignominious sentence upon men bold and honest enough to propose this measure? To propose the redeeming of religion from the abuses of the church, the reclaiming of three millions of men from bondage, and giving liberty to all who had a right to demand it; giving, I say, in the so much censured words of this paper, giving 'universal emancipation!' I speak in the spirit of the British law which makes liberty commensurate with and inseparable from British soil; which proclaims even to the stranger and the sojourner, the

moment he sets his foot upon British earth, that the ground on which he treads is holy and consecrated by the genius of universal emancipation. No matter in what language his doom may have been pronounced; no matter what complexion incompatible with freedom an Indian or an African sun may have burnt upon him; no matter in what disastrous battle his liberty may have been cloven down; no matter with what solemnities he may have been devoted upon the altar of slavery; the first moment he touches the sacred soil of Britain the altar and the god sink together in the dust; his soul walks abroad in her own majesty; his body swells beyond the measure of his chains that burst from around him, and he stands redeemed, regenerated, and disenthralled by the irresistible genius of universal emancipation."

The essential difference between these two quotations is, that, in the first, freedom is assumed as the creation of British law; while, in the second, law is supposed to create freedom by making it the property of British soil. The figure is bold, correct, and suitable for rhetorical amplification. The fact and the fancy are almost identical, but the fancy gives life to the fact and brings out all its hidden relations. Burke's allusion is a vessel with all her sails furled; Curran's description is a vessel with every streamer floating and every inch of canvas spread, moving majestically before the storm of popular applause.

W. A. O'CONNOR.

Llanfairfechan, July 15.

#### COMMENTS AND ANSWERS.

##### GLEE, PART-SONG, AND MADRIGAL.

(Nos. 293 and 393.)

[410.] I am afraid the replies given by your correspondents Mr. G. LINNÆUS BANKS and Mr. SAMUEL HEWITT will fail to satisfy the oft-repeated enquiries as to what distinguishing characteristics separate the glee from the madrigal (part-songs I will consider further on), seeing that what these gentlemen give as points of determination have long ceased to hold good, if, indeed, they ever had any existence. We, of course, gather from occasional writers who have attempted to define the difference between a glee and a madrigal, that the latter is known from embodying passages technically known as "fugal flights," "imitation phrases," "sustaining harmonies," "syncopations," "suspensions," and so on; but what constitutes a glee is very often left untouched. Mr. BANKS, for-

getting that none but sound contrapuntists can follow him, gives a rule for recognizing a madrigal as follows: "The madrigal as containing musical phrases or portions of melody complete in themselves," and which "seldom coincide or run together in the different voice-parts; one phrase being begun before another is ended, so that they overlap each other, as it were; and the composition is not a succession of separate though connected musical phrases, but a repetition under different circumstances of the same phrase." Again, Mr. HEWITT, with less vagueness, says the madrigal "partakes of the old style of harmony, abounding in fugal entry and imitation." Now, singularly enough, most of our finest glee writers, past and present, have indulged, *ad libitum*, in all these distinguishing marks in the very compositions they have issued to the world as glees. Indeed, it would be rather an exception to find a good classical glee in which fugal flights, imitation, and suspension phrases are not very freely used—as in Horsley, Dr. Cooke, Callcott, Webbe, Tom Cooke, Dr. Clark, and many others of our best composers, whose glees are memorable examples of such contrapuntal passages. Not wishing to load your columns with instances, I will merely refer to the glees "Discord dire Sister," by Samuel Webbe; "How Sleep the Brave;" and the well-known specimen of musical painting, also Webbe's, "When Winds breathe soft."

Your correspondents are, however, accurate and clear as to what constitutes a part-song; viz., that an upper or leading part predominates, or in other words a leading melody can generally be followed by the listener, and which lends such an irresistible charm to so many of the part-songs known to us as "the German glees." The part-song is not, however, of German origin, as stated by Messrs. HEWITT and BANKS, as it has been shown that the German part-song was founded upon some of our middle-age English composers. Indeed, we date the English part-song as far back as the year 1250. "Sumer is a-comin in," of which I have a fac-simile copied from the original in the British Museum, is a memorable specimen of part-song writing. It is for four voices, or rather we must say six voices, as, besides the four harmonized parts written in score, there is an under-current of harmony written separately which is confined to the dominant and tonic of the key or tone, the melody Tom Moore the poet set to his song "Rich and rare were the gems she wore," in his so-



called "Irish" melodies. Misnomers do, however, occur in the classification of the glee school; as we see that Pearsall calls his excellent composition, "Oh, who will o'er the downs," a madrigal, though there is not a single phrase in it that could lead to such a term. I should unquestionably class it as a partsong, but so sound a musician, and a doctor to boot, may have a good reason for his decision. Of course I do not claim for the glee a separate class, though there are great numbers which are exempt from the madrigalian phrases I allude to; because, should this be admitted, an entirely new nomenclature will be requisite.

R. E. BIBBY.

Denton.

BRADLEY, THE ARTIST.

(Nos. 281, 288, 302, 319, 335, 363, and 385.)

[411.] Before the correspondence respecting Bradley comes to an end let me introduce a word on a subject connected with his name. It is generally understood that Bradley painted the portrait of Henry Liversedge, the one afterwards engraved as a frontispiece to the volume containing Swain's life of Liversedge and engraved reproductions of his pictures. It was painted by Liversedge himself. I borrowed it from his brother, Mr. John Liversedge (then living in Cheetham) for exhibition during the Free-trade Bazaar at the Theatre Royal, where I had part of a stall. Through inadvertence or ignorance the picture was placed at the head of the staircase, and catalogued as the "portrait of a gentleman." Remonstrance with the secretary only elicited apologies and regrets that it was too late to rectify the error. It was from his brother and Mrs. Liversedge that I learned Henry had painted the portrait himself, by the aid of a couple of looking-glasses. He unfortunately died before it was finished. Then the family sent it to his friend Bradley to be completed, and it was made a subject for complaint by them that there had been great difficulty in getting the picture back, and that when it was returned nothing had been done to it, the hand holding a pencil being still unfinished. When I saw the portrait last it had not been re-touched.

ISABELLA BANKS.

London.

THE CLOSE TIME FOR BIRDS.

(Query No. 358, June 22.)

[412.] The first Act for the preservation of birds was passed on 24th June, 1869. It was for the protection of sea-birds only, named as follows:—Auk,

bonxie, Cornish chough, coulteneb, diver, eider duck, fulmar, gannet, grebe, guillemot, gull, kittiwake, loon, marrot, merganser, murre, oyster-catcher, petrel, puffin, razor-bill, scout, sea-mew, sea-parrot, sea-swallow, shearwater, shelldrake, skua, smew, solan goose, tarrock, tern, tystey, and willock. The close time fixed by the Act is between the first day of April and the first day of August. The third clause, however, gives the Home Office as to Great Britain, and the Lord Lieutenant as to Ireland, power to extend or vary the time upon application of the justices in quarter sessions assembled of any county on the sea coast. Whether the magistrates of Lancashire have taken advantage of this clause or not I cannot say.

Another "Act for the Protection of certain Wild Birds during the Breeding Season" received the Royal assent on the 10th of August, 1872. The second clause makes it illegal for any person to knowingly or with intent kill, wound, or take any bird, or expose or offer for sale any wild bird recently killed, wounded or taken, between the fifteenth day of March and the first day of August in any year. The following is the schedule:—

Avocet	Nightjar	Stonechat
Bittern	Nuthatch	Stonehatch
Blackcap	Owl	Summer Snipe
Chiffchaff	Oxbird	Swallow
Coot	Pewit	Swan
Creepers	Phalerope	Swift
Crossbill	Pipit	Teal
Cuckoo	Plover	Thicknee
Curlew	Ploverspage	Longtailed Tit-
Dotterel	Pochard	mouse
Dunbird	Purra	Bearded Titmouse
Dunlin	Quail	Wagtail
Flycatcher	Redpoll	Dartford Warbler
Godwit	Redshank	Reed Warbler
Golden-crested	Redstart	Sedge Warbler
Wren	Robin	Whaup
Goldfinch	Ruff and Reeve	Wheatear
Greenshank	Sanderling	Whinchat
Hawfinch	Sand Grouse	Whimbrell
Hedgessparrow	Sandpiper	Widgeon
Kingfisher	Sealark	Woodcock
Landrail	Shoveller	Wild Duck
Lapwing	Siskin	Woodlark
Mallard	Snipe	Woodpecker
Martin	Spoonbill	Woodwren
Moorhen	Stint	Wren
Nightingale	Stonecurlew	Wryneck

It is somewhat surprising, in looking over this list, to find that many of our sweetest songsters are left out, notably the blackbird, thrush, linnet, greenfinch, and skylark. These are true British birds which never

leave us and contribute more than a fair share of the bird music we so much enjoy. I do not remember how the bill was originally drafted, nor the discussion which took place upon it, but it is exceedingly probable that the two first-named were shut out from all protection—sweet singers as they are—in consequence of the great depredations they commit amongst soft fruit crops. The quantities of ripe currants, cherries, and strawberries they consume in a day is amazing. In some parts of Kent and Surrey the growers of these fruits for the market offer twopence for every pair of blackbird's and thrush's legs brought to them; and as the bodies are very nice food in addition, vast numbers are shot. I have known between thirty and forty killed in a day in one small cherry orchard. The linnets and greenfinch are favourites in this county as cage birds. That the lark, which gladdens and makes joyous the homes and haunts of many of our legislators, should not find one persistent friend amongst them when the poor bird's liberty and very life was in jeopardy, puzzles my comprehension. It is surely enough that they should be netted in thousands upon Dunstable Downs and elsewhere every winter without leaving them to the tender mercies of thoughtless boys in the season of their connubial and parental affections. The chaffinch, bullfinch, and yellow-hammer are left out—handsome birds all of them. It is exceedingly pleasant to hear and see the chaffinch chirping from hedgerow trees in the spring ere the buds have expanded enough to hide him; and so it is to see the beautiful form of the yellow-hammer in his golden cap, flitting from bush to bush beneath; harmless both of them. I certainly cannot say as much for the bullfinch, for he makes sad havoc amongst the buds on our fruit trees; but so do some of the tits who have received "the benefit of the Act."

On the 24th July, 1876, still another Bird Protection Act was passed, entitled "An Act for the Preservation of Wild Fowl." But as this is more an affair of the pot, the collective wisdom of the country has managed to embrace every bird of a gastronomical tendency. It makes it illegal to kill, wound, or attempt to kill or wound, or take any wild fowl, or use any boat, gun, net, or other engine or instrument for the purpose of killing, between the fifteenth day of February and the tenth day of July in any year. I do not give the schedule; suffice it to say that it includes nearly

all the edible birds mentioned in the Act of 1872 and a few additional ones that had been overlooked.

In reference to the second Act, I am afraid it is almost a dead letter. Shoals of birdcatchers leave London by the early trains on Sunday mornings in the spring for the rural parts of Surrey and Kent, bringing scores of victims back with them to pine to death behind their prison bars. I was in the county of Surrey on that fatal Sunday in the spring of this year when the Eurydice went down off the Isle of Wight. It was a fine sunny morning which preceded the storm, and in a long walk I saw more than half a dozen of the bird-catching fraternity. One fellow had three cock chaffinches in his cage, and another fine bird was near his lure. I took the liberty of opening the cage and setting the prisoners free, telling the man he was guilty of an illegal act. On referring afterwards I found it was not so, chaffinches not being mentioned. *N'importe*: the birds were restored to liberty!

FELIX FOLIO.

#### GOETHE AND THE HUMMADRUZ.

(Nos. 382 and 381.)

[413.] In reply to the very proper enquiry of A. S., I have failed to get at the passage in Goethe where the words in question originated. I quoted from Davenport Adams, who gives the couplet in illustration of what may be seen and heard in the heavens, and its applicability seems to me hardly open to question. Some of your readers may, however, be able to set the matter right.

R. E. BIBBY.

Denton.

#### OLDHAM-STREET WESLEYAN CHAPEL.

(Query No. 402, July 13.)

[414.] Oldham-street Wesleyan Chapel was first opened on Good Friday, March 30, 1781, by the Rev. John Wesley. In his Journal, volume 5, page 329, he writes: "After preaching at Congleton, Macclesfield, and Stockport in my way, on Friday the 30th (March) I opened the new chapel at Manchester, about the size of that in London. The whole congregation behaved with the utmost seriousness. I trust much good will be done in this place." The British coat of arms was first introduced in the chapel at the decease of King George the Fourth, as a mourning hatchment. Its remaining about the premises ever since has been quite incidental.

ELI ATKIN.

Fernside, Newton Heath.

TENTERDEN STEEPLE AND GOODWIN SANDS.

(Query No. 406, July 13.)

[415.] Time out of mind money was constantly collected out of this county (Kent) to fence the east banks thereof against the irruption of the sea, and such sums were deposited in the hands of the Bishop of Rochester; but, because the sea had been quiet for many years without any encroaching, the Bishop commuted this money to the building of a steeple and endowing a church at Tenterden. By this diversion of the collection for the maintenance of the banks the sea afterwards broke in upon Goodwin Sands. Hence Tenterden steeple's the cause of Goodwin Sands.

W. N.

Ashton-on-Mersey.

The origin of the saying arose in this way. On the increase of the sands a meeting was held of the interested inhabitants. When all so disposed had had their say, a very old man got up and said: Goodwin Sands were not there before Tenterden Steeple was built; I say the cause of the sands is Tenterden steeple."

J. J.

Douglas.

MANCHESTER OMNIBUSES.

(Nos. 374, 378, and 401.)

[416.] The first day the first omnibus started (about 1828 or 1829) I, a little girl, went home to dilate on the new wonder and to ask a scholarly relative what was the meaning of the word "Auxilium" painted in large characters along the side of the vehicle, and was told "a helper." Shortly afterwards (whether a few days or weeks I cannot say) a second similar vehicle stood along with the other opposite to the end of Tib-street, but whether at the Royal Hotel or the Talbot I cannot say. This second public conveyance bore the word "Omnibus." Again I went to my interpreter, to be told it was "for all." The long carriages and the long words made together an impression on my young mind. They (the vehicles) were rather longer in the body than the ordinary London omnibuses of the present day, longer than those afterwards started by Mr. Greenwood for the Pendleton route from the Thatched House; and I believe Mr. Cockshoot was the proprietor, and not Mr. Greenwood.

If Townshend's Manual of Dates be correct the first omnibus was tried about 1800, with four horses and six wheels, but repudiated until we found it bearing a Parisian stamp. The omnibus was intro-

duced there in 1827; and Mr. Shillibeer started the first pair in the Metropolis in 1829, to run from the Bank to the New Road (Euston Road). It is therefore not likely that Manchester had them in 1825. Indeed I know that such was not the case, for I was then only four years old and not quite so precocious as to carry home long Latin words for translation.

ISABELLA BANKS.

London.

THE FIRST ROMAN CATHOLIC CHAPEL IN MANCHESTER.

(Nos. 359 and 380.)

[417.] I am much obliged to J. O'B. for his interesting reply to my query respecting the above chapel. By favour of Mr. William Walker, of the firm of Messrs. S. Ogden and Co., I have been permitted to go over the building, and I find J. O'B. is correct. The old chapel has not been taken down; it has simply been adapted to its present purposes. The interior still bears traces of its former use. The semi-circular front of the gallery is still to be seen, and the old staircase leading thereto is still used. Only the outer wall in Rook-street has been re-built. I was not aware the chapel was dedicated to St. Chad. The books I referred to speak of it as Rook-street Chapel only.

Aston, in his *Metrical Records of Manchester*, 1822, page 22, referring to the erection of this chapel, and also to the previous places of worship of the Catholics, says:—

Till seventeen hundred and seventy-four,  
The Catholic Christians in numbers were poor;  
They had met for their worship in a mean obscure room,  
Afraid of the penalty known as their doom  
(Though allowed to exist as a separate class)  
If they were discovered assisting at mass.  
A more tolerant spirit, however, awoke,  
And they were enabled their God to invoke  
Without fear of informers, just as they saw meet,  
And erected a chapel to God in Rook-street.

And in a foot-note he adds: "About the beginning of the eighteenth century their chapel was a secret one in the Parsonage, of which the warden and fellows of the Collegiate Church were, in fact, the proprietors, though the Catholic who rented the premises was a sub-tenant. Afterwards the chapel was in a room behind the Palace Inn; and subsequently, till the erection of the chapel in Rook-street, was in a room up an entry in Church-street, from which the passage was called, till lately, Roman Catholic Entry."

This passage is between Nos. 7 and 9, Church-street, and is now called Elbow Passage, and leads to Elbow-street. At this end there is an old sign-board, on which it is described as "Roman Entry." Off Elbow-street is Roman-street, both street and passage evidently taking name from the circumstance as mentioned by Aston.

Heaton Moor,

G. H. S.

#### QUERY.

[418.] LICK AND HIS TELESCOPE.—Mention was lately made in your columns of the lens of Lick's telescope. Who is Lick, and what is the size of his telescope?

H. K.

Saturday, July 27, 1878.

#### NOTES.

##### A SIDE-LIGHT ON STANZA LIV. OF TENNYSON'S "IN MEMORIAM."

Are God and Nature then at strife,  
That Nature lends such evil dreams?  
So careful of the type she seems,  
So careless of the single life;  
That I, considering everywhere  
Her secret meaning in her deeds,  
And finding that of fifty seeds  
She often brings but one to bear;  
I falter where I firmly trod,  
And falling with my weight of cares  
Upon the great world's altar-stairs  
That slope thro' darkness up to God;  
I stretch lame hands of faith, and grope,  
And gather dust and chaff, and call  
To what I feel is Lord of all,  
And faintly trust the larger hope.

[419.] A few years ago I sat with a companion in a railway train just leaving the Whitby Station. The sun was shining brightly, and there was no wind. Suddenly we saw several rings form themselves from the clouds of steam that rose from the engine. They were clearly cut, smooth, perfect in form, of about two feet in diameter, and whirled rapidly round from left to right. They consisted, in fact, of circular streams of vapour. They were at different angles. Before we were borne out of their view they had grown indistinct and disappeared. This phenomenon has always, since I beheld it, seemed to me to be an instance of the creative instinct implanted in matter in one of its earliest stages. If all the conditions were favourable the particles of water would unite into globes which would continue to revolve in the same direction. Thus the law or principle that makes

worlds and systems is still in force and active. We cannot call any of its attempts or efforts failures. They are the ceaseless exertions of an indefatigable energy which works from within, and without reference to external fitness or need. It works always under certain circumstances that it may work at the right time. If the present universe were dissolved, there is a principle inherent in matter which would restore all things. This law or nature, distinguished from a creative act or miracle, pervades and characterizes all varieties and degrees of being, and becomes conscious in man. It is the necessary basis of free-will and of virtue. There is no waste in abortive or uninhabited worlds, or in unproducing seeds, because there is none in unrealized human purposes and intentions. We purpose unceasingly, not that we may put all our ideas into execution, which would manifestly be absurd, but that we may put one or two of them into execution, and to lay the groundwork of mental character or disposition, which is the end of creation.

I have designedly called the belts or rings streams of vapour running round in a circle, to distinguish them from ring-shaped masses of vapour rotating on their axes, for two reasons. The first is that a body of nebulous elemental matter, the particles of which held unchangeable relations to each other and to a common centre, would revolve for ever without making any cosmic progress. The second reason is that I once witnessed what I imagine to be the same law working in a simpler form, and the action produced was a motion not of the mass but of the particles. There had been a heavy downfall of rain, and immediately after the sun shone with sultry heat. I went to the brow of a steep hill, at the foot of which lay a large level of meadow land, with a high dark mountain closing the prospect on the other side. The meadows were covered with a sea of white mist that steamed from every pore, and here and there great cones of mist stood above the surface. But that which most arrested my notice was what seemed to be a broad light-coloured roadway extending from the base to the summit of the distant mountain. As I knew there was no road there I looked at it in wonder, and while gazing perceived that what seemed a road was a stream of vapour or mist rushing with the utmost rapidity from one of the cones in the meadow, and losing itself in another inverted cone in a cloud above. As I looked at it the column swayed

hither and thither and broke asunder in the middle. The upper portion ascended to the cloud, and the lower descended to the cone below. The other cones I concluded were ineffectual attempts at communication with the clouds. One had succeeded and that redeemed the rest from failure. If any one of our countless thoughts, plans, or aspirations unites us to the skies it is enough.

I have not the slightest intention of formally answering Tennyson's doubts, as quoted in Geoffrey Melbrook's most interesting letter in the *City News* of July 13. Among the poets, sentimental religious despair has latterly been rivalling imaginary despair in love. We must not confound our enjoyment of exquisite poetry with conviction of the intellect.

Has any of your readers ever seen anything resembling what I have above described?

W. A. O'CONNOR.

Llanfairfechan, July 19.

#### MONTE DI PIETA.

[420.] You may perchance remember that several months ago I had a question in your columns concerning the origin of the name Monte di Pieta or Mont de Piété, given to certain benevolent institutions in France and Italy. At the time, as I hinted, I had a suspicion that the name was derived from the locality of the first of these institutions. Beeton's Dictionary of Universal Information confirms my suspicion. Under the head "Mont de Piété" I find these words: "Said to have been first established at Perugia in the latter half of the fifteenth century by Father Barnabas of Terni, and to have taken its name from the hill on which it was situated."

C. H. C.

Wirksworth.

#### "PLUCKING" AT THE UNIVERSITIES.

[421.] This word "pluck" as applied to a failure in examination is not a figurative expression, implying the plucking of a poor fellow's fine feathers. When a man applied for his degree at Oxford, the two proctors on his name being submitted walked down the Congregation House to take the suffrages, and it was understood that the members of congregation present, if they had objections to the conferring of the degree, might arrest the proctor in his course by the plucking of his sleeve as he passed them, and so manifest their objection, and thus the man whose degree was stopped was said to be "plucked." The walk of the proctors I have seen

scores of times. The truth of this derivation of the word I do not vouch for.

There is one use of this word "pluck" as regards examinations which is very offensive and unpleasant, and should be strictly avoided. I have heard it often, and am always vexed to hear it. The word "pluck" is fairly applied only to a man who fails to reach a fixed standard in an appointed examination, as for instance the pass B.A. examination at Oxford, and such failure is considered a reproach. A man is not "plucked" who goes up for an open scholarship, and fails to obtain it. There is, we will say, one Classical Scholarship vacant at Balliol College, Oxford. The number of candidates is twenty-five, all of them probably picked men. One only can be successful. The other twenty-four are not "plucked" men. They have all, may be, passed first-rate examinations. They "run all, but one receiveth the prize." The present Bishop of Oxford, if I am not mistaken, and Sir Stafford Northcote competed together for a Balliol Scholarship. The future baronet beat the future bishop, but the future bishop was not "plucked," though unsuccessful. The term is a term of reproach, and should never be thus used.

C. H. COLLYNS.

Wirksworth.

#### INTELLIGENCE OF THE HORSE: REMARKABLE INSTANCE.

[422.] We have in Denton one of those useful institutions a volunteer fire brigade, manned, from the captain downwards, by a set of able-bodied and intelligent men; and all appointments are so complete, and the general efficiency so great, as to have secured for the brigade the flattering testimony that it stands one of the foremost in the service. Further and most valuable voluntary aid came from Mr. George Kirkpatrick, the owner of the Denton and Manchester Bus Company, who placed at the disposal of the brigade his relays of horses. But in these enthusiastic displays of voluntarism the brigade could scarcely have reckoned upon their efforts being almost eclipsed by the voluntary impulses of a couple of jaded bus horses; but the facts will speak for themselves, as they occurred a year or two ago when a fire broke out in Ashton and the Denton fire-engine was sent for. On these occasions the fire-bell is immediately rung, when the brigade at once equip themselves and seldom more than a few minutes elapse before the engine is on its way to the scene of disaster

On this occasion the last bus of the day had just arrived home, and the liberated horses were slowly making for the stables, reeking with sweat, and evidently much exhausted with their journey to and from Manchester; as they must be, after a twelve-mile journey over our heavy roads. But the moment the fire-bell rung, two out of the three horses instantly turned round and galloped off, without attendants, to the engine station, one or two hundred yards away, and quietly waited at the doors until they could be yoked to the engine. All being soon in readiness the tired horses could have neither food nor drink before starting for the fire; but, as the driver afterwards stated, neither whip nor special urging was required, the willing brutes maintaining a hard gallop until the fire was reached. On talking the matter over afterwards with Mr. Kirkpatrick, he said that, generally speaking, horses which had once attended a fire commonly displayed much excitement when the fire-bell rung, prancing about and showing great desire to be harnessed for the service. This noble trait in the much-abused hack places it quite on a par with the trained war-horse, which I believe is never known to shirk danger.

R. E. BIBBY.

Denton.

#### COMMENTS AND ANSWERS.

##### CYPRUS.

(Query No. 404, July 13.)

[423.] The best modern book about Cyprus is the one by General di Cesnola, entitled "Cyprus Ancient and Modern, described after a ten years' residence in the island." It is a handsome book, profusely illustrated. Published by John Murray. T. J. D.

Heaton Moor.

Professor Rolleston, of Oxford, in a letter to the *Times*, says that persons who want to get a really trustworthy account of Cyprus can find one in a work by Dr. F. Unger und Dr. Th. Kotschy, "Die Inseln Cyprun, ihrer Physischen und Organischen Natur nach mit Rucksicht auf ihre Fruhere Geschichte." Wien, 1865.

There is a good account of Cyprus, written by Mr. E. H. Bunbury, in the new edition of the *Encyclopaedia Britannica*; and a readable summary of General Cesnola's book, the result of a ten years' residence in the island, is given in the July number of the *New Quarterly Magazine*.

W. M.

##### MANCHESTER PERIODICALS.

(Nos. 5, 40, 148, 163, 179, 271, and 285.)

[424.] I have come across odd numbers of a few more periodicals which are not in the lists already published by you. I send their names, with a query to each.

1826. The Manchester Repertory of Literature, Arts, and Science. No. 1, February 14, 1826. Printed by Leech and Cheetham. Octavo, 40 pages. Was this continued? The contents include: Scientific Vagaries, Rabbinical Wisdom, translations from the German on Tobias Witt and Showmen and Jugglers, Historical Notices of Dyeing and Calico Printing, Wood Acid, Flame, Common Herbs, Notices of Patents, and shorter articles.
1849. The Manchester Temperance Reporter and Journal of Progress. A. Weston, printer and publisher. No. 3, August 18, 1849; No. 6, September 8, 1849. Quarto. Price one penny. Did this survive long or did it merge into any other periodical? Perhaps your correspondent J. T. S. can tell, as I find an advertisement of his in No. 6.
1850. The Trades' Advocate and Herald of Progress. Established by the iron trades. No. 4, July 20, to No. 20, November 9, 1850. Printed and published by Abel Heywood. Royal octavo. Price one penny. By whom was this edited? It seems very ably done.
1875. The Manchester Athenæum Gazette. Nos. 1-3, October to December, 1875. Quarto. Price one penny. Did not more numbers come out of this journal, which must have been very useful in its way?

##### CLOGS, COTTON, AND POTATOES IN LANCASHIRE.

(Query No. 205, July 13.)

[425.] Wooden shoes, or clogs, were introduced into Lancashire, I believe, in 1337, by a colony of Flemish weavers who had emigrated to this country.

K.

Manchester, 16th July.

Baines, in his *History of Lancashire* (Harland's edition, vol. ii. p. 292), says: "The first potatoes in England are said to have been grown in Formby; some say introduced by a Formby man sailing in Sir Walter Raleigh's expedition; according to another tradition washed on the shore from a wrecked vessel."

The first mention of cotton in England is found in the accounts of Bolton Abbey, from which Dr. Whitaker (*History of Craven*) quotes, in the year 1298: "In Sapu et cotoun ad candelam, 17s. 1d." Next it is mentioned by Chaucer in the *Canterbury Tales*. It is most probable that the actual manufac-

ture of cotton goods was first introduced in England about the year 1585 by Flemish refugees.

F. ANWYL BUTTER.

[Neither of these references is conclusive. Woollen goods were early called "cottons," a corruption, it is supposed, of "coat-ings." Perhaps Mr. Butter will cite the precise passage in Chaucer in which, as he alleges, "cotton" is mentioned.—  
EDITOR.]

All accounts concur in stating that Lancashire was the first English county in which the potato was extensively cultivated, and that it spread thence to the rest of England. But it is necessary to observe that on its first introduction to this country, by Sir Francis Drake in 1585, and again by Sir Walter Raleigh in 1623, the vegetable was not appreciated and very little grown. Before either of these dates, namely, in 1565, the root had been taken to Ireland by John Hawkins, a negro slave-dealer; and there also it was neglected. Not, indeed, until 1663, when the Royal Society took active measures for promoting its extensive cultivation in Ireland, expressly as an inferior food which might prove useful in the event of the failure of the grain crop, was the potato really added to the list of popular foods. From Ireland it was brought to Lancashire about the end of the seventeenth century; and its cultivation spread thence throughout England. The report that a Formby man in Raleigh's time was its earliest cultivator is probably a mere tradition; it does not rest, so far as I can discover, upon the substantial basis of provable documentary or other evidence.

ALF. GREY.

#### THE NIGHTINGALE'S MOST NORTHERLY POINT IN ENGLAND.

(Query No. 373, June 29.)

[426.] The nightingale is said to be tolerably common in the neighbourhood of Doncaster. "The most northerly point" at which I have heard them is in Wharnccliffe woods, near Sheffield. They rarely visit Lancashire, Derbyshire, or Cheshire. Letters appear in our local newspapers from time to time announcing that the voice of this famous warbler has been and may be heard at some particular spot to which it has hitherto been a stranger. I proceeded in the character of an expert to one of these places about thirty years ago, at the request of the late Mr. John Harland, of the *Manchester Guardian*, and have seldom missed personally testing the truth of such reports since that time. In several instances I found

a public-house suspiciously near to the spot indicated. The nocturnal songster, when songster was heard at all, was in every instance, with one exception, the sedge warbler. This bird may be heard singing at this season of the year, if the weather be fine and warm, all the night through. It is common in many parts of Lancashire. It loves to dwell near to ponds that have a goodly fringe of sedges. I have heard it many times in the country between Droylsden and Stockport. One or two may frequently be heard (from the road) in Sir Humphrey de Trafford's plantation opposite the Botanical Gardens. Sedge warblers have some pretty notes, frequently imitations of other birds, but to mistake them for the nightingale's is to do that bird a very great injustice. Whether the report was true that the latter appeared in Birkenhead Park some time ago, I cannot say, but most probably it was the "gay deceiver." The only nightingale I ever heard singing near to this city was in a wood which lies on the right of, and near to, the London and North-Western railway at Wilmalaw. I can vouch for its being a Simon Pure. I listened to it from the low-lying ground between the village and the wood, from eleven p.m. until two a.m. A stream meanders through this valley, and its southern bank must have had, during my stay, some hundreds of visitors. I remember seeing three family carriages there; probably no nightingale ever had such an audience before or since. But, alas! soon that bird's voice was heard no more; its admirers became trespassers, but as they had a "close time" they could not be shot. The poor feathered biped then had no close time, so to protect the land and woods from damage, the keeper shot him!

FELIX FOLIO.

#### "THE LENS OF LICK'S TELESCOPE."

(Query No. 418, July 20.)

[427.] A correspondent asks for an explanation of the meaning of the above. I used the expression to denote the utmost limit of temptation to an able astronomer and conscientious man like Mr. Slugg. Fancy a man full of star-knowledge, but with an appetite which grows with what it feeds on, ever, like Oliver Twist, "asking for more," and somebody offering him, at the price of a fib, an instrument which would reveal to him more of the mysteries of the heavens, and even, it might be, the central secret of the sun! Surely temptation could hardly go beyond that. Think of a telescope that is to cost

£30,000 or £40,000—dwarfing that of Lord Rosse, or even that in the Washington Observatory! The man of science knows, or feels, that the last chapter of Revelations has not been read; how if we are on the eve of the opening of another seal?

But as to the instrument by which this may be accomplished, it must be confessed that it is at present, like some of the most distant stars, in a nebulous condition, and we may have to wait at least two or three years before anything can be done. Some favourable point on the Sierra Nevada range is to be chosen, and in that pure and serene air this great eye is to be lifted to that congregation of wonders and mysteries, the heavens. If anything comes of it, great will be the honour and renown of that strange being from whom was derived the means. Your correspondent wishes to know who he was, so I send you the following brief account.

Lick was born at Fredericksburg, Lebanon County, Pennsylvania, on the 25th of August, 1796, and was christened James. He died (within a day or two of) the 1st of October, 1876. His father was born in the same State, Pennsylvania, but his grandfather emigrated from Germany, and served, and suffered greatly, in the War of Independence. James began life by working for an organ maker named Aldt at Hanover, where he made the acquaintance of a young man who, like himself, subsequently became famous for the manufacture of pianos. This was Conrad Meyer, who established himself in Philadelphia. Lick went to California, and then to Buenos Ayres, where he spent ten years, returning in 1832, bringing with him hides and Nutria skins worth \$40,000. These skins are obtained from an otter found along the River de la Plata. Then he spent eleven years in Peru, making pianos and money in every way. At the end of these years he determined to go to California, against the urgent dissuasions of his friends, who represented that the anarchy which prevailed and the utter lawlessness of the population would be fatal hindrances to his success. But Lick was one of those long-sighted men who perceive the elements of success when others see only the certainty of failure. So fully had he convinced himself that he had a great opportunity that he sold his stock, valued at \$60,000, for half that sum in doubloons, which he locked in a large iron safe, and landed in San Francisco from the Lady Adams at the end of 1847. He immediately began to bury his doubloons in the ground, feeling per-

fectly assured that they would bring him a bountiful harvest. The first purchase he made was land at the corner of Jackson and Montgomery-streets; he paid \$5,000 for it, and subsequently sold a portion of it to Duncan, Sherman, and Co. for \$30,000!

Yerba Buena, as San Francisco was called at this time, contained only 1,000 inhabitants, but a great irruption took place on the discovery of gold being bruited abroad, and the San Joaquin and Sacramento rivers (which fall into the bay of Frisco) were soon alive with an energetic swarm of diggers, divers, and delvers by the ten thousand, who, ere long, exhausted the auriferous deposit. But this hardly arrested the growth of the city, whose rude shanties and adobe buildings disappeared before more permanent structures. A population of 1,000 thirty years ago!

Now mark the hall, the street, the dome,  
The buildings of to-day;  
Go, see the thousands that are met  
Upon the peopled way;  
Go, silent with a sense of power,  
And of the mighty mind  
Which thus can animate the hour  
And leave its works behind.

Whilst all the world rushed to the diggings, Lick remained behind and quietly secured his real estate, adding one fifty-vara lot to another, lot after lot, foreshore, sandy dune, chapparal-covered eminence, island,— anything, everything. People thought him an enthusiast, a madman, whereas he was but deeply versed in that mystical lore which enabled him to see coming events. In judgment, in insight, in prescience, and patience, he greatly resembled the late Mr. Samuel Brooks. He laid his money out liberally, some thought lavishly, in enterprises which "the general" laughed at as foolish, until, to their dismay, they turned out brilliant successes. For instance, in 1852 he built a flour mill in the solidesst manner imaginable; woodwork mahogany, machinery the finest obtainable, the whole costing \$200,000, and being dubbed "Lick's Folly"; but his brand commanded the market, turning out the finest flour in California, and the orchard which he planted round it, with his own hands, was a fortune in itself.

He knew that such were the advantages of the situation of the city, of her 275 miles of coast line, of the fertility of the surrounding region, and of the



the mineral riches at hand, that place must become a focus of attraction, a centre of civilization, the emporium of the riches and commerce of the whole Northern Pacific Coast. Meantime a firm and resolute hand was often needed to secure the purchases he made, the revolver was in every man's hand, and the Vigilance Committee in full swing. Constant difficulties arose from squatters and trumped-up Peter Smith titles. Once, at Northbeach, he hired a gang of men to protect some property, every man with his revolver, and paid them \$20 each per night.

Towards the end of his eighty years he was mightily troubled what to do with his millions of dollars—four or five, I have heard it said—for he cared little for wife and children or relatives. His son was neglected and despised, and it was with difficulty he could be induced to do anything for him. So he ceded his immense property to seven trustees for the benefit of the State of California and for other purposes. A good deal of vacillation and trouble followed, and the trustees were changed (not the trusts), and they now stand, S. B. Martin, William Sherman, Richard S. Floyd, George Schonewald, and Charles M. Plum.

About two years before his death, I saw in a San Francisco paper an advertisement by these trustees of an immense sale of real estate in San Francisco, Santa Clara County, Los Angeles County, and Virginia City, Nevada. In the first-named place there were no fewer than twenty-eight fifty-vara lots; in Santa Clara, about 600 acres; in Los Angeles, a ranch of one and a half leagues; and off the coast of California, an entire island of about 46,000 acres. He was president of the Society of California Pioneers, and gave them the land on which their hall is built, and, subsequently, a larger and more valuable property; he also gave a very valuable gift to the California Academy of Sciences. In addition, he made these bequests after reserving to himself half-a-million of dollars:—Half-a-dozen legacies to his sisters, nieces, half-brothers, and others, varying from \$2,000 to \$5,000; then, \$700,000 to the Lick Observatory, \$540,000 to the School of Mechanical Arts, \$153,000 to J. H. Lick, \$150,000 to the San Francisco Baths, \$100,000 to the Old Ladies' Home, San Francisco; \$100,000 for bronze statuary, City Hall, San Francisco; \$60,000 for bronze monument to Francis Scott Key, author of "The Star-spangled Banner;" \$25,000 to the Protestant Orphan

Asylum of San Francisco, \$25,000 to the Ladies' Protection and Relief Society, \$25,000 to the San José Orphan Asylum, \$20,000 for granite monument to members of his family buried at Fredericksburg, \$10,000 to the Mechanics' Institute, for the purchase of scientific and mechanical books; and \$10,000 to the Cruelty to Animals Society. The Society of the California Pioneers paid a high tribute to his memory, saying that he "was illustrious for his worth, his philanthropy, his charity, his desire to advance science;" and concluded by saying that "his noble characteristics of heart and mind have impressed this age and made for him a prominent place upon the page of history, to be symbolized on canvas, or in more enduring bronze or marble." This society is composed of the Argonauts of 1849.

The following appeared in the *San Francisco Bulletin* about the end of August last year:—"Richard S. Floyd, of the Lick Trust, has just returned from an extended European tour. During his absence he has talked with many scientific men of this and other countries, but almost invariably found them afraid to commit themselves to an opinion as to whether a greater success can be obtained with a reflecting or a refracting telescope. Professor Newcomb, of the Observatory, Washington, after his visit to Europe to look into this matter for Mr. Lick, reported warmly in favour of a gigantic refractor, and forwarded estimates as to cost. He has since changed his opinion, however, and now recommends a silver-on-glass reflector of about seven feet in diameter. Rosse's, Herschel's, and other celebrated telescopes have speculum metallic reflectors, which have until lately been considered the best. Now the palm is claimed for an invention of Leon Foucault, by which silver in solution is deposited on glass. . . . Dr. Huggins also favours a large reflector, as it is better for spectroscopic analysis, his favourite study. It is natural that he should prefer a reflector, as he desires to have the field of physical astronomy enlarged. Theoretically a reflector of four feet in diameter is about equal to a refractor of 26 inches. The Rosse reflector is six feet in diameter, only four of which are effective, and so far it has not been proved that more than four feet of a reflector can be made effective. The great trouble with the reflector is, that it is very sensitive to atmospheric changes, while with the refractor the difficulty lies with the secondary spectrum. . . . The largest refractor in the world is that in the Washington

Observatory. It is 26 inches in diameter, and is an excellent instrument. Mr. Floyd said that, after as careful an examination as he could make, he is inclined to believe that the best interests of the fund will be served to have constructed a larger refractor than any yet made. This ought not to cost, complete, more than £30,000. Then there will be a subsidiary refractor, about four feet in diameter, supplied with both silver and glass and speculum metal mirrors. Parties have agreed to construct one for about £4,000. Feil, of Paris, will make crown and flint glass discs for the object-glass of a forty-inch refractor for about £4,000, stipulating that he shall be allowed two years for construction."

With what deep, what absorbing interest will men of science all over the world look forward to the forays into the fields of space of this unborn ambassador of light!

THOS. LETHERBROW.

Dialy.

#### SLANG NAMES OF COIN.

(Nos. 388 and 395.)

[428.] Perhaps the following examples of Money Slang, in use about a century and a half ago, will not be uninteresting.

Of money generally:—Cole, crap, crop, dust, gelt, ginger-bread, goree (chiefly said of gold), lour, king's pictures, prey, ribbon, and token.

Farthing:—Grig, jack, mopus, rag, token.

Halfpenny:—Baubee, make, mopus.

Penny:—Soue.

Twopence:—Dace, dews-wins or deux-wins, duce.

Threepence:—Threpps, thrums, tres-wins.

Fourpence:—Croker.

Sixpence:—Half-borde, half-a-hog, kick, pig, sice, simon.

Shilling:—Borde, hog, twelver.

Half-a-crown:—A fore coach-wheel, a George, half-an-ounce, slate, and trooper.

Crown:—Bull's-eye, hind coach-wheel, and decus.

Half-a-guinea:—Half-a-jobe, and smelt.

Guinea:—Husky lour, jobe, and meg.

A twenty shilling piece:—Heart's-ease.

An Irish dollar:—A cob.

Miscellaneous:—Ill-fortune, ninepence; Loon-slate, thirteen-pence halfpenny; Quids, cash or ready money; Rhino, ready money; Old Mr. Gorey, a piece of gold.

R. R. B.

#### QUERIES.

[429.] LANDLORDS AND RECEIPT STAMPS.—My landlord says the law exempts a landlord from giving a written receipt for his rent. I have always thought that any person receiving over the sum of two pounds in discharge of a debt due (whether rent or anything else) was obliged to give a stamped receipt for it. Is it so?  
C. T. B.

[430.] SAMUEL WILLIAMSON, LANCASHIRE ARTIST.—Can any of your readers furnish a reference to a memoir of this Lancashire landscape painter? I have a view of a monument erected to his memory in the Liverpool Necropolis. The view is one of Mr. Joseph Mayer's private lithograph prints, with the date 1842.  
C. W. S.

[431.] GRINNING LIKE A CHESHIRE CAT.—Perhaps some of your readers, whether naturalists or not, may be able to throw some light upon this gaying. I have lived in Cheshire, but have only heard the saying since I came to Lancashire. I have seen Manx cats, which seem not to have had a flexible tail, but as if one had been driven in and nearly out of sight. Perhaps there is a variety of the animal which I have never seen in Cheshire, and which grins?  
TAM RHU.

#### MUSIC.

Mr. Henry Lealie's choir gained the first prize at the international competition of choirs in the Paris Trocadero on Tuesday last. The prize consists of a handsome vase of modern Sèvres and a gold medal, and was awarded by the unanimous decision of the judges, who consisted of many of the most distinguished French and English composers and artists, under the presidency of M. Ambroise Thomas.

#### LITERATURE.

Mr. Bret Harte has arrived at Crefeld, Rhineland, where he will reside as American Consul.

The next International Literary Congress will be held in London in June, 1879. The French Executive Committee of the International Literary Society are at work upon its constitution, and are receiving from the foreign delegates who have returned to their respective countries, the names of honorary and working members. In the first list of the honorary committee are the names of Victor Hugo (president), Baron Taylor, Jules Simon, Ivan Turgenief, Edward Jenkins, M.P., Berthold Auerbach, Emilio Castelar, Mendès-Léal, Mauro-Macchi (Italian deputy), De Laveleye, Edmond About, Torres-Cañedo, and others. The duty of forming a committee to act in this country in connection with the International

Committee, and to lay the foundation of an English society on the basis of the Société des Gens de Lettres de France has been entrusted to Mr. Edward Jenkins, M.P., and Mr. Blanchard Jerrold.

ART.

About thirty head-masters and university professors have memorialized the Earl of Beaconsfield in favour of the establishment of a museum of casts from the antique, being convinced "of the importance of giving increased prominence to the study of ancient art as a branch of classical training."

At six o'clock on Sunday evening last, concurrently with the opening of the public-houses, the Grosvenor Gallery of pictures, in New Bond-street, London, by permission of Sir Coutts Lindsay, was thrown open free to all who had applied for tickets. The rooms were crowded during the whole evening, and three thousand two hundred persons were admitted. The visitors were not of one class. There were many from the districts east of the City, and many titled persons, members of Parliament, and members of the middle classes who had come to see the result of the experiment for themselves. The visitors were as orderly as a congregation in a place of worship. There was no money changing in the gallery. The committee of the Sunday Society were on duty as caretakers, and in spite of the large attendance the arrangements were carried out satisfactorily without any extra help.

SCIENCE.

The Dundee Gas Commission are thinking of putting Dr. Siemens' suggestion into practice by utilizing the Reeky Linn, a waterfall twenty miles distant, as the motive power for dynamo-electric machines, the current produced being conveyed by a cable to Dundee.

The collections from Malta made by Admiral Spratt and Dr. Leith Adams, of the remains of pigmy elephants found in the caves and fissures are now all acquired by the British Museum. Dr. Leith Adams's series have been there some time, and the addition just made of Admiral Spratt's completes the data from which our knowledge of these elephants is drawn. When they were first discovered great interest was excited in them on account of their diminutive size. Of the three distinct species now recognized, one was three feet high, another five feet, and another somewhat larger. The crowns of some of the full-grown teeth do not exceed an inch in length and the tusks a foot. Hundreds of fragments of animals of all ages were found, quite ample to make the knowledge of the animals fairly exact. It is curious that with these remains were found those of a gigantic dormouse.

Saturday, August 8, 1878.

COMMENTS AND ANSWERS.

THE FIRST ROMAN CATHOLIC CHAPEL IN MANCHESTER.

(Nos. 359, 380, and 417.)

[432.] Your interesting Notes respecting the first Roman Catholic Chapel in Manchester—St. Chad's, in Rook-street—a quaint and unpretentious fane of which I have personal recollections extending over a period of six or seven and forty years, reminds me that its first priest was the Rev. Rowland Broomhead, who, during the latter years of his ministry at St. Chad's, engaged himself in the erection of the Gothic and more considerable structure in Granby Row—St. Augustine's. Thither, I believe Father Broomhead, and doubtless a large portion of the Rook-street congregation, made proud migration. I know not if there was any temporary suspension of religious service at St. Chad's when its priest and people took possession of their new temple in Granby Row, but when I first knew it—at the remote period I have mentioned—it had a crowded congregation, and the priests in charge were the Revs. — Parker and Peter Kaye, the latter the most dashing, vivacious, elegant, and unclerical young gentleman I ever knew in the priesthood. He was adored by his people, and for years had an incredible popularity amongst the Manchester Catholics. When I speak of Mr. Kaye as "unclerical," I merely mean "unclerical" in manners and aspect, which were undeniably and captivately and innocently gay. For instance, he used to attend the public concerts in Manchester, at one of which I think his arm was broken in gallantly interposing it to save a lady from a dangerous and crowding pressure at the time of egress. He would sometimes wear white trousers and a fashionable surtout in the summer time, and his comprehensive sympathies with all sorts and conditions of men were happily indicated on one occasion in his riding on horseback through the motley assemblage at Knott Mill Fair. He and his brother clergyman of St. Chad's resided at a house on the left-hand side of the lower end of Lever-street, Piccadilly, and I can well remember, when a boy, passing their dwelling. It was a quiet sunny afternoon in autumn, and in front of the open window a merry tatterdemalion was performing on pandean pipes and a big drum with—I had almost said—too much zeal. At the close of the performance I recollect the Reverend Peter's

elegant figure at the open window—he was a Samaritan as well as a priest—his handsome face flushed with—shall I say a compassionate archness—chucking a handful of miscellaneous money to this musical Autolycus for reward. Was it not a country “Crummles” who remarked philosophically that if it wouldn’t “snow white, it must snow brown.” Father Peter’s flying donation, I recollect, was of both colours. He was the idol of the Irish. Probably his handsome presence, his lavishly generous and impulsive ways, and a notable capacity for witty and brilliant flatteries for Manchester Hibernia—flatteries sufficiently sincere, and founded on his powerful sympathy with Irish suffering, and its pathetic and almost sublime poverty, whose squalor was redeemed and made almost fine by a grimly humorous scorn of what it regarded as prosperous and tyrannical heresy—all these things so endeared the Rev. Peter Kaye to the Irish Catholic of that day that when St. Patrick’s Church in Livesey-street, Rochdale and Oldham Road, was being completed, there was a widely felt and vehement desire on the part of the Irish Catholic population of that quarter that he should be made its parish priest. The Bishop of what was then entitled “the Northern District,” however, appointed the Rev. Daniel Hearne, an Irish priest also exceedingly popular with his Manchester countrymen, a man who could and did dilate with genuine eloquence on the wrongs of Ireland, and who also bore a wonderful resemblance—a resemblance perfectly startling in countenance and physique—to the then living political and parliamentary force, Daniel O’Connell. Shortly after the Bishop’s decision had taken effect the Rev. Peter Kaye, speaking at a meeting in St. Patrick’s district, remarked in his jocular way that he so loved the Irish that his might almost be the motto of the Fitzgeralds, *i.e.*, “More Irish than the Irish themselves;” therefore he would have been made glad by the appointment which had fallen to the keeping of a happier and a better man. Ah, generous heart! He died somewhere in Yorkshire of typhoid fever, caught in the heroic performance of his duty at the bedside of a plague-stricken creature, to whom he had been summoned in the night. I know he would go to that lazar-house with the old noble cheerfulness, and lay him down on his death bed with a tender and quite invincible gaiety of spirit.

To return for a moment to the builder of Granby Row, as it is nearly always called—the Rev. Rowland Broomhead—I observe that in Mr. Letherbrow’s communication respecting “The Calverts,” he states that all the family of the Calvert, who was steward at Glossop Hall to the Duke of Norfolk, were baptized by Father Broomhead, at Rook-street—the first in 1785, and the last in 1798, a period of thirteen years. This may help to fix the date of the departure of the St. Chad’s congregation and its priest to St. Augustine’s. I believe that this good pastor was widely esteemed by the Manchester authorities and many others beyond his own communion, and I have been told that he received something like a public funeral. There can be little doubt, I think, that he was a jolly gentleman, the rather that his portrait represents him so. A plump, jovial, rubicund countenance, wholly untouched by the attenuating austerities of the cloister—a face indeed, very like that of Mr. Buckstone, the actor, minus that suspicion of a wink in the outer corner of the comedian’s left eye. His rosy visage suggested a little jocular pleasantry to his more pallid collaborators of the altar. After his ordination in Rome—he was educated at the English College there—he was invited to preach his first sermon before the then reigning Holiness (it was a Pius, I believe), and it was said that the Reverend Rowland blushed with such intensity under the ordeal that he remained crimson to the end of his days. Those of his clerical contemporaries in the diocese who were of a waggish disposition used to rally him on what they called “The Pope’s blush.” I remember the anecdote being told many years ago by Monsignore Croskell—still living, I think, at Barnes’ Green, near Manchester—on the occasion of a presentation to the late Bishop of Salford, Dr. Turner, who it was then said also preached his first sermon before the Pope, and, like his venerable and priestly predecessor at St. Chad’s, Father Broomhead, permanently bore the ruddy impress of that bewildering pontifical experience.

In the period extending from the early days I have referred to, to those of a dozen years later, Rook-street Chapel was visited by various ecclesiastics of distinction, some of whom have since become of European eminence. I remember Cardinal Manning preaching there when he was the less distinguished “Doctor.” The present Bishop of Birmingham, Dr. Ullathorne; Cardinal Wiseman, then plain Dr.

Nicholas Wiseman and President of the English College at Rome; and the Hon. and Rev. George Spencer, brother of Lord Althorp, the once Cabinet Minister—all these during that period graced the obscure and dingily-situated sanctuary with an oratory which had even then no little contemporary renown. There is probably not another "upper room" in England dedicated to the purposes of religion which has received in succession two several princes of the Church. Its outer aspect in those days, I remember, was that of an exaggerated three-storied brick weaving shop of the old-fashioned character, such as, here and there, still linger beyond the borders of our Lancashire factory towns.

Whilst writing of the earliest Catholic Chapels in Manchester, it may not be amiss to ask for information respecting the old Catholic Chapel in Mulberry-street, at the back of Brazennose-street—I do not mean the present edifice, but that which was, at the time I am referring to, say forty-six years since, a sister sanctuary with the chapel in Rook-street. I know that about that time the Rev. Daniel Hearne—the "double" of the greater "Dan" already mentioned—officiated as priest at old Mulberry-street. There also was a Mr. Billington, and, most memorable of all, a Reverend Richard Gillow. In those days the vicinity of Mulberry-street was foul in every way, and the idea of its being the site of a place of worship was to the last degree a glaring and nauseous incongruity. Perhaps as one of the early Catholic missionary worthies of Old Manchester, the Reverend Richard Gillow, for pure saintliness of personal aspect, and for a certain pathetic benignity of manner, was the most remarkable human creature ever beheld. His silver hair, pure pallid face, and gentle compassionate eye, and womanly, and touchingly tender voice, exercised in those days a magical spell over the ruder and wilder spirits of the then Manchester Catholic world, and under his sweetly irresistible remonstrances, they would burst into tears and fall on their knees before him with wild cries of inarticulate penitence and remorse. No such physically feeble and ghostly inhabitant of earth ever surely before or since exercised over the untamed human animal just hovering on the verge of civilization such a curiously overwhelming personal fascination! I remember well the wild sorrow that smote the hearts of the Catholic poor when this pale and sacred phantom gave up the ghost and straight was

seen no more. I shall not forget being taken by the hand to the dim death-chamber in the chapel house in old Mulberry-street and beholding, stretched on its white couch, this sweet and saintly spectre waiting for burial, nor the low wail that broke from the hearts of the rude mourners kneeling around and sobbing inarticulate prayers for his pure soul's repose.

I think some humble poet of the Manchester of that day printed an elegy on dear old Gillow. The poor Bard did what he could, as is the poor Bard's pathetic manner. No good priest ever more merited "the meed of a melodious tear." C. H.

Urmston, July 25, 1878.

#### ORIGIN AND MEANING OF "CATEATON."

(Query No. 379, June 29.)

[433.] In an old rate-book for 1706 Cateaton-street is entered as Catt Eaton-street, which would apparently indicate that it was called after somebody of the name of Catherine Eaton. This is the more likely as a valuation book for 1705 contains the names of two Eatons among the owners of property, probably descendants of the first owners. The name is so continued until 1825, in which it is entered as Cateaton-street; then again as Catteaton-street; and in 1829 as Cateaton-street. S. B.

#### ORIGIN OF THE QUEEN'S BOUNTY.

(Query No. 211, April 13.)

[434.] I cannot answer TRIPLET's question as to the origin of the Royal Gift to fruitful mothers, but is this gift, I would ask, technically known by the name of the Queen's Bounty? I doubt it. The only technical use of these words which I know is the application of them to the money given to recruits enlisting in the army or navy. This is styled "Bounty," or "Queen's Bounty." We also have "Queen Anne's Bounty," the profit of the first-fruits and tenths anciently given to the Pope, appropriated by Henry the Eighth, and restored by Queen Anne for the purpose of augmenting poor benefices. I never heard the royal gift of which TRIPLET speaks specially named "Queen's Bounty." This was not TRIPLET's question, but his question has led me to make these remarks.

CHARLES H. COLLYNS.

Wirksworth.

CLOGS, COTTON, AND POTATOES IN LANCASHIRE.  
(Nos. 405 and 425.)

[435.] The mention of cotton in Chaucer's *Canterbury Tales* is found in the prologue, where, in describing the knight, he says: "Of fustian he wored a gipon;" and the same stuff, a Spanish manufacture named from the Spanish word *fuste*, substance, is named by Hakluyt half a century later as a well-known article of commerce.

In the year 1641 Manchester manufactured cotton in the true meaning of the word, when it is described by Lewis Roberts, in his *Treasure of Trafficks*. Speaking of this town, he says: "They buy cotton-wool in London that comes first from Cyprus and Smyrna, and at home work the same and perfect it into fustains, vermillions, dimities, and other such stuffes, and then return it to London, where the same is vented and sold, and not seldom sent into forrain parts."

F. ANWYL BUTTER.

Whalley Range, July 31.

LANDLORDS AND RECEIPT STAMPS.

(Query No. 429, July 27.)

[436.] In answer to the above Query I am surprised to find such ignorance displayed by landlords and others on so many occasions respecting receipt stamps. Your correspondent C. T. B. is right in thinking "that any person receiving"—not "over" but—"the sum of two pounds in discharge of a debt due (whether rent or anything else) was obliged to give a stamped receipt for it." The law is clear and decisive upon the point. Here it is:—"Any receipt given for, or upon payment of, money amounting to £2 or upwards, 1d." Section 123 says: "If any person (1) gives any receipt liable to duty and *not* duly stamped, i.e. not having a receipt stamp upon it; (2), in any case where a receipt would be liable to duty *refuses* to give a receipt duly stamped; (3), upon a payment to the amount of £2 or upwards gives a receipt for a sum not amounting to £2 or separates or divides the amount paid with intent to evade the duty, he shall forfeit the sum of £10."

JAMES TAYLOR.

TRAF-FORD.

(Nos. 311, 353, 369, and 394.)

[437.] Mr. Mordaunt Buckley's elucidation strengthens my suggestion that the Cymric word *Tref*, a house, a home, a town, is the correct definition, and my conclusion is that the Saxon *thane's*

dwelling (now Old Trafford Hall) which overlooked the ford gave the name; the house or home ford as distinguishing it from the other fords in the vicinity. By giving the name of Waterford a Norse foundation the misnomer is removed and a descriptive appellation acquired; for the abrupt high rocky banks and the deep channel of the river Suir, at that place, bear some resemblance to the fiords of Norway.

JAMES BURY.

I am obliged to your correspondent MORDAUNT BUCKLEY. I simply desired to know what he made of the "Tr." The meaning which he assigns to "Tre" is correct. Another correspondent objected, if I remember well, to the combination of the "af" and the "ford" in the same name as tautological. M. B. is quite right, I think, in his answer to that objection. The word "ford" has no necessary connection with a river; but if it had, what would M. B.'s opponent say to such combinations of words as "the river Avon" and "the river Exe"? "Avon" is British, and is the common word for "river" in Wales to this day. So "Exe" is but one of the many forms which the old Keltic word "uisg"—water has assumed; and thus, if taken literally, "the river Avon" and "the river Exe" might be objected to as tautological and meaningless. However, for the combination of "af" and "ford" we need not appeal, as M. B. shows, even to this defence.

CHARLES H. COLLYNS.

Widnesworth.

After all it seems to have been quite a safe observation to say Traf-ford is a perplexing word. I suspect there would be few fords without a habitation near. I can detect various reasons why this would be so, and I regard it as in no way singular that a house of some sort should have been located at the Trafford. We still see towns or villages built at crossings. In the vicinity of the Sal-ford, a little higher up stream, we may safely conclude that there was one or more dwellings from very remote times; again at Stop-ford there would be habitations, and in my opinion these would have taken prior claim to the distinction of Tre=dwelling. I have just taken a walk to Throstle Nest, and I found that the large swampy tract around which the canal originally ran is being levelled with earth. On the Salford side I found a good deal of the land still virgin soil, from no other reason apparently than it was subject to

frequent floodings. While at Throstle Nest I met a man advanced in years, who evidently has a good knowledge of the locality. He informed me that prior to the river being made navigable there were stepping or hipping-stones in the stream at the ford. That being so, we might apply the A.S. word *tred*—a step, and get at Trafford in that way. I have heard the vernacular-speaking people pronounce the word *Th-raffot*, as if the first were the definite article; and taking *rah*—a doe, we can make it out to be *The-doe-ford*, a name we have on the Hodder between Lancashire and Yorkshire. By the way, further north we have ford softened like the Welsh *dd* into *forth*, as *Cat-forth*, *Hollow-forth*, *Scot-forth*, *Carn-forth*, and others. We know that there are mistakes in the spelling of place-names on the Ordnance Survey; need we rely more implicitly on *Dow Boe*? R has been taken to indicate motion, and thus one of our etymologists gets *rain* and *river*—water in motion. The *R* in *Ribble*, another perplexing word, is supposed by one of the best etymologists of Lancashire place-names to come from *rh*—active, fleet. Dull as the ford over the Irwell at Throstle Nest would be, it would be “fleet” compared with the ford over the *Mersey* at *Stretford* and other fords westward. We have on the *Ribble* a *Trows* or *Troughs Ferry*. The Ordnance Survey has this “*Trowers Ferry*.” A.S. *trog*, *troh*, *troch*—a trough, a tub, a small boat. *Halliwell* has *trow*—a trough, and he quotes: “Till two trowys be gan hyw lede,” which corroborates a fact of *Trows Ferry*, there having been two boats or trows, the curved-like twin boats, in use at this spot. Anybody who knows what a “licken trough” is will at once recognize the close relationship it has to the ferry boat one so often sees in pictures, to wit *Constable’s*, now in the *Art Treasures Exhibition*. The ferry at *Throstle Nest* is still in existence, but the new *Trafford bridge* will, when opened, shortly shut it up. I would just observe that the old word *ea*—water is still retained largely in use not far from *Throstle Nest*; the old ford at *Barton* is *Ea-lane*, locally *Th-ea-lane*. At *Urmston* and *Flixton* there are sheets of water called *Eas*: *Urmston Eas*, *Flixton Eas*. As there was, and partly still is, an *ea* in this sense against *Trafford*, an *ea* which *Brindley* preferred to avoid by taking his canal round, there is some reason for *water-ford*, and this opens the chance of *Th-(the)-ea-ford*, *Th-r-ea-ford*, or *Th-r-af-ford*, *Traf-ford*.

E..K.

## GRINNING LIKE A CHESHIRE CAT.

(Quary No. 431, July 27.)

[438.] On this subject a correspondent, in the second volume of the *Cheshire and Lancashire Historical Collector*, edited by T. Worthington Barlow, F.L.S., gives the following:—“This phrase owes its origin to the unhappy attempts of a sign painter of that county to represent a lion rampant, which was the crest of an influential family, on the sign-beards of many of the inns. The resemblance of these lions to cats caused them to be generally called by the more ignoble name. A similar case is to be found in the village of *Charlton*, between *Pewsey* and *Devizes*, *Wiltshire*. A public-house by the roadside is commonly known by the name of ‘*The Cat at Charlton*.’ The sign of the house was originally a lion or tiger, or some such animal, the crest of the family of *Sir Edward Poore*. *Pulleyn’s Etymological Compendium*; edition of 1863, page 396.”

FRANK FEARNELEY.

## THE CALVERTS.

(Note No. 408, July 29.)

[439.] The Note on the *Charles Calvert*, who, according to *Mr. Letherbrow*, lived at *Glossop Hall* as steward to the *Dukè of Norfolk* some time about the end of the last century, reminds me that the gentleman who performed that function for the duke, and also resided at *Glossop Hall* a few years before 1820, was *Mr. Matthew Joseph Ellison*, whose eldest son, *Mr. Michael Ellison*, afterwards resided in *Sheffield* as (I understand) the agent in chief of the whole of the vast *Norfolk* property. This gentleman’s son is, or was, a *Sheffield* architect in excellent practice.. *Old Mr. Matthew Joseph Ellison* was succeeded in the *Glossop* stewardship by *Thomas*, a younger son than *Michael*, who was living at *Glossop Hall* a little more than forty years ago. Adjoining the old hall, and forming part of it (the present one is substantially a new building, erected, I believe, by the late *Manchester* firm of builders *Messrs. Bowden and Edwards*)—I say adjoining the old hall there was, half a century since and later, a chapel for the accommodation of the small body of Catholics residing in and about *Old and New Glossop*. Over fifty years ago the priest there was a French emigré abbé—the *Rev. Joseph Barbé*—a venerable and kindly Frenchman, by whom, by the way, the present writer was baptised. But this in passing. I write chiefly to ask your accomplished correspondent—or anyone else who knows—if *Mr.*

Letherbrow's Charles Calvert was immediately succeeded by Mr. Matthew Joseph Ellison, or was there an intervening stewardship during the twenty years' interval which I cannot account for? I may just remark that what was the Glossop property of the Dukes of Norfolk, of which Charles Calvert was once steward, is now held by Lord Howard of Glossop (uncle of the present Duke of Norfolk) who resides at the hall, and in whose favour a barony was created some years since.

C. H.

Urmston.

## LIFE OF A JACKDAW.

(Nos. 246 and 396.)

[440.] The following interesting sketch, culled from a local magazine, and written by Mrs. Gover, of Street, Somersetshire, was published in October, 1877. I think it will be a good addition to the notes already given on the Jackdaw. It will be observed that, notwithstanding a life of vicissitudes, this particular Jack attained to the age of eight years. Mrs. Gover says:—"Our jackdaw was quite an amusement to the whole parish. Nearly all the people knew him, and were greatly attached to him, and Jack to them. Children in particular Jack was very fond of, and he would make it a rule to accompany them to school, and then await their coming out, so as to see them home again. Jack also took a great delight in going to the fields where we kept the cows, and would perch about till the milkers had finished their duty, and then accompany them home. If we changed the cows to another field Jack was soon on the scent, for he knew as well as possible where to go; and if he could not find them in one field he would go to another, although a mile or two apart and in quite opposite directions. Jack was also known to visit a certain house in the village: he would enter through the bedroom window, and commence turning out the lady's jewellery boxes, which contained articles of great value. For some time the people of the house were at a loss to know who or what could have placed the things about in such a disorderly manner, for as Jack was always very quiet whilst in mischief, they never knew by his noise. But one day the lady on going to her room found the things as before all over the place, and was so alarmed that she made it known to her neighbours, and by that means found out that Jack was the mischief-maker. Although he scattered the things about in this way, nothing was ever missed

after his visits, but the people were very much afraid he would carry things away, and begged us to keep him at home. Some dolls at this same house, however, to which he seemed to have a great dislike, he did manage to hide, and was found burying them in a strange manner, having dug a sort of grave. At the house of another gentleman, whose jackdaw he used to visit, he once got among a row of photographic chemicals, but was fortunately interrupted before carrying his new amusement very far. Jack continued going about in this way for a very long time; but, meanwhile, he met with some very severe blows. First of all, he had two of his claws nearly cut off with a knife, but we managed to splice and bandage them up, and he got round again. Some time after that he was caught in a gin, and was still more hurt than before. His claws and one of his legs were so dreadfully injured that we were obliged to cut the leg off above the second joint; then he had only one left and a stump. However, notwithstanding all this, he still continued his rounds. Jack was very fond of music, and loved dearly to see and hear us in a bustle. Although we lived nearly a quarter of a mile from the main road through the village, he was always the first to witness anything going by, such as soldiers or a band of music—in fact, anything which caused more noise than usual. Jack was in the habit of going to a grocer's shop, and, tapping at the window, would insist upon the master's giving him a nut or a small piece of cheese, before he would go away. He would also listen for the ringing of the factory bell, as a signal for the people to leave work, and if he found any of our folks there, would perch on their shoulder and so accompany them home. Then he would follow me when I went round to sell the milk, sometimes perching on my sun-bonnet, and chattering so to me that such a crowd of children would collect around that I was obliged to go into a house and remove him before going further. He did not say many words besides "Jack! poor Jack!" Poor Jack took a very great fancy to the parish crier, John Parkman. When he rang his bell Jack was always ready to be off with the poor old man, who took equal notice of him. He was often seen perched on a lamp-iron close by the crier's house, and when Jack saw him he would chatter in his way till the old man was quite delighted. When John Parkman died, his neighbours watched to see what



the jackdaw would do, and on the day of his funeral, when they were bearing his remains to the grave, Jack was the first to follow, and he stayed near by in a tree till the ceremony was over, and then came home and chattered away, as if telling us what had happened, and where he had been. After this, Jack was again caught in a gin, but this time by his beak, and so hurt that he could not pick up his own food. Then we thought he would surely die; however, we nursed him and fed him with bits and drops till his beak began to cross, and then we scraped little bits from the top and under parts till we got it nearly even, and he was able to pick up his food again. Some time after this he was stepped on and got his other leg broken, and then our poor Jack was again an invalid; but he got over this also, and still continued his frequent visits. In the spring of 1878, nearly two years after the old crier's death, his wife died also. She had for many years been bedridden, but had been moved into a different house after her husband's death, and Jack had never had anything to do with her; we do not know if he ever saw her. Some people were wondering if he would attend her funeral; but to the complete astonishment of many Jack lay in wait for the funeral procession on the factory roof, and followed her remains also to the grave. He stayed there till it was all over, and till everyone had left, not being willing to quit the spot; when some cruel boys threw stones at him, and again broke his one remaining leg, so that the poor bird had to be brought home, and remained an invalid there for the rest of his life. Of course, having lost one of his legs entirely, and the use of the other, he could not move out of harm's way; but we were all very fond of him, and kind ladies often came and inquired for him. In this way Jack lived till July of this year, when at eight years of age, and having, as the reader will have seen, undergone many narrow escapes of his life, he at last died a natural death, and we are still keeping his remains (laid out in a shroud, with just his little black head and beak peering out) in a little coffin with a glass lid, as a very great curiosity."

WILLIAM ANDREWS.

Colonial-street, Hull.

MANCHESTER TEMPERANCE PERIODICALS.  
(No. 424.)

[441.] The Manchester Temperance Reporter, published by A. Weston, the first numbers of which appeared August 1, 1849, died, I believe, at the end

of the third or fourth number. On the 15th of the following month it was resuscitated with a neatly cut scroll heading, printed by Grant and Co., Corporation-street. It ran for twenty-one or twenty-two weeks, and then the usual ending. It was edited by Mr. Samuel Pope, now the well-known Q.C., and myself. Mr. Pope contributed a series of articles under his own initials, S.P., entitled "Secrets of Success." But the chief contributor was Alexander Somerville, the famous Whistler at the Plough. He was engaged to write small tales or essays at the rate of 30s. each. One tale, "The Merry Christmas which Came at Last," reprinted in many newspapers, was, in the opinion of the late Archibald Prentice, equal in pathos and descriptive writing to many of the best and most pathetic passages of Charles Dickens's works. Somerville also contributed a series of papers, entitled: "The Race of Life: Winners and Losers," in which he gave some excellent advice on the subjects of social and political economy. Somerville went to Canada, where, it is hoped, he improved his fortunes. Like many other wise men, he could tell others how to go, but lacked the courage or capability of going himself. Mr. Prentice, who had become a teetotaler, contributed a number of articles under such headings as "I cannot afford it." The other contributors were the Revs. Dr. M'Kerrow, T. G. Lee, J. Gutteridge, and S. Tucker; R. Traill, M.A., Dr. F. R. Lees, J. Wilkinson, M.D., J. Critchley Prince, Elijah Ridings, and Fanny E. Lacy. Notwithstanding this array of eminent names, which ought to have ensured life to any serial, the Manchester Temperance Reporter only lived about five months.

This, however, was not quite the ending. A new serial, conducted by Mr. Pope and myself, called The Temperance Reporter and Journal of Useful Literature, appeared on Saturday, February 9, 1850. The size was reduced from small quarto to post octavo; price was one penny. Notwithstanding that the contributors were really men of ability, the Temperance Reporter died in its fifth or sixth number. I remember, amongst other contributions, a charming little poem by my old friend Edwin Waugh, "To a Rose Tree in my Workshop," which appears in his collected works, much enlarged, under the title of: "To the Rose Tree on my Window-sill."

On the 1st of January, 1851, a new serial appeared intended to replace the defunct Reporter. The title

of this fresh aspirant for the favours of the teetotalers was, "The Teetotaler, edited by Joseph Johnson. Published monthly under the sanction of the Manchester and Salford Temperance Advocates Society. Price one halfpenny." On the last page of the *Teetotaler* the appointments of the temperance speakers were printed: this "plan," with the extreme moderateness of the price of the *Teetotaler*, it was thought, would secure a long existence, and a healthy life to the half-penny monthly. All a mistake. The Manchester teetotalers of 1851, if they did not drink, were not given to much reading. They not only took care of their pennies, but were specially careful of their bawbees—at least so far as the *Teetotaler* was concerned. In the July of 1851, the journal ceased to exist, and the enterprising editor found that the venture had entailed a loss of nearly forty pounds.

The Rechabite Magazine and Temperance Journal, edited by Mr. William Grimshaw, which ran into four volumes, published at a penny, ceased to exist in 1850. It was published by Ralph Holker, 277, Great Ancoats-street. From this mournful chapter about Manchester temperance periodicals it will be inferred that teetotalers in the past have not been enthusiastic patrons of literature; perhaps they are not so even at the present. The *Alliance* newspaper is a burden on the subscriptions of the contributors to the expenditure of the United Kingdom Alliance. Take away that support and it is questionable whether the organ of the Alliance would not cease to exist

JOSEPH JOHNSON.

Douglas, Isle of Man.

#### QUERIES.

[442.] HOTEL IN BRIDGE-STREET.—At what part of Bridge-street, Manchester, was situated the hotel, of which Mr. Mendel was proprietor? A. R.

[443.] FREE TRADE TREATIES.—Can any of your seem-to-know-everything correspondents kindly inform me when the first commercial treaty was negotiated in the interest of England, by whom, and under what circumstances? PEACE.

London, July 30.

#### LITERATURE.

A fine copy of the first edition of Milton's *Paradise Lost*, 1688, was sold at Capes, Dunn, and Pilcher's auction-room, Manchester, on Wednesday, for six guineas. A set of Ruskin's *Modern Painters*, five volumes, the edition of 1873 in the publisher's green cloth binding, brought £17. 10s.

#### SHAKSPERE'S TOMB AT STRATFORD-ON-AVON.

The Rev. Dr. Collis, vicar of Stratford-on-Avon, referring to recent criticisms, writes as follows to the *Free and Open Church Advocate*:—

"From time immemorial there has been a charge for seeing this (Shakspere's tomb and the church). Till 1860 it was the perquisite of the clerk; since then it has been collected by a custodian, with a fixed salary, and handed over to the vicar. My predecessor, Mr. Granville, and I, have simply regulated and practically lessened an ordinary charge. Out of this fund we have paid numerous charges for which there is no other fund to pay. After paying the custodian all the year round, visitors or no visitors present, the whole balance (about a modest £100, not 'several hundreds,' as incorrectly stated) has been spent on the church, its choral services, its fabric, and fittings and ornamentation, and in the improvement of the churchyard. Not one penny of the fund has ever gone into any private purse. The charge to strangers is the same as at Shakspere's birthplace, viz., 6d. each; in fact, less, as parties of twenty-five pay only 3d. each. Parishioners, of course, enter their own church free. P.S.—It costs 2s. 6d. to see St. Paul's Cathedral."

The Editor, commenting on Dr. Collis's communication, says:—"Instead of having regulated and practically lessened an ordinary charge, Dr. Collis has put a man at the door, who says, 'we charge sixpence each for seeing the church,' which was most certainly not the case 'from time immemorial.' We do not greatly care what becomes of the fees, our objection being to the enforced payment of any money at all, and we shall continue to protest against it. For a clergyman to argue that because sixpence is charged to see a house—for the birthplace, in spite of its associations, is nothing more—therefore it is proper to demand money for entering a church, is, to say the least, rather peculiar. May we remind Dr. Collis that Shakspere's burial-place is not only the mausoleum of a great poet—it is a Christian church."

#### SCIENCE.

A total eclipse of the sun took place on Monday. It was visible, however, in its total phase, only along a track extending from Eastern Siberia across Behring's Straits, athwart Alaska, British Columbia, and the Western States of America. The most convenient region for observing the eclipse was in the neighbourhood of Denver City, Colorado. To this spot many of the leading astronomers of America had betaken themselves, while Messrs. Ranyard, Lockyer, Penrose, and others went from England. The astronomers assembled at Denver succeeded in taking satisfactory observations and photographs along the line of totality. The corona was unusually bright, extending 70,000 miles from the sun in all directions. The protuberances only were seen, very

faintly visible, on the western side of the moon. There was an entire absence of the pinkish red flames observed on previous occasions, and the spectroscope did not reveal any extra red or violet lines. The results of the observations cannot yet be accurately or completely stated, but some of them may be mentioned. The first and most striking discovery recorded is Professor Newcomb's recognition of the zodiacal light to a distance of six degrees, which would correspond to about ten million miles from the sun. He detected on either side of the sun the zodiacal light, which has hitherto only been seen on one side or the other of the sun, either soon after sunset in spring or shortly before sunrise in autumn. This is a most important discovery, and disposes finally (if it shall appear that Professor Newcomb was satisfied with the evidence) of the theory that the zodiacal light is a phenomenon of our own atmosphere. Next in interest is the discovery that the corona seems to vary in size, lustre, and condition with the number of spots on the sun. The telegrams relating to the search for an intra-mercurial planet are contradictory. Reuter's states that no such planet was observed. Professor Watson, however, saw near the sun a body equal in brightness to a star of magnitude  $4\frac{1}{2}$  (that is between the fourth and fifth magnitudes), and that this body was certainly not a fixed star nor a planet—meaning, doubtless, a known planet. If it should turn out that an intra-mercurial planet has been discovered, the present eclipse will long be remembered as among the most important in the history of astronomy; for the discoveries already noted are sufficient to place it on the same or nearly the same level as the eclipses of 1868-71.

**CYPRUS.**—Mr. H. Lang, a former consul in Cyprus, in an article in the August number of *Macmillan's Magazine*, states that the island is fertile, but uncultivated; productive, but neglected; it is not specially unhealthy, but in certain parts it is infested with fever and ague: its climate is not more trying than Malta and Alexandria, nor less oppressive than Syria and the adjoining coasts. The rainfall is scanty and precarious, and locusts are an ever-menacing scourge to agriculture, though at one time a Pasha of rare energy and beneficence did a good deal for their extermination. Barely one-tenth of the island is at present under cultivation, and the fiscal arrangements of the Turkish Government are such that some of the most lucrative agricultural industries have been abandoned under the pressure of ill-adjusted taxation. The population—about 180,000, of whom rather more than two-thirds are Christians, and the remainder Mahomedans—are peaceful, contented, and singularly honest. Christians and Mussulmans live together in amity; brigandage is unknown.

It was once celebrated for its forests, but few trees now exist in the island, and their disappearance is probably the cause of those disastrous droughts from which the country now suffers. Wine of Cyprus was once the choicest beverage of the Mediterranean, but the cultivation of the vine is checked by Turkish taxation, and the vessels in which the wine is fermented are smeared with tar, so that the common wine of the country has a most unpalatable flavour. Formerly, tobacco of very fine quality was grown in large quantities, but its cultivation has now been almost extinguished by a tax of nearly 50 per cent. Wheat grows readily, but as it is thrashed in the primitive manner of Syria, unchanged since the days of Abraham, the grain becomes mixed with small stones from the threshing floor, and is unfit for use in modern mills. The growth of cotton is practically prohibited by the absurd way of collecting the tax upon it, and nearly every other product on the island is checked in the same way. In fact, the Turkish Government has done its best to render Cyprus a desert, but climate and the forces of nature have been too powerful for the neglect and oppression of man. The island supports itself on one-tenth of its surface very imperfectly cultivated, and pays a revenue to the Porte.

Saturday, August 10, 1878.

#### NOTES.

##### REMINISCENCES OF THE EARLY DAYS OF RAILWAYS.

[444.] Among your pleasing local reminiscences it would doubtless be interesting to many of your young readers were some sexagenarian to give a brief outline of the early days of the railway system in Manchester. For instance, I myself, being on the shady side of that age, have a misty recollection that when our now city was only a town, and about forty years younger, the railway, starting from a comparatively insignificant station at Hunt's Bank, was opened between Manchester and Leeds, not metaphorically but literally with the flourish of a trumpet; and for a long time (months or years) afterwards every train left the station not at the signal of a whistle—engine whistles were not invented then—but at the sound of the trumpet, giving out to the timorous passengers on their first railway venture some cheerful tune as the train triumphantly ascended the steep, until the assuring sound of the music died away on the distant height. In this wise the train took its glorious departure. The mysterious agency that drew it up the incline was not attached direct to the train, but only mediately connected therewith afar off at Miles Plat-

ting. One end of a rope was made fast to the train, the other to a large drum propelled by steam. In the centre of the "four-foot" pulleys were fixed at intervals, under the train, to keep the rope in its place. As the drum revolved the rope was coiled and the train drawn up, and another train was let down by the uncoiling of a rope at the other end of the revolving drum; and thus the two trains passed each other on the middle of the dangerous incline.

Moreover, in those infant days of railways, springs and spring buffers were as yet un-invented. In this respect goods trucks and passenger trucks were alike; and so, when a train started, jolt, jolt, we went one after the other, till all were on the move. The third-class carriages were big boxes, without seats, and neck high. Children and people of small stature were monarchs of all they surveyed, and that was limited to the contents of the big box and the sky overhead. Moreover, there were peep-holes at the bottom of the box for the amusement of children of larger growth to watch the train passing over red-hot cinders, too ponderous to be thrown among the passengers in the box; the said peep-holes were invented to let off the surplus rain-water unabsorbed by the people's clothing, open umbrellas in the box being an unendurable nuisance. Having thus passed through various tunnels pouring down floods of dirty water and behind a steam-engine belching forth volumes of black smoke and showers of hot ashes, these heroic passengers, after about three hours in purgatory, safely arrived at their destination, but so wet, bedraggled, and begrimed that they had first to recognize the anxious friends who met them at Leeds station, for their friends knew not them who had been metamorphosed from whites to blacks during their exciting and perilous journey.

One day an old man asked for a ticket. "Where for?" "Leeds." "What class?" "Any class, only not them standing seats!" Number one improvement, the boxes were made with less timber, being only half the height with seats in them. This box, when the person was seated being only shoulder high, tempted many young and foolish persons to sit on the edge of the box, their feet resting on the seat; by the jerking of the train several fell overboard and were either killed or injured. To prevent this the railway companies next put on a low top but left the sides still open; and you may fancy the kind of travelling in a wet, cold, winter day, especially on the

windy side of the carriage. Next, we had cozy, wooden sides, with small windows, like angels' visits few and far between, and so high up that a passenger had to stand to see out.

I trust this rude sketch will induce some abler hand to trace with more exact detail the rise and progress of the railway system. ANGLO SCOTUS.

#### MANCHESTER NOTABILITIES: OLD PEPA, THE MATCHMAN.

[445.] A few only of your sexagenarian readers will remember this somewhat remarkable worthy (for those who knew him best believed him to be a worthy); and if I remember rightly at his death, perhaps half a century ago, a notice of him appeared in some of the Manchester journals. As far as I remember his chief points for public observation were his clock-work-like movements, those accustomed to him knowing to a minute when they could depend upon the delivery of his matches; and casual observers, for the same reasons, could always rely upon the precise hour of the day as they noted him passing any given point. In this respect he had an imitator in the old Chelsea-bun-man of pleasant memory, whose delicious buns, hot from his charcoal tray, were one of the essentials to scores of expectant clerks or other office officials, to whom they were a welcome morning lunch. The extraordinary tone of voice was also one of the peculiarities of this bun-maker, being singularly piercing and deep-toned and very musical; but I never could divest myself of the feeling that he announced his buns agreeably with the thorough bass progressions of the musical scale, viz., the tonic, subdominant, dominant, and back to the tonic, with now and then an upper third and an occasional sharp seventh thrown in for variety.

But I am forgetting old Pepa, who was an old stager and before the Manchester public a long course of years prior to my knowing him; one generation of boys having been succeeded by another in perpetuating the nickname Pepa, which he direfully resented could he get the offender within reach of his stout walking stick. His real name I never knew, but it would doubtless appear in the notice alluded to above, and also his residence. His methodical system of distributing his matches was perhaps unique, as he would only serve in his rounds, taken once a week, those

persons who undertook a contract with him and even then his stipulation was that a receptacle should be provided in some window or door into which he could thrust his matches without delay or hindrance, as if any obstacle stood in his way he would pass on to the next customer, never taking the trouble in such cases to knock or ring the bell. He also did what few match vendors would or could imitate, which was to give quarterly accounts to contractors; and on pay days he would call just as methodically at an appointed time for the money, and if not ready would again pass on, but would close the account, as everyone must bend to his humour. His nickname of Pepa would doubtless originate with some waggish boy who would have noted his efforts to find on dark mornings (his rounds commencing at six a.m., winter and summer) the box or other receptacle for his wares, probably a hole in a dark cellar window; the nickname would therefore be suggestive enough. Boys he considered his natural enemies, as knowing his susceptibility they rarely missed a safe opportunity of singing out his cognomen; but he was held by them in very wholesome dread, as he could fling his stick with the accuracy of an old adept at Aunt Sally. Piccadilly, Oldham-street, Mosley-street—then all dwelling-houses—were his best markets. Of course his matches were of that excellence that secured a widespread connection. Always of the best red pine-wood, and nearly double the length of the ordinary match, besides being well dipped in pure brimstone, and seven bunches a penny, no wonder he was well patronized; a good match in those flint-and-steel days being one of the first desiderata in domestic economy.

In appearance he was tall and quaint, and probably not far wide of seventy years old at his death. I never saw him without a blue gingham handkerchief tied over his head, over which he wore a slouched felt hat. His well-worn match basket over his left arm, and formidable looking stick completed his outfit, which the photographer would have revelled in copying at this day.

To many persons the old flint-and-steel method of procuring a light may seem somewhat incomprehensible, and there can be no question that before the age of lucifers, but little over thirty years ago, a well-appointed tinder-box, with its appurtenances,

was a matter of no small moment in every household, any one of the materials required being damp or carelessly prepared often enough involving one incessant clink, clink, clink, perhaps for twenty or thirty minutes together; and then have to be given up in despair, while the worried housewife would have to run to her nearest neighbour, lantern and candle in hand, to beg a light. Then imagine, at Christmas time, the very old superstition which did not permit one either to beg or to give a light out of your own house for a period, I think, of fourteen days—a law which many observe even to this day. Under such circumstances how can we sufficiently estimate the blessings the modern lucifer has conferred upon society. To the poorer classes the purchasing of a suitable tinder-box was often beyond their means, a moderately well-fitted-up box being worth 2s. 6d. Such a box would contain two compartments, one with a damper lid, to extinguish the tinder as soon as a light was obtained, and the other was the receptacle for the flint, steel, and matches. Upon the texture of the flint very much depended, vast numbers of a common kind being sold to the unwary, from which only very feeble sparks could be produced. A good steel, again, was a scientifically prepared instrument, with a protecting handle, which served the double purpose, first, of lessening the chances on a dark morning of chipping a piece out of your knuckles, and, next, of readily yielding a succession of vivid sparks, which were expected to retain caloric enough to ignite the tinder, or all your labours were thrown away. The tinder was perhaps the most tickle thing of all to prepare, and thousands of heads of families have lived and died without ever being able to make a reliable quality. My old dad was tinder-maker in general for our house, and he was sufficiently egotistical to be proud of his attainment. Though the day is gone by for such things, I may name that his system was to roast a piece of linen (not calico) about a foot square before the fire until nicely browned. He then ignited it, and while blazing would place it in the tinder-box and cover closely up for use. Either over or under-burnt tinder was an evil, as the sparks driven upon it would ignite with difficulty. The matches, we see above, were also a grand essential, and the excellence of old Pepa's wares placed him in the category of being one of the benefactors of mankind.

R. E. BIRBY.

Denton.

#### ERRORS OF LETTER WRITERS.

[446.] The force of example alone can explain the use of an expression which I continually notice in published letters. The writer concludes by saying, "I have much more to add, but space compels me to stop short;" or, "I would continue the quotation, but space forbids." Sometimes the hindrance comes in a more terrible form: "I might prolong the controversy, but time and space admonish me to conclude." It takes away one's breath to imagine time and space combining to prevent the completion of a letter. If paper failed the writer would not say, "I have a great deal more to add, but paper prevents me." If his ink, moreover, was exhausted, he would not complain "Paper and ink compel me to bring my letter to a close." It is want of time or space, or paper, or ink that mercifully makes letters short.

W. A. O'CONNOR.

#### COMMENTS AND ANSWERS.

##### BRADLEY THE ARTIST.

(Nos. 281, 286, 302, 319, 335, 363, 385, and 411.)

[447.] The several notices and criticisms which have appeared upon this foremost of Manchester artists will at least have the effect of materially lessening the labours of the future historian, who will find therein an olio varied enough from which to draw his most original and reliable matter, though perhaps not in all cases the most satisfactory. The dry but pungent causticity of a Letherbrow will, however, have most righteously toned down much of the sensational and deprecatory gossip, which alone seemed to animate some of the earlier scribes, whose knowledge of the artist was confined to the "little all" that could be scraped together of a somewhat imaginary poverty and a still more imaginary death-bed. We find, however, much more solid and even abundant material in the reminiscences of the great painter's confreres, Percy and Crozier, who so nobly stepped forward and gave us matter which might otherwise have been lost in obscurity. There is a generosity in this which is all the more praiseworthy as coming from rivals in art, who are sometimes said to be actuated by feelings which

Dare not damn, yet will not praise.

It is not my province or intention to re-criticize what has been previously written, so much as to add a few additional reminiscences with which I am familiar, from a somewhat short but for the time

pretty intimate acquaintance. This began while a clerk with Messrs. Daintry, Ryle, and Co. (say from the year 1833), where two nephews of the artist, Mr. Richard and Mr. Charles Rathbone Bradley, were also employed, the former as junior cashier. Mr. Richard Bradley was himself a very fair amateur with his pencil, chiefly in landscape, and he spent many of his leisure hours with his uncle and received many valuable hints from him, which I, in turn, benefited by, as I often accompanied him in these visits and was also an enthusiast in art (figure drawing). Nothing could exceed the generous interest and encouragement he gave to both of us; but his nephew, finding landscape must in his limited leisure finally become his hobby, quietly abandoned his uncle's precepts on the human form divine, and indeed all other hobbies finally became absorbed by the necessary attention his business demanded, only to break out again after a lapse of perhaps thirty years, when the old love again brought us together. The bank-governor, Mr. W. R. Ravenscroft, also cemented a close friendship with the painter, and was not slow to give proofs of this friendship, introducing him silently but securely to circles whose patronage was worthy of the artist's high attainments, and at that time he had more offers as sitters than he cared about accepting; his London circle taking him away from Manchester, often for two or three weeks together. As custodians of his banking affairs we were forced to the conclusion that his London practice was of a more remunerative character than that of his native place (Manchester), the latter, for full lengths, being commonly one hundred guineas; while some of his London cheques would often be double this amount. These were, perhaps, the best of his days, and certainly he was then a very hard worker. Indeed it is highly probable he then laid the seeds of that mental abstraction and misanthropy which eventually overtook him and unfitted him for that close application so essential in the finish of his portraits, many being undertaken but left at different stages unfinished. Another thing is also certain, viz., that his tastes lay not in dry portrait painting; and as years increased upon him this distaste seemed to become more deeply rooted. Could his sitters have reconciled themselves to the suggestions he so frequently made, which were—particularly with lady sitters—to adopt a pose either of some historical character, or of costume or attitude, or even seated on a rustic bench, he would then have worked

with a will and taken an interest in giving the portrait those living touches which would have created the object of all art, viz., a thing of beauty and a joy for ever. His passion (for it was a passion) for sketching the female figure was an undying one, though in his best days he accepted them as sitters with reluctance. To begin with, he used to remark that they seldom have the same face twice together. Then, again, they often put him out of temper by their punctilious dalliance before the mirror, while he was waiting at his easel, brush in hand, impatient to begin.

Many years ago a criticism appeared upon his works, I think in a London paper, which described him as being deficient in imagination or creative faculty. Such an opinion could only have been arrived at from the critic having a knowledge of his portraits only. His portfolios, generally accessible to callers, would show scores of fancy subjects, in all stages of completion, in which it was evident he run riot in imagination. Many of these he intended to work out as finished pictures when time allowed; and from the originality of the designs, together with the attractive subjects, it is the world's loss he could not carry out his ideas. For young and chubby children, particularly if a spice of mischief lurked in their countenances, he had an especial fondness. A neighbour's boy at Longsight, four to five years old, was often a model for him. I have an original outline, prepared for a painting, in which the young urchin is preparing for the evening's tubbing, and two of these finished to order, wherever they are, would be regarded as gems in conception and art. A sketch of another sturdy-looking imp (head and shoulders only) is in my possession, and proves that in this branch of art water-colour drawing he had a masterly mind. It is probable that hundreds of original sketches, which he was perpetually striking off for exercise and amusement, went into his waste paper basket, from which, as privileged visitors, his nephew and myself would get permission to transfer them to our scrap-books; and at one time I had several real art specimens, many of which have been lent and never returned. His faculty of painting from memory, it has already been said, was somewhat marvellous. As an instance of this he had a promise from a lady to sit for her portrait, which her health never permitted her to fulfil. But in this instance he was particularly desirous to obtain a sitting from the

lady, who having that cast of beauty—viz., splendid eyes and long silken eyelashes, together with a rich brunette complexion—he considered would fulfil his ideal of a Spanish beauty; so, without attempting to wait for a sitting, he made a sketch from memory alone, in which she was depicted as a Spanish donna, and so admirable was the likeness that it was instantly known by those who knew the lady, though he had given her all the externals of the high-born Signorina.

I note Mrs. Isabella Banks's remarks upon an unfinished portrait of Liverseege's being entrusted to Mr. Bradley to finish. Whether the latter ever moved in the matter I don't know; but I do know that an unfinished portrait of Liverseege's was touched up by his friend James Simister, of Downing-street, Ardwick, a very promising artist. I have passed many afternoons with these two gentlemen at the rooms of the latter, where they studied together and took likenesses of each other. Mr. Bradley was, however, chiefly consulted about the works of Liverseege when they were put in hand for publication; and I believe he formed one of the committee, along with Mr. Lot Gardiner, Mr. W. B. Ravenscroft, and a few others, who made themselves responsible for the costs.

R. E. BIBBY.

Denton.

**MENDEL'S HOTEL IN BRIDGE STREET.**

(Query No. 442, August 3.)

[448.] Mendel's Hotel in Bridge-street was at the corner of Dole Field, the farthest from Deansgate.

J. BURY.

The hotel in Bridge-street, of which Mr. Mendel was proprietor, was the building situate between Dolefield and the old Police Court. It was for some time used as a Children's Hospital, and is now occupied by a furnishing company. THOMAS HEWITT.

This hotel was situated at the lower end of Bridge-street, within a short distance of Gartside-street, and consequently on the left-hand side going down. It had a very fine room in the rear which was connected with the hotel by a kind of narrow bridge and was left for balls and concerts. ISABELLA BANKS.

**THE FIRST TREATY OF COMMERCE.**

(Query No. 443, August 3.)

[449.] The first English treaty of commerce of which I can discover any record is that concluded by the ministers of Edward the Sixth, about 1550, with Gustavus Ericson, king of Sweden, by which it was stipulated that if he sent bullion into England he might export English commodities without paying

custom; that he should carry bullion to no other prince; that if he sent steel and copper he should pay custom for English commodities as an Englishman; and that if he sent other merchandise he should have free intercourse, paying custom as a stranger. Such is the not very lucid account of this early treaty, as given by David Hume on the authority of Heylin. The main object appears to have been the encouragement of the importation of bullion into England, as we are told that the result of the arrangement was to set the mint to work, and much of the base metal formerly issued was recalled—"a circumstance which tended extremely to the encouragement of commerce." At the time the treaty was made the trade of England was almost wholly carried on by foreigners.

W. MORLAND.

THE FIRST ROMAN CATHOLIC CHAPEL IN  
MANCHESTER.

(Nos. 359, 380, 417, and 432.)

[450.] C. H. evinces so much feeling and sympathetic interest in Book-street Chapel, its priests, and its people, that I may perhaps be pardoned for offering to him a trifle additional information. About 1750 there was but a small band of Roman Catholics in Manchester—say about forty—one of whom was a direct ancestress of mine, whose husband, my ancestor, leased a pew in Book-street Chapel, in which she and their daughters worshipped, himself and their sons attending the Old Church, of which he was a churchwarden. Shortly after that time first began, in very small numbers, the exodus of people from Ireland to Manchester, increasing as factories arose requiring hands. Many of these new comers used in summer time to walk over to the family chapel at Trafford Hall, until they became so numerous and their visits so frequent that John Trafford, grandfather of Sir Humphrey, built a chapel at Barton, which only a few years ago was superseded by the present beautiful edifice. From these small arrivals has outcome the vast Roman Catholic population of Manchester, an index to which is the great procession of its schools and guilds on Whit Friday. Many years' residence in Ireland, with observance of the patient endurance of "its pathetic and sublime poverty," won for its people my deepest esteem, whilst the character of Father Broomhead, who was loved and revered by all sects and creeds in Manchester, has descended with hallowed regard in my own family till now.

JAMES BURY.

August 5, 1876.

THE SKIPTON CASTLE LEGEND—"DESORMAIS."

(Query No. 78, February 9.)

[451.] The inscription over the modern (sic) entrance runs thus:—"This Skipton Castle was repayed by the Lady Anne Clifford, Westmoreland, and Vesieie, Lady of the Honour of Skipton in Craven and Sheriffesse by inheritance of the countye of Westmoreland, in the yeare 1657 and 1658, after the maine part of itt had layne ruinous ever since December, 1648, and the January followinge, when itt was then pulled down and demolished almost to the foundation by the command of the Parliament, then sitting at Westminster, because itt had bin a garrison in the then civil warres in England. Isaiiah, chap. lviii. God's name be praised."

This Lady Anne Clifford was the celebrated Countess of Pembroke, and Skipton Castle was only one out of six which she repaired, besides a church or two which she re-built. She had good reason to call herself a "repairer of the breach," as she did with the warranty of Isaiiah, viz.:—"And they that be of thee shall build the old waste places; thou shalt raise up the foundations of many generations; and thou shalt be called the repairer of the breach, the restorer of paths to dwell in." No motto or legend could therefore be more appropriate than the one inscribed here and there on Skipton Castle—*Désormais*—for the future; for those who come after! And surely she repaired the breach and left a name "to the future," a name not to be forgotten by any student of English history.

ISABELLA BANKS.

London.

QUERIES.

[452.] MANCHESTER ARTIST.—Was there a Manchester artis named Dingle, and are his works much valued?  
JAMES MOSS.

[453.] MILLAIS' LORENZO AND ISABELLA.—What is the scene depicted by Millais in his Lorenzo and Isabella, No. 223, fourth room, in the recent Art Treasures Exhibition at the Royal Institution, Mosley-street?  
JAMES MOSS.

[454.] LANDLORDS' RECEIPTS.—Mr. James Taylor's reply and quotation settles the question that if a receipt is given at all, and the amount paid is £2 or over, a stamped receipt only is legal. But the landlord says, "I am not bound by law to give a written receipt at all for rent." Can Mr. Taylor or any other of your correspondents refer me to the clause which will refute this statement?  
C. T. B.



Saturday, August 17, 1878.

NOTES.

A NOTABLE MANCHESTER MUSIC BOOK: NAME OF  
COMPILER WANTED.

[455.] About forty years ago a small volume of printed music, all hymn tunes, was given to me under circumstances of some little mystery, as the donor said the compiler of the work had got it up as a free gift, and for the use of the chapel and Sunday-school choirmasters of Manchester and neighbourhood. The compiler of the book was evidently known to my friend, but he said he was not at liberty to divulge the name. There is, however, so much merit in the work, and so much that is unusual, that it would be a loss to posterity to allow the name to sink into oblivion or that his talent should any longer remain hid under a bushel. The book is oblong and about seven by five inches. It is substantially bound in half calf, without title page or any prefatory remarks, and is chiefly valuable as being one of the most complete collections of hymn tunes I ever met with, numbering 934 tunes originally. It is not paged, but the tunes are numbered consecutively from 1 to 934, though in my copy some of the leaves appear to have been purposely omitted in the binding. The chief curiosity about the book is that it is said to have been altogether (except the paper) the work of the compiler—the letterpress, the notation (evidently plate printing), and the binding, all being the work of his own hands. For a work containing so many tunes there is no reason to suppose quality has been sacrificed to quantity, the compositions being as a rule good, and in many of the tunes I find less meddling with the original harmonies than is customary with compilers. I fix the age of the book at about fifty years ago, as there are tunes in it which only came out shortly before that period. The work must have involved no little cost and labour, and of course a large number must have been struck off to supply the whole of the Sunday-school and choirmasters in the neighbourhood. So disinterested and benevolent a design should find a record in your Notes and Queries.

R. E. BIBBY.

Denton.

COMMENTS AND ANSWERS.

MENDEL'S HOTEL.

(Nos. 442 and 443.)

[456.] Mr. Bury and Mr. Hewitt are quite correct in saying this hotel was at the corner of Dolefield, in Bridge-street, and so is Mrs. Banks in her first sentence, but she uses a novelist's licence in making two inns into one by connecting with the above the fine room of Ladyman's or Hayward's Hotel, which was nearer Deansgate, and occupied the site of the present Queen's Theatre. There the Choral and Harmonic Society used to hold their concerts and annual ball, and at one time the gentleman's glee club met there, but the dilapidated state of the room, partly caused by a fire during their tenancy, caused the club to remove to the Clarence, whence it afterwards migrated to its old quarters at the Albion.

SAMUEL COTTAM, F. R. Hist. S.

THE FIRST ROMAN CATHOLIC CHAPEL IN  
MANCHESTER.

(Nos. 359, 380, 417, 432, and 450.)

[457.] In his notice of the Catholic Chapel in Mulberry-street, C.H. has erroneously given "Richard" as the name of the Rev. Henry Gillow, the much-respected pastor of this congregation. The Rev. Henry Gillow was one of an old Fylde family distinguished for the extraordinary number of priests it has given to the Church both before and since the Reformation. His eldest brother, the Very Rev. Richard Dean Gillow, was for forty-one years the priest at Fernyhalgh, near Preston, and his youngest brother was the late Very Rev. John Gillow, D.D., vice-president of Ushaw College, Durham. With respect to the "silver hair" and "pure pallid face," I would point out that he was comparatively a young man, but powdered his hair, as was the custom of the older clergy at that time, and that his complexion was anything but "pallid." He was distinguished for his neat clerical attire, wearing the knee-breeches, silver buckles, and costume of an older date. Teare wrote and published a short poem on his death, and for many years after both his bust and a small engraved portrait were common in the town. His memory was held in such general respect that his funeral partook of quite a public character, and the streets through which the cortège passed were lined with a vast concourse of people; and gentlemen of all denominations walked in the procession, or were

represented by their carriages, from Mulberry-street to St. Augustine's, Granby Row, where the burial took place.

J. H.

**BRADLEY'S PORTRAIT OF LIVERSEEGE AT PEEL PARK.**

(No. 411, July 20.)

[458.] My attention has been drawn to a recent biography of Henry Liverseege, written by one who claims to have known him well and who states that Liverseege and Bradley were not acquainted. Mr. George Richardson says (page 18 of Memoir):—"It has gone forth that Mr. Bradley, the late portrait painter, was a good friend to the artist in London. Whoever may entertain this impression, we beg to say that it is incorrect. Mr. Bradley did not even know him; so that if Liverseege had any solicitude upon that score it was doomed to disappointment."

The following letter is amongst my Bradley papers, and may be interesting:—"Wm. Bradley, Esq., King-street. My dear sir: I am most anxious to know how you are. Am exceedingly unwell myself and did not rise until near eleven or should have been with you early this morning. I much regret that the weather and my health forbids my having the pleasure of calling on you. My aunt, uncle, and sister send their respects, and hope you are better. If you dare venture out, and are not engaged, a little chat with you would be no small gratification to yours very truly—Henry Liverseege. Tuesday, three o'clock."

The Peel Park portrait of Liverseege was painted by William Bradley and afterwards engraved as a frontispiece to the works of Liverseege. It is given in the list as the property of Thomas Agnew, Esq., who presented the oil portrait to Peel Park. A lady correspondent (Mrs. Linnaeus Banks, No. 411) states that it was painted by Liverseege, which is an error. The Memoir of Liverseege by Charles Swain, of which I have the printer's proof (it was Bradley's, with Swain's corrections), says of the portrait:—"The posthumous portrait (the engraving of which accompanies and graces this memoir), from the pencil of his kind and distinguished friend Mr. Bradley, is strikingly correct, and gives that which is the noblest grasp of art—the intellectual character of his features; it is, in truth of delineation and fine marking, such as all who knew him will estimate, and reflects credit upon the talents of the painter."

Mrs. Oswald Allen (formerly Mrs. Bradley), in writing me says:—"Mr. Bradley was not a man to claim any merit not belonging to him, and I think the Liverseege was in Peel Park before Mr. Bradley's death, and I never heard that it was other than my late husband's painting. Had I been speaking on the subject I think my feelings would have been that Mr. Bradley painted the picture entirely, and that I saw him working from a cast of Liverseege that he had painted flesh tint to give a better idea of the likeness, and I should also have thought Mr. Bradley took the cast himself, or a person Mr. Bradley would recommend, named Bally. Percy will, I think, remember whether Mr. Bradley painted the picture or not."

On my asking Mr. William Percy whether Bradley did not paint the Peel Park portrait of Henry Liverseege, he replied, "certainly he did," adding, "He told me all about it; how, when Liverseege died, he went and made a drawing, and took a cast himself of his face. Mr. Michael P. Calvert went with him, and Bradley spent the day on the drawing. Feeling weary he took a little gin and water and became rather excited. Bradley said to Calvert, 'he has moved, he isn't dead, he's alive.'" Percy said, "Old Luke painted a very small portrait of Liverseege at his easel, in profile, a half-length sort of thing in oil."

I myself remember Bradley relating to me particulars respecting Liverseege's death, and that on hearing of it he at once took his chalks and made a drawing from him. Some years ago a short paragraph appeared, I think in the *Examiner*, stating that Mr. Agnew, senior, during a brief visit to London, had met with a chalk drawing of Liverseege (viz., a portrait) by himself. I looked in at Exchange-street and on seeing it observed to Mr. Nutter that the date on it was written by Bradley, and that it must be the drawing done the morning Liverseege died. On my return home I referred to a memorial sheet of the artist, black edged, and found I was right. One artist still survives who was intimate with Liverseege, viz., Mr. William Knight Keeling, of Barton-on-Irwell. Many years ago I had a head in oil by Liverseege to look at—it might be to varnish. I think I know the present possessor. Most likely it might be the one your correspondent may have mistaken, or at least her informants, for the looking-glass picture. I think I have done enough to prove that Liverseege knew Bradley, and that Bradley painted the Liverseege portrait at Peel Park.

ROBERT CROZIER.

47, Sidney-street, All Saints, August 9, 1878.

**NUTTING A CAUSE OF ILLEGITIMACY.**

(Note No. 391, July 13.)

[459.] The Rev. W. A. O'Connor, I see, makes an enquiry suggested by the fact known in rural parishes that illegitimacy prevails mostly in given years, and is almost absent from others. I have heard a very short answer to this enquiry, based on the observation of a rural clergyman who had noted such facts. He stated that nuts, like blackberries, have their good years, when young people in the country go out in nutting parties to gather them, and that the year after a good nutting year is always fruitful in illegitimate births.

DELTA.

**JOSEPH BROTHERTON'S MOTTO.**

(Nos. 386 and 400)

[460.] In reply to J. G. respecting the authorship of the inscription on Brotherton's statue, permit me to express my belief that we are indebted for the sentiment in question to Epicurus, the founder of the school of philosophy which bears his name. The following passage, taken from Mr. G. H. Lewes's *History of Philosophy*, occurs in an epitome of Epicurus' teachings:—"Wealth consisted not in having great possessions, but in having small wants." The similarity of this quotation to the inscription above-named is striking. One of your correspondents hints that Adam Smith or Socrates gave expression to a similar thought. I should be glad to know where it is to be found in the writings of either.

WM. HEALEY.

**THE FIRST TREATY OF COMMERCE.**

(Nos. 443 and 449.)

[461.] Your correspondents PEACE and W. MORLAND will find much information on this subject in Anderson's *Origin of Commerce*, published in 1783. They will there find an account of the first English commercial treaty. It was concluded in 1338 between Edward III. and "the good people of the towns, castellaines, and lands of the whole country of Flanders." The substance of the treaty was:—"That the King (Edward) should allow the towns and free people of Flanders to resort with their ships to the ports of England, freely to buy wool and other English wares; and the like freedom to be allowed to the English merchants to resort to the ports of Flanders with their ships and merchandize; but no ships shall be permitted to enter their ports but in case of stress

of weather. The said towns also promise, for themselves and the free country of Flanders, not to intermeddle in the war between England and France."

X.

**LANDLORDS' RECEIPTS.**

(Nos. 429, 436, and 454.)

[462.] Section 120 of the Act says:—"The term 'receipt' means and includes any note, memorandum, or writing whatsoever whereby any money amounting to two pounds or upwards, or any bill of exchange or promissory note for money amounting to two pounds or upwards, is acknowledged or expressed to have been received or deposited or paid, or whereby any debt or demand, or any part of a debt or demand, of the amount of two pounds or upwards, is acknowledged to have been settled, satisfied, or discharged, or which signifies or imports any such acknowledgment, and whether the same is or not signed with the name of any person." Therefore any person (be he landlord or anything else) is bound to give a written (or printed if he likes) receipt for rent to the person (tenant or not) paying the same, if the latter requires it, as such person should do. It is simply ridiculous to say that because he is a landlord he is not compelled by law to do so. If your correspondent C. T. B. will refer to answer (No. 436) in your issue of the 3rd instant, he will find that sub-sections 1, 2, and 3, of section 123 is very decisive: "If any person," &c. Well, does not a landlord, whoever he may be, come under that category? I think, so; and if C. T. B.'s landlord's refuses, and still refuses, he (C. T. B.) had better acquaint the Commissioners of Stamps, whose offices are situate in Mount-street, at the corner of Dickinson-street. It does not follow that because the word "landlord" is not used that he must be exempt.

JAMES TAYLOR.

A demand for rent ranks much higher than many other demands. For instance, it ranks higher than a demand upon a bond or other specialty, although in case of death it ranks against the executor with specialty debts. So when the landlord takes a bond, bill, or note, this will not bar him of his remedies for rent. A receipt for rent—like all other receipts, no matter of whatsoever rank—requires a penny stamp if the sum amounts to two pounds and upwards. See 33 and 34 Vict., c. 87, s. 120, and schedule receipt. There are a number of exemptions from stamp duty, which to enumerate would occupy too

much of your space. They have been collected by Mr. Thomas Spence, the special pleader, and are set out by J. W. Smith, LL.D., in his Legal Forms, but rent does not form one of them.

MORDAUNT BUCKLEY.

London, 12 August, 1878.

#### MORE ABOUT SNAKES.

(Nos. 297 and 301.)

[463.] I have only recently seen the Note (No. 297) which alludes to the possibility of a race of two-headed snakes, a specimen of which your correspondent believes he met with, but he was doubtless deceived by appearances. Snakes may occasionally be seen coiled round each other, probably in play, and this may have given rise to the supposition of a double-headed one. They certainly have the gift of facial or transforming powers; when apparently a snake tailed at both ends may present themselves, such deceptions not being easily detected, as most of us prefer keeping a safe distance from reptiles so loathed. Their power of elongating and also of widening the jaws at pleasure is certain, and this is best witnessed when the snake is luxuriating at length in the warm sun on a log or large stone. When thus elongated it certainly appears to have a tail at both ends, both equally tapering off to a point.

In South Derbyshire snakes are plentiful enough, and I have seen dozens together basking in the sun in one haunt alone. One well-remembered rendezvous for them was a sandy lane and embankment, with plenty of furze and heather for cover, and some scores of holes which I suspected had once been a rabbit warren. This colony has afforded me many a nice bit of sport on warm summer days, when the vermin would be unsuspectingly lying about, and has afforded a fine field for observation. But I never cared about disturbing or intruding upon them except when accompanied by my trusty dog Ned—a bull-and-terrier, which enjoyed a scamper among their snakeships with as much zest as I did. But this dog, brave as the breed proverbially is, had equally strong objections to close quarters with them; and so long as they faced about, which, when closely pressed they invariably did, he would keep out of reach of their spring, barking furiously all the time. But woe be to them if they miscalculated their chances of reaching the hole, and attempted to gain

its shelter head foremost. In such cases some portion of the body and tail would be momentarily exposed which Ned would seize and tear asunder. The snake rarely, or I may say never, attacks unless too closely pressed by an opponent. In such cases they will retreat backward, but will still show fight. When thus threatened they will unnerve almost any man, the head, with jaws distended, and a double pronged tongue darting in and out, keeping up a vigorous undulating motion, not at all unlikely to dart in upon you.

I never got at any reliable information how far these snakes were venomous. The village-men did not seem to shun them; on the contrary, farmers would commonly seek them up, and destroy them for the value of their skins, which make the toughest and best of thongs for tying the threshing flail to its handle—a single thong commonly lasting the threshing season over. But I always suspected that Ned's instinct taught him their bite was poisonous, as he would not touch the head of a snake either alive or dead. Though the snake tribe is considered to be so wary, it is surprising how soundly they seem to sleep. I came accidentally upon one coiled up in a circle, on a cinder path, and neither my foot-steps nor the noise I made in tearing a stout switch from a hedge close by at all disturbed it. Thus armed, I had no compunction about "murdering sleep," and peering about for a sure blow at its head, I was again non-plussed in my ability to find out at which end of the coil the head lay, until a poke from my stick roused it, when the head darted up from the centre a couple of feet high, and with an aspect so fierce and threatening as almost to unnerve me. But a target so favourable I could not well miss, and a single stroke from my switch nearly cut it in two.

There is a colony of snakes on a rocky hill-side opposite Cat-cliffe, Todmorden, which the inhabitants much dread, as lurking among the erratic boulders and thick underwood, the vermin can scarcely be seen until we are upon them. I had an afternoon's enjoyment considerably abridged some time ago by the precautionary warnings of a geological friend who was showing me over the district. He had some years before accidentally trodden upon one which retaliated by flying at his legs, without, however, doing him any injury.

R. E. BIBBY.

Denton.

QUERIES.

[464.] *Esq.*—Would any of your readers kindly afford information relative to the title *Esq.*? What is its origin and what its modern meaning?

ENQUIRER.

[465.] A QUESTION OF GRAMMAR.—Is it correct to say "different from" or "different to?" Thus:—"His remarks were different from anything he had previously uttered." As some of our most eminent orators do not agree in the use of this phrase I should be glad if some of your philological correspondents would give their opinion upon it.

X. L. C. R.

[466.] JAMES BAGGOT, THE CHELSEA BUN MAN. Can any correspondent give an account of this individual, well known for nearly half a century in the streets of Manchester, and the third and last of the race? He is described in Slater's Manchester and Salford Directory for 1852 as James Baggot, Chelsea bun maker, 15, John-street, Salford. It is somewhat remarkable that Mr. R. W. Proctor, in his *Memorials of Manchester Streets*, gives so short a notice of one so well known.

G. H. S.

Heaton Moor.

[467.] DANIEL HARTLEY, THE PRESTON GIANT. I should be glad of any information respecting the life, date of death, and place of burial, of a Mr. Daniel Hartley, described in an old handbill as follows:—"Daniel Hartley, the infant giant, a native of Preston in Lancashire. This phenomenon of nature is only twelve years of age, stands five feet four inches high, is the astonishing weight of twenty-four stone, measures round his body seven feet seven inches, round his thigh forty-two inches, across his shoulders three feet six inches. He has five fingers and a thumb upon each hand, and six toes on each foot. This youth is also double-jointed, possesses excellent symmetry, pleasing features, solid flesh, with a beautiful fair skin, and certainly is the most remarkable prodigy of nature ever seen. His infant brother died at Manchester on Sunday, April 13, 1839, aged eighteen months, who was also double-jointed, and if he had lived was likely to have been his rival, being possessed of the same extraordinary gifts of nature. The above youth may be seen with his mother, who is of ordinary stature. What is most remarkable, her having two sons born such wonderful prodigies and a large family of children of natural growth." Will any of your readers kindly inform me whether any printed history of Mr. Daniel Hartley's life has been published, and if any relations are now living in Preston or Manchester? I believe the name is common in the latter city.

D. R. J.

[468.] AN AQUATIC TOURNAMENT IN SALFORD. We have had several "leaders" and letters in the papers lately about the planting of trees in towns. Among the suitable places named was the terrace

between the rails and the river, in front of the Crescent in Salford and extending from near the Dispensary to Peel Park gates. Now, I remember that bank being well wooded with trees and shrubs, the greater part of them being willows, however, but all of them were of a healthy character, and the foliage in summer was a delight to look at. The destruction of this beautiful "Willow Bank" was brought about by the crowd of people that came to see an "Aquatic Tournament" that took place on that part of the river Irwell which winds round the foot of the Terrace. The Irwell had not then so bad a character for mud and filth as it has since acquired, and at the point named the water was a very considerable depth. I have caught fish and have eaten pie made of eels caught on lines baited with worms out of the length between Peel Park and Castle Irwell. I understood at the time that the tournament was got up by the officers of the regiments then stationed in Manchester and Salford, but for what purpose—whether to make money for some charitable object or a mere pastime for their own pleasure—I never made out. I write from my own recollections of the spectacle, which are as follows:—In the field formed by the loop of the river two tents were erected at opposite sides of the ground, fitted up with suitable accommodation, where the men could retire and change their clothes and also get refreshment. The band of the regiment was present, the drummers taking a very prominent part in the proceedings. The men who took part in the tournament were dressed in special uniform, and had something like the appearance of our modern cricketers when at play. On the river were placed two row-boats, with oarsmen and coxwain, one for each side. These boats were fitted with a small platform which projected about two feet over the bow of the boat and was about one foot wide. On this the men had to stand when going into action. The man on each boat was provided with a pole about nine feet long, padded at each end, and decorated with coloured streamers. These were the weapons of offence and defence. A stake was fixed in the river at each end to represent the starting point of each boat. When everything was ready the signal for battle was given by the drummers sounding a regular tattoo, when each boat would glide off steadily to meet its antagonist about midway between the two starting-points. Then each chevalier would try to plant the end of his pole against the breast of his adversary, and push him off his little stage into the river, which was very often done, sometimes one and sometimes both falling into the river with a splash, amid the shouts and glee of all beholders. Then the swimming began, and the getting out and retirement of each to his respective tent to dress. Can any of your readers supply the date? The nearest I can guess at is 1824, 5, or 6. What regiments were stationed here at that time? What was the object of the affair?

J. HULME.

101, St. Stephen-street, Salford.

## LITERATURE.

Mr. Millais is engaged upon portraits of Mr. Carlyle and Mr. Gladstone. The portrait of Mr. Carlyle is about half finished, and bids fair to surpass any version which art has yet given of a striking face.

Mr. Winter Jones has resigned the post of Principal Librarian and Secretary to the British Museum. He will be succeeded by Mr. E. A. Bond, at present the keeper of the manuscripts. The trustees had previously offered the post to Mr. C. T. Newton, C.B., Keeper of the Greek Antiquities, who acted for Mr. Winter Jones during his absence last winter, but he declined the office.

Sir Julian Goldsmid, M.P. for Rochester, has offered to present 500 guineas to that city towards the foundation of a free library, on condition that the burgesses provide for its maintenance by adopting the Free Libraries Act, which they have hitherto been unwilling to do. If the ratepayers should now adopt the act, it is believed that the gift of Sir Julian would be largely supplemented by other donations. A library is much needed at Rochester.

The Rev. George Gilfillan died suddenly on Tuesday, at the age of sixty-five. He became famous by his "Gallery of Literary Portraits," a series of critical and biographical sketches, the first volume of which appeared about 1840. Since then he has been a voluminous writer on many themes. He was a queer mixture of literary enthusiasm and literary charlatanism; he did some good in his time, but his work was distinctly for an age, and is destined to speedy oblivion.

Mr. Coventry Patmore, the poet, is in receipt of a pension from Government of £126 a year as a superannuation allowance. He was formerly employed in the British Museum, and retired, through ill-health, in 1866, after a service of nineteen years. Up to this year he has received from the country, as a pension, £1,399. Mr. H. Schutz Wilson, a writer of literary sketches in various periodicals, receives a pension of £325 a year. He was formerly in the telegraph service, and his stipend is one of the results of Mr. Scudamore's unfortunate and mismanaged arrangement for the purchase of the telegraphs.

A lady correspondent of the *New York World*, who had met Mr. Blackwood, the publisher, in Rome, writes:—"Of course we asked about George Eliot—if she was publishing anything. Mr. Blackwood replied, "No; but she is never idle. She is so careful a worker it takes her some time to prepare and complete." He seemed to take much pleasure in the fact of his being her first publisher. In *Blackwood* appeared her first stories. He said he

corresponded with her for a long time thinking she was a man. "I addressed her as 'Dear George,'" he added, "and used some easy expressions, such as a man only uses to a man. After I knew her I was a little anxious to remember all I might have said."

The Free Public Library of Glasgow, which owes its origin to the bequest of £70,000 from the late Stephen Mitchell, tobacco manufacturer, of that city, has now been open nine months. It contains 20,000 volumes, and has a special collection or department devoted to literature that may be described as distinctively Scottish, and including a large number relating especially to Glasgow, as well as a Poets' Corner, wherein there are already 420 volumes representing the poetry of Scotland. In this special collection, Scottish topography and civil history has 500 volumes, the biographies of Scotch worthies 150, and Scotch ecclesiastical history 400. The capital sum left by Mr. Mitchell amounts at present to £86,000, and the interest yields an annual available income to the committee of about £2,500. It does not appear that Glasgow has yet adopted the Free Libraries' Act, so that no funds are available from the rates.

## ART.

The pictures selected by the winners of Art of Union of London prizes—168 in number—are now on view at the Institute of Painters in Water Colours. It is observable that there is a distinct advance in taste on the part of the prize winners. There are few of the vulgar figure pictures in gaudy colours which once found favour with the smaller prizeholders. The society chose for the chief of their fixed prizes a painting by Mr. Edward Duncan, *The Return of the Lifeboat*, value 200 guineas, which fell to Mr. White, of Norwich, and the other £200 prize, left to the selection of the prizewinner, is represented by the picture of *The Death of Richard Savage*, by W. Holyoake, chosen by Dr. Moore, of Coventry, from the exhibition of the Royal Academy. A large landscape, by S. R. Percy, *Llanberis Pass, North Wales*, is selected from the Academy Exhibition as a £150 prize, by Mr. E. Evans, of Neath, and the other prize of the same value, which fell to Mrs. Hopkins, is the *Little Zarah*, by Mr. Sant, R.A. Of the three £100 prizes, two are landscapes, *A Primrose Morning*, so named from the primrose-coloured sky, by J. Clayton Adams, chosen from the Academy Exhibition by Mr. Dale, and *Windsor Castle—Sunrise*, by G. Cole, from the Society of British Artists, selected by Mr. McKenzie. Dr. Eady selects for the third prize in this class Mr. Charles Gregory's *Folklore*, from the Academy Exhibition, the picture of the old woman telling a story to the

three pretty children. The income of the year has been £13,643, which is about £1,900 less than in 1877, the decrease being attributed to the depression in trade. The Council, finding there is a steady demand among the subscribers for books of illustrations, think the time has come round for giving a work of that kind, and they have accordingly arranged for the production of a volume of illustrations of Lord Byron's poem of *Lara*, by Mr. C. B. Birch.

Saturday, August 24, 1878.

NOTES.

A THREE-LEGGED FROG.

[469.] A few days ago one of my sons caught a fine young frog in the garden, minus one of its hind legs. On closely examining it there is no appearance whatever that amputation or accident had caused the loss of the limb, as where the missing leg should be the skin does not appear to have ever been disturbed. Nor is there any perceptible difference in the two hip joints where attached to the spine. From this I infer that in its transformation from the tadpole state to the quadruped some peculiar obscuration of the part where the limb should have grown has prevented the development of the latter, it being well known that if the tadpole is kept in darkness it always remains a tadpole, no legs at all growing to convert it into a frog; and in the case of this three-legged frog accident may have thus brought about this singular freak of nature. The frog is as lively and can leap about nearly as well with its tripods as any other of its species.

Denton.

R. E. BIBBY.

COMMENTS AND ANSWERS.

MILLAIS' PICTURE OF LORENZO AND ISABELLA.

(Query No. 453, August 10.)

[470.] The subject of Mr. J. E. Millais' picture in the recent Art Treasures Exhibition is a scene from Keats' poem of *Isabella*, "a story from Boccaccio." The original is the fifth novel of the fourth day of the *Decameron*. Manni, who has investigated with great care the historical foundations of many of Boccaccio's stories, is only able to name as the probable origin of this fable a Sicilian ballad, from which the poet quotes two lines in ending his story.

A MANCHESTER PYTHAGOREAN.

A QUESTION OF GRAMMAR.

(Query No. 465, August 17.)

[471.] To say "different to" is incorrect, though there is probably no grammatical error more common. The correct expression is "different from," since "different" simply means "differing;" and no one would think of saying "differing to." It is at once amazing and amusing to observe how very few people there are who bear in mind the simple meaning of the word "different." Another very common, though to most people less obvious error is, "I am averse to" such and such a thing," the correct form being "averse from." Both phrases, as commonly used, are clearly self-contradictory, as any tyro in Latin would be able at once to point out.

A. S.

Kernal.

In Mr. Washington Moon's *Dean's English*, page 53, will be found the interesting statement that in the United States of America no educated man is ever known to say "different to." I can bear this out, so far as my experience goes in that country, and it is large. The logic of the question would seem to settle the usage in favour of from. To say "I differ to you" would appear absurd even to those ignorant of the niceties of language, and "I differ with you" does not to me seem any better. "Differ" expresses unlikeness or contrast, while "with" expresses agreement or likeness. Hence I must say "I differ from you in opinion," not "with." No one would think of saying, "I differ in opinion with you," since the contradiction is too glaring when the word is transposed. Perhaps the anomalous use arises from the occurrence of the word "with" in connection with the noun "difference," as thus: "I have a difference with a man," where the idea, however, is that of "quarrel," and denotes not the contrast of opinion but a joint state of being. The rule, therefore, is that "with" must be used in all cases where union or likeness is to be expressed, and "from" where disunion or unlikeness is meant.

F. R. LEES.

Meanwood Lodge, Leeds.

ESQUIRE.

(Query No. 464, August 17.)

[472.] The term "esquire" had its origin in feudal times; and its proper definition is a shield bearer or armour bearer, scutifer, an attendant on a knight. Hence, in modern times, esquire is a title of dignity next in degree below a knight, and is conferred by a nett income of not less than five hundred pounds per

annum, arising from a landed estate, provided the owner thereof is not engaged in or connected with any of the professions, trade, or commerce—hence our squirearchy or landed gentry. Taking precedence of this class are the esquires of the sovereign's body; of the Knights of the Bath—those by creation, those by office. The professions have each a distinct list of titles for their members; trade and commerce theirs; but none of them are esquire. A lawyer is by his enrolment entitled "gentleman;" whilst a common man of the first or most respectable class next below the gentry, who is a freeholder, is a yeoman. In the United States of America the title esquire is given to public officers of all degrees from governors down to attorneys, including judges, magistrates, and justices. The title, in addressing letters, is now bestowed on any person at pleasure, and is merely an expression of courtesy, respect, flattery, or pretension.

JAMES BURY.

As bearing upon the question as to what constitutes an esquire, a little correspondence has lately been going on in the *Times*. It arose out of the hearing of a petition in lunacy in the Court of Appeal on the 7th of August, in the course of which one of the persons proposed as a new trustee was described as an "esquire," and one of the persons who made an affidavit of fitness was described as a "gentleman." It was stated that the "esquire" was, in fact, a justice of the peace, and that the "gentleman" was a solicitor. Lord Justice Cotton said that, though the legal description of a solicitor was "gentleman," that term was very indefinite, and ought not to be used. In such an affidavit a solicitor ought to be described as a "solicitor," in order that the Court might know his real position in life. And the term "esquire" was even worse than that of "gentleman," for it conveyed no information whatever to the Court. A man who was a justice of the peace should be described by that title. Upon this, one correspondent, a soldier, states that the distinction between esquires and gentlemen in the army is clear and marked. The commission received by an ensign, sub-lieutenant, or lieutenant is always directed to him as A. B., gentleman; but when he is promoted to captain it is directed to him as A. B., esquire. Another correspondent, a Royal Academician, intimates that the distinction between gentlemen and esquires is also shown very clearly in the case of members and associates of the Royal Academy of Arts. An associate,

upon his election, receives a certificate signed by the president, in which he is described as "gentleman." When, however, he is elected a Royal Academician, his election, if approved by Her Majesty, is confirmed by a diploma signed by the Queen herself, in which he is styled "esquire."  
A. E. B.

Esquire (French *esquier*, from *escu*, now *écu*.) signifies, in its primary interpretation, a shield-bearer, an attendant on a knight, one in dignity next in degree below a knight. *Ecu*, in French, means a shield, and in the times of the Saxons the knights in war were always attended by their esquires, or shield-bearers. Those whom the French called esquires were a military kind of vassals, having liberty to bear a shield in which were inserted the ensigns of the family, in token of their gentility and dignity. At the present time, however, the title does not in any way relate to the office or employment of the person to whom the title is attributed. It is given to every man of respectability, but the addition of &c., &c., &c., is made in favour of persons who are considered as being entitled to superior consideration. In the case of unknown correspondents it is sometimes difficult to determine whether to address them as "esquire" or simply as "Mr." Presuming on one occasion to append the title to the name of a correspondent of mine, he in a subsequent communication was mindful to correct me, for after subscribing his name he added, "not esquire, please, but Mr." It is considered more respectful to write "esquire" at full length.

The persons who are legally entitled to the rank of esquire are the eldest sons of knights, and their eldest sons in perpetual succession; the eldest sons of the younger sons of peers; and their eldest sons in like succession; esquires by virtue of their office as justices of the peace and the esquires of Knights of the Bath. Those also who in their commissions and appointments are styled esquires by the Queen—indeed all who are honoured by the Queen with the title—have a right to this distinction for life. Captains in the army are therefore esquires, because in their commissions, which are signed by the Queen, they are so styled; but captains in the navy, though of higher military rank, are not entitled to the distinction, their commissions being signed by the Lords of the Admiralty. A sheriff of a county retains the title of esquire during his life, by



virtue of his office and the great trust reposed in him. In some ancient families there were those who were esquires by prescription, and in certain acts of Parliament we find that some wealthy persons were ranked among the esquires of the kingdom. Barristers have assumed this title. Mr. Christian, in his Notes on Blackstone, relates an amusing anecdote of a judge refusing to receive an affidavit in which a barrister was named without this title; but the claim of barristers, it is said, to the distinction of esquire is unfounded.

S. WHITTAKER.

## SNAKES.

(Nos. 297, 301, and 463.)

[473.] Mr. R. E. BIBBY, in his note on Snakes, says "there is a colony of snakes on a rocky hill-side opposite Cat-cliffe, Todmorden." I have lived in the neighbourhood of Todmorden for nearly twenty years, and am at a loss to find out the place he speaks about. He goes on to say that, "lurking among the erratic boulders, the vermin can scarcely be seen." I believe that in Todmorden there are no erratic boulders to be found, and that they are very singularly absent from the district. They are found on each side of the Summit; that is to say, a little after passing Walsden in one direction on the Rochdale road, and after passing Holmes Chapel on the Burnley road. Perhaps some of your readers may be able to explain why it is they should be so missing in the immediate neighbourhood of Todmorden.

W. HY. STANSFIELD.

Southport, 22nd August.

## JAMES BAGOT, THE CHELSEA BUN MAN.

(Query No. 466, August 17.)

[474.] G. H. S. may find a lengthy account of this local favourite in one of the chapters of "Manchester Streets," published in the *Guardian* in 1872. When the chapters were collected in a book the notice of Mr. Bagot was advisedly omitted; but it will appear (with some additions) in a forthcoming volume.

J. P. P.

Having known James Bagot for a number of years previous to his death I well remember him, during one of our conversations, telling me that he had sold his body to the medical men at the Royal Infirmary, who wanted it for the purpose of making an examination after death of his exceptionally strong lungs. He afterwards regretted having made such an agreement, and wished them to take back the money which they had given him as the price of his body, viz.,

£100, and cancel the agreement. This they were kind enough to do. He was then living at a grocer's shop at the corner of Posey-street and Bury-street, Salford.

THOMAS JUDSON.

Hulme.

In an article headed "Manchester Streets," in the *Manchester Guardian* of Tuesday, the 21st May, 1872, G. H. S. will find a full and particular, if not in all respects true, account of this once well-known character. He died November 20, 1863, in his sixty-sixth year. His death was not the result of a street accident, as stated by the writer of the article. He was interred at the Salford cemetery, where I hope he will now be allowed to "rest in peace."

MANCUNTIUM.

## MANCHESTER MUSIC BOOKS.

(No. 455, August 17.)

[475.] The following book is of the same character as that owned by Mr. R. E. BIBBY, but does not quite answer his description:—

*Psalmodia Britannica*, or a Collection of Psalm Tunes, selected from various composers, and adapted to the different metres used in English Psalmody, arranged on the existing arrangement, revised by Charles Rider. [Not dated, but probably printed about 1820.] Three volumes, oblong; size, about eight inches by five.

The work is engraved throughout. Volume one contains 350 tunes, 32 double-chants; index, two leaves; classified index, by which any tune may be found, six pages; explanation of the classified index, one leaf. Volume two contains 704 tunes and 170 chants and responses, besides indexes. Volume three contains 568 tunes and indexes, besides "a selection of verses intended to exemplify the varieties of metre used in English Psalmody;" 24 pages.

The compiler, Charles Rider, lived, I believe, at Collyhurst Hall, but I only remember him when he resided in Plymouth Grove some fifteen years ago. He was then an old gentleman, and had as a companion a young gentleman who accompanied him in his visits to the book-shops and elsewhere. Mr. Rider died about ten or twelve years since. About that time I first saw his *Psalmodia*, and I believe I was told it had been, like Mr. Bibby's book, prepared for presentation. There is a copy in the Manchester Free Library.

Permit me to make a note on one or two other Lancashire musical books. In 1708 a book was published by Heptinstall in London, with the title "The Psalm Singer's Compleat Companion." The author was Elias Hall, whose dedication is dated from Oldham. He was a native of Manchester, and was of a yeoman family resident at the "Clockhouse." He left an autobiography, which was still in existence in manuscript a few years ago. Is it known where the MS. now is, and is there a copy of the above book in any local public library?

Another musical book is mentioned in volume two (page 259) of the *Manchester Foundations*. It is there stated that Edward Betts, organist of the Collegiate Church, who died in 1767, had published in 1724 a "very scarce, curious, and valuable little work" of 105 pages, entitled "An Introduction to the Skill of Music." Where can a copy be seen now?

By the way, where is the "valuable collection of music and musical instruments," which, according to the *Manchester Historical Recorder*, under date 1841, was left, along with £1,000, by Mr. Hamer Hargreaves "for the formation of a choral society in this town?" Would it not be well that the books should be accessible to the public?

C. W. S.

B. E. BIBBY evidently refers to a collection of Hymn Tunes and Chants compiled by the late Charles Ryder, of Collyhurst Hall, with whom music was a passion, and who was himself the composer of those tunes in the collection bearing the initials C. R. If I remember aright he issued some half-dozen volumes, containing hundreds of tunes selected from all sources, and the whole labour of engraving, printing, and binding was done by Mr. Ryder's own hand, and is a monument to his taste and industry. He gave the volumes away to Sunday-schools, places of worship, and private friends. After his death I believe a number of unbound copies were handed to the late Mr. John Kelly, of Sale, and some may still be in the possession of members of his family. When the work was completed all the plates, with the exception of two or three presented to intimate friends, were sold and melted down.

Mr. Ryder was a member of a worthy Manchester family, owning much land at Collyhurst and elsewhere, and residing at Collyhurst Hall, at that time a fine mansion surrounded by beautiful grounds, the last vestige of which has long since disappeared. He was an estimable Christian gentleman—filled office in

connection with the government of the town, an active promoter of "Sunday-schools for children of all denominations," and the founder of the one in Elm-street, Oldham Road, which for years was called and by old inhabitants is still remembered as Ryder's Schools. Mr. Ryder had a brother and two sisters, and none of the four were ever married, so that the family became extinct and the large property was left to two young men, one of whom had been servant and companion to the brother, and the other to the surviving sister.

Mr. BIBBY has opened inquiry into an interesting item of local history, and further particulars might be desirable.

SELBAHC.

### QUERIES.

#### HANDEL'S ORGAN.

[476.] "At the completion of the Chapel" of the Foundling Hospital, London, says Mr. J. Brownlow, its secretary, in his *History and Objects of the Foundling Hospital*, 1865, p. 78, "Handel presented the Governor with an organ, which he opened on the 1st May, 1750, when the concourse of persons was so great, that the performance was repeated fifteen days afterwards. Upon one of these occasions the audience was conveyed in no less than 800 coaches and chairs."

The late Dr. Rimbault, in his *History of the Organ*, prefixed to Hopkins's work called *The Organ*, ed. of 1870, p. 142, says of Messrs. Glyn and Parker: "The above names are new in the annals of organ-building. Although eminent builders, their celebrity was of a local character. They resided at Salford, near Manchester, and built a number of instruments for Lancashire and the neighbouring counties. One organ, that of Poynton Church, attracted the notice of Handel, who is reported to have been so pleased with it that he employed Parker to erect the famous instrument for the Foundling Hospital."

Dr. Rimbault proceeds to give a list of ten organs built by Glyn and Parker: 1. Collegiate Church, Manchester, 1730. 2. St. Ann's Church, Manchester. 3. St. John's Church, Manchester. 4. Bury Church, Lancashire. 5. Poynton Church, Lancashire, 1748. But there happens to be no Poynton in Lancashire. Possibly Poynton, Cheshire, half-way between Stockport and Macclesfield, may be meant. If so, the Church was rebuilt by the Warrens in 1789, so that probably no trace of the organ which so attracted Handel in 1748 remains. 6. Chapel-en-le-Frith, Derbyshire. 7. Prestbury Church, Gloucestershire. 8. Leek Parish Church, Staffordshire. 9. Foundling Hospital, London, 1749. 10. All Hallows the Great, Thames-street, 1749.

Handel's Organ was altogether remarkable in the history of organ building, for it contained three or

or four extra notes, which musicians wrongly call "quarter tones." The question is whether these were part of the original organ, or were added afterwards? Handel's organ, says the organist, Mr. Willing, in a private letter to me, in 1863, "was afterwards (I do not know at what date) rebuilt, or, more correctly, the builder was instructed to build an organ for the chapel, working up therein as much as might be availed of Handel's gift. I believe the builder employed was Parker." If so, he was the original builder also. The organ was afterwards much altered. It was, to quote Mr. Willing again, "tuned to unequal temperament," and had "some quarter tones, which were produced upon the drawing of stops instead of by means of extra keys on the manual. These had long been utterly useless, and were nailed up accordingly. I had them removed altogether by Mr. Bishop," 250, Marylebone Road, London. Finally, an entirely new organ was constructed by Bevington.

Now the *European Magazine*, February, 1799 (cited by Dr. Rimbault as above, and verified), says, referring doubtless to the organ as then existing, after Parker had been employed to remodel it: "Handel did not give the organ to the Foundling Hospital. It was built at the expense of the charity, under the direction of Dr. Smith, the learned Master of Trinity College, Cambridge, who added the demitones, &c., and some of the niceties not occurring in other organs." Dr. Robert Smith, born 1689, published his remarkable work on *Harmonics*, in which he first gave the law of beats, in 1749, and died in 1768, aged seventy-nine. The organ could scarcely have been reconstructed while Dr. Smith was young enough to attend to this favourite pursuit of his, and these stops, which must have affected all the other stops, could only have been inserted when Parker originally constructed, or when he reconstructed, the organ.

The object of this long historical statement is to ask a question, which perhaps some Manchester man may be able to answer. Are any representatives of Glyn and Parker living, or is anyone able to furnish any particulars of their work? Had they quarter-tones on any of their other instruments? And were these produced by stops or finger-keys? Any information would be gladly received either publicly or privately by

ALEXANDER J. ELLIS,

Translator of Helmholtz "On the Sensation of Tone."

25, Argyll Road, Kensington, London, W.,  
19th August, 1878.

[The Prestbury named above will probably be Prestbury, Cheshire, not Gloucestershire.—ED.]

[477.] AUTHOR WANTED.—Where does the passage "heath'd his maiden sword" occur, and am I quoting correctly?  
W. L.

[478.] CHEAPSIDE.—I should be glad to learn, if any of your readers can explain, the origin of the

name of "Cheapside," as applied to streets in London, Manchester, and elsewhere.  
J. G. W.

[479.] "JOHN DOE AND RICHARD ROE."—I shall feel obliged to any ingenious correspondent who will give me information explaining the origin and meaning of these two metaphorical personages, as representatives of antagonistic lawyers.  
W. L.

[480.] COACH BUILDER IN BOOTH-STREET.—My late father often told me that there used to be a coach manufactory in Booth-street, near Cooper-street, Manchester. Can any of your readers inform me how long it is since, and what was the name of the firm?  
EX-COACH BUILDER'S SON.

[481.] WILLIAM BALLY.—In Note 458, Mr. Bradley is mentioned as either taking a cast of Liversedge himself or getting a person named "Bally" to do it. Thirty or forty years ago, I am told, Bally used to give lectures on modelling and casting at the Mechanics' Institution. Can anyone say whether he ever published these lectures, or whether he wrote a book on the above subjects, or give any information about him?  
WALTER WHITWORTH.

[482.] JINGLING JOHNNIE.—Can any reader inform myself and several subscribers where the words of an old song called "Jingling Johnnie" can be obtained? I have searched through several selections and made many inquiries and cannot obtain it. Is there some political or national meaning attached to the song? One of us was travelling in a railway carriage, and the singing of a portion of the song by a lady to quieten a fretful child seemed to give offence to an old Scotch soldier travelling in the same carriage.  
G. MAISON BLANC.

[483.] RIGHTS OF FOOT PASSENGERS.—In the report of an inquest held last week at Ashton, on the body of a child who had been run over and killed in the street, the Coroner remarked that drivers apparently thought the highway was for their special benefit, and that foot passengers had no right upon it; but that was a very mistaken notion of the law. Sufficient care was not exercised by persons of all degrees from the driver of the gentleman's carriage to the owner of the donkey cart, when driving about the streets. He wished the law was more stringent. Would some of your legal correspondents kindly state the law on the subject? I remember seeing a judgment some years ago, in which the magistrate laid it down that whilst on the main road foot passengers must give way to drivers, the drivers must give way to foot passengers when turning down bye-streets off the highway. According to this rule, a driver turning out of Market-street to go along, say, New Brown-street or Spring Gardens, would have to slacken speed and await the convenience of the pedestrians on the pavement; instead of which, as most of us know to our cost, the drivers seek to lord it over both highway and bye-street, and maintain their speed to the imminent risk of life or limb. What is the precise law on the subject?  
VIATOR.

## MUSIC.

Signor Verdi is at work on a five-act opera, entitled *Montezuma*, to be brought out at the Scala at Milan.

Mr. Mapleson has engaged Mr. Henry Pyatt as principal bass for his Opera Company for America.

A new cantata called *Hereward the Wake*, founded upon the life of the Saxon hero, whom the late Canon Kingsley chose as the subject of a novel, is to be produced at the Crystal Palace. The composer is Mr. Ebenezer Prout, B.A.

M. Blaze de Bury contributes to the *Revue des Deux Mondes*, a curious, novel, and interesting criticism on English choral singers, apropos of the recent concerts at the Paris Exhibition. The performance of the English singers, he says, was not "comparative music; it was downright ethnography. These concerts were real studies of international manners, and struck us above all by their impersonal character. None of the performers directly challenges the public, or attempts to bring himself forward to the detriment of his neighbours. The composer, the master, is the chief object, and when he has been dead for centuries, whole generations devote their time to the posthumous study of his works. As for the taste of the public, no one dreams of consulting that. If the public cannot appreciate what is great and beautiful, so much the worse for the public." M. de Bury says the absence of an orchestra in these choral concerts became insupportable to him in the long run. "These one hundred and fifty voices," he says, "which form but one, irritate my nerves by their absolute perfection, and even a false note would be welcome to me, as a proof of individuality. It is cold, very cold, because it is impersonal, but it is requisite to have heard the pianissimos of the choirs directed by Mr. Leslie to form an idea of that huge collective voice. You would say it was a giant Æolian harp—and curiously enough those qualities which the soloists are deficient in are to be found in abundance in that collective entity, the choir. The choruses have energy, roughness, variety, while in the solo all these are wanting. In the voices of Englishwomen there is one noticeable peculiarity; these cold, unimpassioned voices are distinguished by a sentimentality *sui generis*. They have a kind of dreamy, plaintive abstractedness, a soft and melancholy charm. You think of Shakspeare's Desdemona seated beneath the willows—the willows of moist England; there are no willows on Venetian territory; and the heart-searching wail of Rossini is not for such voices as those of Mrs. Mudie and Miss Fanny Robertson, both gracefully endowed with the sentimental gift aforesaid, as anyone may ascertain who hears them in the compositions of Mr. Arthur Sullivan, whom we may describe as the British Gounod."

## GLEANINGS FROM THE BRITISH ASSOCIATION.

The meeting of the British Association at Dublin was brought to a close on Wednesday. Nothing could be more cordial than the reception which has been given to the members, and Mr. Spottiswoode, the president, at a breakfast at the Zoological Gardens on Monday evening, said the meeting had been the largest, most agreeable, and diversified that he could recall in a recollection of over twenty years. It is not quite the largest, one of Glasgow meetings having exceeded it, but it ranks second in point of attendance, the total number of members, associates, and lady subscribers having been 2,578. Next year the association is to meet at Sheffield, at Swansea in 1880, and at York in 1881. The first meeting was held at that city in 1831, under the presidency of Earl Fitzwilliam, and was attended by 353 members and associates. The president-elect is Dr. George T. Allman, F.R.S., described by Professor Huxley as one of the most distinguished cultivators of biological science in these islands, who held a position of great importance both in Ireland and at the other side of the Channel, having last filled the chair of Regius Professor of Natural History in Edinburgh. Since he retired from that position he has become resident in London. The vice-presidents at Sheffield will be the Duke of Devonshire, Earl Fitzwilliam, Earl Wharncliffe, Professor Huxley, Professor Odling, F.R.S., General Simpson, and Mr. H. C. Sorby, F.R.S.

## CALCULATING INSTRUMENTS: MACHINERY SUPERSEDING THE INTELLECT.

Mr. SPOTTISWOODE, the president of the association, in his opening address, which was chiefly devoted to mathematical science, referred to the use of mechanical appliances in the solution of mathematical problems. Mr. Babbage, he said, when speaking of the difficulty of insuring accuracy in the long and numerical calculations of theoretical astronomy, remarked that the science which in itself is the most accurate and certain of all had, through these difficulties, become inaccurate and uncertain in some of its results. And it was doubtless some such consideration as this, coupled with his dislike of employing skilled labour where unskilled would suffice, which led him to the invention of his calculating machines. The idea of substituting mechanical for intellectual power has not lain dormant; for besides the arithmetical machines whose name is legion (from Napier's bones, Earl Stanhope's calculator, to Schultz and Thomas's machines, now in actual use) an invention has lately been designed for even a more difficult task. Professor James Thomson has in fact recently constructed a machine which, by means of the mere friction of a disc, a cylinder, and a ball, is capable of effecting a variety of the complicated calculations which occur in the highest application of mathematics to physical prob-

lems. By its aid it seems that an unskilled labourer may, in a given time, perform the work of ten skilled arithmeticians. The machine is applicable alike to the calculation of tidal, of magnetic, of meteorological, and perhaps also of all other periodic phenomena. It will solve differential equations of the second and perhaps of even higher orders. And through the same invention the problem of finding the free motions of any number of mutually attracting particles, unrestricted by any of the approximate suppositions required in the treatment of the lunar and planetary theories, is reduced to the simple process of turning a handle. When Faraday had completed the experimental part of a physical problem, and desired that it should thenceforward be treated mathematically; he used irreverently to say, "Hand it over to the calculators." But truth is ever stranger than fiction; and if he had lived until our day he might with perfect propriety have said, "Hand it over to the machine."

#### HABITS OF ANTS.

Sir JOHN LUBBOCK read a paper on the Habits of Ants to a densely crowded audience in the Biology section. He said he had been for some years watching the habits of ants, and had kept under observation about thirty species. Though living in captivity, they were in good health, and he had in one nest a queen which had lived with him since 1874. He could confirm the statements which had been made with respect to the architectural skill of ants, their attention to their young, their remarkable organization, their possession of domestic animals, and even the institution of slavery. There was one species which took no part whatever in the duties of the household, and would even starve in the midst of plenty if the food were not put into their mouths. He had confirmed Huber's remarkable experiments on this point, and had kept some alive and in health for months by allowing them a slave for an hour a day to feed and clean them. It was hard to say whether there were differences of character in ants of the same species, as they behaved differently under different conditions; but there were great differences of character and habits between those of different species, putting aside the slave-making species, which he thought would find it impossible to compete with the self-dependent and freer species. These communities even showed curious analogies to the earlier stages of human progress. There were the hunting, the pastoral, and even the agricultural ants. The first lived chiefly by the chase, and hunted alone. Their battles were single combats like those described by the ancient poets. The second were a higher type of social life. They demonstrated certain species of aphides like flocks and herds. They were immense and acted in concert. He thought they would probably exterminate the first type, just as the white man exterminated the savages. Of the agricultural class—the harvest ants

—he would not speak, as there were none in this country. When he first began to keep ants he isolated the nests by water, but it was necessary to change that often, and observing that the hairs on the stems of flowers prevented the ants from climbing them, he had since used ferns. One of the most surprising points connected with ants was that while there was one nest they never appeared to quarrel, all others, even of the same species, being treated as strangers and enemies. There was no mistaking the treatment. If an ant (*fusca*) wanted to carry away a friend to a place of security she took her by the mandible and her friend rolled herself into a ball, but an enemy is seized by the leg or an antenna. He confirmed the experiments of Huber as to their being able to recognize their friends, even after a long absence, or rather their acquaintances, for although he saw that they attacked and killed their enemies he could not find any trace of warm affection for their friends. He tested this by taking some out of a nest and suspending them in a bottle covered with muslin. Those in the nest took no notice of them, but when strangers were put in they were indignant and never stopped until they cut through the muslin and attacked them. He marked some ants in a nest with paint and found that their friends removed it, but a stranger going into the nest was restless and got out as quickly as possible. It would be interesting to know how they recognized their friends. It might be by smell or some sign or by actual recognition. In order to try whether they could recognize them when insensible he first used chloroform, but that practically killed them, and he then made them intoxicated. He did so by putting them into whisky, not whisky into them, for they were too sensible to take it even on week days. He tried an experiment with 25 friends and 30 strangers. The sober ant coming out of the nests and finding the intoxicated ants lying helpless on their backs in ludicrous attitudes, proceeded to take them up and carry them off. Of the 25 they brought 20 into the nest, where probably they soon slept off the effects. The other five they dropped into the moat of water which then surrounded the nest. Why they did so he could not tell. Perhaps they fell into the hands of stern teetotallers. As to the 30 strangers, 28 were thrown into the moat and the other two were taken no notice of. He took some pupæ out of a nest, and on putting them back after some months, found that they were received as friends, while some which were put into a different nest were attacked. It was generally stated that all the eggs in a nest of ants or bees were laid by queens. That was not strictly so, for some were laid by workers, though the cases were exceptional. He had some nests in which there were no queens, and yet there were eggs in them, but the eggs laid by workers always produced males. He had made some experiments to test the senses of ants. He found that they were capable of distinguishing between different colours, and avoided

violet. Their sense of smell was also delicate, but he had seen no proof that they were capable of hearing, and he had proved by an experiment, which he described, that they were not capable of communicating with each other by sound. There were thirty species of ants in these countries, and seven hundred in other countries, and there were many interesting problems to be solved in relation to them.

PROFESSOR HUXLEY ON RELIGION, SCIENCE, AND DARWINISM.

Professor HUXLEY delivered an extempore address in the section of Biology. The earlier portion of his speech is perhaps the most important contribution we have lately had to the controversy between theology and science, and offers a means whereby the clergy and the "scientists" may perhaps make up their quarrel. Professor Huxley has come to the conclusion that philosophy and physical science work upon lines which do not meet. In other words, the clergy go their way, and he goes his; and while he cannot contradict them unless they enter his domain, neither must they controvert his conclusions unless he enters theirs. Philosophy and physical science are, in fact, on different planes, and not until philosophy attempts to state the age of man, or physical science to explain away the soul, can there be any combat between the two.

The second portion of his address was a review of the recent advances in anthropology. Twenty-one years ago, when the Association met before in Dublin, there was no anthropological department. Now anthropology is full of "burning questions." This was due to the publication of Mr. Darwin's book on the Origin of Species. In consequence of that book, there is no branch of science which is represented by a larger and more active body of workers, and the whole of these workers are engaged more or less in working out as their ultimate general and great problem whether the ideas which Darwin has put forward in regard to the animal world are capable of being applied in the same sense and to the same extent to man. That question is not answered. It is an enormous question, and one for which a definite answer may possibly be looked for in the next century; but the method of inquiry is understood, and the mode in which the materials are now being accumulated bearing on the inquiry, the processes by which results are now obtained, and the observation of these phenomena lead to the belief that the problem also, some day or other, will be solved. In what sense I cannot tell you. I have my own notion about it, but the question for the future is the determination by scientific processes and methods in what way that question will be solved. If you ask what has been done within the last twenty-one years towards the solution of the problem, or rather towards clearing the ground in the direction of obtaining a solution, I do not know that I could

lay my hand upon much, except as to methods of investigation, of a very definite character, except in regard to one point. I have some reason to know that about the year 1860 at any rate there was nothing more volcanic, more shocking, more subversive of everything right and proper, than to put forward the proposition that as far as physical organization is concerned there is less difference between man and the highest apes than there is between the highest apes and the lowest. The other day I was reading a valuable and interesting work by a very eminent man, M. Quatrefages; he is a gentleman who has made these questions his special study, and has written a great deal, and very well, about them. He has always maintained a temperate and just position, and has been the opponent of evolutionary ideas, so that I refer with some interest to his work as giving me a record of what I could look on as the progress of opinion during the last twenty years. If he has any bias at all, it is one in the opposite direction to which my own mind would lead me. I cannot quote his words, for I have not the book with me, but the substance of them is that the proposition which I have just put before you is one the truth of which no rational person acquainted with the facts could dispute. Such is the difference which twenty years have made in that respect, and, speaking in the presence of a great number of anatomists who are quite able to decide a question of this kind, I believe that the opinion of M. Quatrefages on the subject is one which they will all be prepared to endorse. Well, it is a comfort to have got that much out of the way. If we go further into those physiological matters bearing on anthropology which have been the subject of inquiry within the last score of years, we find that there has been a vast amount of progress. I would refer to the remarkable collection of data by Herbert Spencer entitled the "Development of Sociology," which contains a mass of information useful on one side or other, according as your inclination might lead you in getting towards the truth. Then I would refer you to the highly interesting contributions which have been made by Professor Max Müller, and by Tylor in his "Natural History of Religions" which is one of the most interesting chapters of anthropology. In regard to another very interesting matter—the development of art and the use of tools and weapons—most remarkable contributions have been made, mainly by General Fox, whose museum at Bethnal Green is one of the most extraordinary exemplifications that I know of the ingenuity and, at the same time, of the stupidity of the human race. Their ingenuity appears in the invention of a given pattern or form of weapon, and their profound stupidity in this—that, having done so, they always kept in the old grooves, which prevented them from ever getting beyond it in those objects and in their ornamentation. One of the most singular things that are shown in that museum is the wonderful tendency of the human mind when once it has got into a groove to stick there.

(Applause.) The great object of scientific investigation is to run counter to that tendency. Lastly, great progress has been made in the last twenty years in the direction of the discovery of the indications of man in a fossil state. Twenty years ago it was contrary to any of the preconceived ideas that man could have existed in a fossil state. There was however, an accumulation of the strongest evidences of the existence of man in ages long since past—what the exact dates were he did not think anyone could say—but it was beyond all question that man existed at a time when the whole physical formation of the country was different to what it is now. When it came to a question of tracing back man further than the period to which he referred he confessed that the evidence was of a very dubious character. They had not at present any positive knowledge on the subject. Finally, there was the very interesting question as to whether, with such evidence of the existence of man in those times as we have before us, it is possible to trace in that brief history any evidence of the gradual modification from a human type essentially similar to that which exists at the present day to a human type somewhat different from that which now exists. We do happen to know that, going back further in time, the horse presents us with a series of distinct modifications and evolutions, by which it can be traced back from an earlier type. Therefore, it must be deemed possible that man is in the same position, although the facts we have before us with respect to him tell in neither one way nor the other.

LITERATURE.

The Library Association of the United Kingdom will hold its annual meeting at Oxford on the three first days in October, under the presidency of the Rev. H. O. Coxe, Bodley's Librarian. A committee which was appointed at the first meeting of the association, held in London last year, will present a special report on the details relating to the compilation and publication of a general catalogue of English literature.

Mr. Edward Jenkins, M.P., has given notice that he will next session introduce a bill to amend the law of copyright. Mr. Jenkins was a member of the late Royal Commission on Copyright. We had rather that the conduct of the subject in Parliament had been in abler, stronger, and more influential hands. Legislation on copyright, especially after the sitting of a royal commission on the question, would seem to be peculiarly the province of the Government, which can alone ensure the passing of a comprehensive and satisfactory measure.

The twenty-sixth annual report of the Boston Free Public Library again proves that fiction is more popular in America even than it is in England. Of the contents of the Library and its nine branches, forty-two out of every hundred volumes are novels;

whilst of the total circulation seventy-five books out of every hundred are works of fiction. Women are the great consumers. The men take from the Library less than half as many novels as women. The gifts, as usual at Boston, continue on a magnificent scale. Besides donations of money, 21,200 volumes and 12,453 pamphlets were given to the Library during the year.

Failures in the London publishing world, at least among the large houses, are very rare, and, indeed, are almost unknown, but the late depression in the general trade of the country has been severely felt by publishers and booksellers, and the announcement of the financial difficulties and suspension of some old-established firms is scarcely matter for surprise. James Virtue and Company, Limited, have suspended payment with liabilities of over £170,000. The assets are stated by the firm to be considerable, but as these consist to a great extent of magazine and book copyrights, old engraved plates, and such like, their market value may not prove so substantial as the balance-sheet makes out. The publishing firm of Daldy, Isbister, and Co., being but an offshoot of Virtue and Co., is involved in this stoppage, and a meeting of the creditors of Tinsley Brothers, of Catherine-street, Strand, has been called for Tuesday next. Daldy, Isbister, and Co. are the publishers of the well-known *Good Words*, Tinsleys issue the monthly magazine which is called by their name, and Virtue and Co. are the owners of the *Art Journal*.

THE EARLIEST BIRDS AND BLOSSOMS OF 1878.

The Registrar General in his last quarterly report, for the three months ending in June, gives the following notes of the earliest bird and blossom appearances of the year as recorded by Mr. James Glaisher, F.R.S. :—

	EARLIEST.	LATEST.
Field elm in leaf	April 21 Oxford and Guernsey .....	May 1, Osborne.
Wych Elm ..	" 21, Oxford.....	" 7, Torquay
Oak ..	" 21, Strathfield .....	" 7, Torquay.
Lime ..	" 9, Strathfield .....	April 27, Guernsey
Sycamore ..	" 1, Strathfield.....	" 23, Torquay.
Horsechestnut,	" 7, Osborne .....	" 20, Torquay.
Common Poplar	" 10, Strathfield.....	May 13, Llandudno.
Hawthorn ..	" 1, Osborne .....	" 5, Silloth.
Hazel ..	" 20, Oxford.....	" 7, Torquay.
Apple in blossom	" 19, Llandudno.....	April 28, Weybridge.
Pear ..	" 5, Silloth .....	" 27, Torquay.
Idiac ..	" 21, Oxford.....	May 6, Llandudno.
Laburnum ..	" 29, Silloth.....	" 5, Oxford.
Honeysuckle ..	June 2, Weybridge.....	June 10, Torquay.
Wheat in flower.	" 15, Llandudno.....	" 26, Kelstern.
Wheat in ear ...	" 8, Cardington ...	" 13, Strathfield & Weybridge.
Barley ..	" 20, Cardington and Llandudno.....	" 25, Kelstern.
Cuckoo arrived...	April 14, Stonyhurst.....	May 3, Royston.
Swallow ..	" 7, Osborne.....	" 10, Torquay.
Nightingale .....	" 14, Weybridge.....	April 18, Streatley.

Saturday, August 31, 1878.

NOTES.

MUSIC AND MUSICIANS IN MANCHESTER.

[484.] I have read with much interest the notes upon Manchester Music Books. The first book printed in England was published by Ravenscroft about the year 1616. Ravenscroft composed 150 tunes to the 150 Psalms, many of which are sung at the present time, more particularly one that was originally named French, but it has been re-named in many collections published as Dundee. A few years ago, having engaged to deliver a lecture upon the rise and progress of music in England to the death of Handel, a friend of mine lent me a copy of the original edition in excellent preservation, and, as an illustration, the tune under the name of French was sung from that edition. This tune has undergone many tinkering, yet notwithstanding it has maintained its ground.

I was well acquainted in 1816 with the whole of the organists at that period, but more particularly with James Bennett, who at one period was our leading tenor in England. At the time I became acquainted with him he was celebrated at our Collegiate Church as the best chorister, and, until his voice broke, sang every Christmas Day the anthem at the afternoon service, which was always well attended. We became acquainted as youths when learning the violin, and our practice-book was the first book of Challoner's Instructions, in which the pieces were arranged as duets. Bennett also took lessons on the pianoforte from William Sudlow, then organist of the church. Bennett in a short time was able to play the organ, and his first place was at Dr. Hawke's Chapel, Mosley-street, belonging to the Unitarian body, which was pulled down. Its site with the burial ground is, I believe, now occupied by Messrs. H. J. Nicoll's tailoring establishment. Its first tenant was a bank. At that time the only books in print were the two volumes of Harrison's collection and Leech of Rochdale's, which consisted of about twenty-four tunes and a few anthems. Ashton, a well-known bread baker on Piccadilly, also printed a small collection. The organ at this chapel was originally built for the Gentlemen's Concert Room, and was sold in order to have a larger one in its place, and this one was sold to St. Thomas's Chapel, Ardwick, and its player was Henry Arnold.

From my acquaintance with the organists of that

period I had opportunities of seeing the books. The Collegiate Church only had Harrison's Psalmody; the same at Trinity Church (Salford), St. Ann's, and St. John's. The latter was then played by a Mr. Grimshaw, considered the best organist at the time. I cannot say what books were used at St. Peter's, where William Wilkinson was organist. He had a copy published by Webbe, which did not get into general circulation as it was considered too intricate an arrangement. Of St. Stephen's, Salford, where the organ was played by an amateur, I cannot speak.

Harrison's Psalmody was the leading one at that time, and William Sudlow, organist of Collegiate Church, considered it the best collection ever published. It was not made copyright, or it would have been a fortune to its author. Harrison (the Rev. John, I think) was one of the ministers at Cross-street Chapel, and associated with Mr. Grundy; and when Grundy left for Liverpool Mr. Robberds succeeded him. Mr. Harrison had a son who was the minister of the Blackley Unitarian Chapel. He also was musical. At one time he was occupied in revising his father's work; and probably his son (Dr. Bower Harrison) could give further information. I believe Fentum, of the Strand, London, was Harrison's publisher. In this collection were many composed by the Wainwrights, singing men of the Cathedral for a long period, who kept the only music shop in Manchester, in which they were succeeded by their nephew. One of the Wainwrights composed the celebrated tune, "Christians Awake," and called it Stockport. One of the Wainwright's became an organist at Liverpool; he was a great composer of psalmody, and was entitled Dr. Wainwright. It was this individual who was a candidate with the celebrated astronomer Herschell (then a hautboy player in a military band at Doncaster) for the post of organist to Halifax Parish Church. Dr. Wainwright had great execution, and Herschell's friends at the conclusion of his performance asked him how he hoped to succeed against such an antagonist. He replied, "Fingers will not do;" and when he took his seat he placed a lump of lead upon the keys and harmonized to it. The builder was in raptures, and said, "I love this man, because he lets my pipes speak."

In another Note I propose to describe the progress of music in Manchester from 1819.

JOHN SLATER.

Cheadle, near Manchester.



## SIR CHRISTOPHER WREN AND THE WOOD CARVER.

[485.] The following curiously interesting letter, which so far as I know has not been printed, is copied from the Miscellaneous Collection of Autograph Letters in the British Museum, vol. 21, letter C. :—

“To Mistress Hannah Haybittle,  
Sudbury,  
Suffolk,

Care of James Herbert the Carrier,  
No. 9, Ivy Lane, London.  
“September 3rd, 1669.

Dearest Hannah, my sweet Mistress,

Pray God that this may find my own sweet-hearte and lyfe well. I hope that James Herbert put into your own hands one letter which I sent, I gave him the letter myself and he promised most faithfully to find occasion to conveye it to you. I know my dear Hannah you think it both hard and wrong to hide anything from the knowledge of so kind a Father as your's. The waggon returns into London on Tuesday, so I went to the yard in Bishopgate and waited for it to arrive. At last I heard the bells, and Jim Herbert as he turned under the gateway smiled at me pleasantlie and he said, wait a bit young chap, I have somewhat to say to thee. After a while he came to me and told me how he met you walking on the Croft with your maide Susan, and how he contrived to give you my packet unseen of her. To think of such craft under a waggoner his frock; but no letter from you. He says that you looked well and seemed happy to receive my letter and I am contente—but had you no opportunitie to write one line—I know how it is dear Hannah, you dialike any artifice, indeed it is hardly right for me, who owe so much to your good Father, even the abilitie to write this as he sent me, a poor orphan, to the free school, to tempt you in this matter.

I can no longer put off telling you the good newes. God has indeed been good to us. Little did I expect such happiness when I left Sudbury last May; that morning, when I looked for the last time from the hill, I thought my heart would surely burst, but then came to my mind what kind neighbour Smith should say sne heard your father say about London, so I plucked up courage and walked very fast over the Tye. Dear Hannah, it is a very sad lyfe to be alone in a great city. At Sudbury I did contrive to see you, though at a distance, every day, and I could walk in the pleasaunt fields and think about you and read Master Shakspear—his plays which you gave

me, and which trulle have been latterly with my Bible, my onlie comforte. In the evening I could pass your house to catch a glimpse of your shadowe on your casement, or to hear your spinnet sounding, and sometimes I found the neighbours showing the ear-rings to a farmer or two who had been at the market, and it was sweete to my poor, vain, heart to hear them tell how the rich merchant, Master Haybittle, retired from London to his native town, and bought a house and employed a poor young man, who shewed some taste for such matters, to carve upon the wood-work elephants and lions, and other wonderful beasts from the distant lands, where he used to send merchandize. Then all said the carver must go up to London and become a great man.

Well, I got to London, but no one would employ me, and my little pittance of money got lower and lower, and I used, for want of employment, to go to the church-yard of Saint-Paul, and watch the building, which will certainly be one of the wonders of the world. Suddenly it struck me one day that they would surelie put into such a grand building carvings, such as I have often seen at Melford and the other churches, and I spoke humbly to the foremen, but they repulsed me, saying, “we want no hedge carpenters here;” nevertheless, I went day after day to look on at a distance, and a week yesterday, as I stood as usual, in great admiration, a gentleman approached with papers in his hand, and he talked with the workpeople, and at last his eye fell on me, and he said to the foreman, ‘What does that young man want? I will not have any person about here unless they have business;’ and the foreman answered, ‘Please you, Sir Christopher, he is a country fellow who troubles us to give him some of the carving work to do.’ On this the gentleman, who I then knew to be the great architect, beckoned me towards him, and said, ‘Friend, you want carving work; what have you been used to carve?’ Hannah! indeed you will hardly credit it, but I was so confused that—forgetting all but what I earned my bread by whilst I was in the country—I answered, stammeringly, ‘Please your worship, Sir Christopher, I have been used to carve troughs.’ ‘Troughs,’ said he. ‘Then carve me, as a specimen of your skill, a sow and pigs, it will be something in your line, and bring it to me this day week, I shall be here,’ on which he went away smiling, and all the foremen and workpeople burst into loud laughter.

I do not know how I reached my lodging, but when I did I threw myself on the bed and shed bitter tears, and reproached myself for losing such an opportunity of explaining what I had done on your Father his house. In the evening the good Quaker woman, whose back garret I rent, came upstairs, and, entering my room, said, 'Friend Philip, I have not seen thee since morning; I feared thou wert ill—see, I have brought thee some broth.' But I could not touch it, so she said, 'Tell, I pray thee, thy trouble; it may be I can help thee.' So I told her, and she said, 'Thou art wrong, for if the man who is building that great steeple house requires such and such a thing done, why, if thou really hast skill, it will be showed as well in that as in any other matter.' Her words were comforting to me, and I sat up on the bed and ate the broth, and then I took my last guinea, and I went out and bought a block of pear-tree wood, and worked at my task continually, and yesterday morning I dressed myself in my best, and wrapping it in an apron borrowed from my kind landlady, I went to the building. The work-people jeered me, and pressed very much that I should show it to them, but on no account would I do so. I waited two or three hours, and then it was rumoured that Sir Christopher was arrived with a party of the quality, to whom he was showing the building. At last he and the rest passed where I stood, but when I would have gone forward to speak with him, the foreman and others would have hindered me saying, 'this is not the proper time, you may see that Sir Christopher is otherwise engaged,' but necessity made me then bolder, and I said, 'he himself appointed me this morning,' and I pressed through them. Directly his eye caught me, he beckoned and I went towards him, and I bowed and undid the apron, and presented the carving to him. For a minute he held it in his hand—Oh! deare Hannah! what an anxious minute—and then said,

I engage you young man, attend at my office to-morrow forenoon.' Then he walked on with the party, still holding the saw and pigs in his hand, but when he got a little distance he turned round and said, 'wait until we pass back.' So I waited, and when they returned, Sir Christopher came up to me and said, 'Mr. Addison, I think he said, 'Addison, or Addington, wishes to keep your carving, and requests me to give you ten guineas for it.' I bowed, and then he said, 'I fear I did you some injustice

young man, but a great national work is entrusted to my care, and it is my solemn duty to mind that no part of the work falls into inefficient hands, mind and attend me to-morrow.' So I bowed and ran home, and my kind landlady was also overjoyed. This morning I have been at the office, and I am indeed engaged to do carving in this most wonderful building.

I leave, at your discretion, to acquaint your father of this matter, and if you would write to me only one line it would increase the happiness of

Deare Hannah,

Your faithful Servante until Deathe,  
PHILIP WOOD."

Shortly after obtaining employment under Sir Christopher Wren he also succeeded in winning the hand—the heart he had won before—of his "Deare Hannah." In consequence of this marriage he was obliged to change his name from Philip Wood to Philip Haybittle. He was employed many years in carving the interior of Saint-Paul's; and I have no doubt the work executed by him, in this noblest of all our English cathedrals, is well worthy of the building, and reflects honour on its illustrious architect.

RICHARD BURGESS.

George-street, Hulme.

#### COMMENTS AND ANSWERS.

##### "FLESHED HIS MAIDEN SWORD."

(Query No. 477, August 24.)

[486.] The passage "flesh'd his maiden sword" occurs in Shakspeare's historical play of King Henry IV., part i., act v., scene 4:—

PRINCE HENRY.—Come, brother John,  
Full bravely hast thou flesh'd thy maiden sword.

T. T. H.

#### MANCHESTER MUSIC BOOKS.

(Nos. 455 and 475.)

[487.] I am told by Mr. David Kelly that the Mr. Rider whom I remember as living in Plymouth Grove was not Mr. Charles Rider, the compiler of the *Psalmody*, but his brother William; and that Charles died at Leamington over twenty years ago. An address "To the children attending the Sunday School for all Denominations, Miles Platting, Manchester," (duodecimo, eleven pages), was published about 1815-20. It is signed "C. R." This, I suppose, was Charles Rider's.

C. W. S.

The name was originally spelt Rider, and subsequently changed to Ryder.

SELRAHC

I am personally much obliged to C. W. S. for the information that the three volumes of music compiled by Mr. Charles Rider are in the Free Library of this city. He will permit me, however, to correct a slight error in his note. It was not Mr. C. Rider, but his brother William, who resided in Plymouth Grove. The latter gentleman died in 1865, and lies buried in the precincts of St. Saviour's Church. Mr. C. Rider left Collyhurst Hall nearly fifty years ago in consequence, it was said, of a riotous mob visiting his residence, to the great terror of his sisters, during his absence from home. Leaving Manchester he retired to the Moravian Settlement, and while there he became connected with the Droylsden Sunday-school and was as highly respected there as he had been at Elm-street. There he remained many years; but his health beginning to fail, he bade farewell to his Droylsden friends and went to reside at Leamington, where, at an advanced age, he died.

SAMUEL HEWITT.

Maraden-street, C.-on-M.

SELRAHC and C. W. S. in bringing forward Mr. Charles Rider's music publications will, I am sure, have given much pleasure to your readers, and to myself particularly, as I never saw any of the works in question. There is, however, no point in which my music-book tallies with those named by your correspondents, except that the benevolence of the design in gratuitously publishing such a work is the same. In my book not one of the tunes bears the signature C. R., so that had Mr. Rider been the compiler he would hardly have omitted in so complete a work as his *Psalmodia Britannica* at least some of his own compositions. Nor is there a chant or any other variety of composition, except the plain hymn tune, in my work from beginning to end; and this leads me to infer that the publication emanated from a dissenter, or at any rate that it was more particularly for their use. Should any copy be in the hands of your readers, the order and names of a few of the tunes in my book may be a means of identification:—No. 1, *Streams*, by Broadrip; No. 2, *Weatherby*, by Dr. Miller; No. 3, *Knaresborough*, by Leach; No. 4, *Mount Tabor*, by Marsh; No. 5, *Manchester*, by Dr. Wainwright. R. E. BIBBY.  
Denton.

Corroborative of the reply of SELRAHC, I may say that the music book alluded to by Mr. R. E. BIBBY is undoubtedly the one compiled by the late Mr.

Charles Rider. I formerly had a copy in my possession, and can state on good authority that the work was originally presented to the various Sunday schools in Manchester. Mr. Ryder, I understood, was associated with the Wesleyan connexion in the Oldham-street circuit, and was, as already mentioned, an active promoter of the "Sunday schools for children of all denominations," which about that time were established and supported by a committee consisting mainly of members of the above body. In addition to the Elm-street schools there may be mentioned, amongst others, the schools in Trumpet-street, which afterwards became attached to Great Bridge-water-street Wesleyan Chapel, and which have only recently been pulled down for the Cheshire Lines Railway to Liverpool. Mr. Ryder's zeal in promoting singing in schools and congregations was proverbial. It was not uncommon for scholars to visit him at his residence at Collyhurst—then a desirable country retreat—and there to sing for him.

Apart, however, from the novelty attached to the book in question, there is nothing particular to recommend it. Many of the tunes are entirely unfit for school or congregational singing. The music is in vocal score only, and the notes are very much crowded together. It was, in fact, to a great extent afterwards superseded in this district by "*Voce de Melodia*," a collection of hymn tunes in vocal score with pianoforte or organ accompaniment, compiled by the late William Holford, who I believe was choir-master at St. Clement's Church, Lever-street, at the time, and whose brother (who also had an interest in the work) was within the last few years organist of Christ Church, Salford. Very few copies of this latter collection are now to be met with, as more modern and better tune books have almost universally filled its place.

WM. BLACKSTOCK.

CHERPESIDE.

(Query No. 278, August 24.)

[488.] Cherpeside in London received its name from the Saxon word "chepe," or market; Anglo-Saxon, *ceapian*, to buy; *cypan*, to sell; and *ceap*, price. A "chipping" was the old English term for a market-place. Thus we have Chipping Norton, Chipping Barnet, and Chesham, all ancient market towns. Cherpeside and Eastcheap were the old market places of London. In the year 1246 Cherpeside was an open field called *Crown-field*, from an inn of that name at the East End. Three centuries ago Cheap-

side was called the "beauty of London," and was famed for its splendid shops, occupied by goldsmiths, linendrapers, and haberdashers.

MORDAUNT BUCKLEY.

London, 26th August, 1878.

THE HARGREAVES REQUEST.

(No. 475.)

[489.] I was one of those who were favoured with an invitation to the residence of Mr. Hamer Hargreaves. He had concerts, I think, weekly. The band was composed as follows:—James Bennett, leader; John Slater, second violin; James Green, violoncello; David Fearn, flute; Mr. Hargreaves also occasionally played the flute. There were a few others I cannot name. Mr. Hargreaves was an enthusiastic musician, and seeing that the Philharmonic Society was on the wane his wish was to found one for the rising amateurs; and, as I understood, the £1,000 was to be funded to lessen the expenses of its concerts. The association was to be composed of amateurs with the addition of a few paid professionals, instead of which few, if any, amateurs were in the band. Consequently the fund was swallowed by the professionals engaged.

JOHN SLATER.

Cheadle, near Manchester.

WILLIAM BALLY.

(Query No. 481, August 24.)

[490.] Under the title of "Mons. Bally's Lectures on Casting and Modelling," Mr. Bally printed at Nottingham (eight pages, duodecimo, without date) a syllabus of his lectures, with some practical instructions in the art.

When Mr. Bally left Manchester for his native Switzerland in 1848, on account of ill-health, his collection of casts, the work of twenty-eight years, was bought by public subscription, amounting to £150, and deposited in the Mechanics' Institution, David-street. An account of a tea party in his honour will be found in the *Manchester Guardian*, July 1, 1848. About 1860 the casts, numbering 760, were accepted by the Corporation, and placed in an upper room in the now demolished Campfield Library. They were afterwards removed to the museum in Queen's Park, where they now are.

C. W. S.

QUERIES.

[491.] THE DRESS COAT.—At what period was the present style of "swallow-tail" or "claw-hammer" dress coat introduced?

ALPHA.

[492.] THE LATE MISS CATHERINE WINKWORTH. In noticing the death of the accomplished translator of *Lyra Germanica*, the *Times*, of July 16, said that "her early life was spent at Alderley Edge, near Manchester, where she lived in close intimacy with Mr. Gaskell, the Martineau family, and others." Can any of your readers inform me whether Miss Winkworth was born in this neighbourhood, or how she came to reside at Alderley Edge?

C. W. S.

[493.] SIGNATURE OF CLERKS OF THE PEACE. Why do clerks of the peace sign advertisements and other announcements without their Christian name, giving one the idea that they may possibly be peers of the realm? Formerly our Manchester notices were signed simply "Ogden," and now they are signed "Austin." One is disposed, under the circumstances, to think of Lord Ogden or Lord Austin. How and why did the custom originate?

A. G.

[494.] PHIZ.—Can any reader give any information about Mr. Hablot K. Browne, the artist associated with Dickens at the time of his greatest successes? We read of Mr. Browne as having been the friend and companion of Dickens and his contemporaries, but now we never hear him mentioned in connection with literary or artistic circles. Not having heard of his decease, and having a great admiration for his genius, I should like to know if he is still living.

R. BAGOT.

[495.] "WHAT LANCASHIRE THINKS TO-DAY." The Marquis of Salisbury, when Secretary for India, at a dinner given to him at the Queen's Hotel, Manchester, I think by the Chamber of Commerce, used the expression, "What Lancashire thinks to-day, England will think to-morrow." Since then the authorship of the phrase has been attributed to him. In the *Daily News* of Wednesday, in a letter by Mr. Walter Wren, the eminent "coach," Lord Salisbury is said to have borrowed the sentence from Mr. Cobden. Can any one say when, where, and in what connection Mr. Cobden used the words?

ALF. GREY.

[496.] THE FIRST SUNDAY SCHOOLS, BOLTON AND MANCHESTER.—(1.) The first Sunday-school established by Robert Raikes was opened in Gloucester in July, 1780. At or before that time a Sunday-school, taught by one Jemmy Hey, was in existence at Little Lever, near Bolton. I should be glad if any of your many readers can give the date at which this school was started, the duration of its existence, or any other particulars respecting it. (2.) As early after what may be called the general establishment of Sunday-schools as 1785, there are said to have been nearly 3,000 scholars in them in Manchester. I, and I dare say very many others, would like to know where and by whom the first Manchester Sunday-school was started. I should also like to have, or know where I may obtain, information respecting the early schools.

F. DAVENPORT.

## LITERATURE.

Mr. Herbert Spencer, who was in rather feeble health for some time, has now considerably recovered, and is arranging materials for an autobiography.

Mr. Ruskin has altered his mind about *Fora Clavigera*, the issue of which has been suspended since his illness in March last, and which he announced his intention of discontinuing altogether. He will now complete the volume for the year.

Mr. E. A. Bond's appointment as Principal Librarian of the British Museum has been confirmed by Her Majesty, who, as usual, had two names submitted to her. The second was that of Mr. Bullen, keeper of the printed books. Mr. Bond has been keeper of the manuscripts for the past twelve years.

The death is announced of a writer who has perhaps had more juvenile readers than any contemporary author. Mrs. Mortimer, who wrote *Peep of Day*, *Line upon Line*, and sundry other works for children, has just died at Runton, near Cromer, at the age of seventy-six. The deceased lady, formerly Miss Bevan, was the widow of the late Rev. Thomas Mortimer.

The revival of the Welsh language and its effect on literature is noted by a correspondent of the *Spectator*, who has recently been travelling in Belgium, and has observed a corresponding revival of another "conquered language," the Flemish. At Aberystwith last year a news-vendor told him that he not only sold many more Welsh newspapers than English, but that the sale of the former was greatly increasing, by comparison with that of the latter. And the get-up of Welsh books has improved as much within the last twenty years as that of Flemish. What was formerly published only for the reading of the lowest class in either case, is evidently published now for that of a class much better to do. At Dolgelly Market the writer was quite surprised at the expensively-illustrated Welsh Bibles that were on sale.

## ART.

The portraits in the British Museum are to be removed to the galleries of the National Portrait Gallery, and the pictures to the National Gallery, or South Kensington. This is provided for in the act which received the royal assent on the last day of the session.

Messrs. Macmillan will publish, in the course of the autumn, an interesting volume on the *Liber Studiorum* of Turner, the engravings of the English master. It is not only a catalogue for the service of the collector, giving him signs by which he may discriminate that great object of his research, the particular "state of the play," but is a catalogue

and a description, something after the manner of Charles Blanc's book on Rembrandt.

The autumn exhibition of pictures in Liverpool, conducted under the management of the Corporation, will open on Monday next. The number of works sent in last year was about 2,200, and this year 2,500, in 1877 no fewer than 1,327 pictures were hung, whilst this year the number is limited to 1,080. The rejected works numbered about 1,400. The committee have been careful to avoid the two extremes of "skying" and of placing pictures on the floor, and this arrangement has necessarily led to a curtailment of the number shown. Amongst known works previously exhibited, are G. F. Watts's *Time and Death*, F. Leighton's *Winding the Skein*, and Mr. Hubert Herkomer's *Eventide*, recently purchased by the Corporation for the Walker Art Gallery, has also a place on the walls.

The autumn exhibition of the Birmingham Society of Artists was opened on Thursday. It is chiefly remarkable for the large proportion of Academicians and Associates among its contributors, most of them represented by works which have already passed the ordeal of criticism at the Royal Academy or other London exhibitions. The members of the society and other local artists are well though not largely represented, chiefly in the landscape department. Although the rejected works this year numbered several hundred, the weeding out process might have been carried further with advantage, as the collection, comprising 831 works, is still somewhat unwieldy. At the private view on Wednesday purchases were made on a fairly liberal scale, considering the general depression of trade.

## SCIENCE.

A mammoth has been found at Bois de la Balie, near Geneva. No such fossil has been discovered in the Canton since 1786.

Mr. Darwin has been elected a corresponding member of the French Academy of Sciences in the section of Zoology, and an honorary member of the Bavarian Royal Academy of Sciences.

Mr. W. W. Keyworth, of Alderley Edge, in the course of a paper read before the Lancashire and Cheshire Entomological Society in Liverpool on Monday, mentioned amongst his numerous captures during the past year that of the very rare Hawk Moth *Chierocampa Celerio*.

In the interests of literature it is important to find out that the use of wood in the manufacture of paper is not conducive to the longevity of that substance. Professor Reuleaux, in a lecture delivered at Leipzig, stated that, as the paper used in the German public offices is mainly composed of wood we may expect the destruction, from natural causes, of many important official records. He limits their duration to about fifteen years.

## SHAKSPERE AND CYPRUS.

There is some mild sort of interest in noting how frequently, within the compass of a few hundred lines, Shakspeare's references to the island of Cyprus under the governorship of Othello would appear to be capable of a modern application. For instance, on the arrival of a Queen's messenger at our Foreign Office, what more natural remark for Lord Salisbury to make than—

Something from Cyprus, as I may divine ?

In anticipation of the Anglo-Turkish convention developing into action, we have the fact noted that

The Turkish fleet is bearing up to Cyprus.

During the private negotiations for the cession of the island, there was doubtless much winnowing of

The importancy of Cyprus to the Turk.

And at Malta, when the Indian troops were being embarked for a visit to the place, what better line for a special correspondent to telegraph than

A mighty preparation makes for Cyprus?

When Sir Garnet took formal possession, what shorter way of saying so than—

Lo! I'm in full commission here for Cyprus?

And when the royal standard was hoisted and Queen Victoria proclaimed, the appeal to the people might be—

Ye men of Cyprus, let her have your knees;

With—

We bring all Cyprus comfort.

And—

Heaven bless the Isle of Cyprus.

In the event of a drunken row in the guardroom some night, there will infallibly be

Three lads of Cyprus, noble swelling spirits,  
Who bear their honour in a wary distance—  
The very elements of this warlike isle.

And Sir Garnet may be heard a mile off, exclaiming:

For Christian shame, put by this barbarous brawl.  
Are we turn'd Turks, and to ourselves do that  
Which Heaven hath forbid the Ottomites ?  
What! in a town of war,  
Yet wild, the people's hearts brimful of fear,—  
To manage private and domestic quarrels,  
In night, and on the court and guard of safety,—  
'Tis monstrous!

And finally, when Lady Wolsley goes out to join her gallant husband, what finer greeting for her than—

Honey! you shall be well desired in Cyprus;  
I have found great love among them.

## JAMES MUDIE SPENCE.

Our obituary column recorded last week the death of Mr. James Mudie Spence. He was the eldest son of Mr. Peter Spence, J.P., the well-known chemist, and was born in 1836. Much of his time was spent in travel and adventure in Norway, California, and South America. Of his residence in the Republic of Venezuela he has left a very readable account in his *Land of Bolivar*, which has gone through two editions in the present year. It is on this work Mr. Spence's claim to literary remembrance must be based, although he printed several pamphlets—one in Spanish—for private circulation. During his residence in Venezuela he organized an ascent of the Peak of Naiguatá, 9,430 feet high, and was the first human being known to have planted foot on the summit of that mountain, until then deemed inaccessible. Amongst the plants collected on that occasion was a new species of the Chusquea, which was described by Dr. Ernst, of Caracas, who named it in honour of its discoverer Chusquea Spencei. Mr. Spence brought home a large collection of objects illustrative of the natural resources and antiquities of Venezuela, a country to which he was greatly attached, and where he had many warm friends. General Guzman Blanco, then President of the Republic, conferred upon him the Order of the Busto del Libertador. Mr. Spence was a member of the Alpine Club, and a Fellow of the Royal Geographical and other Societies. After his return to England in 1872 he visited some of the West India Islands, but his health began to fail, and the preparation of the *Land of Bolivar* and the task of seeing it through the press was his last work. Some months were spent at Matlock in the vain hope of recruiting. Finally an operation of a painful nature became necessary in London, and sanguine hopes were entertained of his speedy restoration to health. A stay at Herne Bay was recommended, and there he rapidly lost strength and died August 15th. His *Land of Bolivar* gives but a faint notion of the charm of his social intercourse. He was a keen observer, and his humour and geniality made him a favourite in society. There are many both in the old world and the new who will hear with sincere regret of his death at a comparatively early age.

Saturday, September 7, 1878.

COMMENTS AND ANSWERS.

MUSIC AND MUSICIANS IN MANCHESTER.

(Note No. 484, August 31.)

[497.] I believe the psalmody used at St. Peter's Church comprised Harrison's two volumes, Webbe's Collection, and some manuscript compositions and arrangements, when Mr. William Wilkinson was organist and Mr. John Isherwood was basso.

It was the Rev. Ralph (not John) Harrison who compiled the "Sacred Harmony," the first edition of which was sold in London by Messrs. Thompson, No. 75, and J. Johnson, No. 72, St. Paul's Churchyard, and W. Brown, of Essex-street, Strand; and by R. Massey, music-seller, Hanging Ditch, Manchester. The Rev. Ralph Harrison was a descendant of the Rev. Cuthbert Harrison, who was ejected from Singleton, Lancashire, in 1662. He was for some time minister of the Presbyterian Chapel, Shrewsbury; and afterwards, for thirty-eight years, of the chapel in Cross-street, Manchester. He died November 24, 1810, aged sixty-two years.

Mr. Slater is not quite accurate in his account of the Wainwrights. I published all the particulars I could find of the family in the Biographical Notices given in my Collection of Chants, but as they are omitted in the thirteenth edition I subjoin them:—

The Wainwrights were a musical family, originally of Stockport. It is said that John Wainwright was organist of the Parish Church, and that on leaving Stockport he was succeeded by his daughter Mary, wife of Charles Booth. The oldest musical members of the family seem to have been S. Wainwright, who was residing in the Churchgate, Stockport, in December, 1757; Richard Wainwright, of Manchester, "singing man," who died at the close of 1758; and John Wainwright, of whom the earliest account the editor has been able to find is, that he resided at the Parsonage, Manchester, in 1757, and played a solo on the violin at his benefit concert that year. He was elected organist and singing man at the Collegiate Church, Manchester, May 12, 1767, succeeding in both offices Edward Betts (a somewhat noted man of his day, whose appointment dated June 8, 1728, and whose death took place April 18, 1767). He did not hold the situation long, as he died in January, 1768. He was the composer of the well-known tunes to

Mr. Byrom's Christmas hymns, "Christians, awake!" and "God, who in sundry times in divers ways." He appears to have had a large family. His son Edward died in 1756, his daughters Elizabeth and Mary in 1757, and his daughter Ann in 1768. Another daughter was married February 10, 1782, to Mr. Houghton, surgeon's mate of His Majesty's frigate Ceres. His son Robert is the Wainwright named in the following anecdote:—When the present fine organ in the Parish Church of Halifax had been erected by Snetzler, there were many competitors for the situation of organist. Among them were Wainwright and Herschel, afterwards Sir William Herschel, the celebrated astronomer. The latter had come over to England as a performer on the hautboy in the band of a German regiment, and his extraordinary musical genius and ability had so attracted the attention of Dr. Miller, the organist and historian of Doncaster, that he had induced him to leave his corps and become an inmate of his house. On the day of trial, 30th August, 1766, Wainwright, Herschel, and five others, entered the lists. Wainwright preceded Herschel, and so rapid was his execution that old Snetzler ran about the church angrily exclaiming, "Te teyvel, te teyvel, he run ever de keesh like one cat—he will not gif my pipes room for to shpeak!" During Wainwright's performance Dr. Miller enquired from his friend what chance he thought he had. "I don't know," replied Herschel, "but I am sure fingers alone won't do." When it came to his turn Herschel ascended the organ loft, and produced so uncommon a richness and such a volume of harmony as astonished all present; and, finishing his extemporaneous effusion with a steady and dignified performance of the Old Hundredth Psalm tune, he drew from the delighted builder the exclamation, "Aye, aye, tish is very goot, very goot indeed. I will luf tish man, he gifs my pipes room for to shpeak." Herschel being asked how he contrived to produce an effect so astonishing, observed, "I told you fingers alone would not do," and producing from his waistcoat pocket two pieces of lead, remarked, "one of these I placed on the lowest key and the other on the octave above [as a substitute for pedals, which, though in use on the Continent more than 300 years, had not yet found their way into England], and thus, by accommodating the harmony, I obtained the effect of four hands instead of two." Herschel consequently was appointed to the situation, but he soon removed to Bath, and afterwards rose to

the highest celebrity by his astronomical discoveries. Robert Wainwright must have commenced his musical career at an early age. In 1767, when only nineteen year old, we find him at the Collegiate Church, Manchester, conducting a performance of a *Te Deum*, *Jubilate*, and *Tobit's Prayer*, which he had composed with orchestral accompaniments. On the 18th February in the following year he was appointed organist and one of the singing men "in room of his late father, deceased." In 1774 he took the degrees of Bachelor and Doctor of Music at Oxford, a grand *Te Deum*, composed by him for voices and instruments, having been previously performed in the School for Musical Exhibitions. On March 1, 1775, the Common Council of Liverpool "were pleased" to appoint him organist of St. Peter's Church in that town, in place of Michael Williams, deceased. In the notices of the musical festivals there, at which the doctor conducted, we meet with other compositions of his; among them being Dryden's *Ode on St. Cecilia's Day*, and an oratorio called "The Fall of Egypt." He died, "universally lamented," 15th July, 1782, in the thirty-fifth year of his age.

Richard Wainwright was for some years organist of the Collegiate Church and St. Anne's, and violoncellist at the Gentlemen's Concerts, Manchester. In September, 1782, the Common Council of Liverpool appointed him to succeed his brother at St. Peter's. Here he injured his prospects by running away with a young lady, Miss Marriott, from a boarding school at Prestwich, near Manchester, and in consequence he retired to Preston; however, after a while he returned to Liverpool and obtained the situation of organist at St. James's Church in the park. When James Salmon, husband of the celebrated vocalist, ceased to be organist, he was reinstated at St. Peter's, and died August 20, 1825, aged sixty-seven.

William Wainwright was a double-bass player, and partner of William Sudlow, father of the organist of the Collegiate Church, Manchester, in a music shop, and was probably a singing man at the Collegiate Church. He died July 2, 1797.

Southport, August 31, 1878.

B. ST. J. B. JOULE.

MANCHESTER MUSIC-BOOKS,

(Nos. 465, 475, and 487.)

[498.] To remove the doubts of Mr. Bibby respecting the editorship of the music-book in his possession, I beg to offer the following remarks.

When Mr. Rider began the work of compilation his intention was limited to the selection of a set of tunes suitable to the hymns used in the Elm-street Sunday school. In fulfilment of this intention he produced the first volume, containing 336 hymn tunes, besides three pieces not numbered, viz.:—Ireland, by Harwood; Zion, by Fawcett; and Incarnation, by Leach. The index to this volume consists of four pages, in which the names of the tunes are arranged in alphabetical order, and is concluded with a short metrical index. This first volume was brought into use at the opening of the school in 1816, and the hymns sung on that occasion were bound up with it, a printed copy of each hymn being placed opposite to the tune selected for it and numbered accordingly. Mr. Rider tells us, in a note, that as a relaxation from matters of more serious importance, and also to render the compilation more complete and worthy of acceptance by his private friends, he was induced to undertake and complete the second volume. This may be regarded as a continuation of the previous volume, as the first tune in it (viz., Praise, by Foster) is numbered 337. Mr. Bibby's copy is evidently a second or third edition; the original first and second volumes, with some corrections and omissions, being bound up in one. The tunes named by Mr. Bibby are the same as in the Elm-street copy of 1816; the only difference being that the second tune in this copy is named "Fulgentius," and no composer's name is attached. Mr. Bibby calls it Weatherby, and in the *Psalmody Britannica* it is designated Weatherby (Fulgentius) Dr. Miller; so that Mr. Bibby may rest assured that the music-book in his possession is the veritable compilation of Mr. Charles Rider, and of no one else.

Not a single tune of Mr. Rider's is to be found among the 336 tunes first printed in 1816. The second volume contains several; and in every case these are indicated by the letter R\* followed by an asterisk, and not by the letters C. R. No chants, sanctuses, or responses are annexed to these early volumes. Westminster, No. 654, by Dr. Boyce, is arranged as a short metre hymn tune. SAMUEL HEWITT.  
Marsden-street, Chorlton-on-Medlock.

COACHBUILDING IN BOOTH-STREET.

(Query No. 480, August 24.)

[499.] Messrs. Stephenson and Co., coach builders, premises stood in Chancery Lane, directly facing Brown-street, the rear being close to Booth-street,



probably communicating with it, and were taken down about thirty years ago to open on Brown-street to its present termination.

JAMES BURY.

The coach manufactory referred to was that of Mr. Joseph Cockshoot, jun., and stood on the site of that portion of Brown-street which extends from Booth-street to Chancery Lane. The premises were pulled down about twenty-five years ago for the making of the above street, when the business was removed to New Bridge-street, Strangeways, where it is still carried on.

WM. BLACKSTOCK.

Pigot and Slater's Manchester and Salford Directory for 1840, gives "Edwards and Catherall, coach builders, Booth-street." I do not observe the name of the above firm before 1840; nor does it appear in the Directory for 1845, which is the next in my possession.

G. H. S.

Heaton Moor.

No doubt the coach builder alluded to was the late Mr. Thomas Stephenson, who occupied the premises about thirty years ago, and was afterwards succeeded by the present Mr. Cockshoot, of Strangeways, who removed when the land was required by the Corporation to continue Brown-street direct to Booth-street. There was an entrance to the works also from Chancery Lane which could be seen from Brown-street.

J. G. W.

A coach manufactory used to stand partly on the site of this office (Messrs. Sale, Seddon, and Hilton), and partly on the site of Mr. Jaffray's offices, which are situated at the corner of Brown-street and Booth-street. It is about twenty-five years ago; the coachbuilder's name was Stevenson, and I think it afterwards became Cockshoot. The principal entrance was from King-street or Chancery Lane.

JAMES TAYLOR.

29, Booth-street.

SNAKES AT TODMORDEN.

(Nos. 297, 304, 463, 473.)

[500.] Mr. W. Henry Stansfield is not alone in spending the best part of a life without discovering what noteworthy objects his own district offers for observation; and then, perhaps, when his attention is drawn to them, it may be from some distant source of information. But he may rest assured the snakes are there, unless some St. Patrick has exorcised the district in recent years. He may perhaps better define their exact locality by crossing the hillside

which descends from that extraordinary pyramid of fragments of rock, which forms so peculiar a landmark, nearly opposite Catcliffe; and he will at the same time find the boulders alluded to in too great profusion to allow a pedestrian to make much progress. There are also innumerable blocks of the same irregular masses of broken-up rock as those forming the pyramid, some of them many feet in length, the whole being so interminably interlaced with brushwood and small stunted forest trees as to be in most places impassable. An old Todmorden geologist took me over the district, and to him I was indebted for some of the most interesting rambles I ever had, and also for numerous finds of curious minerals. That Mr. Stansfield should lament the paucity of boulders is indeed surprising, as, to say the least of it, all the rivers and brooklets in the district are virtually paved with them from their sources downward. You will pardon my digression in speaking of rocky formations, which is so foreign to the heading "Snakes," but Mr. Stansfield's scepticism on the subject of the boulders led me into it.

R. E. BIBBY.

Denton.

BRADLEY AND LIVERSEEGE.

(Nos. 411 and 458.)

[501.] Mr. CROZIER has misapprehended the passage in my Memoir of Liverseege, referring to Bradley's relations with Liverseege. I said Bradley did not know Liverseege "in London;" perhaps if I had said "did not acknowledge" him my meaning would have been plainer. Bradley's conduct towards him in London was a great grief to Liverseege, who became feverish and unwell and returned to Manchester. As regards Bradley's portrait of Liverseege in Peel Park, I may be permitted to say that it is simply like Liverseege, but is not a striking portrait.

GEORGE RICHARDSON.

Drayton Cottage, Whalley Range.

JINGLING JOHNNIE.

(Query No. 482, August 24.)

[502.] Has not your correspondent MAISON BLANC made a mistake in the above for "Jingling Geordie?" If so, surely he cannot have read Sir Walter Scott's *Fortunes of Nigel*, otherwise he must know that Jingling Geordie was the jocular epithet bestowed upon George Heriot, "goldsmith to the king," by James the First. A full account of this real personage will be found in the introduction and notes to the

above novel. Many an Edinburgh youth, afterwards risen to eminence, all over the world, has had reason to bless the memory of this noble character in being the recipients of an excellent education and a fitting entrance on the world by the celebrated hospital bearing his honoured name. If there be a song on this subject as stated by MAISON BLANC, of which I am in ignorance, I cannot conceive how it could have offended the susceptibility of any Scotchman; on the contrary, the name is cherished, and justly so, as one of the most disinterested and benevolent of Scotland's sons.

WILLIAM LAWSON.

JAMES BROWNE, THE COMEDIAN.

(Query No. 356, June 22.)

[503.] The following painfully interesting biographical notice of "Jim Browne," or "Gentleman Browne," as he was familiarly called by his very numerous circle of admirers in Manchester, is taken from T. Alston Brown's History of the American Stage, published in New York in 1870:—"James S. Browne was born in England, August 6, 1791, and made his début in London October 7, 1823, as Lord Foppington, in *A Trip to Scarborough*, at Drury Lane Theatre. He first appeared in America in 1838, as Bob Acres, in *The Rivals*, at the National Theatre, Church-street, New York. He was the original Robert Macaire—a fine, handsome, jovial, joyous, and spirited fellow, with vitality enough for six in him, and a heart 'as big as an ox.' Perhaps he was one of the most popular men, in his day, upon the stage. Commanding money in abundance, he spent it like a prince. He rode, he drove, he ate, he drank, like one born in the lap of luxurious fortune, scattering his easily-gotten means with a lavish profusion that surrounded him with all the butterflies of fashion and attached to him an army of friends. The women idolized him; the men copied and envied him; the public he magnetized; the managers he enslaved; the profession loved him; and the world panegyrized him. Robert Macaire was Browne himself, and Browne was Robert Macaire. But that was a long time ago. Men, alas! grow old, as well as women. With age comes the loss of their attractions, and with that less go troops of friends, the attachment of the public, and the memory of the world. And so it fared with Browne. He is now the tottering shadow of his former graceful self. For nine lone years he has been

a victim to acute disease. For far more than that time he has literally lived in New York from hand to mouth, hiding himself away in obscure and miserable places, penniless, comfortless, abjectly destitute."

This, it will be observed, was eight years ago. The date, the place, and the manner of his death, will now probably never be known. He doubtless rests, "after life's fitful fever," in a nameless grave.

The date of the actor's birth, as given above, disposes of the tradition, mentioned by a well-informed writer in the *Sphinx* in 1869, that Browne trod the Manchester stage in 1800. He would then be nine years old. His name, however, appeared in the bills of 1809.

WEST MORLAND.

SIR CHRISTOPHER WREN AND THE WOOD-CARVER.

(Note No. 485.)

[504.] The letter published in your last issue has been frequently printed. The first account I have of it is in the *Mirror* for 1827, and I believe that is about the time when it was written, for I have always looked upon it as a clumsy forgery. There is plenty of internal evidence of its being a mere invention, and a very ignorant attempt too.

Let us briefly examine the contents of this letter. The writer states that in September, 1669, three years after the fire in which old St. Paul's was destroyed, he applied for work at the new Cathedral as a wood carver, and makes the foreman address the great architect as "Please you, Sir Christopher." Now for facts. It was not till 1674 that the old ruins were removed. The first stone was laid by the architect June 21, 1675. (Milman.) The choir was finished, as to the stonework, October 5, 1695. (Evelyn.) Christopher Wren was knighted 1673. (Biographia Britannica.)

If anyone can prove that such a person as Philip Wood or Haybittle was ever employed as a carver at St. Paul's I shall be very glad of the information.

I find from Evelyn's Diary, March 1, 1671, that Evelyn introduces Grinling Gibbon to Charles the Second at Whitehall. Mr. Wren then promised, at Evelyn's special request, to employ Gibbon as a wood carver. That he did so, and that the whole of the stalls in the choir are his work, all the world knows.

ROBERT LANGTON.

**SAMUEL WILLIAMSON, THE ARTIST.**

(Query No. 430, July 27.)

[505.] Samuel Williamson was one of a family of artists long resident in Liverpool. His father, John Williamson, son of David Williamson of Ripon, came there in 1783, and from that time till his death, May 21, 1818, he practised as a portrait painter. Amongst his best works are portraits of William Roscoe, Sir William Beechey, R.A., H. Fuseli, R.A., the Rev. John Clowes, Nathan Litherland (the inventor of the patent lever watch), and Joseph Birch, M.P. This—I am informed by Mr. Robert Williamson of Ripon, to whose kindness I am indebted for much of the information in this notice—was his last work. Mr. Williamson has many family portraits in his possession of great merit, notably one of John Williamson's daughter Eliza. John Williamson's sons, Daniel and Samuel, were both landscape painters. The works of the former show no particular talent. Of the latter, however, it may fairly be said that he was one of the best local men of his time, both as a painter of sea-pieces and landscapes. There is a certain pleasantness of sun and light about his pictures that is very refreshing to look upon in these days.

I think I am correct in stating that there is not an example of Samuel Williamson's work in either the gallery of his native town, the Warrington Gallery, or that at Peel Park, though his fellow-townsmen on his death in 1840 erected a monument to his memory. It is to be hoped that some generous owner will come forward, and by placing a specimen of his genius on the walls of the Art Gallery, perpetuate his memory—surely a far more enduring and rational memorial than an obelisk in a cemetery. Daniel Williamson's son, D. A. Williamson, formerly practised as a portrait painter, but of late years he seems to have devoted himself entirely to landscape drawing in water-colour, and is a regular contributor to our local exhibitions.

ALBERT NICHOLSON.

Derwent House, Sale.

**"JOHN DOE AND RICHARD ROE."**

(Query No. 479, August 24.)

[506.] In Mr. W. Pulleyn's *Notices of Origins*, a book which I believe is scarce and has been some time out of print (published in 1823), appears the information on this matter your querist requires, and is as follows:—These worthies, formerly so well known to those unfortunate wights who incur the serving of a certain process, derived their consequence from the

custom to find two sureties on arresting a man, who were bound over in heavy penalties, that the pursuer should prove the justice and legality of his claim; otherwise, that the pursued should receive indemnity from the parties thus bound over. This good old custom, however, in process of time degenerated into the mere nominal recognizances or sureties of "John Doe and Richard Roe," and from which have arisen all those false arrests and false imprisonments which have so long disgraced our criminal courts. In 1724, a Frenchman of the name of Louissart Houssart was tried at the Old Bailey for the murder of his wife and acquitted, but detained in custody on the charge of bigamy. An appeal was brought against him by the brother of the deceased, and he was brought to a second trial, when some new evidence being produced he was found guilty, and afterwards executed. It is remarkable that in this case the prisoner made some objections to the plea, which were referred to the jury, who decided against him on them all. One of the prisoner's objections was, that "there were no such persons as John Doe and Richard Roe," who are mentioned as pledges in the appeal; but a witness deposed that there were two such persons living in Middlesex, one a weaver and the other a soldier. However, on the 24th October, 1852, these two celebrated characters ceased legally to exist. By the Act 15 and 16 Vic., cap. 78, sec. 168, it is enacted that "instead of the present proceeding by ejectment, a writ shall be issued, directed to the persons by name in possession of the property claimed, which property shall be described in the writ with reasonable certainty."

MORDAUNT BUCKLEY.

London, 26th August, 1878.

**QUERIES.**

[507.] **OLD MANCHESTER BURIAL GROUNDS.**—I should be glad of some information respecting the old burial grounds of Manchester. J. N. Gorton.

[508.] **STRANGWAYS TOLL-BAR.**—When was this toll-bar, which was situate near Salem Chapel, taken away? I believe about 1859 or 1860; but I want the precise date. W. S.

[509.] **THE REV. ROBERT DALLAS, M.A.**—Can any reader furnish particulars of the life and history of the above, who was curate-in-charge of St. John's, Deanagate, for some twenty years; and whom, I am informed, was quite a "character" in his way? J. E.

[510.] **MANCHESTER MUSICIANS.**—Can Mr. John Slater, or any other correspondent, furnish particulars concerning Grimshaw, once organist of St. John's, Deansgate? I am informed he was not only the best organist in Manchester of his time, but had a capital choir under his superintendence. JOHN EVANS.

[511.] **"SAVE THE MARK!"**—Can any of your ingenious correspondents favour me with an explanation of this peculiar phrase, which modern literary men often weave into the fabric of their compositions, and which, in the majority of cases, savours of sarcasm? The phrase bears the imprint of antiquity, and its explanation would, perhaps, be interesting to more than one. THOS. ATKINSON, JUN.

[512.] **POEM ON MANCHESTER MEN AND MANNERS.**—Can any correspondent name the author of a poem entitled "Manchester One O'clock: a Satire, by a Manchester Man;" published by G. Hatton, 39, Victoria-street, Manchester: 1851? It is printed in post octavo, occupies five pages, and opens thus:—

A sound more welcome than the dinner bell  
One seldom heareth—all men love it well.  
Soon as tolls out our great Cathedral chime  
The hour of ONE, we know 'tis pudding time.  
G. H. S.

Heaton Moor.

Saturday, September 7, 1878.

#### NOTES.

##### A MATHEMATICIAN'S DESCRIPTION OF A TREE.

[513.] In the *Educational Times* for this month Professor Sylvester gives the following curious definition of a tree:—"A tree is a system of points and lines in which every line is limited by two of the points and every point is connected with every other by a single line or single series of lines; or, more generally, a tree is a system of ideas in which every idea is related directly or mediately *in only one way* to every other, two ideas being said to be mediately related when they may be regarded as the extremes of a chain of ideas, capable of being so taken in succession as that each non-extreme shall stand in direct relation to its immediate antecedent and consequent."

Can any of your learned correspondents tell me what the professor means, and whether his definition is likely to be of any use in the study and practice of horticulture? MORGAN BRIERLEY.

Denabaw House, Saddleworth, Sept. 11, 1878.

##### BRADLEY'S PORTRAITS OF CHARLES SWAIN.

[514.] In the Free Reference Library in King-street, immediately above the staircase, there is a portrait of the late Charles Swain, the poet, on the frame of which is the following inscription:—"Charles Swain. Painted by William Bradley. Presented to the Manchester Public Free Libraries by Mrs. Lee, widow of James Prince Lee, first Bishop of Manchester. April, 1871." In the picture gallery of the Peel Park Museum there is also a portrait of Charles Swain, on which is inscribed:—"Painted by William Bradley. Presented by William Townend, 1855." These two portraits are nearly alike, the attitude and pose of the head being identical. Query: Were they both taken from life by Bradley? The painting in the King-street library looks the fresher of the two. Swain looks the same age in each portrait. The costumes are somewhat different. The portraits are very like what the poet was when in the prime of life. ATTICUS.

##### DOLLY REXFORD.

[515.] Near the south-east gateway of St. John's, Deansgate, my attention was called the other day to a gravestone with the following inscriptions:—

Here resteth the Body of John Rexford, late  
wine merchant, who died December 14, 1798,  
Aged 36 years.

Also Martha, his wife, who died September 14, 1835,  
Aged 70 years.

Also Dorothy, wife of Mr. Job Haigh, of Altrincham,  
who died on the 13th day of February, 1853,  
Aged 55 years.

The interest is here centered in the last-named, the then well-known and popular "Dolly Rexford." The present sexton, who has been "first grave digger" for forty years, informs me that "Dolly was the fattest woman in Manchester." Her father kept what are now known as "Scott's Vaults" in Deansgate, and the tradition runs that so great was Dolly's obesity that she had to introduce herself sidewise in at the door. I have been told that when she travelled on the Altrincham line it took two or three railway porters to get her in and out of the train. In her time, it was a common remark, to any one who was acquiring undue proportions in the "body corporate," "Why, you'll soon be as fat as Dolly Rexford!" Perhaps some other correspondent can furnish further particulars. JOHN EVANS.

12th September, 1878.

## MANCHESTER BYGONES.

[516.] Poor old Pepa! How many a child has retreated to its mother's protecting side, and clung to her apron strings on seeing the tall, gaunt, bending figure, and keen, subtle glance of this old man, whose face never wore a smile, and whose lanky strides never varied either in time or measure. Weekly were my ears saluted with the clatter of our supply of matches, as he vigorously flung them up the lobby, this being one mode of his delivery of his merchandise, when the front door was open or when he could by turning the handle open it, for then latch-keys were not invented or in general use. It was a current report in our neighbourhood that he was amassing wealth, as it was a fact that his only child, a daughter, was educated at a young ladies' school, and had attained the dignity of "Miss," with her papa's sobriquet added "Miss Pepa." Somewhere about Angel Meadow (not then quite so gone out of the pale of decent respectability as now) was their home, but both name, home, where from or whom were mysteries to us. He looked like a man whom the world had soured, but this stern, almost vindictive look and stand-off harshness of manner were all the sins that the world could charge him with.

Rivalling him in our notice was "October"—a dark, heavy-framed old man, with matted locks of black hair covering his massive head, always hatless or capless. He came periodically with his wits astray, and would suddenly stop; turn round upon us, and in stern tones utter forth, like a Prospero (though a tattered and torn one), something like an invocation to the spirits of the air, then he vanished.

Another notable body was the Lamplighter, with his ladder on his shoulder and his blazing flambeau or torch dangling from his head. Quite a weird-like picture was his enlarged shadow thrown on the walls as he strode rapidly on his rounds. To our boyish imaginations his shadow looked like a gigantic Will-o'-the-Wisp or Jack-a-Lantern. He came "like shadows, and so departed." The street lamps were stout glass basins, placed in a circular rim of iron, bracketted against the walls. The glass, at the bottom especially, was so thick (nearly an inch) that the light from an oiled wick struggled to penetrate, and then only made darkness visible. The torch was an oil can, with a long straight thick tube for a

spout, filled with flax and lighted, and so burnt brightly during his run.

Another public curiosity was the Watchman, whose official (nightly) residence was a wooden box some five feet high by about two feet square, with a wooden seat inside and door hung in two halves; the lower protected him as he sat peering out into the darkness for stragglers like the spider for the fly, or like Diogènes in his tub. But here the likeness ends, for our watchman's temper was jolly, jovial, and social (unlike the growling, grumbling cynic of ancient times), and he strolled along calling out the hour, with notes of the weather added; rain, wind, fair, or storm, a walking thermometer. He was fine fun for the bucks of those days, who not unfrequently on issuing from the White Bear, Mosley Arms (not the present one, but the large rambling mansion on the other side of Market-street), and other rendezvous, would when he was snoring inside his box pitch it over, leaving it flat on the ground and he half smothered, face downwards.

Bucks! Here is a picture of one. Tall, stout, fair, golden-haired, an Apollo and Hercules joined, elegantly dressed in blue coat with double gilt buttons, canary-coloured vest, with kid gloves and starched cambric cravat to match, white small-cord breeches, with top boots; issuing from his home on Piccadilly, where he was at once the pride and sorrow of his loving mother. He might then be called the picture of morning, so clean, bright, and joyous. But at night, when picked up out of a gutter helplessly drunk, bundled into a hackney coach and driven to his stately home, he might indeed seem like night, a dirty, dark, dissolute night—entering. He was a sot. No wonder that a section of Back Ridgefield was called Sot's Hole, for he was only one of many who spent recklessly the fortunes made by frugal, industrious, and homely fathers. The curse of intemperance flourished as fully in those days, the vast increase of population alone making a greater mountain of vice now.

JAMES BURY.

August 12, 1878.

## COMMENTS AND ANSWERS.

## RIGHTS OF FOOT PASSENGERS.

(Query No. 483, August 24.)

[517.] Mr. Justice Coleridge, in *Williams versus Richards*, 3 Carrington and Kirwan Reports 81, laid down the rule that it is equally the duty of foot-

passengers when crossing a street to look out for vehicles as it is the duty of drivers of vehicles to look out for foot passengers. BENSOMATH.

THE REV. ROBERT DALLAS.

(Query No. 503.)

[518.] In 1825 the Rev. R. Dallas occupied a house in Deansgate which I think was opposite St. John's-street. I send you a letter which may be of use to J. E. SAMUEL GRATRIX.

Whalley Range, 7th September.

[The letter is dated 91, Dean's Gate, March 24, 1825, and it was a notice to quit the premises "on Michaelmas-day next."]

SIR CHRISTOPHER WREN AND THE WOOD CARVER.  
(Nos. 485 and 504.)

[519.] With reference to the interesting letter alluded to under the above heading, I beg to direct the attention of your readers to a serial tale which was published in *Good Words* for 1877, entitled "Jasper Deane," by John Saunders. The tale, which is one worthy of perusal, evidently has for its foundation the wood carver's letter; indeed, the incident of the carving of the sow and its litter is actually mentioned.

FRANK S. COURT.

Nottingham.

PHIZ.

(Query No. 494, August 31.)

[520.] Hablot Knight Browne was at a comparatively recent date on the staff of *Judy*. His well-known "Phiz" may now be observed in some of the sixth-rate news-vendors' windows, footing the very inferior sketches which form the pictorial attraction of certain penny serials of a pronounced *Boys of England* type. The contrast between these miserable productions and Browne's splendid etchings illustrating Harrison Ainsworth's *Revelations of London*, published thirty years ago in *Ainsworth's Magazine*, is positively painful. The latter, which I have the good fortune to possess, are wonderful performances, exhibiting powers of imagination and delicacy of touch quite equal to those displayed in Cruikshank's best efforts.

M. B.

150, Great Jackson-street.

MANCHESTER MUSICIANS: JOHN GRIMSHAW.

(Query No. 510, September 7.)

[521.] I find the following items with respect to John Grimshaw:—

John Grimshaw, of Brazen-nose-street, was married November, 1788, to Miss Mary Fullarton, of Deansgate.

Mrs. Grimshaw, of Brazen-nose [sic] street, relict of the late Mr. John Grimshaw, died April, 1803, aged seventy-three. I presume this "late Mr. John Grimshaw" was the father of the first-mentioned.

On September 19, 1790, a sermon was preached at St. John's Church, Manchester, by the Rev. Mr. Perceval, of Winwick, for Sunday schools in the town, and an anthem composed by Mr. Grimshaw was sung by the children.

John Grimshaw, organist of St. John's Church, died February 18, 1819, aged fifty-four.

His daughter, Charlotte, taught the piano, and, if I recollect rightly, the harp also, in Manchester. She died a few years ago.

B. ST. J. B. JOULE.

Southport, Sept. 9, 1878.

MANCHESTER MUSIC BOOKS.

(Nos. 455, 475, 487, and 498.)

[522.] I can have no hesitation after the information given by your correspondents, particularly Mr. Hewitt, in accepting Mr. Charles Rider as the compiler of the book in question. It is, however, evidently another edition, got up for compactness of form as a sort of pocket edition, and proves how indefatigable the compiler must have been to perfect his labour of love for so benevolent an object when printed music was an exceedingly expensive article, and such a work quite out of the reach of schools, music teachers, and others. The non-publication of Mr. Rider's name to the work we must still regard as one of those instances of self-abnegation so indicative of a modest nature, and the same must be said of his withholding his name from his own compositions, three of which I now note my book contains, each of which simply bears the signature E\*. These are No. 949 "Blackpool," No. 950 "Siloam," and No. 934 "Downham," any of which would stamp the composer as a musician. Your correspondent, Wm. Blackstock, in his comments (see Notes and Queries, 31st ult.) is somewhat censorious. He remarks that "apart from the novelty attached to the book there is nothing particular to recommend it. Many of the tunes are entirely unfit for school or congregational singing." He says that "it is printed in vocal score only, while the notes are very much crowded together," and further that it was superseded by Holford's "Voce de Melodia." With all deference, the latter work, which did not appear for near a quarter of a century after Mr. Rider's work, and which cost something over 20s., could never supersede a work

which contains at least three times the number of tunes. From that day to this I have found Mr. Rider's book supply information that no other publication gives. The smallness of the notes we need not discuss in so condensed a work, but for distinctness and clearness of type it deserves all praise; while the class of music, culled from almost every composer of eminence, will suit posterity quite as long as Holford's book. As to being in vocal score only, if Mr. Blackstock will look again at Rider's work he will see that not a few of the tunes are written with a figured bass which fulfills all the purposes of an organ score. Many thanks to your correspondents for their information.

Denton.

R. E. BIBBY.

**JAMES BROWNE, THE COMEDIAN.**

(Nos. 356, 364, and 503.)

[523.] The obscurity which surrounded the latter days of this popular actor does not appear destined to be cleared up; yet there are surely people alive who could give something like authentic information on the subject. In last week's *City News* your correspondent WEST MORLAND furnishes an extract from T. Allston Brown's History of the American Stage, published in New York in 1870. From this it would appear that poor "Jim Browne" was then alive, "hiding himself away in obscure and miserable places, penniless, comfortless, abjectly destitute." Actors and actresses are proverbially kind-hearted and considerate to their fellow professionals who may happen to be in distress, and as it was always understood in Manchester that Browne had relatives in the United States when he returned there for the last time and in bad health, it seems unaccountable that he should have been left to perish miserably. Your correspondent states that the date of the actor's birth (August 6th, 1791), "disposes of the tradition, mentioned by a well-informed writer in the *Sphinx* in 1869, that Browne trod the Manchester stage in 1800. He would then be nine years old. His name, however, appeared in the bills of 1809." With all due respect for your correspondent, I am not quite so certain that this disposes of the tradition in question. I am responsible for the statement which appeared in the sketch of James Browne in one of the series of "Reminiscences of the Manchester Stage," published in the *Sphinx* in 1869. I cannot say that Mr. Browne told me himself of his appearance in 1800, but the information was given to me by those who knew him

well in his early years. There is nothing incompatible with his appearance on the Manchester stage when only nine years old, and his name being subsequently in the bills in 1809. I remember Miss Marie Wilton, Miss Kate and Miss Ellen Terry, the three sisters Carlotta, Louise, and Rosa Leclercq, and many other actors and actresses being on the stage as mere children, sometimes without their names being in the bills, and before they were even entrusted with speaking parts. I think probably either Mr. Sothorn or Mrs. John Wood, so long identified with the American stage, could tell us something about the declining years of Jim Browne.

PETER QUINCE.

I may just add a supplementary remark to the information which WEST MORLAND supplies from Brown's History of the American Stage, and remove his doubts as to the "manner of Browne's death," which he supposes "will now probably never be known."

The first time I saw "Jim Browne" was at the Old Queen's in Spring Gardens, under the management of John Sloan, in 1843, in the characters of Goldfinch, Robert Macaire, and Sam Hobbs in a *Nabob for an Hour*. I have never seen any light comedian (always, of course, excepting the very beau ideal in this line, Charles Mathews) approach Browne. His lightness and versatility, exquisite esprit, and delightful abandon, shone forth in every character he personated. Browne was a native of Liverpool, and mostly performed in the place of his birth and Manchester, when in England. He did not get on in London to his own satisfaction, the cause being, as I have heard him say, in his particularly expressive language, that he "was goosed by the Mathews' clique," who would not permit any rival to approach the throne of their prime favourite. Browne, as is well known, went to America, where he sickened and died in the house of my old amateur-Thespian friend Joe Brooks, who had left Manchester a few years prior and taken up his residence in New York. Joe Brooks was salesman to Messrs. M'Connell and Co. in their warehouse in Faulkner-street, but I think histrionics quite, or nearly, usurped the sale of grey cloth or calicos. Brookes was hon. secretary to the Bamford Testimonial, a duty which he discharged with the most energetic zeal. Our old friend, the Middleton bard, rather ostentatiously proffered him £5 as a recognition of his services, which Joe, however, somewhat indignantly declined. Poor Joe did

not forget Manchester in his dying days, having bequeathed a small legacy to our Mechanics' Institution.

I have no actual data on hand, but I feel satisfied that Browne died some time before 1870.

JOHN EVANS.

10th September, 1878.

COACHBUILDING IN BOOTH-STREET.

(Nos. 480 and 499.)

[524.] In addition to Messrs. Stephenson and Co. and J. Cockshott, named by your correspondents in last Saturday's paper, Mr. Triolet also carried on the coachbuilding trade in the same premises; and, further, before either of the above-named firms—say in 1828—the same trade was carried on on the same ground by Messrs. Giller and Shephard. I believe one of the partners of the last-named firm resided in Booth-street.

J. PRISER.

Barnfield House, Manchester, 11th September.

QUERIES.

[525.] ROBIN ADAIR.—I am desirous of knowing he author of the well-known song, "Robin Adair."

T. J. D.

[526.] BELLS AT ST. ANN'S CHURCH.—Is there a peal of bells in St. Ann's Church, and have they been forbidden to ring on account of ringing at some unlawful time?

A. B. Q.

[527.] JEWS' PITCH.—In an old book which gives a description of Ashton-under-Lyne, I find asphaltum termed bitumen Judaicum that is Jews' pitch. What connection is there between bitumen and the Jews?

F. M. H.

[528.] HEGINBOTHAM'S HISTORY OF STOCKPORT. Can any of your numerous correspondents inform me the cause of the delay in the issue of the second (and subsequent) part of the above work, as it is now about eighteen months since part the first was issued? Subscribers were told there were to be five parts, and if equal delay occurs between each part we may look towards the next decade for its completion. G.

[529.] COBWES ON HEDGEROWS.—On coming to town this morning I was surprised to find all the hedgerows covered with cobwebs. At first sight it seemed as if the hoar frost had slightly left its magic touch. The same thing was also noticed at Heaton Chapel. Can any of your readers inform me the cause of this? Had the dewy morn any influence over the spiders? What an enormous quantity of spiders there must have been hard at work to weave so many thousand webs in a night! JOHN PEERS.

Temple Road, Sale, September 6.

[530.] RICHARD COBDEN ON THE SUNDAY QUESTION.—At the present moment the following passage from a letter addressed by Richard Cobden to the late Mr. Absalom Watkin will be read with interest:—

"I heard a hint that you were going to oppose the opening of the Zoological Gardens on Sundays. Before you bring your judgment to a verdict upon this subject (one of the most important that can be discussed) I should like to have the opportunity of giving you a few facts connected with the observation of the Sunday abroad. I don't mean to refer to Catholic States, but to Prussia, Saxony, and Switzerland—to the custom of Lutherans, Calvinists, and Zwingelites. May we not be possibly wrong and they right? At least, let us judge by the fruits." Has Cobden elsewhere expressed himself more fully on this subject?

A MANCHESTER PYTHAGOREAN.

LITERATURE.

The Countess Ariosto, the last descendant of the poet, has just died in Ravenna, at the age of ninety.

Mr. Ralph Waldo Emerson has just published, in America, a lecture entitled *Fortune of the Republic*, which he delivered at the end of March last in Boston.

Miss Braddon's thirty-three novels have brought her more than a competence. She is living in opulence at Richmond, Surrey, where part of the very considerable pecuniary results of her prolific pen are being invested in streets and squares, called after the titles of her several novels.

The interim injunction obtained last week by the Poet Laureate against the editor of the *Christian Signal*, to restrain the publication of an early poem, called "The Confessions of a Sensitive Mind," has been made perpetual by consent, the editor having destroyed the proof and broken up the type as soon as he knew of Mr. Tennyson's objections.

It is doubtful whether a full disclosure has yet been made of the difficulties in the publishing world. Mr. William P. Nimmo, of Edinburgh and London has been compelled to convene a meeting of his creditors; the liabilities are said to amount to about £36,000, while the assets are valued at £42,000. With regard to Virtue and Co. the company when formed had a capital of £200,000, in two thousand shares of £100 each. According to the return made to the Registrar of Joint Stock Companies, the shareholders and the amounts held are as follows:—Mr. James S. Virtue, £117,000; Mr. Frederick Richard Daldy, £33,700; Mr. Thomas Spalding, £30,000; Mr. Samuel Spalding, £16,000; Mr. J. D. Dobson, £5,000; Mr. S. M. Beale, £3,000; Mr. H. J. McCulloch, £1,000; Mr. Fergus Johnson, £300; and Mr. Thomas Holland, Mr. A. C. Sherriff, M.P., and Mr. William Sherriff, each £100. It has been stated that in consequence of trading without using the word "Limited," all the shareholders are liable for debts contracted.



Ruskin collectors will be interested in the fact that Mr. James Wilson, a second-hand bookseller in Birmingham, is offering a collection of Mr. John Ruskin's works in sixty-eight volumes, with some additional pamphlets and including three privately printed papers, for the sum of one hundred and ten pounds. The set is stated to be the result of many years patient research in all parts of the country, and it is believed that a similar collection has never been offered for sale before. The privately printed works named in the list are Letters on the Pre-Raphaelite Pictures, 1876; Catalogue of the Educational and Reference Series, two parts, no date; and A Talk respecting Verona and its Rivers, 1870.

A new and luxurious edition of Thackeray's works, in imperial octavo, was announced as in preparation about three months ago. A thousand copies only were to be printed, and these were to be subscribed for in advance, the price being fixed at one guinea a volume, the number of volumes to be about twenty-one. It appears that the price to the trade has already been raised to twenty-six shillings and threepence per volume, which means at least thirty shillings to the public. What with Mr. Ruskin's method of private publication, Mr. Arber's plan of exclusive sale by himself, and the Thackeray subscription system, it would seem that we are on the eve of some innovations and novel developments in the commerce of literature, the general tendency of which is to dispense with the publisher, or middleman, and to bring the author or producer into more direct relations with the reader or consumer.

At a meeting of the council of the Record Society, for the publication of original documents relating to Lancashire and Cheshire, held in the Chetham Library on Thursday last, Mr. James Crossley in the chair, it was decided to begin printing at once. The first volume will be the "Church Surveys of Lancashire and Cheshire," taken by order of Parliament in 1649-50. This volume will be edited by Lieut.-Colonel Fishwick, F.S.A., and will be found to give much valuable information relative to the parishes in all the Hundreds of Lancashire at this time, as the state of each parish, the names of the dependent chapels, with an account of all the clergy, are regularly entered. The returns for Cheshire are by no means so complete as for Lancashire, but the information is of the same valuable character. Several suggestions were made as to the Society's second volume, but nothing definite was decided upon. Already over 200 members have joined the Society.

#### ART.

Mr. J. E. Millais, R.A., has just lost his second son, who died last week in Perthshire at the age of twenty.

The Edinburgh Albert Institute of Fine Arts has just closed its third annual exhibition. The sales of pictures amounted to £2,212, a much larger total than was reached at either of the previous exhibitions.

The gallery of paintings at Garn Hall, Denbigh, the property of Captain D. W. Griffith, offered by auction a few days ago, consisted chiefly of works by the old masters, Italian, Flemish, Spanish, and English, and the prices obtained were not high. The chief treasure of the collection, a Murillo's Descent from the Cross, was bought in at 1,000 guineas. Luini's Holy Family, which was taken surreptitiously from the Escorial, with Domenichino's Martyrdom of St. Catherine, were also bought in at 250 guineas and 220 guineas respectively.

Seventy-five pictures were disposed of on the opening day of the Liverpool Autumn Exhibition for £1,038, and thirty-five more had been sold at the time of closing on Saturday evening last. Mr. Alma Tadema's picture of the Sculptor's Model is exciting much controversy and indignation. It occupies one of the principal and most prominent places on the walls of the gallery, and it is stated that the side of the room on which it is hung is shunned with special care by the ladies. In the Royal Academy exhibition the work, which is a picture of the nude, was placed in a corner, and so escaped the odium to which it has been subjected in Liverpool.

#### OLD LOCAL WORKS.

TO THE EDITOR.

Sir,—The literary tone of your excellent journal, and the importance and interest I attach to old local works, must be my apology for intruding upon your attention. Some time ago you kindly permitted the publication in your columns of a list of old local periodicals, which, apart from their interest to the general reader, may have the effect of causing the possessors of old local journals to jealously preserve them from destruction or mutilation. The good you have done for the preservation of journals by the publication of their titles, dates, and editors, would be extended I think by the publication of a list of the works written or published by local men, say before 1830, or any date you like to fix. Many of your readers, like myself, must feel the want of such a list when searching for local or rare old works. We know not what to look for, and as your columns betray the fact that many of your contributors are men of literary, artistic, and scientific research, a good list might be procurable. A short note showing the local importance of the work might be attached. I submit with all deference that this would be a great boon to many of your readers, and would enable the more fortunate of them to assist the others by extending to them a knowledge of past local writers and their works, either where the formation of a local collection is in contemplation or in actual process. Hoping you can grant the space, and that your readers with your kind assistance will then do their utmost to make the list complete, I beg to subscribe myself

Hulme.

ROBERTO.

Saturday, September 21, 1878.

NOTES.

ST. JOHN'S CHURCH, DEANSGATE.

[531.] The Rev. C. W. Bardsley, in his highly interesting *Memorials of St. Ann's Church*, after alluding to the erection of St. Mary's, followed by that of St. Paul's, in 1765, says:—"But this was not enough Both Kay's and Hargreaves' inventions were in full play. Gardens made place for dwelling-houses; fields began to disappear before a compact and still encroaching army of tenements; and within three years a church was again needed in the direction of Deansgate, this time rather for the better class of people. In fact it was to be the great suburban church on the Chester Road. The utmost respectability prevailed in Byrom-street, Gartside-street, and the upper part of Byrom-street. Indeed, these thoroughfares had fair to throw the solemn seclusion of King-street and Ridgefield into the shade." In collecting materials for *Memorials of St. John's Church*, I was struck with the "utmost respectability" type of families who attended St. John's from its consecration on the 7th July, 1769, until about forty years ago, when the denizens of St. John-street, Quay-street, Byrom-street, and Atherton-street migrated further off in the suburbs, and their once fashionable residences became occupied mostly by doctors and dentists. So large and fashionable a congregation attended St. John's that it was commonly called "the carriage road to heaven," owing to the number of carriages which lined the streets before and after service. Before the pews in the body of the church were cleared away (owing to restorations now in progress) I thought it desirable to secure the names of the original holders—(to whom they were sold and conveyed in fee-simple), which were carefully inscribed on a brass plate on the top of each pew, with the date of ownership—as not only an interesting memento of the church itself, but also a record of some of the families most distinguished in Manchester in the last quarter of the eighteenth and first quarter of the nineteenth centuries. The pews in the galleries are not to be disturbed at present, but as these inscriptions are getting obliterated, and in order to give a complete record, they are added

to the list of those removed. The pews began at the north-west aisle, and ran thus:—

1 Edward Markland.....1789	44 John Worrall.....1818
2 James France.....1789	45 James Hibbert.....1819
3 Robert Riley.....1800	46 John Bradshaw.....1769
4 John Owen.....1797	47 John Markendale.....1804
5 J. Malilleu.....1823	48 Richard Keymer.....1769
6 Richard Shires.....1805	49 Thomas Fleming.....1829
7 Ellis Markendale.....1813	50 Rev. W. Huntington.....1847
8 Peter Taylor.....1818	51 William Tomkinson.....1769
9 William Fox.....1769	52 Michah Rose.....1791
10 Walter Wilson.....1769	53 John Wollam.....1819
11 Edward Byrom.....1769	54 Charles Wood.....1769
12 Richard Edward Hall.....1789	55 Jane Brougham.....1804
13 John Hardman.....1769	56 Robert Chadwick.....1808
14 Martin Marshall.....1786	57 William Allen.....1804
15 Edward Andrew.....1818	58 John Taylor.....1805
16 Rev. W. Huntington.....1843	59 Thomas Marsden.....1783
17 George Walker.....1808	60 Daniel Lancaster.....1797
18 T. B. Bayley.....1769	61 Richard Clowes.....1790
19 Robert Livesey.....1769	62 William Harrison.....1801
20 Edward Place.....1771	63 Thomas Lingard.....1836
21 Ann Jackman.....1769	64 John Thyer.....1769
22 M. C. L. Spencer.....No date	65 James Norris.....1789
23 Elizabeth Boyle.....1822	66 Edmund Hampson.....1821
24 Trustees of St. John's Schools.....No date	67 John Wright.....1789
25 William Sergeant.....1805	68 Charles Gratrix.....1799
26 John Hill.....1809	69 Rev. W. Huntington.....1836
27 Sam. Bradshaw.....1807	70 Mersey and Irwell Na- vigation.....1818
28 Nathaniel Phillips.....1769	71 John Ridgeway.....1769
29 Samuel E. Cottam.....1842	72 P. Wright.....1785
30 William Johnson.....1867	73 William Harrison.....1818
31 Duke of Bridgewater.....1769	74 R. Bindloss.....1815
32 Edward Byrom.....1769	75 Plate removed.....—
33 William Allen.....1769	76 Robert Chadwick.....1823
34 William Hutchinson.....1797	77 James Dixon.....1769
35 Plate removed.....—	78 James Butterworth.....1818
36 Thomas Tebbutt.....1794	79 Harrison Blair.....No date
37 William Houghton.....1769	80 Thomas Richardson.....1781
38 James Smith.....1831	81 Thomas Molineux.....1815
39 Thomas Seddon.....1808	82 — Appletton.....1790
40 William Newton.....1769	83 Mary Howard.....1821
41 Jon. Armstrong.....1769	84 Robert Chadwick.....No date
42 Robert Darnett.....1769	85 The Rector.....1769
43 William Wanklyn.....1819	86 Churchwardens.....1769

The gallery pews commence on the north side, and run as follows:—

87 Rev. W. Huntington.....1844	165 James Evans.....1769
88 William Tomkinson.....1769	166 Jonathan Radcliffe.....1769
89 Plate gone.....—	167 Ralph Bates.....1769
90 Ditto.....—	168 Joseph G. Wood.....1769
91 James Taylor.....1823	169 Joseph Heaton.....1764
92 Richard Beswick.....1842	170 Rev. W. Huntington.....1836
93 Samuel Broadnet.....1790	171 James Brownhill.....1769
94 George Watson.....1769	172 William Asheton.....1769
95 C. Tomkinson.....1769	173 Robert Thompson.....1791
96 William Rushworth.....1779	174 Rev. W. Huntington.....1839
97 D. Withington.....1812	175 T. Bond.....1769
98 Dr. E. Radford.....1780	176 Robert Thompson.....1792
99 James Battye.....1819	177 John Utley.....1817
100 John Pooley.....1767	178 Thomas Buckley.....1769
101 Richard Mainwaring.....1834	179 Robert Duxbury.....1769
102 Rev. W. Huntington.....1842	180 James Seddon.....1769
103 George Jackson.....1769	181 Samuel Burrows.....1821
104 Robert Hamilton.....1769	

The pews in the south gallery run thus:—

129 Martin Marshall.....1769	137 John Taylor.....1769
130 Robert Chadwick.....1822	138 Nathaniel Falkner.....1769
131 Ellis Byrom.....1769	139 D. Owen.....1769
132 Thomas Wright.....1769	140 James Bowden.....1769
133 Robert Chadwick.....1827	141 George Pixton.....1769
134 George Downes.....1782	142 John Clough.....1769
135 W. Barrington.....1821	143 Lionel Lloyd.....No date
136 George Fearley.....1769	144 T. Richardson.....1769

145 Nathaniel Phillips .....	1789	155 Edward Byrom .....	1789
146 Thomas Bancroft .....	1821	156 John Howard .....	1789
147 Mark Rose .....	1789	157 James Heywood .....	1796
148 Henry Harrison .....	1791	158 B. Goodall .....	1813
149 Ralph Alsager .....	1789	159 M. and R. Holt .....	1820
150 George Massie .....	1792	160 William Greatrex .....	1769
151 James Richardson .....	1794	161 Plate removed .....	—
152 William Hampson .....	1789	162 Thomas Froggatt .....	1769
153 Thomas Tebbutt .....	1797	163 George Massie .....	1789
154 E. Thornton .....	1786		

Independent of this record other leading families, including the Bazleys, Shelmerdines, Ollivants, Kenworthys, Brandts, Kays, Bellhouses, and Broadhursts attended St. John's. It appears the late rector, the Rev. W. Huntington, held no less than seven pews; this is accounted for by the original owners leaving and handing them over to him.

I may just add, what is only known to a few, that the father and mother of the first Sir Robert Peel (that is the great-grandfather and great-grandmother of the present Sir Robert) are interred in the vaults of this interesting church.

As a connecting link with the merchant-princes of the past and one of our own time, I have it on very good authority that Mr. Sam Mendel was wont to attend St. John's Sunday Schools, when his father resided in Bridge-street.

JOHN EVANS.

19 September, 1878.

THE SALE OF JOSEPH INTO EGYPT.

[532.] Among the earlier Notes and Queries a contribution from Mr. Morgan Brierley raised a question as to the persons by whom the sale of Joseph to the Ishmaelites was made. The fact of Joseph's sale to the Ishmaelites and by them to the Egyptians is one of the most critical and significant events in the Bible. You will perhaps more readily allow me to call attention to it for a few moments, chiefly by references, when I engage to treat and interpret the book of Genesis simply as a historical record.

Abraham was summoned forth from his country and his kindred in order that he might become a blessing to all the families of the earth (Genesis xii. 1-3). It was obviously implied that he would be made fit for communicating good to others by being permanently and totally separated from the customs of his own family and from family ties altogether (Comp. xxii. 2). There is no intimation that he was ever to go into Egypt (Comp. xxvi. 2). On the contrary, it was evidently intended that he should continue in the land of Canaan, cultivate friendly relations with its inhabitants, few at that time in number, instruct them in religious knowledge, and

gradually occupy the land in common with them. But a famine arose; and Abraham, forgetting his mission and that man does not live by bread alone, went down to Egypt, where he became possessed of needless wealth in a not perfectly satisfactory manner (xii. 16, xiii. 2). This acquisition of property beyond what his duties required led to his parting from Lot and the settlement of the latter in Sodom with all its disastrous consequences (xiii. 5-10); and also to the involvement of Abraham in war (xiv. 14), which was wholly alien from the work he was set to do. The tares of human interference were now sown among the wheat of divine intention, and the shadow of the future descent into Egypt by his posterity darkens the conscience of Abraham (xv. 12-13). Among the handmaids whom Abraham had brought up from Egypt was Hagar, who becomes the mother of Ishmael (xvi. 1-15). The unjust suspicions towards the people of Canaan which Abraham had allowed himself to gather, increase (xx. xxiii. 4) until he gives orders that his son Isaac must have a wife from among his own kindred (xxiv. 4), which was a manifest violation of the original command (xii. 1). Rebekah, by her falsehood and cunning causes Jacob to return also for a wife to Haran (xxvii. 43), whereby the distrust of his family towards the Canaanites is aggravated till it culminates in the odious murder of the Sheehemites (xxxiv). Jealousy thus cultivated abroad naturally springs up at home among the sons of Jacob, and Joseph is sold to the people of Egypt by the hands of the descendants of Hagar, whom Abraham brought with him when he returned from his first illicit visit to that country. The descent of the whole family is in this way provided for, and the circle of disobedience is completed from the first step to the last. During their residence in Egypt the Israelites grew in isolation and alienation, and at last went back as cruel bloodthirsty conquerors, with laws suited to their condition (Ezek. xx. 25), to the land of Canaan, now a thickly-peopled country, which they should have possessed as apostles of peace. Christian nations, mistaking the perversion for the purpose, instead of shunning have imitated their example.

After the inhuman conquest of Canaan (Joshua x), the determination to have a king like to other nations (1 Samuel viii), the luxurious and unspeakable reign of Solomon (1 Kings x. xi), the revolt of the ten tribes (1 Kings xii), the successive subjugation

tions and expatriations of the people, and the final deed on Calvary, follow in natural and inevitable sequence.

W. A. O'CONNOR.

#### COMMENTS AND ANSWERS.

HANDEL'S ORGAN.

(Query No. 476, August 24.)

[533.] Mr. ALEXANDER J. ELLIS inquires whether any representative of Glyn and Parker, organ builders, is still living and also asks for any particulars of their work. To the best of our belief, they have no representatives living now,—certainly not in the profession they so truly adorned; their work being considered by many quite equal to that of Father Schmidt, and in some instances mistaken for it. But we can inform him that the original organs in Winwick Church, near Warrington, and in Whitchurch Parish Church, Shropshire, were built by them. Nothing now remains of their work in either case but the old pipes incorporated into new organs.

Your correspondent quotes as one of their organs, that of Leek Parish Church, Staffordshire. This organ was in the above church for about 130 years, and has been in the care of our firm for over fifty years. Forty years ago our predecessor made considerable alterations in it; but owing to modern requirements, we have just erected a large organ in its place. The old organ is now in our possession, and we shall be happy to show it to him or anyone interested who will favour us with a call at our works.

JARDINE & Co.

City Road Organ Works, Manchester,  
13 September, 1878.

#### JAMES BROWNE, THE COMEDIAN.

(Nos. 356, 364, 503, 523.)

[534.] Does not the following advertisement (copied from the *Guardian* of May 4, 1822) dispose of all doubts as to the date of Browne's first appearance?

Theatre Royal Manchester.

MR. BROWNE

With unspeakable pleasure announces to the nobility, gentry, and public of Manchester and its vicinity, that his Benefit is fixed for Monday next, May 6th, 1822, and as he has for nine years and fifty days (nothing like telling the world the exact period of one's services) delighted them with his Comic powers, he is now determined to add a fresh claim to their patronage by the exertion of his Tragic talent, which must be seen to be believed. Not

doubting the support of his friends and a discerning public who make a point of rewarding genius and merit, he entreats they will apply as soon as possible to Mr. Eland for places (as the rush at the doors will be tremendous); by so doing they will procure eligible seats to witness the intellectual banquet he presents them in the following bill of fare selected from Shakespeare, Carey, and Colman.

On Monday next, May 6th, 1822, will be performed Shakespeare's Historical Tragedy of

RICHARD III.

Richard Duke of Gloucester.....Mr. Browne  
(His first and last appearance in that character on the boards).

To which will be added the most Comical Tragical Tragedy that was ever tragedized by any Company of Tragedians called

CERONONHOTONTEOLOGOS.

To conclude with the favourite Musical Farce of  
LOVE LAUGHS AT LOCKSMITHS.

In a criticism (on May 11) in the same newspaper it is stated "his performance was respectable, yet by no means to be compared in point of merit with his delineations of comic characters." The receipts were £180. 19s.

R. R. R.

#### SPIDERS' WEBS ON HEDGEROWS.

(Query No. 529, September 14.)

[535.] The phenomenon witnessed by your correspondent on the morning of September 6 is not at all uncommon both in spring and autumn. A few days of bright, warm, sunny weather, succeeded by clear, starlight nights, and consequent dewy mornings, nearly always produce more or less of it. Frequently have I seen our gardens, loamy meadow lands, and especially sheltered and cosy heath and fernbeds on the moors, decked out in fairy gossamer work, a fit and modest screening for the maternal dispensations of the ingenious spider. Gilbert White, in his twenty-third letter to Daines Barrington, dated June 8, 1775, gives a graphic description of one of these scenes, and most writers on entomology make mention of, without, however, satisfactorily accounting for them. The query was proposed in the *Gentleman's Diary* for 1821, but failed to elicit more answer than a copious extract from White's letter alluded to above. Frequent mention is made of the phenomenon in the interesting pages of *Science Gossip*.

On Saturday morning last I was walking about the garden and noticed in a little patch of greensward in

one of the rockeries an exquisite piece of silk network stretched between and over a few upright blades of grass. The strongest beams were coralled with sparkling, and evidently hollow spheres, of fresh dew, making a picture more beautiful than the boudoir of an eastern princess; and softly laid in the bifurcate of one of the blades of grass, languid with the throes of travail, was a beautiful specimen of *Epeira Diomeda*. Very grateful was she for a light wreath of cigar smoke, which seemed to lull her into repose. Sunday was too wild and stormy to tempt me out of doors, but on Monday morning I paid a visit to the sacred enclosure, when I found the whole edifice of gauzy fretwork swept away, but several drops of bright viscid fluid lay between the upturned edges of a horizontal blade, in the centre of each of which was a little dark spot. After a little close watching I thought I saw one of the spots move, and upon taking up the blade of grass and turning it about in the sun, there was no longer any doubt; the tiny prisoners were lively enough, seeking a vent from their confinement. I did not choose to release them, but on removing the drops to a smooth piece of writing paper for better examination, for a moment they were much excited, and directly their young lives ebbed away. Probably when laid upon the grass the fur so penetrated the vesicles as to permit the admission of a small quantity of air, which was excluded from the polished paper.

MORGAN BRIERLEY.

Denshaw House, Sept. 18, 1878.

P.S.—The coming winter will be a real old-fashioned one. You will see.

DOLLY REXFORD.

(No. 515, September 14.)

[536.] Having once, under amusing circumstances, taken a sketch of the late Mrs. Haigh (Dolly Rexford), I can not only testify to her great obesity, but likewise to her jolly expression of countenance and good temper. Many years ago I accompanied a musical picnic party, connected with the Hargreaves Choral Society, to Dunham Park, when, as the choir were just beginning a madrigal, up drove Mrs. H. in an open phaeton, and placed herself very conspicuously before the audience, causing a smile to play on each countenance. The late Mr Samuel Cottam, standing near me at the time, whispered to me, "There's a subject for a sketch, if you want to go in for breadth." On my stating that I was sorry I had not the necessary

materials at hand, he gave me a pencil and a scrap of paper torn from his memorandum book, exclaiming at the same time, "Look sharp!" On completing the hasty and rough outline, I passed it over to Mr. Cottam, who smilingly exclaimed, "First-rate!" and put it in his pocket. All this was so slyly and quickly done that I thought no one but ourselves had noticed the proceeding. The sequel, however, proves the contrary; for, on leaving immediately afterwards, and choosing a quiet by-path through the park, I had not gone far before I heard someone puffing and blowing behind me, and, on turning round, who should I find it to be but Mrs. H., who, without any preliminary greeting exclaimed, quite out of breath, "I want to see the sketch you have been taking!" I felt at the time just like a convicted thief, but, trying to assume a mien of innocence, I asked, "What sketch madam?" On which she replied, "Now do not attempt to deceive me. I was watching you all the time you were drawing, and knew well what you were about; and had I been offended at the act I should not have remained so still, I can assure you!" What could I do after this but make a full confession; nevertheless I had great difficulty in making her believe I had given up the sketch to Mr. Cottam. Whether she ever saw the same, or what afterwards became of it, I have either forgotten or never knew. In fact, the whole affair would never, very probably, have been brought to my mind but for the notice contained in last issue of the *Manchester City News*.

H. H. H.

Pendleton, September 17, 1878.

BELLS AT ST ANN'S CHURCH.

(Query No. 526, September 14.)

[537.] There never has been a peal of bells in St. Ann's Church. Of course there is the old tradition that there was a peal; and in consequence of their ringing in the entry of the Pretender into Manchester, in 1745, so disgusted were the anti-Jacobin supporters of St. Ann's, that the said bells were doomed to eternal silence. Such, however, was not the case, as there was only one bell, and just before the entry of Charles Edward into our city this was tolled for the early-morning funeral of the second rector, the Rev. Joseph Hoole, who died 27th November, 1745, and was interred on the 29th of the same month, being the day of the entrance of the Pretender into Manchester.

JOHN EVANS.

The following letter and editorial reply, from the *Manchester Guardian* of August 31, 1844, will probably satisfy your correspondent. The letter, which is signed "Pretender," runs thus:—"Your willingness to give information to your numerous readers encourages me to trouble you with the following:—In reading the history of Manchester, I was much interested with that portion of it relating to the proceedings of Prince Charles Edward Stuart, in the year 1745. I happened, a few days since, to be in conversation with an old gentleman on the above subject, when he related to me the following as a fact: At the time that Prince Charles entered Manchester the bells of St. Ann's Church rung a 'merry peal,' in consequence of which the bells were prohibited, or, to use his own words, 'they were silenced,' by order of government for a hundred years; which, of course, will expire in 1845. Perhaps you, or some of your readers, could inform me whether this is true or not. I have looked into all the histories of Manchester I could lay my hands upon, but cannot find any information as to whether the above is correct or not."

The editorial reply, presumably from the pen of John Harland, is as follows:—"There has certainly been no ringing of bells in St. Ann's Church since the year 1745, for which probably as many good reasons might be assigned as were contained in the well-known excuse tendered by the corporation of Banbury to Charles the Second, for not welcoming his arrival in that town with a little steeple music. The first of those reasons, however, which was considered satisfactory by the merry monarch, will very likely be deemed sufficient in the present case. There are in St. Ann's steeple no bells to ring with the exception of one, which we dare say many of our readers have heard, and which from its sound appears to be about the size of a tolerable factory bell. We are quite aware that the notion mentioned by our correspondent is not peculiar to his informant; it prevails to some extent, a fact which induces us to give his letter with this brief explanation. We may add, that there is only one bell now; that there is no appearance of there ever having been another, the belfry being a small circular place; and that this solitary bell bears outside the following legend, and the date 1769;—

I to the church the living call,  
And to the grave do summon all.

C. W. SUTTON.

#### OLD MANCHESTER BURIAL GROUNDS.

(Query 507, September 7.)

[538.] In the year 1764 the writer of a letter addressed "To the Printer of the Manchester Newspaper," referring to the state of the Collegiate churchyard, said:—"Every stranger of any delicacy must be shocked. I here saw," he adds, "several graves a-digging and many human bones carelessly tossed about, even into the footpaths. This, I was told, could not be helped, because it was the great burying place of almost all the town." This state of things may have induced the authorities to purchase, in 1767, the piece of ground in "Back 'oth Church," or the "Apple Market," as it was subsequently called, between the present entrance to the Chetham Hospital yard and the house built for and occupied for many years by the head-master of the Grammar School, now known as the "Cathedral Hotel." During twenty-one years, says Mr. R. W. Proctor in his *Memorials of Manchester Streets*, page 11, "the interments in this temporary fragment of 'God's Acre' numbered six thousand three hundred and eighty three. In February, 1788, at a parish meeting, it was resolved that the burial ground adjoining the College Garden shall be closed up, and no bodies be deposited for thirty years to come. These facts are verified by the churchwardens' accounts of that period. The ground was never re-opened, and every trace of its existence is now removed."

The "New Burial Ground" in Ashley Lane was next purchased, which, says Aston in his *Manchester Guide*, 1804, pages 111-12, "is the largest cemetery in the town, and is appropriated to the interment of poor persons who have no family place of burial. It is attached to the mother church, in which the register is kept. The number of poor persons who are continually dying in Manchester must be great, and an expeditious and economical method of interring the bodies of the dead has been adopted. A very large grave, or more properly, a pit for the reception of mortality is digged, and covered up (when not actually in use for depositing the remains of the dead) with planks, which are locked down in the night, until the whole is filled up with coffins piled beside and upon one another. The cavern of death is then closed and covered up with earth, and another pit is prepared and filled in the same manner. This cemetery was consecrated by the Bishop of Chester, the twenty-

first day of September, 1787. Since which, many thousand bodies have been interred in this singular *dépôt* (it might almost be said, *magazine*) of mortality." This ground after being closed in 1816 became neglected, and for some years was in a very disgraceful condition. Attention, however, being called by correspondents in the public prints a few years ago it was walled round, entrances were made in several places for the convenience of the public, and the enclosure flagged, and now "nothing outward tells of human clay." The space is now known as St. Michael's Flage.

On the first of January, 1815, another piece of land of large extent in Walker's Croft, which had been purchased by the churchwardens of the parish for the same purpose as the "new burial ground," was consecrated by the Bishop of Chester. "It has," says Joseph Aston, in his *Picture of Manchester*, 1816, p. 85, "been walled round and a small chapel erected in it for the purpose of reading the burial service. It has a fine dry solid-laying sand, which makes it a most eligible burying place." Twenty-nine years after, on the first of January, 1844, the first passenger train of the Manchester and Leeds extension ran over a portion of this ground, since then the whole of the cemetery has become absorbed in the various sidings of the Lancashire and Yorkshire portion of the Victoria Station.

"To become lost in the grave," says Mr. R. W. Proctor, "is a hard though common fate; but when the grave itself has thus perished, the poor obliterated dust seems doubly abandoned."

G. H. S.

Heaton Moor.

Information respecting these having been asked for, I venture, although the records on the subject are scanty, to send what little I have gathered about them. The first Manchester burial ground on record is that of our Old Church, and it was parcelled out in lots, the town and the surrounding townships in the parish of Manchester having each a plot for its burials. These plots were called hills, after its township, say Stretford Hill, Droylsden Hill, Gorton Hill, and so on. The erections subsequently of the several township chapels of ease, with the burial grounds attached, eventually rendered their burials in the Old Churchyard needless. A piece of land, situate immediately opposite the north side of our Old Church, extending from Chetham's Hospital or College to within half-a-dozen yards of the Cathedral Hotel,

early became an adjunct burial ground. It was enclosed in front of the street by an old brick wall, which was replaced by the present wall of the College, and, about eight yards back, by the original wall of the College Yard. These old walls were taken down about seven years ago, when the burial ground was levelled and added to the College Yard. Very few remains were turned up or exposed.

Next in order of time, say near the close of the seventeenth century, the Quakers opened a ground at their chapel in Jackson's Row, and the Presbyterians in their chapel yard in Cross-street, Chapel Walks. The remains from the former have been recently removed by the Corporation for the Deansgate Improvements. In 1709 Saint Ann's Yard was opened; Saint Mary's in 1756; St. John's, Deansgate, 1769; St. James's, 1787; Saint Michael's in 1789. All these were closed by the Intramural Burial Act about twenty-five years ago. About the beginning of the present century a burial ground for paupers, as also the public, was opened in Walker's Croft—a plot of land which derives its name (improperly spelt) from having been used by a band of Flemish woollen cloth workers, who settled in Manchester in the reign of Edward Third, and who had a fulling mill on the River Irk, and that croft for their drying ground. They were fullers, or, as they styled themselves, *Walckers*. This burial ground was entirely built over by the Lancashire and Yorkshire Railway Company on the enlargement of their station at Hunt's Bank, and is a thing of the past. The next public cemetery was opened in 1821 in Rusholme Road, and is still conditionally used for burials.

JAMES BURY.

17th September, 1878.

SIR CHRISTOPHER WREN AND THE WOOD CARVER  
(Nos. 485 and 504.)

[539.] Your correspondent, Mr. ROBERT LANGTON, states in regard to my communication that Philip Wood's letter "has been frequently printed," without, however, mentioning a single publication in which it is to be found. In these matters I think that assertions ought to be accompanied by proofs. He says, "The first account I have of it is in the *Mirror* for 1827." I have carefully searched the *Mirror* for that year, expecting to find a copy of the letter in question, but was totally disappointed. There does occur a note which bears evident reference to the subject, but to my mind it proves, rather than disproves, the genuineness of the original letter. That your readers may judge for themselves, I give the account which

appeared in the *Mirror* for 1827. It is headed "Sir Christopher Wren." "During the building of St. Paul's Church, a country carpenter applied to the overseer of the workmen for employment as a carver. The overseer smiled at the man's temerity, hearing he had never worked in London. It was observed by Sir Christopher who was present, who, calling the man to him, asked him what he had chiefly worked at in the country. Pig troughs, and the like, was his answer. 'Well then,' says Sir Christopher, 'let us see a specimen of your workmanship in a sow and pigs.' The man returned in a few days, having performed his part with such exquisite skill that he was immediately employed, and, in fine executed some of the most difficult parts in the cathedral." Since the above account is unaccompanied by either name or initials, I presume it is the composition of the editor.

Mr. LANGTON further remarks;—"I have always looked upon it (the letter) as a clumsy forgery. There is plenty of internal evidence of its being a mere invention, and a very ignorant attempt too." From the illegibility of some parts of the writing, and the rather decayed state of the paper on which it is written, together with other facts which I shall presently bring forward, I am strongly of opinion that the discrepancy of the date of the letter with the commencement of the building of St. Paul's and the knighting of Sir Christopher, is entirely owing to a mistake in the transcription of the letter. Supposing this to be the case, where is the internal evidence of its being an invention? By simply correcting the date, the internal evidence of the letter is positively in favour of its authenticity.

Now, for facts, relative to the existence of the writer of the letter. In the report of the Commissioners of Public Works concerning the building of St. Paul's Cathedral there occurs the following entry:—"Philip Haybittle subpoenaed from Sudbury, Suffolk, deposed that he received certain sums of large amount as per receipts given during the years 1703-4-5-6-7, for carved work in the cathedral church of Saint Paul. On inquiry from their honours, the Commissioners, respecting the difference betwixt his name and the name on the various receipts, the said Philip Haybittle deposed, that he married Hannah, only daughter of Ralph Haybittle, sometime a merchant in Cheapside, and by the terms of the will of his said father-in-law, he was obliged to change his name."

To my mind, the above extract from the Commissioners' report is a convincing proof of the genuineness of the letter in question. On some future occasion I may be able to bring forward additional proofs of its validity if the above are not deemed sufficiently convincing.

R. BURGESS.

#### QUERIES.

[540.] **BOHEMIANS.**—Why are literary men, actors, artists, and others of like kind, sometimes styled "Bohemians?" ALPHA.

[541.] **A BIRTHDAY CUSTOM.**—What is the origin of pulling the hair, moustache, or whiskers on the birthday of parent or friend? W. M'CORMACK.

[542.] **THE FOOD RIOTS OF 1842.**—Can any of your correspondents inform me whether anyone was killed by the military during these riots; and if so, who, where, and in what manner, and who was the commanding officer at the time? G. F. BRINDLE.

[543.] **THE REV. WILLIAM COWHERD.**—Can any correspondent furnish information of the connection of the Rev. William Cowherd (founder of the Bible Christians in Salford) with St. John's Church, Deansgate? I am informed he was curate of this church, and the dates of his entering and leaving the curacy would be acceptable. EPSILON.

[544.] **ALLEN, PORTRAIT PAINTER.**—I should be glad of any particulars concerning the life and works of Allen, a portrait painter, who must have resided some time in Manchester. I have been told he came from America. Among his known portraits are Peter Clare, Mr. Bellhouse (grandfather of the present Mr. Edward T. Bellhouse), Dr. Henry, Mrs. Pooley, J. C. Dyer, and the Rev. John Clowes—the two latter being very fine examples. MAMECESTRÉ.

[545.] **THE ROYAL OAK AND THE OWD CHURCH.** When was the custom discontinued of affixing boughs of oak on the tower of the church? I find the custom mentioned about 1726, in a rare tract, supposed to be written by our townsman John Byrom against a certain obnoxious clergyman who had been "instrumental in suffering oak boughs to be placed on the top of the steeple in remembrance of the Restoration without ever preaching to the people against such wickedness in high places." J. E. B.

[546.] **KENTISH AND BERKSHIRE BOOKS.**—Can any of your learned readers and contributors inform me if and where I can get access in the neighbourhood of Manchester to the three books mentioned below, which are not in the Chetham, Portico, Manchester, Liverpool, or Leeds Reference Libraries:—*History and Antiquities of Tunstal in Kent*; by Edward Rowe Mores, F.A.S. *County Genealogies—Pedigrees of Berkshire Families*; collected by William Berry. *County Genealogies—Pedigrees of Families of Kent*; by William Berry? T. T.



### THE HOME OF STERNE AND GRAVE OF CROMWELL.

The writer of a sketch in the *World* of Sir George Wombwell and his residence at Newburgh, Yorkshire, describes the present state of the Rev. Lawrence Sterne's old home at Coxwold, and tells a remarkable story of the removal and location of Cromwell's bones. He says:—

In Sir George Wombwell's private snugger behind the smoking room, where he transacts his business, are many relics of the olden time: early local newspapers, advertisements of the flying coaches which did the distance between London and York in forty-eight hours, and—far more precious than these—several letters of Sterne to his patron Lord Fauconberg, turning mostly on London gossip and passing events, both treated after the inimitable manner of the author of the *Sentimental Journey*. Sterne is a kind of tutelary spirit of Coxwold, and there are few more agreeable ways of passing a morning than in making a pilgrimage to his shrine. Turning down the road we pass the well-known village inn, the only thatched house in Coxwold, and arrive at the curious old church with its hexagonal tower, and pulpit celebrated as that from which Yorick's sermons were delivered. A little farther on, on the opposite side of the way, is Shandy Hall, the house in which the *Sentimental Journey* and *Tristram Shandy* were written. It is no longer the vicarage, and has, in fact, been divided into two workmen's cottages. The rooms occupied by Sterne, however, still preserve their original features. The yew-tree, too, under which meditation and composition were done in summer time, is still fresh and green as the memory of the delightful writer who loved to sit under it.

There is, however, a mightier memory than that of Laurence Sterne associated with Newburgh. In the long gallery is a glass case containing the saddle, holsters, pistols, bit, and bridle of "the greatest prince who ever ruled in England." The saddle and holsters-cases are by no means of Puritan simplicity, being of crimson velvet heavily embroidered in gold. The pistols are of portentous length, and very thin in the barrel, and the bit is a cruel one with the tremendous cheek-pieces common two centuries ago—doubtless the Lord Protector liked his horse, like his Roundheads, well in hand. Not quite opposite to these relics hangs the portrait of a lady clad in dark green and demureness. This serious-looking dame is Mary Cromwell, wife of the second Lord Fauconberg. It was she, who, with keen womanly instinct, sharpened yet more by filial affection, foresaw that, the Restoration once achieved, the men who had fled before Oliver at Naseby and Worcester would not allow his bones to rest in Westminster. At dead of night his corpse was removed from the vault in the Abbey, and that of some member of the undistinguished crowd substituted for it. In solemn secrecy the remains of him, of whom it was said, "if not a king, he was a man whom it was good for kings to have among them," were conveyed to Newburgh, where they yet repose, the insane fury of the Royalist ghouls, who hung the supposed body of Cromwell as well as that of Ireton on the gallows of Tyburn, having thus been cheated of its noblest prey. The tomb of Cromwell occupies the end of a narrow chamber at the head of a flight of steep

stairs, and is an enormous mass of stonework built and cemented into the walls, apparently with the object of making it impenetrable. There is no reason to doubt the truth of this story, preserved in the Bellasayee family for two centuries and a quarter. It is not a legend, but a genuine piece of family history, and implicitly believed on the spot. It is needless to say that the over-curious have again and again begged the lords of Newburgh to have the tomb opened; but this request has met with invariable refusal even when proffered by the most illustrious personages. "No, no," observes Sir George Wombwell heartily as ever, but quite firmly; "we do not make a show of our great relative's tomb, and it shall not be opened. In this part of Yorkshire we no more dig up our remote great-uncles than we sell our grandmothers. The Protector's bones shall rest in peace at least for my time."

### MUSIC.

Wagner's *Götterdämmerung* was performed for the first time at Munch on Sunday. The performance lasted, with two intervals of three-quarters of an hour each, from six p.m. till nearly midnight, and was enthusiastically applauded.

The great Welsh eisteddfod of the year has been held this week in Birkenhead. The principal competition, which excited unusual interest, was that by the choirs for £100, and a gold medal to the conductor. The prize was open to all comers, conditional upon there being not less than 100 voices, and not more than 160. The adjudicators were Dr. Macfarren, Dr. Parry, and Mr. John Thomas. Five choirs, one from Aberdare, the Rhondda Choir, Merthyr Tydvil, the North End Liverpool Philharmonic Society, the Eryri Choral Union, Maenawr, Carnarvon, and the Newtown Choral Union, Montgomeryshire, competed, and the Eryri Choral Union, Mr. Owen Griffith (Eryri Eryri) conductor, was awarded the prize. The announcement was hailed with tremendous cheering. The competition is the first that has taken place at an eisteddfod between North and South Wales choirs, and to this fact was due in a great measure the excitement which prevailed. Dr. Macfarren told the choirs that they would be better if they had orchestral accompaniments, especially of the Welsh instrument, the fiddle. In default of the fiddle they should have the piano-forte, with its incisive tones, which penetrate through the voice, rather than the harmonium, whose tones mix with it.

The subject of congregational music, its defects, and its improvement, was discussed at the last meeting of the Musical Association. Mr. Charles Mackeson opened it by reading a paper on the Present Cultivation of Sacred Music in England. He attributed the revived interest in psalmody to the publication of "Hymns Ancient and Modern." Quoting a saying of Mr. Tyrwhitt's that "our life

is a struggle against ugliness, he asked whether the cacophony that prevailed in our churches was unavoidable. He did not believe that ugliness was a necessary characteristic of congregational praise. If people would learn the tunes and avoid letting their voices stand out from the rest the result would soon be apparent. In proof that congregational singing might be pleasing and effective, Mr. Mackeson pointed to Union Chapel, Islington, where Nonconformity had done what Churchmen had either never attempted or failed to accomplish. The only radical improvement in psalmody would be made when singing was effectively taught in all elementary schools, not the singing of a few songs by ear as at present, but proper instruction either in the Tonic Sol-Fa system or the old notation. Major M'Creas said that to have good congregational part singing there must be a break-up of the pew system and an arrangement of the congregation according to their voices. Mr. W. H. Monk, the editor of "Hymns Ancient and Modern," referring to this point said that for twenty years he had been organist of a church where the men sat on one side and the women on the other and he could bear witness that this separation served greatly to promote congregational singing. He attributed the success at Union Chapel to the fact that Dr. Allon was a very good judge of music and had provided excellent collections of tunes, chants, and anthems, while a large part of the congregation could read from notes and were sufficiently interested to provide themselves with the necessary books. Mr. Mackeson at the close denied that a separation of the sexes was necessary to secure good singing.

#### LITERATURE.

A dividend of half-a-crown in the pound has been offered by Tinsley Brothers, publishers, London, and accepted by their creditors.

In the new edition of the Dictionary of the French Academy, 300 words have been suppressed as obsolete, and 2,200 new words have been added.

Mr. Tennyson is on a tour in Ireland. On Saturday last he was in Limerick, and inspected the historic memorials of the old city and its famous siege.

Dr. R. A. Douglas-Lithgow, of Wisbech, the author of *Pet Moments* and other poetical works, is engaged upon the Life of John Critchley Prince, and is anxious to be put in possession of any letters, unpublished poems, anecdotes, and reminiscences. Dr. Douglas-Lithgow has undertaken the work solely as a labour of love, and in order to do justice to a genuine and noble-minded poet, whatever may have been his failings and weaknesses as a man.

#### ART.

Mr. Whistler, the eccentric colourist, is an American. The London correspondent of the *New York Times* advises "some stalwart American to fetch him home and put him through an honest, manly course of real life, ere it is too late to rescue him from the hermaphroditism of a school of art which worships flab-bosomed Venuses, hipless Junos, and mediæval men-saints." This is, of course, a reference to Mr. Burne-Jones, Mr. Stanhope, and others of the same school, but Mr. Whistler is scarcely likely to be influenced by them.

The Administration of the Fine Arts in France has been reorganized. The managing staff will for the future consist of a director-general, a sub-director, several inspectors of fine arts, and departments for the encouragement of art, the teaching of art, historical monuments, national theatres, and national manufactures. The establishments placed under their control will comprise the national museums of the Louvre, the Luxembourg, Versailles, St. Germain, the Luxembourg Palace, the Cluny Museum, the Sèvres manufactory, the tapestry manufactories of the Gobelins and Beauvais, the French Academy at Rome, the National School of Fine Arts, the National School of Decorative Arts, the special school of design for young people, the fine art schools in the provinces, the dépôt of marbles, the Conservatory of Music and Elocution, its branches in the provinces, the exhibition of pictures by living artists, and the national theatres.

#### SCIENCE.

Professor Peters, of Clinton, New York, has this week announced the discovery of a new minor planet of the eleventh magnitude.

The French Academy has issued the first and second volumes of a new edition of the complete works of Laplace. It is a handsome quarto, and has been produced under the editorship of the permanent secretaries of the Academy.

M. Ernest Quetelet, the director of the Brussels Observatory, has died recently after a painful and somewhat protracted illness, at the age of fifty-three. The astronomical observations which are given in the *Annals of the Observatory* were to a large extent made by him individually, and a work to which he devoted a large part of his attention was the revision of the list of variable stars. His energetic efforts in connection with international meteorological service are well known, and the reputation of the Brussels Observatory for its meteorological as well as its magnetic and astronomical work is considerably due to his labours.

Saturday, September 28, 1878.

NOTES.

IDIOMS AND SAYINGS.

[547.] Can any of your readers who are philological students give me any clue as to the origin of a few of our idioms? Some of our local ones are very curious, not the least so our phrase "carry on;" not a literary phrase, it is true, but one which puzzled a writer in the *Pall Mall Gazette* some time since. I find George Herbert using "that's flat" in all connections: "Flat war with God;" "This is flat povertie," etc. Herbert also uses the expressions, "Hold your peace," "Hold your din," both strangely equivalent to "be quiet," and yet both peace and din are to be held. Most puzzling, too, is the expression "Now then." We say, "Now then, I'm ready," or "Now then, come on," and in a variety of ways in which it does not seem logically necessary to use the present "now" with the past or future "then." "Well then," is also queer when you look it straight in the face. We can understand why we say we are "laid up" when we are ill, but it is also colloquially reasonable to say "I'm knocked up," or "I'm knocked down," not to mention "I'm seedy." In the phrase "enjoy myself," does it mean that I enjoy my own ego, number one, the most important person, me; or does it mean that so and so has been a source of enjoyment to me, that the outer world can yield me pleasure. Certain tremendously healthy people seem to enjoy themselves as those who are seedy have lost the capacity of doing.

In our reading, what a pleasure it is to come across phrases that interpret our dumb instincts, that crystallize as it were, in a few brief words, what we all feel. This great power is only given to the rare few, and our greatest poet is full of phrases of this kind. The point has never been settled as to which of his wonderful phrases are of his own putting and which are adaptations of colloquialisms in vogue when he lived. Such ideas as that in the saying "those born to be hung will never be drowned," are used by Shakspeare in many plays in a variety of ways, and are probably either proverbs or current sayings of his time.

To make epigrams is easy with some, but epigrams as a rule are not popular enough for immortality; and on the other hand, if sayings are too common in form, like Poor Richard's, they also perish sooner or later. The thought must be universal, and the way of putting it not to be mended—these seem to be the two main requisites. Lowe, Horman, Disraeli have coined hundreds of epigrams, but I know of none that will live like Lord John's "conspicuous by its absence."

All our best authors are full of these every-day expressions, and the Bible in parts is as full as any. Will it be of interest to ask if any of the appended Shaksperian sayings are his, or if he merely uses what of good expressive speech he found?

*Merchant of Venice.*

The devil can cite Scripture.  
All that glisters is not gold.  
He is well paid that is well satisfied.

*King John.*

Make haste—the better foot before.  
Here I and Sorrow sit.

*Richard Third.*

So wise, so young, they say do ne'er live long.  
I have set my life upon a cast.

*Henry Sixth, parts 2 and 3.*

Smooth runs the water where the brook is deep.  
The smallest worm will turn, being trodden on.  
Ill blows the wind that profits nobody.

*Henry Fourth, part 2.*

Thy wish was father to that thought.  
The ill wind which blows no man to good.

*Othello.*

A round unvarnished tale.  
Who steals my purse steals trash.  
Trifles light as air.  
They laugh that win.

*Henry Fourth, part 1.*

Give the devil his due.  
Sink or swim.  
That's flat.  
I know a trick worth two of that.  
Neither fish nor flesh.  
Shall I not take mine ease at mine inn?  
The list might be indefinitely extended.

CHARLES ROWLEY, JUN.

MASSEY, THE MANCHESTER COMPOSER AND VOCALIST.

[548.] This almost forgotten Manchester genius who lived and died in the past generation, and who filled so very important a part in training the solo and choral singers of that day, through his high class attainments secured for Manchester the reputa-

tion of being the most musical town in England. Several musical societies of more or less note sprung up at that time, the nucleus of the Manchester Gentlemen's Glee Club being one, and which remains to this day one of the foremost societies in the provinces. The Apollo Glee Club, held at the Bush Inn, Deansgate, was long the rival of the Gentlemen's Club; but the Manchester Choral Society was the most famed. It numbered some sixty efficient members, and eventually scarcely any festival or musical gathering of note was held, either in London or the provinces, without our Lancashire choralists being engaged and formed one of its greatest attractions. Old Massey, as he was familiarly called, seems from some unexplained cause to have glided out of sight and partially out of memory at some indefinite period, and not one of his old associates, from whom I have sought information, could assign any reason, or in fact, say whether he was living or dead. My inquiries were made from a desire to know more of a man whose compositions in the first place, and the great success of his teachings in the next, created in me a feeling of veneration for one so gifted, and great was my disappointment to find so much indifference shown to a man of his worth and ability; but, like the player, he had strutted his hour upon the stage and was then heard of no more! It was only in later years that one of his old, and most successful pupils, told me that he died in a workhouse, but he also was ignorant of the time of his death, nor could he tell me in what asylum his death took place. It is greatly to be deplored that men of his genius, after a life of useful and active services, should in their declining years be allowed to descend into the grave neglected and uncared for; and I believe that Manchester must bear the stigma of holding out no helping hand, when age and poverty overtook him, and finally consigned him to the cold mercies doled out by a bowless body of poor-law guardians,—a body which knows no distinction between the inveterate pauper and the man of genius.

Fortunately he left behind him works, both sacred and secular, which will never die. But for this, it is probable he would at this moment have passed out of memory altogether. The famous basso, the late John Isherwood; Barlow, the equally famous alto; Walton, the first tenor out of the metropolis; Standage, and many other vocalists of high repute, were all pupils of his.

That he could not grow rich from his profession will be evident enough, when we reflect that his terms were only sixpence per lesson. His system was the old English solmization plan, in which only four out of the seven Italian syllables were used, and he appears to have had a method of so combining the groundwork of harmony, or thorough bass, with his notation, that his scholars quickly became not only ready readers at sight, but sound contrapuntists—a branch of the musical art which is almost a sealed book to the vocalists of our day. This knowledge of harmony is a tower of strength to the student, hence the great advantage Massey's pupils would have over the scholar whose knowledge is confined to the mere alphabet of notation. Many a smile have I noted when Massey's veteran pupils have been matched with the scholars of the modern schools—the Mainzers, the Hullahs, and others—whose loudly trumpeted systems of teaching us to read at sight in thirteen lessons, and which systems were to result in the conversion of the entire people into one universal music class, every one of whom was to be a profound scholar. How many thousands attended the Free-trade Hall, under the tuition of Hullah and Mainzer, in the full belief that the millennium of music was at hand; but alas, as the scions of old Massey's school fell away, or died out, not one of the numberless societies which had newly sprung up became even passable as choralists. Mr. Henry Wilson's class, now the Manchester Vocal Society, is an honourable exception to this. But here we have a master mind which in his own good time enabled him to bring together a body of vocalists of his own training, and hence we see Manchester once more standing in the front rank with this well-organized society of part singers.

Many of Massey's hymn tunes appeared in the collections of fifty years ago, and were widely known and sung; but I never met with any of his anthems or glees. Indeed, it is likely he would be too poor to pay the cost of publication. In the early days of the Gentlemen's Glee Club some of his glees were favourites long after the composer had passed away.

Let us hope that these remarks will be supplemented by other information, and that his worth and genius will yet find a record in that niche of fame so long denied him and yet so deservedly his.

R. E. BIBBY.

Denton.

LANCASHIRE TRAFFIC WITH LONDON IN THE YEAR 1637.

[549.] In *The Carriers' Cosmography*, by John Taylor, 1637—a book which consists of an alphabetical list of towns in England which had communication by wains or otherwise with the metropolis, and containing also the names of the London inns to which the waggoners resorted—there is some information which indicates the arrangements for the management of the Lancashire traffic at a period just after the death of old Hobson of Cambridge, who was the Chaplin and Horne of his day. Only three Lancashire towns are mentioned, viz., Bolton, Manchester, and Preston. The carriers took most of the correspondence and news-letters. From Bolton they conveyed fustians; from Manchester, already in Leland's time the "quickest" town in the county, they carried woollen goods, then called "cottons;" from Preston, materials in the same staple; and from the county generally, the horns of oxen. The local roads were then in an execrable condition and quite unfit for the carriages used by the nobility. In 1617, when James I. was proposing to move southwards by the Lancashire route, he diverted his course, for it was told him that the roads in Cumberland, Lancashire, and Cheshire were impassable for coaches. The larger wains of the carriers were in less danger of misfortunes by the way. The following are the directions given by Taylor to the Londoners to find out "how to receive or send goods or letters" from or to Lancashire:—

The carriers of Bampton [query, Bolton,] in Lancashire do lodge at the Bear in Bassishaw [Basinghall]. They are there to be had on Thursdays and Fridays. Also thither cometh carriers from other parts of the said county of Lancashire.

Carriers do lodge at the Axe in Aldermanbury which do pass through divers places of Lancashire.

The carriers of Manchester do lodge at the Bear in Bassishaw. They do come on Thursdays or Fridays. They do likewise lodge at the Axe in Aldermanbury.

The carriers of Manchester do also lodge at the Two-necked Swan in Lad Lane, between Great Wood-street and Milk-street End. They come every second Thursday. Also there do lodge carriers that do pass through divers other parts of Lancashire.

The carriers of Preston in Lancashire do lodge at the Bell in Friday-street. They are there on Fridays.

• The "Two-necked Swan," the house of call of the Manchester waggoners, was an old inn in Lad Lane (now Græham-street), usually frequented by the

northern carriers. The hostelrys having the sign of swans with two necks, or rather nicks, took their name from the marks which the Lord Mayor, the conservator of the Thames, placed upon the birds in that part of the river concerned in his jurisdiction. There were several inns in London bearing the sign of the "Bell," and it was at one of them that Archbishop Leighton expired; who, indeed, had expressed a wish to die at an inn, to remind him that he was a pilgrim on his way home.

The carriers from Chester put up at the "Castle" in Wood-street, Cheapside, thrice a week; and at Blossom's, or (corruptly) Bosom's, Inn in St. Lawrence Lane, Cheapside, every Thursday.

J. E. BAILEY.

THE GRAVE OF JOHN OWENS.

[550.] The grave of the founder of Owens College, in St. John's Churchyard, Deansgate, is to be found on the south side (not on the west side, as stated by Mr. Aston,) of the church, being the ninth stone from the Camp-street wall and the twentieth from the Lower Byrom-street railings. The inscription on the gravestone runs thus:—

Here resteth the body of Owen Owens, who departed this life January 16, 1844, aged 80 years. Also Sarah, wife of Owen Owens, who departed this life 10 July, 1816, aged 58 years. Also William, son of Owen and Sarah Owens, who departed this life July 16, 1793, aged 6 months. Also David their son, who departed this life March 12, 1794, aged 12 days. Also John Owens, who departed this life July 29, 1846, aged 55 years; being also the son of Owen and Sarah Owens.

Another memento, in the shape of a mural tablet, will be found in the south aisle of the church, with this inscription:—

Sacred  
To the Memory of  
JOHN OWENS,

Late of Manchester, Merchant.

By a life of honourable industry he acquired a large fortune, the bulk of which, after providing for the claims of kindred and friendship, he devoted to his death to the endowment of the College in this town which bears his name, and which records his comprehensive benevolence and his zeal for the advancement of learning and science. He was born at Manchester, and died a bachelor at Chorlton-upon-Medlock, in this parish, the 29th July, 1846, aged 55 years, and was interred in the adjoining churchyard.

Wisdom is more precious than rubies,  
And all the things thou canst obtain  
Are not to be compared to her.

Prov. 3, v. 15.

So far my researches point to no other association of John Owens with St. John's Church than this, although it is just possible his father and mother attended there, and he might have done so in his youth. It may be added that a number of gentlemen are now engaged in raising a more important memorial in the church to the honour of the founder of our now most important North of England College. It is not yet decided whether this memorial shall be a pulpit or a stained-glass window.

JOHN EVANS.

23 September, 1878.

#### COMMENTS AND ANSWERS.

ROBIN ADAIR.

(Query 525, September 14.)

[551.] Robin Adair was well known in the London fashionable circles of the last century by the soubriquet of the "Fortunate Irishman." He was brought up as a surgeon, but "his detection in an early amour drove him precipitately from Dublin" to push his fortunes in England. Scarcely had he crossed the channel when the chain of lucky events that ultimately led him to fame and fortune commenced. Near Holyhead, perceiving a carriage overturned, he ran to render assistance. The sole occupant was a "lady of fashion, well known in polite circles," who received Adair's attentions with thanks, and being slightly hurt, and hearing that he was a surgeon, requested him to travel with her in her carriage to London. On their arrival she gave him a fee of one hundred guineas and a general invitation to her house. A short time after he met in this lady's house Lady Caroline Keppel, daughter of the second Earl of Albemarle and of Lady Anne Lennox, daughter of the first Duke of Richmond, who fell desperately in love with him. Adair, perceiving his advantage, lost no time in pursuing it, while the families of Albemarle and Richmond were dismayed at the prospect of such a mesalliance. When Lady Caroline was taken by her friends from London to Bath that she might be separated from her lover, she wrote, it is said, the song of "Robin Adair," and set it to a plaintive Irish tune that she had heard him sing.

J. LEIGH.

Turner-street, Gorton.

#### FOOD RIOTS OF 1842.

(No. 524, September 21.)

[552.] I presume that your correspondent G. F. BRINDLE refers to the Chartist agitation, which in 1842 was at the height of its popularity. In Molesworth's *History of England*, vol 2, cap. v., it is stated that:—

On the 5th of August, 1842, the factory operatives at Ashton turned out; and at a meeting held on Mottram Moor on the 7th it was resolved that they would not resume work again till the Charter should become the law of the land. This resolution was followed by attempts to compel those who were still at work to join the turnouts, which most of them did very willingly. Next day a large body of them marched on Manchester. They were met in Pollard-street by the Mayor, Mr. Nield, and a troop of cavalry under the command of Colonel Wemyss. After a short parley, in the course of which they promised not to commit any breach of the law, they were allowed to enter the town, when they at once turned out the hands employed at the various factories and other works. It was easy to see that most of them only wanted the appearance of constraint to excuse their conduct. The ease with which the factories at Manchester were stopped encouraged similar proceedings in other manufacturing towns. They were visited by large bodies of turnouts; the plugs were withdrawn from the steam-engine boilers so that work could not be resumed for some time; and in the course of a few days the Chartists could boast that for fifty miles round Manchester every loom was still and every industry arrested save those connected with the supply of food. The conduct of the working classes on this occasion was highly creditable to them. Though the whole of the north of England was absolutely at their mercy, and though many of them at the time were sunk in deep poverty and destitution, little violence was done to person or property. It is true there were some exceptions. At Preston, for instance, the people stoned the soldiers, who at length fired and killed several persons.

Perhaps some other local correspondent can afford a more detailed account of the proceedings of the Chartists in and near Manchester at that time.

ALPHA.

#### THE FIRST SUNDAY-SCHOOLS IN MANCHESTER.

(Query No. 496, August 31.)

[553.] Harrop's *Manchester Mercury* for August 24, 1784, contains the following advertisement:—

Manchester, August 10, 1784.

The Boroughreeve and Constables of Manchester beg leave to recommend the following address to the notice

of the public. The plan of establishing Sunday-schools meets with their hearty approbation; and they should be happy, in concurrence with the principal inhabitants of the town, to lend their assistance and support to so laudable a charity. A meeting of the gentlemen who wish to promote this institution is desired on Friday, the 27th instant, at eleven o'clock in the forenoon, at Mr. Shaw's, the Bull's Head Inn. The attendance of the clergy is particularly requested.

THOMAS JOHNSON, Boroughreeve.  
JOHN KEARSLEY } Constables.  
HENRY NORRIS }

At the foot of the above follows the address referred to. It is entitled "An Address to the Public on Sunday Schools," and is without signature. The writer, after some introductory remarks on the prevalence of ignorance and vice in Manchester, says:—"Some time ago the clergyman of Stroud, in Gloucestershire, began an institution which was called a Sunday-school, and which has been attended with happy consequences. Since then a clergyman at Leeds adopted the same institution; and others have followed his example and improved his plan." The writer gives details of the system adopted at Leeds, and concludes with:—"The happy success of the above plan has been obvious to all who have inquired into it, and has induced several worthy persons to adopt it with some little alterations and improvements. But to carry on the execution they most humbly solicit the assistance of the candid and well-disposed public, for which the rising generation will have reason to bless them; while truth and justice, religion and piety, may be established among us under the approbation of our happy constitution and the benediction of Almighty God."

At the meeting held on the 27th August for the purpose of taking into consideration the scheme for encouraging Sunday-schools it was unanimously resolved:—"First: That these schools are a most laudable institution and worthy of all possible encouragement. Second: That a subscription be immediately entered into, and books open at Mr. Harrop's, at Mr. Shaw's, and at Mr. Newton's, to receive the contributions, or any casual benefactions, from all such people as are disposed to promote this excellent undertaking. Third: That the ministers of all the different churches and chapels in the town be waited upon and requested to preach a sermon for the benefit of this charity to their respective congregations. Fourth: That this meeting be adjourned till Friday,

the 24th of September next, at eleven o'clock in the morning, when a committee are to be appointed for the management of this business, and such other regulations made as may appear to the subscribers at large necessary and expedient." This, like the former announcement, is signed by Thomas Johnson, boroughreeve; and John Kearsley and Henry Norris, constables.

At the adjourned meeting on the 24th of September the following gentlemen were "chosen to fill the necessary offices and to undertake the management of this useful charity." Sir J. P. Mosley, Bart., president; G. Lloyd and T. Johnson, Esqs., vice-presidents; Rev. J. Bennett, secretary; Mr. James Dinwiddie, treasurer; together with several other gentlemen as deputy-treasurers and members of committee." It is evident the project was quickly and generally adopted in the town, from the fact that on the 21st September the *Mercury*, referring to the subject, says:—"The rapid progress of Sunday-schools in this town promises the most salutary effects. There are now begun no less than twenty-five of these in different parts, which are attended by nearly eighteen hundred children. The change already worked in the manners of these untaught wanderers is truly delightful. Instead of their usual slovenly appearance they now vie with each other in coming to school as neat and clean as their situations will allow, and are anxious to receive the instruction offered them as they were before careless of every improvement."

It does not appear certain by whom, or in what part of the town, the first Sunday-school was opened. I should think it very probable that several were opened simultaneously. In a "Report of the proceedings of the annual meeting of the Sunday-schools under the establishment," held March 5th, 1832, it is stated, on the authority of the Rev. John Piccope, M.A., incumbent of St. Paul's Church, Turner-street, that the author of the "Address to the Public on Sunday Schools" was the Rev. Cornelius Bayley, D.D., founder and first rector of St. James's Church, George-street. If this is correct it is evident that this gentleman was the first to direct the attention of the public to the establishment of such institutions in this town. I may also add that the Rev. John Piccope married a daughter of the Rev. Dr. Bayley. G. H. S.  
Heaton Moor.

QUERIES.

[554.] **THE UNICORN IN THE ROYAL ARMS.**—Why does the fabulous animal, the unicorn, form one of the supporters of the Royal Arms of Britain?

ALPHA.

[555.] **JENNY LIND IN MANCHESTER.**—Would any of your contributors kindly give some information concerning the first and second professional engagement of Jenny Lind in Manchester? W. SURGE.

[556.] **THE MANCHESTER SCOLD'S BRIDLE.**—Can any one say what has become of the "gag" or "bridle" which was in use by the lord of the manor sixty or seventy years ago, for punishing scolds in the Market-place?

SEXAGENARIAN.

[557.] **THE NORTH CHESHIRE REFORMER.**—In *Men of the Time* for 1856, Thornton Hunt is described as having been editor of the *North Cheshire Reformer*. Will any one kindly furnish the history of this paper, or say where information can be found?

A. A. R.

[558.] **THE AMERICAN STORM-WARNINGS.**—Many people believe the Americans can predicate storms which travel across the Atlantic and alight upon the coasts of France and England. Is it so; and if so, is there some well-defined law upon which they found their predictions. If there be a law, what is it?

MORGAN BRIERLEY.

[559.] **W. ORME, ARTIST.**—At the end of last century or beginning of this Thomas Girtin, the great water-colour painter, made a drawing of the Chetham College, with the Old Church in the distance, "from a sketch made by W. Orme," who is understood to have been an amateur artist. Is anything known of this Mr. Orme?

WEST MORLAND.

[560.] **ILLUSTRATED TOURISTS' GUIDE TO FLORENCE.**—Can you or any of your readers tell me where I must apply for the above work? It should not be above four or five shillings. I have only seen one "Guide" to North Italy, which I found to be a thick expensive volume without a single illustration. What I want is a pocket-sized illustrated book.

C. T. B.

[561.] **THE HAWK AND THE SWALLOW.**—A few weeks ago, when at Llanberis, I saw a hawk chasing a swallow. When I observed the birds they were at a distance of only four or five yards, and I noticed the extreme brilliance and beauty of the hawk's eye. The swallow, evidently in a terror-stricken state, made three or four rapid doubles, followed in each at the distance of a few inches by his enemy, and then escaped. This case of attempted murder was over in a few seconds. I shall be glad to know whether it is a common thing for a hawk to prey upon a bird so rapid in its flight as the swallow.

STUDENT.

[562.] **STOCKS, CHEETHAM.**—At the top of Red Bank there is Stocks-street, Stocks House, and Stocks

Farm. The writer would like to know the origin of the name and something of the early history of the Stocks Estate.

W. P.

Can any of your correspondents give us the history of the old Stocks House on the Cheetham Hill Road, and whether there ever were stocks for the punishment of offenders in that particular neighbourhood? When I first knew the house it was occupied by Mr. Gilbert Winter, and is now the residence of Mr. Crossley, the antiquarian. There are several stories current relating to it, but how much is fact and how much fiction I should be glad to know.

R. WOOD.

[563.] **SUNDAY SCHOOLS FOR CHILDREN OF ALL DENOMINATIONS.**—In certain Notes which have recently appeared in your columns in reference to a noted Manchester Music Book, mention is made of "Sunday Schools for Children of all Denominations." What were these schools, and what has become of them? I am told that few, if any, of the original schools now exist, and that these are in the hands of the Wesleyans, and that others of them have been pulled down and purely Wesleyan schools have been built with the money. It is also said that one school, worth from fifteen hundred to two thousand pounds, was sold to the Wesleyans for the modest sum of £50! Can any of your numerous readers and correspondents give information about them?

SELBAHC.

[564.] **MANCHESTER AL MONDO.**—"Manchester al Mondo | Contemplato | Mortis | and | Immortalitatis | much enlarged. | London: | Printed for Rich: Thral, and are to | be sold at his shop at the figure of the Cross Keys in Cheap-side. |" (Duodec. pp. 209.) This book has a curiously engraved title page. At the top of the page inside a semi-glory are Hebrew letters, with winged heads on either side; a semi-circle of clouds underneath, and within a walled city of twelve gates or towers; and within the walls twelve mansions, arranged in rows of four. Outside the cloud are issuing, alternately, flames and trumpets; the cloud is resting on the top of a mountain, from which upward a road winds, on which there is this inscription: "Via ad Eter-ne ta-tem;" before the mountain lies a skeleton full length; head dexterwise. Then, on a square surface underneath, comes "Expergiscar;" then the title, "Manchester al Mondo," &c.; on the dexter side of which is a bearded old man, with a label issuing from his mouth, on which is "Dissolui Cupio," pointing with his right hand to a skull and hour-glass at his feet; in the left hand a staff; on sinister side is a female figure with cross in right hand, with left pointing upwards; left bare foot resting on a skull. The above book is in the Lancashire Independent College Library, Whalley Range. I wish to know author, date when printed, and the connection with Manchester, as assumed by the title? The text is English, with copious Latin quotations. It appears from print and general get-up to be about 1680.

RICHARD HEMMING.







"I come by NOTE, to give and to receive."

*Merchant of Venice*, act iii., scene 2.

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# City News Notes

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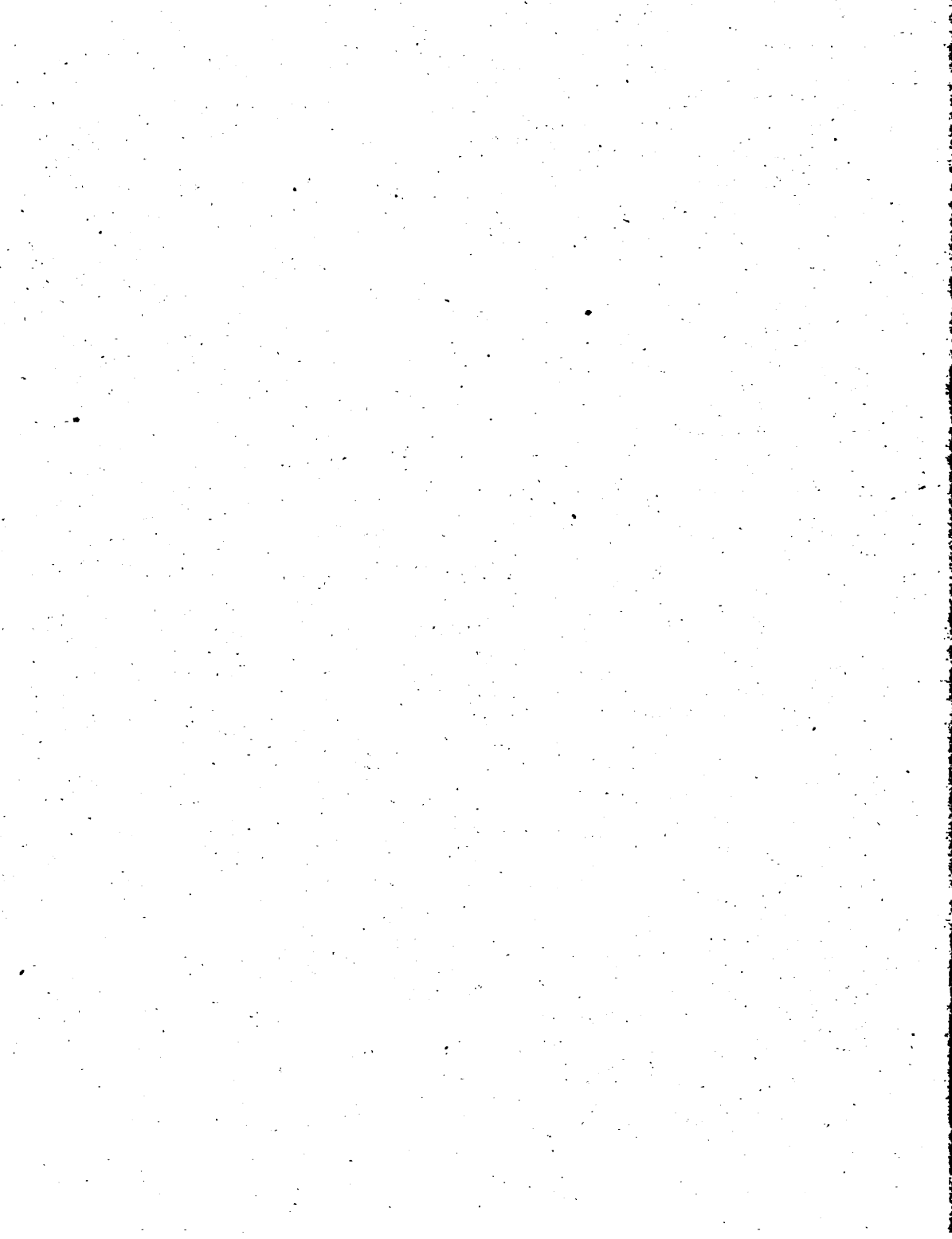
# Queries.



[REPRINTED FROM THE "MANCHESTER CITY NEWS."]

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MANCHESTER:  
CITY NEWS OFFICE, WARREN STREET.  
1878.



## LITERATURE.

The Religious Tract Society have been awarded a medal at the Paris Exhibition for the excellence, cheapness, and beneficial tendency of its publications.

Mr. Anthony Trollope, the novelist, is a large proprietor of land in South Africa, beyond the Fish River. He and a Mr. Cullet hold between them 62,000 acres of land.

It is not generally known that Mr. Du Maurier is a literary as well as an artistic contributor to *Punch*. The amusing satire on the Pre-Raphaelites and their struggle against society contained in the story of Jack Spratt in the last two issues of the London *Charivari* is not only illustrated by Mr. Du Maurier, but written by him.

Miss Georgina F. Jackson, of Chester, announces the early issue of her *Shropshire Word-Book*, an elaborate glossary of the dialect of the county, upon which Miss Jackson has been engaged for many years. It will be issued to subscribers only. An expectation has been held out by the English Dialect Society that the work would form one of their series of publications, and be issued to their members as one of the ordinary issues, but the honorary secretary has been unable to prevail upon Miss Jackson to consent to this course. As the annual reports of the Society for some years past have contained the announcement of Miss Jackson's intended volume, and expectations have thus been indirectly fostered, it is right to state that the committee of the Society are in no wise blameable for the disappointment which will thus probably be caused. Miss Jackson's work, judging from the specimen sheet, will be one of great merit.

A volume of *Miscellanies* has this week been issued by the Chetham Society, containing the *Rent-Roll, 1535-6*, of Sir John Towneley of Towneley, Knt., for Burnley and Ighten Hill, co. Lancaster; an *Autobiographical Fragment* by one Langley of Brasenose College, written shortly before the Civil War; and a *Catalogue of the Rectors of Prestwich, near Manchester, 1316-1632*. The *Rent Roll* supplies interesting information on the tenure and production of *Lancashire farms* in Henry Eighth's time. In the *Fragment* there are passages bearing upon student-life in Oxford, and upon the state of religious feeling in Manchester between the party of "The Black Preachers" and the school of Laud. Langley was afflicted with melancholy, arising from excessive study; and it is noteworthy that he mentions the *Anatomy* of "Mr. Burton," with whom at Oxford he was familiar. The volume is the one hundred and third of the Chetham Society's issues, and it has been edited by the Rev. Canon F. R. Raines, of Milnrow.

Saturday, October 5, 1878.

## NOTE.

## CURIOUS BURIAL CUSTOM.

[565.] In the township of Clifton, near Manchester, a curious custom prevails, which I am not aware of being followed elsewhere. When a death occurs in the village a girl, carrying a basket, is sent round to inform the neighbours of the event and to invite them to the funeral. She has a formula to repeat, which concludes by asking, "an yo any green stuff?" The custom is called "Gooin' o' lathin;" to "lathe" meaning to "invite." I should be glad to know if the custom is observed in other parts of the country.

J. LYSONS.

## COMMENTS AND ANSWERS.

## THE HISTORY OF STOCKPORT.

(Query No. 528, September 14.)

[566.] In reply to your querist G., in your interesting columns, will you allow me to say that the whole of the second part of the *History of Stockport* is in the hands of the printers. Messrs. Gilbert and Rivington, from whom I have received a letter this morning of which the following is an extract:—"The remainder of the sheets will be sent to you on Wednesday. If you return them in three or four days we think you may safely promise copies about a fortnight afterwards."

HENRY HEGINBOTHAM.

Millgate House, Stockport, 1 October, 1878.

## SIR CHRISTOPHER WREN AND THE WOOD CARVER.

(Nos. 485, 504, and 539.)

[567.] For the facts relative to the existence of Philip Haybittle, the carver, I am grateful to R. Burgess. I shall now be glad if he will explain where he saw the letter, and how he obtained the transcript. He says:—"From the illegibility of some parts of the writing, and the rather decayed state of the paper on which it is written, together with other facts which I shall presently bring forward, I am strongly of opinion that the discrepancy of the date of the letter with the commencement of the building of St. Paul's and the knighting of Sir Christopher is entirely owing to a mistake in the transcription of the letter." Since reading the above I have been in correspond-

ence with the Librarian of the British Museum, Mr. Edward A. Bond. After ample search he writes me thus:—"I doubt the existence of the letter of Philip Wood, as printed in the *Manchester City News*. The date is of course incompatible with the circumstances mentioned in the letter. Besides this, the phraseology is modern, and the mention of Shakspeare very improbable. The reference given does not correspond with any of the Museum collections of papers." I have since had a second letter to the same effect. Mr. R. Burgess will perhaps excuse me still holding to my first opinion, that the letter is a forgery, at least till the letter can be produced.

ROBERT LANGTON.

FIRST SUNDAY-SCHOOLS: MANCHESTER AND BOLTON.

(Query No. 496, August 31.)

[568.] In answer to the query about Bolton Sunday-schools and the one at Little Lever, perhaps the following will interest your correspondent. Under the heading of Bolton, in Baines' Lancashire, there is the following:—"From a prize 'merit' or ticket in the possession of the present vicar of Bolton, the Rev. Canon Powell, it is evident that there was a Sunday-school in existence in connection with the parish church as early as this time" (1774).

In regard to the school at Little Lever, taught by James Heys, or as he was more familiarly known "Jemmy o' th' Heys," I believe it was started about 1775, in a large room in the cottage of a neighbour where Jemmy taught reading and spelling every Sunday morning and afternoon, and they met not to the sound of a bell but to a pestle and mortar. It was the plan of Mr. Adam Crompton, paper maker, Little Lever, who also supported it. Dr. Thomas Barnes says:—"I lived for many years a near neighbour to this poor man, and admired what I then thought to be his disinterested kindness in devoting every Sunday, when from infirmity disabled from attending public worship, to so charitable an office. It was not till long after that I discovered the plan and support to be the work of Mr. Crompton, who had concealed this, as he wished to do his other charities, even from his dearest friends and relations, among whom I had the pleasure of being numbered." Mr. Adam Crompton died on the 30th of October, 1793, aged seventy-two.

A. T.

THE FIRST SUNDAY SCHOOLS IN MANCHESTER.

(Nos. 496 and 553.)

[569.] In preparing a Biographical Sketch of the Rev. John Clowes, the first rector of St. John's, Deansgate, I have had occasion to look up some details of the first movements of Sunday-schools in Manchester. As far as I can learn, the Sunday-school system was inaugurated in Manchester some time in the year 1783. Mr. Clowes was the first secretary of the Sunday-school Association in Manchester, and in his work would doubtless receive much assistance from Richard Keymer (then a smallware manufacturer of No. 6, Newmarket Lane), George Walker (of Hullard Hall, Cornbrook), and Edward Place (who filled the offices of constable in 1767, and borough reeve in 1789), all of whom were identified with St. John's, and took a prominent and active interest in the promotion of Sunday-schools in Manchester. Further, Mr. Clowes drew up the first general plan of the proceedings of the Sunday-school Association, and by unanimous request was appointed to preach the first sermon that was preached on behalf of Sunday-schools in Manchester, which he delivered on 9th October, 1785, his text being—"The blessing of him that was ready to perish came upon me." (Job xxix. 13.) Clowes was a diligent Sunday-school teacher. I had placed in my hands the other day a Tract on the Church Catechism, which embodies instructions he was wont to give in his Sunday evening discourses, which tract he thus dedicates:—"To the children of the Sunday-schools in the district of St. John's. Dear Children,—I here present you with an Explanation of the Church Catechism, which you have so often heard me repeat to you at the Sunday evening lecture in the church. It will be my most devout prayer to the Father of mercies, that he will be pleased to bless it to your instruction and edification; and I have no doubt of His so blessing it, provided that you also join your sincere prayers to mine for this happy purpose." As a day-school was attached to St. John's Church, and endowed by Edward Byrom so early as 1770, there is no doubt but this school would be one of the first utilized by Mr. Clowes for Sunday-school purposes.

Presuming "G. H. S." is well acquainted with the Appendix on "Sunday-schools" in Mr. Bardley's *Memorials of St. Ann's Church*, I am surprised he should have overlooked Mr. Bardley's very conclusive evidence that Dr. Cornelius Bayley was not "the

first to direct the attention of the public to the establishment of such institutions in this town."

JOHN EVANS.

September 30, 1878.

STOCKS, CHEETHAM.

(Query No. 562, September 28.)

[570.] What may have been the origin of the name Stocks—whether it was derived from a fixture of that name for the punishment of disorderly persons, or had some other meaning which is lost in the obscurity of time—I do not know. Perhaps some correspondent can enlighten us as to the probable derivation of the name "Stocks."

The earliest mention I find of the Stocks in Chetham occurs in the Cathedral registers, of which the following are extracts:—

- 1599. March 25, an infant daughter of John Rydings, of Stocks, buried.
- 1601. December 21, an infant of John Rydings of Chetham, junior, buried.
- 1601. December 31, Isabell, wief of John Rydings, of Stocks, buried.
- 1604. May 4, John Rydings, of Chetam, buried.
- 1607. Julie 28, Alyce, daughter of Richard Rydings, of ye Stocks, baptized.

From the commencement of the Cathedral registers in 1573 there are numerous entries of the Rydings of Chetham down to the close of the eighteenth century. In the *Manchester Mercury* for 1772 is the following announcement: "September 2nd. On Wednesday last was married, at Gretna Green, in Scotland, John Rydings, Esq., of Stocks, to Miss Haighton of this town." Not satisfied with their Scotch marriage, or probably advised, they were re-married at the Collegiate Church on the following 14th of September.

1772. 8 August. Marriage settlement between John Ridings of Manchester, merchant, eldest son and heir of Samuel Rydings, late of Manchester, merchant, deceased, of the first part; Elizabeth Haig'nton, one of the daughters of Thomas Haighton, late of Dublin, within the kingdom of Ireland, merchant, deceased, of the second part; and Richard Leigh, of Manchester, merchant, and John Wilson, of Dublin, in the kingdom of Ireland, executors of the last will and testament of the said Thomas Haighton, deceased, and also executors of the last will and testament of Margaret Haighton, deceased, late of the city of Dublin, mother of the said Elizabeth, of the third part. Reciting that a marriage was agreed upon and intended with the consent of the said Richard Leigh

and John Wilson, testified and to be shortly had and solemnized between said John Ridings, party thereto, and Elizabeth Haighton.

The deed goes on to say that the said John Ridings did give, grant, and confirm unto said Richard Leigh and John Wilson, their heirs and assigns, an annuity or yearly rent-charge of £150 of lawful money clear of all taxes and outgoings whatever, to be yearly issuing and going out from all those messuages and burgages in or near St. Mary's Gate, etc. The above-mentioned premises were purchased in 1704 by a former John Ridings, of Manchester, flaxman, from John Bradshaw, son and heir of John Bradshaw, of Darcey Lever, gentleman.

Extract from will of John Ridings, of Stocks, merchant, dated Nov. 1st, 1806:—"His body to be buried in his burial place in that part of the Collegiate and Parish Church commonly called Lord Derby's chapel. Charges his two leasehold tenements in Chetham, called the Stocks tenement and the Peel tenement, held by him under lease from the Earl of Derby for himself and wife with £250. Surrenders the former lease of the Stocks and Peel tenements and takes out two new leases. The Stocks tenement containing 19 acres 1 rood and 32 perches for life of himself, wife, and one John Whitley, subject to the yearly rent of £8. 1s. The Peel tenement containing 16 acres 1 rood and 14 perches for the lives of himself and wife, for the yearly rent of £1. 10s. Proved 6 June, 1807."

There is no monument in Lord Derby's chapel to the above John Ridings, or to any of the family, and he appears to be buried in the grave of his grandfather, George Ridings, St. Ann's. He died April 5, 1807, aged sixty-five years.

In 1805 the *Manchester Mercury* records the death at Stocks of Major Thomas Wilkinson, of the Manchester volunteer infantry; also, in 1809, of his widow, and a tomb to their memory may be found on the south side of St. Mark's Church, Cheetham.

No doubt amongst the archives of the Derby family may be found earlier notices of the Stocks, Chetham, but I fear access to those documents is not easily obtainable. Perhaps at some future time I may notice the Peel tenement, one of those old landmarks and, as its name indicates, a moated or fortified house, so necessary in the good old times when those might take who had the power, and those might keep who could.

J. OWEN.

## THE MANCHESTER SCOLD'S BRIDLE.

(Query No. 558, September 28.)

[571.] In answer to SEXAGENARIAN I beg to say there is a "gag" or "bridle," used in olden time for punishing scolds, in the Museum at Peel Park, and this will most likely be the one he inquires about.

T. K. TAYLOR.

Whalley Range, 29 September.

## MR. ORME, ARTIST.

(Query No. 559, September 28.)

[572.] There was a portrait painter and engraver David Orme. He was the son of a Manchester gentleman, who lived in great style in one of the old and now forlorn-looking mansions still existing in Quay-street. He engraved several of Mather Brown's pictures illustrative of the Indian War. Mr. Orme was a contemporary of old Parry. He died in Buxton.

FREDERICK LAWRENCE TAYLOR.

153, Rydal Mount.

## THE UNICOEN IN THE ROYAL ARMS.

(Query No. 534, September 23.)

[573.] The monoceros: The unicorn, an animal with one horn. This name is often applied to the rhinoceros. In heraldry the animal is fabulous, represented with the figure of a horse (denoting strength and fleetness), and a single horn issuing from its forehead. The shield of the coat of arms of the kingdom of Scotland bore the device of a lion rampant, and was supported by two unicorns. When James Sixth of that kingdom became also James First of England the arms of the two kingdoms were incorporated, the Scottish lion occupying the second quarter in the shield, and one of the unicorns was placed as a supporter on the sinister side of it. We may infer that the pride of the Scotch people was touched by this absorption of their ancient arms, as Walter Scott makes Richie Moniplies remark to his master Lord Glenvarloch (*Fortunes of Nigel*) on handing to him King James's proclamation against the Scots coming to England:—"I ken nought about it but the grand blazon at the tap. The lion has gotten a claught of our suld Scottish shield now, but it was as weel upheld when it had a unicorn on ilk side of it."

JAMES BURY.

September 28, 1878.

## ST. JOHN'S CHURCH, DEANSGATE.

(Note No. 521, September 21.)

[574.] The pedigree of my pew, No. 29, is as follows:—

Original deed between Edward Byrom and John Hardman of the one part, and Thomas Tipping of the other part, dated 9 September, in the ninth year of the reign of King George III., 1769. The consideration was twenty-four pounds, and a chief rent of thirty-two shillings was reserved to the churchwardens.

- 4 Oct., 1803. Mr. Tipping sold to Peter Fletcher for £30.
- 1 Dec., 1826. Mr. Fletcher sold to Peter Bayley for £30.
- 12 Oct., 1829. Mr. Bayley sold to Robert Bowker for £30.
- 18 July, 1835. J. B. Bowker, to whom it had been given by R. Bowker, sold it George Simms for £30.
- 1 March, 1842. Mr. Simms sold it to Samuel Elsworth Cottam for £20.
- 7 Aug., 1852. S. E. Cottam died.

If other of the modern holders would give you the same information it would be an interesting addition to what you have published already.

SAMUEL COTTAM.

## MANCHESTER AL MONDO.

(Query No. 564, September 28.)

[575.] This was written by Henry Ley Montagu, created Earl of Manchester by Charles I. The first edition was printed in 1633, and it went through fifteen editions between that year and 1688. Mr. G. W. Napier, of Alderley Edge, has an extensive series of them. It is not at all clear why the Montague family chose Manchester for their baronial title.

## A MANCHESTER PYTHAGORAN.

Mr. Hemming asks for information about the author of the above book. It came from the pen of Henry Montagu, the first Earl of Manchester, an able lawyer and a man of devout spirit. I have notes of editions in the following years: 1631, 1633, 1635, 1636, 1643, 1648, 1655, 1658, 1661, 1666, 1667, 1677, 1688, and 1690 (the two latter being styled fifteenth edition). Several copies are in the library of G. W. Napier, Esq., of Alderley Edge. The Italian title signifies "Manchester to the World," i.e., his counsel to it. It has no connection whatever with the town



of Manchester, nor had the Earl (as his will very clearly shows) any property here. In the patent creating him an earl, Montagu's title, if I remember aright, is derived from the Lancashire town; but it may have originally been suggested to derive it from Godmanchester, near his seat. In one of the volumes of the *Harleian Miscellany* is a curious list of names on a jury at Huntingdon, in 1619, read before Judge Doddridge, who in his previous circuit had censured the sheriff for not impanelling men of rank on the grand jury. On the occasion under notice the sheriff therefore selected twenty-one men whose surnames were those of titles as lord, duke, &c., the second name being "Henry Prince of Godmanchester;" and in reading them, to give them a better sound in the ears of the judge (who was highly pleased at the sheriff's ingenuity) he made a pause at the end of the Christian names instead of the surnames. In the instance quoted there seems to be a *double entendre* in allusion to the local earl. But it was believed in his own day that his title had relation to our town, and it was so understood by two eminent natives—Hollinworth, and Samuel Bolton the Puritan. The former, in his MS. *Mancuniensis*, says:—"Manchester gave honour to, and received honour from, Henry Montagu . . . created Earl of Manchester, February 7, 1625." Samuel Bolton, addressing the earl's son, the well-known Lord Kimbolton, makes an earnest request to him, as bearing relation to his (Bolton's) native country and place, "to which your honour is related." At that time Lord Kimbolton was the second Earl of Manchester.

It is perhaps the 1642 edition which Mr. Hemming describes. That was the first of Thrale's editions; it contains 209 pages, and otherwise corresponds. But Thrale kept possession of the copyright until at least 1667, when it was re-issued—the first book published after the great fire of London; and the 1688 edition, prepared to meet the prevailing taste of giving away devotional works at funerals, was put forth by a new publisher. I have prepared an ample account of the book and of its noble author. JOHN E. BAILEY.  
Stretford, Manchester.

ROBIN ADAIR.

(Nos. 525 and 551.)

[576.] T. J. D. will find the question of "Robin Adair" and the song so-called fully discussed in the *London Notes and Queries*, Third Series, vols. 4, 5,

and 6; also Fourth Series, vol. 9. I may also add that the reply No. 551, September 28, signed J. LEIGH, Turner-street, Gorton, is copied without acknowledgment almost verbatim et literatim from a very interesting communication signed William Pinkerton, in the *London Notes and Queries*, Third Series, vol. 5, pp. 500-4. G. H. S.

Heaton Moor.

The following passage occurs in Charles Reade's novel, *Hard Cash*:—

The song Julia Dodd sang on this happy occasion, to meet the humble but heterogeneous views of Messrs. Sampson and Hardie, was a simple eloquent Irish song, called Aileen Aroon, whose history, by-the-by, was a curious one. Early in this century it occurred to somebody to hymn a son of George the Third for his double merit in having been born, and going to a ball. People, who thus apply the fine arts in modern days, are seldom artists; accordingly, this parasite could not invent a melody; so he coolly stole Aileen Aroon, soiled it by inserting sordid and incongruous jerks into the refrain, and called the stolen and adulterated article Robin Adair. An artizan of the same kidney was soon found to write words down to the degraded ditty; and, so strong is Flunkeyism, and so weak is Criticism, in these islands, that the polluted tune actually superseded the clean melody; and this sort of thing—

Who was in uniform at the ball?

Silly Billy,

smothered the immortal lines. But Mrs. Dodd's severe taste in music rejected those ignoble jerks, and her enthusiastic daughter having the option to hymn immortal Constancy or mortal Fat, decided thus:—

When like the early rose,  
Aileen aroon,  
Beauty in childhood glows,  
Aileen aroon,

When like a diadem,  
Buds blush around the stem,  
Which is the fairest gem?  
Aileen aroon

Is it the laughing eye?

Aileen aroon.

Is it the timid sigh?

Aileen aroon.

Is it the tender tone,  
Soft as the stringed harp's moan?  
No; it is Truth alone,  
Aileen aroon.

I know a valley fair,

Aileen aroon,

I know a cottage there,

Aileen aroon,

Far in that valley's shade,  
I know a gentle maid,  
Flower of the hazel glade,  
Aileen aroon.

Who in the song so sweet?  
Aileen aroon.

Who in the dance so fleet?  
Aileen aroon.

Dear are her charms to me,  
Dearer her laughter free,  
Dearest her constancy,  
Aileen aroon.

Youth must with time decay,  
Aileen aroon.

Beauty must fade away,  
Aileen aroon.

Castles are sacked in war,  
Chieftains are scattered far,  
Truth is a fixed star,  
Aileen aroon.

It seems to me that, whether these lines are the original ones or are Charles Reade's own, they are more suitable to the air than those usually sung. There is a simple charm about them, as there is about the melody itself, and I should be glad to find that they had replaced the string of weak words sung as "Robin Adair."

GREENGORSK.

#### QUERIES.

[577.] METHUSELAH.—Is there any reason for believing that Methuselah, the grandfather of Noah, was drowned in the deluge?

MORGAN BRIERLEY.

[578.] BIRTHPLACE OF JOHN CLOWES.—John Clowes (the first rector of St. John's, Deansgate,) was born in Manchester, October 31, 1743. Can any correspondent furnish particulars of the street or locality in which he was born?

EPSILON.

[579.] THE PITT CLUB.—I have to-day seen a copy of the rules and list of members of the Pitt Club, which was established at the Star Inn, Deansgate, December 10, 1812. At this house the members dined once a year in commemoration of the great statesman. Can anyone inform me when it was dissolved? Among the names are the ancestors of several well-known noblemen.

J. M.

[580.] GORTON TANK.—In your issue of September 21, an account is given of a visit to the Manchester, Sheffield, and Lincolnshire Railway Company's Works, Openshaw, you speak of it as being at Gorton, and it is always spoken of as the Gorton Tank. Can you, or any of your readers, tell the reason of this, as it is not in Gorton but is wholly in the township of Openshaw?

JAMES RYDER.

Aughton Old Road.

[581.] A LANCASHIRE AUTHOR OF THE LAST CENTURY.—Can any of your readers give any biographical information respecting a J. Rogers, M.D., the author of a work entitled "A Dissertation on the Knowledge of the Ancients in Astronomy and Optical Instruments; on the Physical Causes of the Earth's Diurnal and Annual Motions; on the distances of the Planets from the Sun, and on its magnitude. Wherein is demonstrated that the composition of a projectile and gravitating force cannot account for the motions of the planets; and that their distances, and the magnitude of the sun, cannot be by much so great as generally esteemed." London: J. and J. Rivington; and S. Newton, Manchester. 1755. The author refers, in a note at page 77, to the country where he lives—"Chat Moss, in Legh and Eccles parishes, in Lancashire, eight statute miles long and four broad." In another place he states: "I have the highest honour for the mathematics and sadly lament that the avocations of my profession have prevented my making greater progress therein, but think with Lord Bacon that they are proper to explain but not to discover or find out philosophical truths." It would certainly have been the wiser course for him to become well acquainted with geometry and dynamics before endeavouring to overturn the Newtonian system, and from his quotations he is evidently better acquainted with classical than mathematical authors. The work contains several curious remarks on the planetary motions, but the author evidently did not comprehend the chain of demonstration by which the system of gravitation is proved in Newton's Principia, and he endeavours to explain the movements of the planets around the sun by a kind of vortex, somewhat after the manner of Descartes.

WOOLSTHORPE.

SWALLOWS.—The following, says a correspondent of *Land and Water*, will be read by naturalists with great interest: Early in the migratory season a swallow was seen flying in and out the bedroom window of Mr. Fison, of Faversham Works, Cambs. Upon Mr. Fison going into his bedroom about noon, he was surprised at seeing a swallow flapping its wings in front of the looking-glass. The bird, frightened at Mr. Fison's approach, went away, but soon returned to its imaginary mate, as seen in the looking-glass. For some days the inmates of the old manor house frequently saw this sanguine bird either hanging and chirping on the glass or fluttering in front of it. At length, after spending its strength in vain by endeavouring to catch a shadow for a whole week, the swallow wisely left the shadow for the substance, and returned to the mirror with a real mate. Two now fluttered in front of the looking-glass, and unlike the dog and his shadow, as the fable goes, these birds had no object in view but that of sympathy and affection. When the time arrived for swallows to build their nests, the domesticated pair had become so attached to the room that they built a nest at the foot of the bedstead. In process of time four young birds were hatched and reared, and the old birds passed in and out while the proprietor lay in bed. The four took to their flight, and strange to say, five more swallows have been reared in the bedroom.

## VISIT OF FIELD NATURALISTS TO LATHOM.

### THE FAMOUS "HOUSE" AND SIEGE.

The Manchester Field Naturalists and Archeologists have been singularly unfortunate this autumn in regard to weather, nearly every Saturday afternoon appointed for an excursion having turned out wet, and in one or two instances hopelessly so. Hence there has been less than usual to place on record with regard to the society's proceedings. Saturday last was of similar unpropitious character, but the disagreeable conditions induced by a continuous drizzle were so thoroughly compensated by pleasant circumstances of other kinds that every one pronounced the trip to Lathom a success. The party, about twenty-five in number, under the guidance of Mr. George W. Horsfield, started from Victoria Station by the 12 10 train for Newburgh, near Southport. Leaving the train at this point, a southerly direction was taken on foot along the lanes, which herabouts are very quiet, and in which the botanists observed abundance of the white dead nettle (*Lamium album*), a plant rather uncommon in South Lancashire, and always interesting, the flowers being produced at every season of the year, even at mid-winter, and remarkably beautiful and curious alike in structure and in unusual contrasts of colour. A walk of about a mile brought the party to the entrance of Lathom Park, elsewhere broad and the home of deer, but which here and for another mile or two, or at all events as traversed by the path, would better deserve to be called Lathom Wood, so exquisitely sylvan is the way, gently undulated, amid the trees, many of them lofty, ferns of varied shapes and charming tints, the green of summer, reluctant to go, and the russet of autumn, blending as painters love to see; while on either hand were blackberries, jetty and fresh as only in the wilderness, with innumerable sweet waifs of the rose-lychnis, which in May must here be a splendour indeed, and, for those who take pleasure in the quaintness of the fungoid race, a score at least of curious species of *Agaricus*, with now and then a *Clavaria*. When about half way through these lovely glades the path crosses a swiftly-running stream called the Sawd, a tributary of the Douglas, and thus one of the early sources of the Ribble. Another stream, outside the park, now called the Slate Brook, is of special historical interest, being that one which in the account of the memorable siege of Lathom House is called the Golphorden.

Shortly after emerging from the wood, the house itself comes in view, a very handsome structure, apparently about a century old, presenting good classical features and worthy alike of the domain and of the owner. The original "Lathom House," the Lathom House which belongs not more to the history of Lancashire than to the annals of English courage and to the biography of great-souled women, has long since entirely disappeared. When given over to decay, it was carried away piecemeal, the country-people in the vicinity being permitted to remove the stones for building purposes of their own; so that now, as has happened with many an ancient abbey

and castle, the building may be said to be diffused over the whole district. In farmyard and cottage walls it is not difficult to identify now and then, on a very fair basis of conjecture, a fragment or two of the ancestral home of the Derbys. To recite, once again, the majestic old story of the siege, is here not needful. To the readers of the *City News* it would be like telling anew the "tale of Troy divine." Suffice it to say that in 1642, when James, the seventh Earl of Derby, whose steadfast loyalty so well fulfilled the family motto, *sans changer*, was in the Isle of Man, approach was made to Lathom House with a view to capture, by the Parliamentarians under Fairfax. The countess, originally Charlotte de Tremortville, a high-born lady whose kindred were connected with the blood-royal of France, replied to the summons to surrender that she had a double trust to sustain, faith to her lord the Earl, who had entrusted her with the safe keeping, and allegiance to her king, and that she was resolved not to swerve from either honour or obedience. The nature of the long defence, the discomfiture of the assailants, and what happened subsequently, constitutes, as is well known, a chapter in the family history at once consummately noble and profoundly sorrowful. The countess, the heroine of the defence, died ten years afterwards, or in 1652. Plenty of memorials of the siege have been preserved, some traditional, some in the form of relics. A little while ago, when a tree near the site of the original building was removed numbers of leaden bullets were found in the earth that lay about the roots. In the history of the siege written shortly after its time, seven of the defenders are said to have lost their lives, and one of these, called on account of his great stature, Long Jan, is said to have owed his death wound to his head rising above the wall or parapet. Very interesting was it, therefore, when a few years ago, during some alterations in the level of the ground, there were discovered seven skeletons, one of them indicating a frame little less than gigantic. The bones, when uncovered, were seemingly perfect, but all soon crumbled away, and not a trace remained. Some of the teeth, however, have been preserved, and lie in a glass case with other archeological curiosities, among which, by the way, are some portions of primitive tobacco pipes. Another circumstance mentioned in the old history of the siege is that supplies of coal were obtained by excavating in the courtyard. Lord Skelmersdale was so fortunate, a year or two ago, as to personally prove the truthfulness of this statement by the discovery of an outcrop of coal below the turf, just in front of the drawing-room windows of the modern mansion.

It was to the warm and engaging courtesy of Lord Skelmersdale—characteristic, unmistakably—that the party on Saturday last was indebted for the chief part of its enjoyment. Meeting the company on the steps, Lord Skelmersdale conducted them through the principal apartments, pointing out everything of special interest, including the family portraits, conspicuous among which is a record of the countenance of the brave and faithful countess whose name is bound up with that of Lathom. The locality of the original building was indicated, as nearly as it can now be determined. Sundry curious anecdotes were told, and, in conclusion, the party was shown into the visitors' parlour, where refreshments were laid out. In reply to a few words of respectful acknowledgment addressed to

him on the score of his kindness, Lord Skelmersdale proffered a new welcome should the society again visit his house and grounds, saying he should be sincerely glad to see the members again; and then the party placed itself in the hands of the head-gardener, Mr. Kefford, the same whose patriarchal figure is so well-known at first-class district flower and fruit shows, where he frequently acts as judge and umpire. The Lathom grounds and gardens are of themselves well worth a visit, so full are they of interesting plants, and so excellent is their condition. Among the many fine and admirable trees is the grandest plane it has so far been our good fortune to meet with in the north of England. It is the very picture of health and nobleness; a sight, as Dame Quickly says, "to thank God on." A substantial old tulip tree blossoms, Mr Kefford says, almost every year; vestiges of this last summer's flowers were discernible even on the date of the visit under notice. A very fine fern-leaved beech forms another striking object. Were these beautiful trees wanting, there would be still quite enough to afford rare pleasure in the shrubs, which include many of the newest and choicest from Japan, such as maples "of crimson hue," and the loveliest of the innumerable forms represented familiarly in the old-accustomed but comparatively unpretentious arbor-vitæ. The portion of the gardens devoted to hardy herbaceous plants teems, like the arboretum, with interesting and attractive objects; it is quite refreshing to see with what kindly care this class of plants is tended at Lathom, for in these is the guarantee of the return of genuine gardening in the future, when the present childish passion for colour, for ribbons and geometrical figures, which is *not* gardening, shall have run its course, horticulture properly so called resuming its ancient and honourable place. The hothouses and conservatories, the houses devoted to fruit-culture, grapes, figs and peaches, the ferneries, the bits of rock-work so tastefully draped with ivies, not the old-fashioned ivy that mantles the ruin, but the delicate varieties which make ivy seem not one thing, but a hundred things; all these, and much more than we have space to mention, were visited or inspected in turn, as was likewise the family chapel, which stands about a bow-shot from the house.

The survey, necessarily somewhat hastened by the merciless rain, being concluded, the party walked too n Ormskirk, through a pretty country, arriving about half-past five o'clock, at the "Buck 't' th' Vine," where a capital and inexpensive tea was served. Had time permitted, a visit would have been paid to Ormskirk Old Church, celebrated in its possession of both a tower and a spire, the dual provision coming, so the tradition says, of disagreement between two sisters as to which should be given, and which was settled at last by the building of what would please and satisfy each. The return train left Ormskirk at 6 50, the party getting safe back to Victoria by nine p.m. Total expenses each person, five shillings.

Lord Skelmersdale, it may be well to add, comes of the very ancient and distinguished Cheshire family which bears the name of Wilbraham. The first Baron Skelmersdale was Edward Bootle-Wilbraham of Lathom House, grandfather of the present peer, the title dating from 1828.

Saturday, October 12, 1878.

NOTE.

LAVINIA ROBINSON.

[581.] On the south side of St. John's Churchyard, Deansgate, there is a gravestone (being the nineteenth from the Camp-street wall and the sixteenth from the Lower Byrom-street railings) on which may be found the following inscription:—

Also LAVINIA, third daughter, who departed this life  
17 of December, 1813, aged 20 years.

More lasting than in lines of art  
Thy spotless character imprest;  
Thy worth engraved on every heart,  
Thy loss bewailed in every breast.

Few passages in the history of Manchester are fraught with more romantic interest than those involved in the mysterious death of the ill-fated Lavinia Robinson. The *Manchester Mercury* of 18th January, 1814, contains this advertisement:—

Thirty guineas reward. Whereas Lavinia Robinson, one of the daughters of the late William Robinson, of Manchester, wire-worker, was on the evening of Thursday, the 16th day of December, 1813 last, in the company of a gentleman (to whom she was on the point of marriage) in the parlour of her sister's house in Bridge-street, Manchester, after her sister, who was unwell, had retired to rest. In the morning it was discovered that she had not been in bed, and a note purporting to be in her handwriting was found in the parlour, from which there is reason to fear that she is no longer living. Her family and friends have been plunged by this unhappy event into the greatest distress. They feel the most painful anxiety to obtain some intelligence respecting this unfortunate young lady, and, as an inducement to strangers to exert themselves on the occasion, a reward of thirty guineas (exclusive of all expenses) is hereby offered to be paid by Mr. John Readhead, solicitor, St. Ann's Churchyard, Manchester, to any person who shall be the means of discovering, alive or dead, the lady who is the object of this advertisement. She was twenty years of age, of a middle size, of a fair complexion, with long light-brown hair. She had on a fawn-coloured twilled stuff dress, a pink and yellow shot figured silk handkerchief on her neck, a brown cloth mantle, a black beaver cottage bonnet, and her linen is marked "L. R."

A further advertisement appeared in the *Mercury* of 25th January, in which "one hundred guineas reward" was offered:—

We, the Boroughreeve and Constables of Manchester, as a further stimulus to the exertions of strangers, do hereby offer a reward of seventy guineas, in addition to the above reward of thirty guineas.

THOMAS HARDMAN, Boroughreeve.  
THOMAS S. POTTER,  
JAMES TOUCHETT, JUN., } Constables.

Police Office, Manchester, January 19, 1814.

This advertisement was repeated on the 1st February, and the same paper of the 8th makes the announcement:—"Miss Lavinia Robinson found. Since the alarming absence of this most unfortunate and much pitied young lady from her home we have altogether forbore from, we trust proper motives of delicacy, taking notice of or offering any remark on this distressing case whilst it remained in suspended doubt, momentarily expecting to have it in our power to appease the universal anxiety of the public, and satisfied that the exertions and incitements of her friends and their kind assistants for her discovery rendered no interference on our part necessary. Nor will our readers require us, at the present time, to introduce a recapitulation of the circumstances attending her sudden departure. We can now most assuredly declare that SHE IS NO MORE! She was found yesterday morning the hapless tenant of a watery grave! The river Irwell, as seemed to be the previous prevailing opinion, contained her remains. On Saturday morning the frost began to give way, and on Sunday the ice on the surface of the river broke up, fortunately with a moderate rise of the water or much damage must have ensued to the numerous wairs, but the shoals of ice floated down with nothing of the impetuosity that was feared. It was on a sandbank near Mode Wheel, about three miles down the Irwell and one on this side Barton, that her body was found, environed by two pieces of ice. Mr. Goodier, of Eccles, whose mill is on the stream contiguous to the spot, was the first to observe her, which was about nine o'clock yesterday (Monday) morning. No time was lost in conveying the intelligence to Manchester; when Mr. Nadin (deputy constable), accompanied by a few of her friends, some members of the faculty, and others, immediately set out to survey the body as it lay and cause its removal to town. The corpse was brought this after-

noon in a hearse, and though it has been missing since the 16th of last December scarce any symptoms of decay have appeared, owing to the preserving qualities of the frost, and we are told that even yet it presents a lovely spectacle of inanimation."

The remarkable "old-fashioned winter" of 1813-14 with its extraordinary long-continued frost, will account for the non-discovery of the body for seven or eight weeks. That Lavinia Robinson had not met with her watery grave by other than foul means was an opinion very generally entertained; and the inquest held at the Star Inn before Mr. Nathaniel Milne (coroner) and a jury, of which Mr. William Townend was foreman, caused intense excitement. On the first day Esther Robinson deposed that "on the evening of the 16th of December last she retired to rest at nine o'clock, leaving her sister Lavinia and Mr. Holroyd together. She also left a brother and sister up, who followed her in the course of a couple of hours." The brother, in his evidence, said: "On the evening in question, about eleven o'clock, he heard a noise as that of his sister in a distressed state, and on listening at the door he heard Holroyd say, 'All's ready—all's prepared,' to which she said, 'No, don't, it's shameful; you shan't.'"

A Mr. Bently (brother-in-law of Lavinia) committed certain facts on paper bearing on the relation between deceased and Holroyd, which aroused strong suspicions. Mr. Barlow stated: "On going home past the western wall of the New Bailey, between eleven and twelve o'clock on the night in question, he saw a lady and gentleman who seemed to be quarrelling, and followed them some distance. Saw the lady struck and knocked down by the gentleman. She got up again and took hold of his arm, which he wrenched from her. He, seeing witness following, suffered her to take hold of his arm and walked on. Witness heard her say, 'Believe me—but you won't; I do not care if you murder me, if you'll only believe me.' He heard him say, 'Who was it? If you don't tell me I'll never forgive you.' He saw them under a lamp near Mr. Beck's brewery, and described their dress as corresponding with the dresses worn by Miss Robinson and Mr. Holroyd that evening. They afterwards went to the new road leading to the river, and when they were about one hundred and fifty yards from the banks of the river he left them and went home."

A Mrs. Fitzburgh and her mother gave evidence, and they were followed by Mr. Goodier. The medical evidence was given by Messrs. Ainsworth and Thorpe, whose testimony entirely cleared the poor girl from the grave accusation with which Holroyd had evidently assailed her character. The second day of the inquest was terminated by Holroyd's handing in a written defence; and the jury, after two or three hours' consideration, returned the following verdict:—"That the said Lavinia Robinson was found drowned in the river Irwell on the seventh day of February instant, in the township of Pendlebury; but how or by what means she came into the water of the said river no evidence thereof appears to the said jurors." Holroyd voluntarily presented himself at the police court, but was informed by Nadin that he would have received a visit long before if the result of the verdict had been contrary to what it was. In speaking of the deceased the *Mercury* contains a very glowing panegyric:—"She was one of the most virtuous of the sex, a young lady possessing superior mental accomplishments, with a person equal to her mind, and of the most fascinating manners. Her compositions, both in prose and in verse, breathe throughout the purest sentiments of religion and virtue, and prove her to have had a warm and affectionate heart, great vivacity, and uncommon playfulness of disposition."

Of Holroyd (who was a surgeon practising at No. 66, Bridge-street) his end seems to have been as tragic as that of his intended wife's. Right or wrong, Manchester was made too "hot" for him; and the following paragraph from the columns of the *Shrewsbury Chronicle* of Friday, 18th March, 1814, forms the concluding passage in this "strange eventful history": "We are informed that Mr. —, of Manchester, whose fate must be a subject of interest to everyone acquainted with the melancholy end of the late Lavinia Robinson, has put a period to his existence by poison. He arrived at Wolverhampton upon one of the coaches on Tuesday, apparently very ill, and being unknown was suffered to remain at the inn during the night, and was freed by another coach to Stafford on Friday last; on his road to which place he jumped into the canal and committed many other extravagances. On Sunday morning he took poison. Medical aid was soon administered, but he died next morning."

J. E.

October 1878.

## COMMENTS AND ANSWERS.

### ALLEN, PORTRAIT PAINTER.

(Query No. 544, September 21.)

[582.] In Pigott's Directory for 1813, I find "Joseph Allen, portrait painter, 43, King-street." If I remember rightly, one of the portraits by this artist in Peel Park Museum is attributed to "W." or "William" Allen. It should be Joseph.

EPSILON.

Allen, the portrait painter, was a native of Coventry, and when in Manchester lived in lodgings in Falkner-street, and afterwards in King-street, where he painted David Holt, the celebrated cotton thread maker. In 1814 he painted Mr. and Mrs. Allen, then living in Cooper street, and about 1816 Mr. and Mrs. J. Pooley, of Hulme, and later on two portraits of Mr. Pooley, sen.; also Mr. J. Pooley, jun., about 1822. He painted Samuel Oldknow, of Marple, in 1824, when high sheriff of Derbyshire, and Mrs. Thomas Oldknow, his sister-in-law, about the same time. Six of these portraits are now in the possession of Mr. Pooley, of High-street, Chorlton-upon-Medlock. His talents as a portrait painter were very high.

I believe there is a good specimen of Allen's work in the vestry of St. John's Church, Deansgate—a portrait of Rev. John Clowes.

P. J. C.

At the time the Local Art Exhibition, held in 1857 at Peel Park, was being prepared, it was thought desirable to give slight biographical notices of deceased artists in the catalogue. These were written by the late George Wilfrid Anthony ("Gabriel Tinto"). I gleaned information on which they were based from James Parry, at that time the surviving son of Old Parry. The notice of Henry Liversidge was entirely by Anthony, he having known him, and having an affection for his genius and memory. He had some knowledge of Henry Whyatt and John Ralston. I have the rough memoranda written much as James Parry dictated them to me. I send you a copy of my notes respecting Allen and Orme. A correspondent has supplied you with the brief notice of the latter, though omitting to give it as a quotation from the Local Art Catalogue. Anthony being born in or near Birmingham may be right as to Allen being a native of that town.

"JOSEPH ALLEN, a portrait painter of eminence. He was a native of Birmingham, but afterwards settled in London. He came to Manchester in 1810 and took rooms in a large house in King-street,

formerly occupied by Dr. White, and standing on the site of the present Town Hall. Here he painted a large number of portraits of members of the most distinguished Lancashire families. Mr. Allen's talents and industry enabled him to purchase a small estate in Wales. Here he passed his latter days in a kind of Horatian retirement, his time being chiefly occupied by fishing and rural employments."—G. W. Anthony's notice. Local Art Catalogue, 1857.

Joseph Allen was probably a native of Wales, and his wife was a Welsh woman. He came here from London about the year 1810, and was highly thought of in Manchester, being considered a first-rate man. In height about five feet eight inches, and inclining a little to stoutness, though not over much. His hair was grey and he had not much colour. His features were squarish. He was much employed on portraits, and he would have from thirty to forty portraits ranged round his large room at once. He got about fifteen guineas for a three-quarter and twenty guineas for a kit-cat. His portraits were excellent in likeness, his handling was of a good square character, and his touch positive. His pictures are not luminous, consequently his colour is not great, there being a tendency to blackness. He might not stand so high now as in his own day. Mr. Parry says old Mr. Tait, of the Phoenix Office, Exchange-street, told him that many years ago a friend wanted a portrait by Allen, and wished Mr. Tait to send him word. The artist had retired to Wales, having purchased a small estate which he farmed for his amusement and employment. This was about ten years after leaving Manchester. He replied that if his friend could procure a given number, say half-a-dozen, he would comply. This was accomplished; he came and begun work, but having been so long without painting he had lost all feeling; he did not succeed, and gave up the order. His painting room in Manchester was in the house which had been occupied by Dr. White. The large one was a sort of showroom and the smaller one he used for painting in, and worked by a side light. He might not be quite so old as Parry, senior, but not much younger. If living now must be far advanced in years.—Rough note by R. C. March, 1857.

David Orme was from London; was an engraver as well as a painter. He engraved the two plates from Mather Brown's pictures of the Delivery as Hostages of the Sons of Tippoo Saib. He painted a great number of portraits amongst the Wesleyans,

and a few fancy subjects. But as a painter he may be considered tame, for his works have no claim to high character. He died at Buxton, after the death of Parry, senior.—Rough note by R. C. March, 1857.

G. W. Anthony inclined much to the style of Hazlett, whom, as a critic and writer, he considered a sort of model—a pithy manner with rhythm at the base.

ROBERT CROZIER.

47, Sydney-street, All Saints, October 8, 1878.

[The David Orme mentioned in the above note by Mr Crozier, and by Mr. F. L. Tavaré in his answer last week, is scarcely likely to be the Mr. Orme inquired about in Query 559, who supplied Girtin, the famous water-colourist, with the sketch of Chetham College and Hunt's Bank, from which Girtin made his drawing.—EDITOR.]

#### THE FOOD RIOTS OF 1842.

(Nos. 524 and 552.)

[583.] It is astonishing how much fiction passes for fact in local history.

The turnout of the cotton operatives of this part of the country in the year 1842 is spoken of among them as the Big or Six Weeks' Turnout. Trade and work were had all round, and attempts were being made to reduce wages. These causes led to the turnout of all the cotton works in this district. Stalybridge was the first to move in the matter. After turning out themselves the workpeople went in a body to Ashton and compelled the operatives of the mills there to leave their work too. The two bodies then went on to Hyde, insisting upon the workpeople leaving their work at all the mills there. The first mill they went to was Kingston Mill. This mill, being walled in with strong high walls and big heavy entrance doors, the latter barricaded, it was hoped would be able to keep out the assembling thousands of turnouts. But the mill authorities were doomed to disappointment, for as soon as the immense multitude began to press against the doors it at once became evident that unless they were opened they would be burst in pieces. The operatives of Ashton and Stalybridge then rushed in and filled the yard and mill, forming a narrow lane or passage for the workpeople to pass through. All the other mills in Hyde were stopped the same afternoon by being visited in the same way, or to prevent the premises being entered when it was known the turnouts were approaching. The workpeople of each mill were compelled to go along with those who had turned

them out; so that at the end of the day there was a very large concourse of people gathered in Hyde. A meeting was held in the market place, and the objects of the movement were stated—“a fair day’s wage for a fair day’s work”—and the proceedings of next day were laid out. Afterwards Compstall Bridge, Stockport, Droylsden, Manchester, and other places were visited and stopped in a similar way. There was no rioting nor violence used except in a few isolated cases. Some few of the turnouts from Ashton and Stalybridge, in passing through the main streets of Hyde, went into the grocers’ shops and asked for bread and cheese, as they were getting hungry, having been out all day and unprovided with food. In nearly all cases the bread was freely given to them. There was no rioting for bread, nor was there any antagonism between the breadsellers and the workpeople. In fact the breadsellers were the best friends of the workpeople, helping and encouraging them all they could, and suffering very large losses by doing so. And no one knew this better than the operatives.

The Chartists might have endeavoured to further their cause by making some slight use of the movement, but it was from the beginning to end entirely a work and wages movement with the great body of the operatives. The principal Chartist movement was in 1848, and the leading features would be best obtained from the files of the local newspapers of this date.

S. LEES.

Clayton, October 1, 1878.

#### SUNDAY-SCHOOLS FOR CHILDREN OF ALL DENOMINATIONS.

(Query No. 563, September 28.)

[584.] From documents in my possession it appears that these schools were situate as follows:—Fetter Lane; Bank Top; Lever-street; Copperas-street or Tib-street; Crown-street, bottom of Hanover-street; Bridgewater-street; Gravel Lane, Salford; and Newton Lane.

In addition to subscriptions received in aid of the schools it was the practice to make collections for their support in Oldham-street Wesleyan Chapel, St. Clement’s and St. Luke’s Churches, Bridgewater-street Wesleyan Chapel, and Salford (Gravel Lane) Wesleyan Chapel, and no doubt other places of worship.

The business meetings were generally held at the Spread Eagle, and in the year 1804 the following list of names is given as officers:—Roger Holland, president; D. Burton and Charles Wood, vice-presidents;

Charles Rider, treasurer; James Brierley and James Wood, secretaries; William Pilling, John Berwick, and Thomas Davenport, general visitors; John Marsden and John Burton, auditors; John Spencer, librarian; with sixteen additional names as a committee and twenty-three as visitors to the various schools.

The committee is now defunct, and some of the schools are no longer in existence, but those that do remain, whether sold to the Wesleyans or others, I believe are honestly endeavouring to fulfil the intentions of the original founders, as expressed in a report issued by them, dated May 1, 1807, viz., to “sedulously inculcate the principles of pure and undefiled religion; and, uninfluenced by any sectarian views, embrace in their fostering arms the children of all denominations, and endeavour to make them children of God by directing them to that regenerating grace which can alone constitute them such.” WM. BLACKSTOCK.

Manchester.

#### THE FIRST SUNDAY SCHOOLS IN MANCHESTER.

(Nos. 498, 553, and 569.)

[585.] Mr. John Evans appears to take exception to my reply respecting the above. He says:—“The Sunday-school system was inaugurated in the year 1783; that the Rev. John Clowes was the first secretary and drew up the first general plan of the proceedings of the Sunday-school Association; and also that Mr. Clowes, by unanimous request, was appointed to preach the first sermon on behalf of Sunday schools in Manchester, which he delivered on October 9, 1785; and, further, that Mr. Clowes was a diligent Sunday-school teacher.” In making these statements Mr. Evans has quoted, without acknowledgment, almost word for word from “The Life and Correspondence of the Rev. John Clowes, M.A., from materials collected by the late George Harrison, Esq.; edited by Theodore Compton. London: Longmans, 1874.” Pages 34-36.

Will Mr. Evans kindly name the schools inaugurated in 1783, and also give further particulars respecting the “association” of which Mr. Clowes was secretary? I think the following extract from Harrop’s *Manchester Mercury* for Tuesday, August 17, 1784, conclusive that no “association” existed previous to the town’s meeting on the 27th August, adjourned to the 24th of September, when the Rev. John Bennett of St. Mary’s was appointed secretary: “With great pleasure we inform our readers that a subscription is



set on foot for the purpose of establishing Sunday schools in the town, an institution which promises the greatest success in snatching from ignorance and vice numbers of children who have no other probable means of being instructed in the principles of religion or taught to be useful members of society. Those who have it in their power may now step forward in this salutary cause, and by conferring a blessing on thousands, enjoy that solid pleasure which is the sure attendant upon worthy actions."

With respect to the first sermon on behalf of Sunday schools, the Rev. C. W. Bardsley in his *Memorials of St. Ann's Church*, page 111, says:—"The manner in which these schools were supported is related by Mr. Bennett in his sermon at St. Mary's, October 2nd, 1785. This sermon, afterwards printed, is entitled "The Advantage of Sunday Schools: a discourse preached for the benefit of that useful and excellent charity, at St. Mary's Church, in Manchester, on Sunday, the 2nd of October, 1785, by the Rev. John Bennett, secretary to the Society."

I fail to find in any of the appendices to Mr. Bardsley's *Memorials* any conclusive evidence that Dr. Cornelius Bayley was not the first to direct the attention of the public to the establishment of such institutions in this town.

G. H. S.

Heaton Moor.

[Whether or not Dr. Cornelius Bayley wrote the "Address to the Public Schools," yet as this was published in August, 1784, whilst Colonel Towneley's letter from Mr. Raikes was published 6th January, 1784—about seven months before—Dr. Bayley was certainly "not the first to direct the attention of the public to the establishment of Sunday schools."—EDDROB.]

I am afraid that Mr. Evans is somewhat in error in stating (1) that the Sunday schools in Manchester were inaugurated in 1783, and (2) that the Rev. John Clowes, of St. John's Church, Manchester, was the first secretary of the Sunday-school Association, and (3) that he preached the first sermon on behalf of the Sunday schools in Manchester on October 9, 1785. The real facts of the case appear to be very simple, and to lie in a small compass.

The Rev. John Bennett, of St. Mary's, was the first secretary to the society established for the superintendence of Sunday schools, and was appointed at a public meeting held in the Bull's Head, in the Market Place, 24th September, 1784, at the same time that Sir John Parker Mosley was made president. In the

following year on the 2nd October, 1785, he preached a sermon, afterwards published, which was the first sermon preached on the subject of Sunday schools in Manchester, and also I believe the first sermon on that subject which was published anywhere in England. The title page of that sermon, from a copy in my possession, is as follows:—

"The Advantages of Sunday Schools: a discourse preached for the benefit of that useful and excellent charity, at St. Mary's Church, in Manchester on Sunday the 2nd of October, 1785; to which is prefixed some account of the origin, design, and progress of this institution. Published by order of the Chairman of the Committee. By the Rev. John Bennett, secretary to the Society. Printed by C. Wheeler, and sold by I. Clark, and all the booksellers in Manchester." (4to. pp. 20).

In this sermon Mr. Bennett states:—"Twelve months have now elapsed since the commencement of this institution [in Manchester], and during all this time experience has more than realised all the warmth of expectation." This clearly fixes the date of the establishment of the Manchester Sunday-schools, under a central administration, as about September or October, 1784, but to make assurance doubly sure the Rev. C. W. Bardsley in the Appendix to his *Memorials of St. Ann's Church, Manchester*, p. 115-16, as also does your correspondent G.H.S. in Note 553, prints (1) the address of the boroughreeve and constables, recommending the establishment of Sunday schools, and dated 10th August, 1784; (2) the account of the public meeting held at the Bull's Head, in the Market Place, on the 24th September, 1784, when Sir John Parker Mosley was made president, G. Lloyd and T. Johnson vice-presidents, the Rev. J. Bennett secretary, and Mr. James Dinwiddie treasurer. Mr. Bardsley also prints extracts from a letter addressed to Col. Richard Townley by Mr. Robert Raikes, of Gloucester, which is dated 25th November, 1783, and was published in the *Manchester Mercury* 6th January, 1784. In this letter Mr. Raikes gives an account of his establishment of Sunday schools in Gloucester in 1780 and of its success, and hopes that similar schools might be established in Manchester and be equally successful. This letter, published at the beginning of 1784, directed public attention in Manchester to this question, and no doubt individual exertions soon established separate schools in different parts of the town, for some nine months later

the address of the borough reeve and constables was issued, in which they state that "the plan of establishing Sunday schools meets with their hearty approbation," and adding that the system adopted at Leeds had been followed in Manchester by several people, and that subscriptions to carry on the work would be gladly received. By September 21, 1784, twenty-five schools were at work in different parts, attended by nearly 1,800 children, and on September 24, 1784, the public meeting to appoint officers to superintend the schools, collect subscriptions, &c., was held. Hence I think there can be but little doubt that the year 1784 marks the date of the establishment of Sunday schools in Manchester, and that to Col. Townley and the Rev. John Bennett is due the chief merit of establishing them on a firm basis and supported by public subscriptions. The subsequent history of these schools will be found in much detail in the Appendix to the *Memorials of St. Ann's Church*, to which Mr. Evans has also directed the attention of your previous correspondents. A copy of Mr. Bennett's sermon is also, I believe, in the Chetham Library.

J. P. EARWAKER.

Withington.

**MASSEY, THE MANCHESTER COMPOSER AND VOCALIST.**

(Note No. 548, September 28.)

[586.] Mr. BIBBY asks for information respecting the late John Massey, musician and composer. I send enclosed to you a few facts relating to the old man, received from his only surviving son, who is now nearly sixty years of age.

John Massey resided for many years at 2, Back Mayes-street, Edward-street, Miller's-street, and was employed by Mr. John Wallis, an eminent builder in the latter street. During the winter evenings he taught singing, as your correspondent says, and nearly the whole of his leisure time was spent in teaching and composing. He is said to have written about twenty-six psalm and hymn tunes. These were disposed of to meet his many exigencies, and consequently were never published. His family consisted of three sons and one daughter; all of them, with the exception of his youngest son, are now dead. During the latter portion of the old man's life his daughter kept his home together, but when she married and left him his home became a wreck. He, almost homeless, in declining health and defective memory, was compelled to accept the only home left

him—the workhouse. I do not think there was any cause for remark respecting his treatment in the house, as he never complained of any ill-usage or unkindness, but seemed quite contented.

It must have been a hard task for him during the period of his teaching for sixpence a lesson—dear provisions, scant labour, a small family, and depending on the small wages of a journeyman carpenter. To save money under these circumstances was impossible; yet, withal, he kept together his music-class and sent forth men who have done credit to their teacher. In his retirement, and when his memory had almost failed, his only solace was music, and he regularly took his place in the choir at the workhouse on Sundays and played the violoncello. This continued during the remainder of his days. He died at the workhouse in New Bridge-street, and was buried by his family in his own family grave at St. Mark's Church, Cheetham Hill, on the 6th of December, 1841. He was born January 29, 1774, within a few doors of the house in which he taught his pupils; and with the exception of seven years, when in the army, he never resided elsewhere than the neighbourhood of Miller's Lane.

Sugar Lane.

W. D.

Mr. R. E. BIBBY has rather overblown his trumpet in the praise of Massey, his system, and his pupils. I knew a few of them, including the vocalists of repute mentioned, but I never suspected them of being sound contrapuntists, as they kept their knowledge very dark. Of the Manchester Choral Society, with its sixty efficient, I am afraid if we heard them now we should very much smile at them. All large towns and cities now possess a large number of efficient choralists, and they do not require Lancashire vocalists to form one of the greatest attractions at their festivals or musical gatherings. As to the veteran's pupils versus the Mainzerites, the Hullahites, and others, reading at sight in thirteen lessons, and the thousands who attended the Free Trade Hall under the tuition of Hullah and Mainzer in the full belief that the millennium of music was at hand—such fancy pictures are mere dreams existing only in the imagination to Mr. BIBBY, who is evidently musically oblivious of the many great changes which have taken place in matters musical during the last twenty-five years. Hullah never taught in Manchester; Mainzer had his public classes at Newall's Buildings and at the old Town Hall. Mr. BIBBY

must be thinking of the late Robert Weston, who was rather enthusiastic, and of his great choral demonstrations which took place at the old Free Trade Hall some thirty years ago. Of the numberless societies which had newly sprung up, the members of which never became even passable choralists, this assertion is so delightfully vague that I cannot reply to it, but I can comfort Mr. BIBBY with the assurance that it is quite possible, at the present moment, to raise a body of six hundred efficient choralists in Manchester and district equalled by few, excelled by none.

WILLIAM PETERS.

Hulme, October 1, 1878.

#### QUERIES.

[587.] MECHANICS' INSTITUTES.—Which is the oldest Mechanics' Institution at present in existence in England?  
JOHN BRADSHAW.

[588.] HENRY IRVING.—This actor, I believe, made his first appearance in Manchester about the year 1860. Perhaps one of your theatrical correspondents can oblige me with the name of the part played and the exact date?  
KEIGHLEY GREEN.  
Burnley, October 7, 1878.

[589.] MANCHESTER AND NATIONAL EDUCATION. Could you say upon what principles the Manchester Society for the Promotion of National Education was founded? Did the committee commence any schools or simply aid those already established? If the latter, what class of schools did they aid and how did they aid them—by money grants or otherwise? The society was formed about 1838, and Mr. Cobden was the president.  
D. B.

[590.] SETTING THE THAMES ON FIRE.—I find the following paragraph in *Truth* of September 26. Is the interpretation of the well-known proverb therein alluded to correct? "He will not set the Thames on fire," is not, Edmund, an English proverb. It ought to be, 'he will not set the Temse on fire,' a temse being a sort of sieve, used in olden times, which, when diligently employed, used to catch fire owing to the friction."  
CHARLES H. COLLYNS.  
Wirksworth.

Mr. Elliot Stock, well known for his facsimile reprints of famous books, has in preparation a facsimile of the *De Imitatio Christi*, as it was issued in Latin with the old black letter type in 1441. Thus one of the first and, perhaps, the finest of the old monkish books will be given as it originally appeared to the public of more than four hundred years later. But the fact that it remains Latin will probably prevent the book from being popular.

Saturday, October 19, 1878.

#### NOTES.

##### THE LAST SEDAN CHAIR IN MANCHESTER.

[590.] The last Sedan Chair which did service in Manchester was that used by Miss Atherton. It was more than a hundred years old, and was kept in the stables of Byrom House in Quay-street. Miss Atherton, within a few years of her death, was borne in this Sedan by two old men to the neighbouring church of St. John's. At this time she did not attend the ordinary services of the church, but simply went to partake of the Communion.  
J. E.

October 14, 1878.

##### THE OLD REPUTE OF CYPBUS.

[591.] I picked up the other day from the fascinating miscellanea of an old bookstall a quaint and yellow duodecimo, printed a hundred and forty-five years since, and entitled "The Nation's Reproach and the Church's Grief: or a Serious and Needful Word of Advice to those who needlessly frequent Taverns and Public Houses, and often spend the evening there, In a Letter to my Neighbours and Countrymen. By George Braithwaite, M.A." Parson Braithwaite's letter consists of one hundred and eighteen pages, was "printed in London for A. Ward at the King's Arms in Little Britain," and the price was eighteen pence. It is dedicated "To my Neighbours and Friends in and about the Town of Bridlington in Yorkshire." To those who still bewail the prevalence of the bowl and the "needless frequenting of taverns and public-houses" by persons "who often spend the evening there," it must seem rather strange that so long since as a century and a half our ancestors in Yorkshire and elsewhere took their "rouse," kept "wassels and the swaggering up-spring reels," so wildly as to elicit so formidable a clerical rebuke from the then little fishing town of Bridlington, on the east coast of England. Commending this early temperance reformer's quaint and touching literary performance to the "Old Mortality's" of the *Alliance News*, I am at present only concerned to notice the good Parson Braithwaite's warning reference to the once reprehensible habits of our—shall I say—new fellow-countrymen, the people of Cyprus! Saith the author:—

If the famous *History of Telemachus* is to have any credit, the Cyprians having abandoned themselves to

these extravagant Follies, acted in their whole Behaviour with least Discretion and most Danger; and enflamed with the Furies of Bacchus sung such verses in honour of Venus and Cupid as ought to strike a Horror into all that love Virtue. Neither had they sufficient Presence of Mind either to give necessary Orders, or to work for their own safety; but as raving Bacchinals, utterly incapable of knowing the Danger they were in, ran where all the Horrors of Death stared them in the Face. Such was their sottish Conduct, it caused wise Mentor to cry with terrible Voice to Telemachus (as one he wished well): "Fly, fly without Delay. The soil produces nothing but Poison; the Air you breathe is infected with the Plague; the Men are contagious and converse with each other only to spread the fatal Venom. Base and infamous Voluptuousness! The worst of all those Evils that issued out of Pandora's Box, dissolves them in Luxury and suffers no Virtue in this Place. Fly, stay not a Moment; Look not once behind you; and as you run, shake off the very Remembrance of this execrable Island."

One easily perceives that in Fenelon's denunciation of Cyprus and the Cyprians, here quoted, politicians of a particular complexion—and indeed many persons who are not politicians—will recognize some striking and interesting coincidences. One must needs hope, for the sake of Sir Garnet and his debilitated English garrison, as well as for that of the people of England, that it may not be quite necessary now-a-days to "snake off the very remembrance of this execrable island."

C. HADFIELD.

Urmston, October 17, 1878.

STATE OF LANCASHIRE IN THE REIGN OF  
ELIZABETH.

[592.] Colonel Fishwick's paper on the above subject in the sixth volume of the Transactions of the Royal Historical Society contains some interesting and amusing information.

Manchester, as described by Leland, is spoken of as "the fairest, best bulded, quickest [busiest], and most populus towne" in the county; yet, notwithstanding this fair description, we are told that its "streets were narrow and unpaved, and the houses were built mostly of timber and plaster, with projecting upper stories, and roofed in some instances with tiles, but mostly with the primitive thatching."

It would seem that the drink question was not without its difficulties in Manchester even in the days of the Virgin Queen. Respectable folk were sought after, then as now, to sell the drink:—"No person

within the town, &c., shall brew to sell unless they be able to make two honest beddis [beds];" but still the drink did its work. "Whatsoever person shall be found drunken in any ale-house or seen abroad in the streets" shall be imprisoned all night "in the dungeon," and any ale-house keeper "found drunken was henceforth to be discharged from ale-house keeping;" and in 1573 it seems that seven houses were suspected as "disorderly."

Liverpool is described at this time as the "decayed town of Liverpool." Preston is mentioned as "one of the most important towns in Lancashire"—proud Preston, "boasting of ten royal charters." Here, also, the drink shop as distinguished from the hostelry is condemned. "No person shall sell beer unless he can lodge at least four men and four horses." Sham "licensed victuallers" (*lucus a non lucendo*) existed then as now. An amusing extract, cited from Holinshed's *Itinerary*, concerning the hotel accommodation of the day, is quoted:—"The inns in Lancaster, Preston, Wigan, and Warrington" are so much improved "that each comer" is "sure to lie in clean sheets wherein no man hath lodged. If the traveller be on horseback his bed-cloth cost him nothing; but if he go on foot he hath a penny to pay for the same; but whether he be a horseman or a footman, if his chamber be once appointed he may carie the kaie [key] with him as of his own house." In Warrington, because the houses were "mostly of wood, the danger of fire was so great that every householder was required to keep a ladder of at least sixteen staves."

We have the following description of the outward appearance of the country districts:—"Large unbroken forests, where still lingered the lordly stag, surrounded with game of varied kind, were yet to be seen; and the dense smoke from the tall factory chimney was not there to blast and wither with its poisonous breath the tender foliage of the strippling oak. Its rivers then meandered through miles of pleasant lands, where the lowing of cattle and the melodious songs of birds formed the only accompaniment to the gentle rippling of the waters; no contaminating dye works, chemical works, or other followers in the train of commerce, had yet planted themselves along the banks; and the salmon, the grayling, the trout, and other smaller fry held undisputed possession, unless they were molested by the otters, which were then abundant."

The religious state of the County Palatine is painted in gloomy colours. What between the mass-priest and the Puritan, the Orthodox had hard work to hold their own. The mischief of the "ale-houses" comes in again to aggravate these difficulties. The tippling houses are stated to be "innumerable," and "the law for keeping them in order, unexecuted." Neither was Sunday closing in force, for "the people," we are told, "swarm in the streets and ale-houses during service time."

CHARLES H. COLLYNS, F.R.H.S.

Wirksworth.

COMMENTS AND ANSWERS.

THE HAWK AND THE SWALLOW.

(Query No. 561, September 28.)

[593.] In reply to STUDENT, from my experience the swallow is not the hawk's food. I believe it a very uncommon thing indeed; in fact I never knew a hawk to prey upon a bird as swift in flight as the swallow, and another thing, which would be objectionable to this vigorous, unrivalled fier, is that he feeds on winged insects, so the flesh of this bird is totally unfit for the table, and I am disposed to believe the hawk entertains a similar feeling of dislike, as humanity does, towards the nauseous flesh of the swallow. Possibly, when pressed by hunger, the hawk would make an attempt to capture a full-grown swallow, but I believe it an utter impossibility for a hawk to strike one of these full-grown healthy birds, because of his unrivalled power of wing, his marvellous, his lightning speed. His sweeping, dashing, rapid, graceful, and sudden curves are enough to deter any bird, however inclined, from attacking him. In this part of Wales the hawk is almost as common as the sparrow is in England, and, as a rule, I daily see the former and seldom see the latter. Perhaps the scarcity of sparrows here accounts for the "hawk chasing a swallow," as STUDENT relates. A young swallow not quite fledged, and so not able to fly any distance, could be, and doubtless is, when the hawk is forced by hunger, caught and made a meal of. Still the hawk has a weakness for food a little more dainty.

ARLUNYDD GLAN CONWAY.

Plascoch, Trefriw, North Wales.

POEM ON MANCHESTER MEN AND MANNERS.

(Query No. 512, September 7.)

[594.] The poem on Manchester Men and Manners was the composition of its publisher, the late George Hatton, bookbinder, of Chapel Walks, Manchester.

GEORGE FALKNER.

Timperley.

THE PORTRAITS AT TOWNLEY HALL.

(Query No. 314, June 1.)

[595.] I find in the *British Traveller* (1819) a reference to the above, and though the information it contains may be insufficient, it may be acceptable to the querist, so I copy it:—"Here is a regular series of family portraits from John Townley, Esq., in the time of Elizabeth. One apartment is filled with heads inserted in the panels; and, in another room, is a fine picture of the first Lord Widdrington, who was killed in Wigan Lane."

K. TAYLOR,

Whalley Range.

METHUSELAH.

(Query No. 577, October 5.)

[596.] Scripture says Methuselah died (Gen. v. 27), but whether he died a natural death or was drowned there appears to be no evidence to show. However, if any reliance is to be placed on the numbers given, it is evident that his death took place in the year of the Flood, as the following will show:—

Methuselah lived after the birth of Lamech 782 years.

(Gen. v. 26.)

Lamech at the birth of Noah was 182 years old (v. 28).

Noah at the time of the Flood was 600 years old (vii. 6).

Total .....782 years.

NEMO.

THE FIRST MECHANICS' INSTITUTE.

(Query No. 587, October 14.)

[597.] The first Mechanics' Institution established in England was the London Mechanics' Institution, Southampton Buildings, Holborn. The preliminary public meeting was held in November, 1823, at the Crown and Anchor Tavern, and presided over by Dr. Birkbeck, who was the first president of the institution, and held that office till his death. The institution commenced its lectures and classes in 1824, and, I believe, entered the premises in Southampton Buildings in 1825. The institution is still in full activity, though its title has been changed to "The Birkbeck Institution." I have had a curious personal evidence of its continuity of existence. When a resident in

London I gave six lectures to the members and was elected a life member. I was quite uncertain whether my rights and privileges had lapsed through the change of title, and for anything I knew of organization, but I called two or three years ago and my membership was at once recognized by the secretary, and when in London I occasionally visit the scene of many intellectual treats in which I first shared more than fifty years ago.

W. H. J. TRAIKE.

#### JENNY LIND IN MANCHESTER.

(Query No. 555, September 28.)

[598.] Jenny Lind made her first appearance in Manchester on August 28, 1847, as Amina in *La Sonnambula*, and on the second of September she performed Maria in *La Figlia*. Gardoni, Solari, and F. Lablache accompanied her. Balfe was the conductor, and the late Mr. Seymour the leader. The theatre was re-decorated for the occasion, and the prices of admission were—dress circle 31s. 6d., stalls, 21s. On the evening of August 31 twelve German gentlemen, members of the Leidertafel resident in Manchester, gave Lind a serenade in the garden at Rusholme House, the residence of Mrs. Salis Schwabe, whose guest the gifted songstress then was. Madame Lind was fond of exercise on horseback, and during her stay here might often have been seen riding along the Oxford Road in the direction of Didsbury. Her next visit to Manchester was in September, 1848, on the ninth of which month she performed Lucia and on the eleventh Amina. On this occasion she was supported by M. Roger, the French tenor, Belletti, and F. Lablache. Mr. SURGE will find full particulars, together with the excellent criticisms by Σ, on reference to the newspapers of the day.

R. R. ROBERTS.

#### MASSEY THE MANCHESTER COMPOSER AND VOCALIST.

(Nos. 548 and 586.)

[599.] Along with many other musical readers I was much hurt and surprised at the tone of Mr. W. PETERS's severe criticism on poor old Massey, the composer and vocalist. There can be no doubt, whatever he may say to the contrary, but that he was one of those quiet unobtrusive geniuses to be met with only on rare occasions; and further, there can be no question that he helped to lay the foundation of the musical knowledge of Manchester to a very large extent. His method was very simple, his teaching

capacity was great, and his own knowledge of the fundamental principles of music so extensive that he made his pupils sound, solid, and thorough musicians. His classes may have been small and insignificant, his fees may have been less, but don't let us despise the old man for that; he did his best, and therefore may fairly be looked upon as one of the lesser Manchester worthies.

W. D. makes a slight mistake when he says that none of Massey's tunes were ever published. If he will turn to Holford's *Voce de Melodia* he will find no less than half a dozen tunes and a few glorias. Some of these tunes were very popular thirty years ago, notably Ascension, s.m., and Saratoga, 8 7 4's. They have cheered the heart of many a Christian; and although their style is out of fashion now, it is refreshing to turn to them as an agreeable change from the humdrum, monotonous, and drawing system of these modern days.

LEVI CRANKSHAW.

12, Pall Mall, Manchester.

In their comments on my Note, W. D. and WILLIAM PETERS display a strange diversity of character and animus, the latter evaporating in a cantankerous denial of the merits claimed for the veteran teacher, Mr. John Massey; while W. D., on the other hand, writes to the point and with the true feeling of a gentleman. It is consolatory to find that the latter elicited that the old maestro finally reposes in his own family grave, where it is to be hoped a suitable memorial tablet will shortly distinguish his last resting-place, to which, I feel assured, there will be many willing contributors.

Mr. PETERS's assertion that I am oblivious of the many great changes which have taken place in musical matters during the last twenty-five years only served to raise a smile at his assumption, seeing that even during this period, and also for a period bordering upon twenty-five years prior to that, I have been a pretty active worker and devotee in not a few societies; and can give very good reasons why, after struggling for existence a few years, they have died a natural death. One society, formed under the conductorship of a high-class professor, probably nearly thirty years ago, is certainly still before the public. Of this I was one of the original members, and it was to have been strictly an amateur society, wholly unsupported by professionals. Admission was gained by efficiency; a thorough test both of voice and education was gone through. How far

this was adhered to I never knew, but when our first rehearsal came off, the disappointed professor stared aghast to find that out of perhaps seventy or eighty members, not ten per cent could claim to be even moderate readers at sight, and these few had to drag along, as best they could, the remainder of the class, who, of course, by an outrageous trespass upon the talented professor's time and patience, managed to obtain by ear such knowledge as eventually passed muster. To come before the public, however, with such shaky support was not to be thought of, and paid help had to be called in. Under such circumstances, the efficient members left the society, or struck for pay, as being equally entitled to it with the professionals. My complaint is that all these pretenders to musical knowledge (excuse me applying this term) might, with an intelligible system of tuition such as John Massey taught, and made palatable and easy to his pupils, have been made into good, or at any rate passable scholars, and have taken a respectable stand in any society, instead of being a clog and probably bringing their class to grief.

The "reserves" named by Mr. Peters, which he puts down as "six hundred efficient, equalled by few, and excelled by none," is certainly rather a startling piece of information. Should such a phalanx exist, except upon paper, by all means let us have them withdrawn from their dormitories, and once more restore to Lancashire its former prestige as possessing the foremost choral body in England. The late Mr. Andrew Ward, I have no hesitation in saying, had a very good system of tuition, and, next to Massey, he turned out more sound scholars than any other local professor. His loss was a loss to Manchester in more respects than one; fostering as he did several societies, and by his presence and encouragement giving much zest to such meetings.

R. E. BIBBY.

Denton.

FOOD RIOTS OF 1842.  
(Nos. 524, 552, and 583.)

[600.] During these riots the mob broke into the provision shop of Mrs. Charles Smith, in Ancoats Lane, at the corner of Newton-street, pitched the bread and potatoes out into the street, emptied the sacks of flour, tore Mrs. Smith's gold ear-rings out of her ears, and used both herself and her woman servant very roughly. Mr. Smith held a position of trust in Mr. McConnell's factory, and this might have had something to do with it. ISABELLA BANKS.

STOCKS HOUSE, CHEETHAM.  
(Nos. 562 and 570.)

[601.] In a list of the grown-up male inhabitants of the township of Cheetham in 1641-2, fifty-one in number, attested by Robert Simonds, curate of Manchester, and the township constables, the following members of the Rydings family appeared, those bracketed being apparently of the same household:—

John Rydings, sen.	}
Samuel Rydings, jun.	
Richard Rydings.	}
John Rydings, jun.	
Samuell Rydings, jun.	

In Green's Plan of Manchester and Salford, 1794, "Stocks" falls on the upper edge of the plan, just above "Mile House;" and on the opposite side of the road are some buildings and grounds called "Ben." The Stocks estate seems to extend about 130 yards from the high road eastward, and to be about the same length from north to south. It contains the house and seven other blocks of buildings. The grounds are laid out in an ornamental manner, with gardens shrubberies, ponds, and walks; and near the front of the southern side, looking towards Manchester (Mile House and Peel Farm being the only intervening buildings), is a serpentine lake about one hundred yards long, and connected, as it appears, with the ornamental waters in the grounds of Strangers Park. In the centre of the plan of the Stocks estate is the name "J. Ridings, Esq.," the surrounding fields being marked as the Earl of Derby's.

JOHN E. BAILEY.

Stretford.

When I was in my teens a narrow, deeply-rutted, high-banked lane had its one end opposite to Mr. Gilbert Winter's house, then called "The Stocks." The lane, very properly named "Dirty Lane," (in the mud of which I once lost a shoe) almost at its commencement turned abruptly and ran nearly parallel to the Cheetham Hill Road, until it again found an outlet in Chestwood Lane and again opposite to St. Mark's Church. Elizabeth-street is only a few yards beyond what was Dirty Lane end, where, within my recollection, an old watch-box stood at one corner; and according to my father, within his memory, the other corner had been graced with the wooden "stocks" which gave their name to the spot; and he knew the place well, Miss Varley, a cousin of his, having gone to school with Miss Winter and remained with her early friend through the long years of their mutual spinsterhood. ISABELLA BANKS.

QUERIES.

[602.] THE COLUMBINE.—What time does the plant called Columbine bloom, and is a plate of the same to be found in any work? W. JONES.

[603.] ROBERT THYER.—Can any correspondent say whether any of the descendants of Robert Thyer (librarian of Chetham's College from 1732 until 1763) are alive, and where located? MANCHESTER.

[604.] DATES ON I O U's.—Is it legal to put the date on an I O U, or does not this constitute it a promissory note, and cause it to be unrecoverable in a court of law? QUEERIST.

[605.] SLIPPER THROWING AT WEDDINGS.—Will some of your fair correspondents say what is the origin and meaning of flinging old slippers after a newly-wedded couple? BACHELOR.

[606.] THE REV. R. H. WHITELOCK.—This divine was post-master at Manchester in 1804. Can any reader give information respecting him, and whether there is another case on record of a clergyman holding a like office? T. A. B.

[607.] HEIGHT OF THE CAT AND FIDDLE.—Which house stands highest from the sea level, the Cat and Fiddle on Axe Edge, Derbyshire, or the public-house on the top of Kirkstone Pass, between Ambleside and Ullswater? S. LEES.

[608.] "THE BROTHERS."—When Miss Helen Faucit last appeared in Manchester, upon the Theatre Royal boards, she was ably supported by Mr. Swinburne, who, between the play of *King Rene's Daughter* and the trial scene from the *Merchant of Venice*, recited a poem called "The Brothers." I want to learn who is the author of the poem, and whether it can be obtained? INQUIRER.

[609.] THE PAINTER OF "SOLDIERS DRINKING." Can any correspondent tell me anything of the artist who furnishes the exquisite cabinet picture of "Soldiers Drinking," in the first room of the Moaley-street Exhibition? "Vinea Firenze" stands on the the canvas. Does the painter belong to the Munich school? In point of execution, composition, and knowledge of character (under vinous influences) this is certainly a master-work. IGNORAMUS.

Buxton, October 9, 1878.

[610.] MANCHESTER IN 1857.—We have plenty of accounts of what Manchester was like up to fifty or sixty years ago, but no book which gives Manchester illustrated in 1857—the Art Treasures year. To me it appears odd that with the immense number of strangers which Manchester would certainly attract during that memorable period, not a record of any kind is to be found referring to an "Illustrated Guide to Manchester." Surely some of our publishers must be able to give information on this point. I want a collection of pictures which will show me the Manchester and Salford that will recall my own young

days, not my father's. Please to receive my apologies for thus persisting in what would appear a fruitless search, after the former query on the same subject. C. T. B.

[611.] ENGRAVING IN MANCHESTER AT THE END OF THE LAST CENTURY.—A biography of Robert Hartley Cromek, who did so much for Burns's works, begins by stating that he, "born at Hull, 1770, was originally intended for the law, but his sympathetic feelings, outraged in the practice of it, prevented his pursuit of that profession. Having a decided predilection for literature and art, he began the study of engraving at Manchester, which he afterwards completed at London under the celebrated Bartolozzi, cultivating literature at the same time as an amateur. Early in 1808 he appeared as the publisher of *Blair's Grave*, with magnificent engravings by Schiavonetti from the celebrated designs of Blake." Why and under whom would Cromek study engraving at Manchester? HITTITE.

[612.] THE POTATO.—The favourite but heavy Lancashire dish "potato pie" seems almost coeval with the potato itself in England. In John Marston's *Antonio and Melinda* (1602) occurs, act iii., the following:—"And tell not my lady mother. Well, as I am a true gentleman, if she had not willed me on her blessing not to spoil my face, if I could not find in my heart to fight, would I might ne'er eat a potato pie more." Can anyone tell me the earliest mention of the potato in English literature or refer me to any early account of the introduction of it into England? HITTITE.

[See a reference to this subject, particularly as to the first introduction of the potato into Lancashire, in Note 425, July 27.—EDITOR.]

ROMAN REMAINS IN LONDON.—Within the last few days the cope stone of a Roman tomb of pure white Italian marble and of about the date of the fourth century has been discovered on the north side of the churchyard of St. Helen's, Bishopsgate, London, about four feet below the surface. Within this structure there is a place for a cinerary urn, and near to it a Roman coin was found. It is said this remarkable relic will be presented to the Guildhall Museum.

PASSING AWAY OF OLD LONDON.—A correspondent of the *Times* calls attention to the removal from Bucklersbury, owing to the falling-in of a lease, of a firm of wholesale druggists, the last representatives of a trade which for centuries gave a character to this street. Allusions in old writers to the staple trade in Bucklersbury are numerous, as, for example, the simile of the immortal Falstaff, who speaks of "these lipping Hawthorn buds, that come like women in men's apparel, and smell like Bucklersbury in simple time."



Saturday, October 26, 1878.

NOTES.

SUNDAY SCHOOLS BEFORE RAIKES.

[613.] The origin of Sunday schools is a matter that has frequently been discussed, and various persons have been named as having anticipated the idea which in the hands of Robert Raikes became so fruitful. From a passage in Mr. James Clegg's recently-issued Chronological History of Bolton, it is evident that there was an early institution of the kind in that town. In 1774, from a prize or merit ticket still extant, it is evident there was a Sunday school in existence in connection with the Parish Church so early as this time, though the date assigned to the foundation of Sunday schools by Raikes is some nine years later, or 1784. Mr. Clegg is silent as to the subsequent history of this school. W. E. A. A.

DRAMATIC REFORM SEVENTY-FIVE YEARS AGO.

[614.] It is interesting to note that dramatic reform was advocated in Manchester three quarters of a century ago, and one of the principal pioneers in the movement was one whom De Quincey has described as "holy, visionary, and apostolic"—John Clowes, the rector of St. John's. We think our present Bishop, and the other clergy who supported him the other day in the cause of dramatic reform at the Church Congress, are in considerable advance of many of their brethren; but in Clowes we find one very much more in advance, not only of our time but of most of his contemporaries, both lay and clerical. From some notes which he left behind him in the hands of Mr. Harrison, whose MSS. have been edited by Mr. Theodore Compton, I find the following forms, the substance of his views on this important subject, and which may be said to be the key-note to the present crusade against theatrical abuses. "He held that theatrical entertainments, like everything else, ought to be judged, not from their abuse but from their use, if properly conducted; and he was inclined to believe that under right management they might be made a means of encouraging moral virtue and discouraging vice, if not of promoting the cause of religion. He strongly objected, therefore, to that unqualified censure of the stage which was usual amongst religious people, and which would lead to its destruction, and rather recommended such a purification and reformation as would make it a theatre of public instruction."

J. E.

WINTER'S BUILDINGS: A NOTABLE RELIC OF OLDER MANCHESTER.

[615.] Seeing the Notes respecting Stocks House reminds me forcibly about Mr. Gilbert Winter and his connection with Winters Buildings, St. Ann's-street, which is going to be pulled down for Corporation improvements. I should like Mrs. Banks or Mr. James Crossley to give us a few words about this remarkable pile of buildings before they disappear. Winters Buildings are remarkable for very many things. It is not generally known, but I believe it is a fact, that it was once the parsonage of St. Ann's Church, and there are many who can remember there was the same style of architecture on the front of the building facing St. Ann's-street as on the church before the latter was altered many years ago. It was in this building that the Liverpool and Manchester Railway was developed and the first meetings of the directors were held. The Stephensons, father and son, have often been there, Mr. Gilbert Winter being one of the chief directors, and I believe chairman at one time. But the building is chiefly remarkable for being the centre of literary talent some thirty-five years ago. Scarcely a literary celebrity came to Manchester but he called at No. 2, St. Ann's Church-yard. Mr. Gilbert Winter's office was that now occupied by Mr. John Pooley, where some quaint furniture may be seen, and busts of Pitt, Fox, and George the Third still remain on the chimney-piece as they were in the days of Mr. Winter, fifty years ago. LEVI CRANKSHAW.

Pal Mall, Manchester.

THE BELLS OF ST. JOHN'S CHURCH, DEANS GATE.

[616.] The *Manchester Mercury* of December 4, 1770, contains the following paragraph:—"On Friday last (30th November) were rung for the first time at St. John's Church, in this town, a new peal of eight bells, cast by Lester and Pack, in Whitechapel, London, and hung by Ashton Tonge and William Rushworth, bellhangers, of this town; they are allowed by all judges to be as complete and musical a set of bells as any in the kingdom." The *Mercury* of June 5 in the same year says:—"Last week the tower-steeple of St. John's Church in this town was finished, the ornaments and pinnacles whereof are assumed very curious; and the whole is looked upon

as a most beautiful and elegant structure." This will account for the bells not being rung for nearly sixteen months after the consecration of the church. The present rector has kindly furnished the writer with the inscriptions on the bells, which form a complete octave in the key of A major:—

A.—Edward Byrom. Lester and Pack of London. Fecit, 1768.

G sharp.—Serve the Lord in fear. Lester and Pack of London. Fecit, 1768.

F sharp.—Ann Byrom. Lester and Pack of London. Fecit, 1768.

E.—Glory to God on high.

Our voices shall with joyful sound  
Make hills and valleys echo round.

Lester and Pack of London. Fecit, 1768.

D.—Musick is medicine to the mind. Eleanora Byrom. Lester and Pack of London. Fecit, 1768.

C sharp.—

Ringers all that prize your health and happiness,  
Be sober, merry, wise; and you'll the same possess.

Prosperity to the town of Manchester. Lester and Pack of London. Fecit, 1769.

B.—Success to the Church of England.

To honour both of God and King,  
Our voices shall in consort ring.

Lester and Pack of London. Fecit, 1768.

A (tenor bell).—Saint John's Church, Manchester.

In wedlock bands all we who join,  
With hands your hearts unite,  
So shall our tuneful tongues combine  
To laud the marriage rite.

Lester and Pack of London. Fecit, 1768.

It may be added, these bells have not been rung now for more than twelve months. An excellent chiming apparatus was put up by the venerable tower-keeper of the University Church at Cambridge, since which time the bells have only been chimed.

One noteworthy passage about these bells appears in the *Manchester Mercury* of September 17, 1776:—"John Moss, who has been sexton of the Parish Church of Ashton-under-Lyne thirty-six years, came here on Sunday last, accompanied by his seven sons, who rung the eight bells for divine service at St. John's Church in a skilful manner." J. E.

## COMMENTS AND ANSWERS.

### BOHEMIANS.

(Query No. 540, September 21.)

[617.] Mr. A. T. Hill, in his *Secrets of the Sanctum*, says:—"Bohemian is a slang term applied to literary men and artists of loose and irregular habits, living by what they can pick up by their brains. The people of Bohemia are proverbially of a roving disposition, probably because adverse wars have sent nearly whole nations of them into exile, and on that account the term 'Bohemian' is applied to a class of writers for the press who, lacking fixedness of purpose, and generally lacking the means or faculties necessary for carrying out any very great purpose, wander from sanctum to sanctum, from city to city, picking up odd jobs of reporting, compiling, proof reading, sketch writing, or verse writing. The actual 'Bohemian' is a queer character, often, but not always, without very great journalistic ability; sometimes well educated, and not unfrequently possessing a genius for writing poetry. There are many men classed among the 'Bohemians' who are not by any means to be despised—many who possess brilliant minds. Some are poets of grand and pathetic conception; some could write a history with Macaulay; but untoward circumstances, sometimes domestic troubles and disappointments, have disgusted them with life itself and set them adrift in the newspaper world, without an aim, without a guide, with little to live for, blasted hopes to look back upon, an empty future to look forward to, and in the midst of the days of which they can say 'we have no pleasure in them.' They are all poor—they live poorly—many of them have narrow and gloomy apartments in the upper stories in tall buildings, where, with the meanest surroundings, they live and write, often in hunger, and from which they daily issue in the threadbare clothes which they have carefully brushed to make them look as decent as possible." MORDAUNT BUCKLEY.  
London.

### "SETTING THE THAMES ON FIRE."

(Query No. 590, October 12.)

[618.] Mr. Collyns will find that the derivation he has quoted is perfectly correct. A "temse" was a sieve for cleansing meal, and as the workman rubbed it over the mouth of the barrel into which the meal was sifted the friction would, when unusually severe, set the rim of the "temse" on fire. The expression that a lazy man will "never set the temse on fire" has hence arisen. W. SLATER.

## "THE BROTHERS."

(Query No. 608, October 19.)

[619.] Some little time back I wrote to Mr. Swinburne asking him where I could get a copy of his poem, and received a reply stating that it was composed expressly for him by the late Miss Vandenhoff (his wife), and that he had never as yet parted with a single copy. However, I hope he may soon be induced to publish it, as it is a remarkably fine dramatic poem.

W. W.

## DOLLY REXFORD.

(Nos. 515 and 536.)

[620.] When the present interesting Notes and Queries are re-printed I hope you will be good enough to insert an E in my late father's name. I am sure my old friend Mr. H. H. Hadfield does not wish to kill me before my time. I do not know which I am most pleased with, Mr. Hadfield's anecdote or the cheery blytheness of its narration. I have somewhere seen among my father's papers a sketch of a good-looking and stout lady, but whether it is now in existence or whether it is the sketch referred to I cannot tell, and can only promise that if it be unearthed some day Mr. Hadfield shall have a sight of it.

SAMUEL COTTAM, F.R.H.S.

## MR. HENRY IRVING'S FIRST APPEARANCE IN MANCHESTER.

(Query No. 588, October 12.)

[621.] KEIGHTLEY GREEN asks the date of Mr. Irving's first appearance at the Manchester Theatre Royal. In course of conversation with Mr. Irving the other day he informed me that he first appeared in Manchester in a piece called *Secret Service*, but could not remember the exact date. By the kindness of Mr. T. Chambers I have been enabled to consult the old playbills of the Royal, and from them I have ascertained that September 29, 1860, was the "first night of the winter season," on which occasion was presented *The Spy, or a Government Appointment*, and in which piece Mr. Henry Irving made his first appearance in the character of Adolphe, a young carpenter. I notice that the *Manchester Courier*, September 29, 1860, in a preliminary notice of this production, has the following remark:—"Mr. Henry Irving makes his debüt on these boards in the character of Adolphe, a young carpenter. A. D.

## "SAVE THE MARK."

(Query 511, September 7.)

[622.] Dr. E. C. Brewer, in reference to this phrase, says it was customary when an archer shot well to cry out, "God save the mark," i.e. prevent any one coming after to hit the same mark and displace my arrow. Ironically it is said to a novice whose arrow is nowhere.

God save the mark! (1 Henry IV., 1-3) Hotspur, apologising to the king for not sending the prisoners according to command, says the messenger was a popinjay, who made him mad with his unmanly ways, and who talked "like a waiting gentlewoman of guns, drums, and wounds—God save the mark!"—meaning that he himself had been in the brunt of battle, and it would be sad indeed if his "mark" was displaced by this court butterfly. The whole scope of the speech is lost sight of by the ordinary interpretation, "May the scars of my wounds never be effaced" (God save my scars). MORDAUNT BUCKLEY.  
London.

## JOSEPH ALLEN, PORTRAIT PAINTER.

(Nos. 544 and 582.)

[623.] A friend of mine (whose father's portrait was one of the finest Allen produced) informs me that the painter was a Cumberland man, and that he died at his farm, near Birmingham, many years ago. Long before his death he gave up painting, under certain painful domestic circumstances. To put an end to these domestic troubles he retired into Wales, where he lived happily for a year or so. While in Wales he was commissioned by Lord Lonsdale to paint the full-length portraits of his three daughters at four hundred guineas each. This offer was a tempting one to Allen, who proceeded to Lowther Castle, where he remained some weeks. Upon his return to Wales he found the old domestic sore had broken out anew during his absence; and he eventually came to the conclusion to give up painting, finally taking and stocking a farm near Birmingham, where it is presumed he died. The last time my informant saw him he was carting dung from Birmingham to his farm—a strange last glimpse of the quondam artist.

EPSILON.

## SNAKES.

(Nos. 297, 301, 463, 473, and 500.)

[624.] Apropos of the snake subject, which was discussed in the *City News* some weeks since, I may say that the viper is frequently found in the fields

between Lyme Park and the canal bank at the head of Middle Wood. In the hot summers about 1868 we saw them, and the common snake, on several occasions in the vicinity of the Buxton turnpike road, and my husband killed a young viper on the causeway close to the garden gate. It was about nine inches long, and was identified beyond dispute as a genuine viper. We have been told that they were found by the half-dozen on the railway embankment, where it is crossed by the pathway from Thomas Bullock's farm to the canal. Yet I have never heard of anyone being bitten. Our observation is that they slip away and hide with the greatest celerity when surprised. In the recent unfortunate case of the pedestrian who met his death from a bite of one of these creatures, it was shown that he sat down on the spot where one was lying. When motionless, basking among the grass, it is almost impossible to distinguish them at the first glimpse, from a bit of fallen grey branch.

E. L.

## MANCHESTER IN 1857.

(Queries 355, June 22, and 610, October 19.)

[625.] I am sorry to contradict C. T. B., who asserts so confidently that "we have no book which gives Manchester illustrated in 1857." "The Manchester Handbook, an authentic account of the place and its people, by Joseph Perrin, with illustrations on wood by George Meason and a map," was published by Hale and Roworth in 1857—the Art Treasures year. The book has twenty-four engravings.

J. K. G.

C. T. B. must be in error in his statement that we have no illustrated guide for Manchester for 1857—the year in which the Art Treasures Exhibition was held. I have a book by me entitled *Manchester Handbook*, price one shilling, published by Hale and Roworth, King-street. It contains engravings of most of the public buildings, including one of the Art Treasures Hall, and also a good description of the Corporation of Manchester, the educational and charitable institutions, and the clubs. Although no date of publication is affixed, my idea is that it was issued in the early part of 1857, for this reason that in speaking of the City Gaol it says, "on the 19th January, 1857, 388 males and 158 females were confined in that prison," and there is no later date mentioned than this.

HARRY R. HOWARD.

Fallin-street, Longsight.

A "Pictorial Guide to Manchester and Companion to the Art Treasures Exhibition" was published in 1857 by Abel Heywood, Oldham-street. I have a copy in my possession which contains much interesting information and is illustrated with thirty engravings, conspicuous amongst which are the old Queen's Theatre, Victoria Fruit Market, the Broughton Race Course, and Campfield Library.

T. A. B.

C. T. B. must surely have seen Cornish's Guide to Manchester for 1857. It contains eight engravings on wood. I have not the book at hand, but there is a view of the Free-trade Hall, then just opened; a view of the Cathedral showing the old tower, now replaced with a new one; a view looking up Market-street, and which shows Newall's Buildings very clearly; and amongst the others which I cannot recall (though I engraved the whole of the illustrations) I think there is one view showing the Infirmary and the fountains playing. I believe there were two other guides to Manchester published in 1857.

ROBERT LANGTON.

## THE POTATO.

(Query No. 612, October 19.)

[626.] In Hadyn's Dictionary of Dates it is stated that potatoes are natives of Chili and Peru, generally considered to have been brought to England from Santa Fé in America by Sir John Hawkins, 1565. Others ascribe their introduction to Sir Francis Drake, in 1586; their general introduction, 1592. Their first culture in Ireland is referred to Sir Walter Raleigh, who had large estates in that country about Youghal, in the county of Cork. It is said that potatoes were not known in Flanders until 1620. A fine kind of potato was first brought from America by Mr. Howard, who cultivated it at Cardington, near Bedford, in 1765.

X. L. C. B.

## THE COLUMBINE.

(Query No. 602, October 19.)

[627.] The Columbine flowers about the middle of May. There is a plate of it in Sowerby's British Plants. A blue variety grows abundantly in a hedge-row near the Goyt, in the deep part of the valley beyond Marple Hall. I have found a double pink one, probably a wanderer from some garden, in the fields near High Lane.

E. L.

## DATES ON I O U'S.

(Query No. 604, October 19.)

[628.] An I O U is neither a promise to pay nor an agreement; it should, however, bear a date, being an acknowledgment of debt occurring at a specified time. It is simply evidence that two parties arrived at the fact that one of them on a certain day owed the other a sum of money. If no name appears on it then the money is due or payable to the holder of it. Such a document requires no stamp.

MORDAUNT BUCKLEY.

London.

"The date on which the money is to be repaid must not be mentioned in the I O U, neither must there be an agreement to repay the money by instalments. Should either of these cases arise the document must be stamped as an agreement.

W. SLATER.

An I O U is merely evidence of the existence of debt and requires no stamp. It is neither a promissory note nor a receipt, but, except that it cannot be negotiated and circulated, it has all the effect of a promissory note payable on demand, for a debt is acknowledged to be due and may be sued for at any time. It is well to observe the following form, which, although dated, does not constitute it a promissory note nor render it irrecoverable:—"Manchester, 1st January, 1860. To Mr. A. B. I O U £. s. d.—F. G."

ISAAC FLETCHER.

Heaton Moor.

## QUERIES.

[629.] BULLOCK SMITHY.—Can you or any of your readers kindly inform me (1) Why the village near Stockport, at present known as Hazel Grove, was formerly called Bullock Smithy? (2) When the name was changed? and (3) Why the present name Hazel Grove was given?

W. H. N.

[630.] WILLIAM POPE, THE DEIST, OF BOLTON. A diary recently published in a local paper, records the death on April 4, 1797, of "William Pope, of Bolton, ye Deist." Who was the gentleman who had received this distinguishing cognomen?

A MANCHESTER PYTHAGOREAN.

[631.] SCHOOLS FOUNDED BY WILLIAM BAGULEY. In Mr. James Clegg's Chronological History of Bolton (Bolton, 1878), he mentions as a local benefactor William Baguley, of Oaken Bottom and Kersley, who founded a school for teaching poor children at Brightmeet and a similar one at Manchester. Do these still exist, or are they among the many charities which have lapsed through carelessness or cupidity?

A MANCHESTER PYTHAGOREAN.

[632.] "IN MY MIND'S EYE."—This expression does not appear to be original to Shakspeare. In Chaucer's *Tale of the Man of Lawe*, line 551, ed. Skeat (Clarendon Press series), occur these three lines:—

That oon of hem was blynd, and myghte not see,  
But it were with thilke yën of his minde,  
With-whiche men seen, whan that they ben blynde.

Of old Appius Claudius the Censor, Ovid says:—

Multum animo vidit, lumine captus erat.

Can any correspondent let in further light on this expression?

HITTITE. j

[633.] "THROWING MONEY INTO HOTCH-POT."—A married woman has a sum of money settled on her for life to go to her children after her death. She dies intestate. The trustees thereupon "throw the money into hotch-pot," and divide it among the children. Can anyone tell me the meaning of this singular legal phrase? Has it some occult technical meaning, or is it lawyers' slang? I begin to imagine that the tomato-sauce of the Pickwick trial may indeed after all have possessed those hidden significances attributed to it by the learned counsel for Mrs. Bardell.

HITTITE.

[634.] DEPUTY-CHIEF-CONSTABLE NADIN.—In reading J. E.'s interesting account of Lavinia Robinson, I find Joseph Nadin's name is mentioned in connection with the case. Having met with his name in several matters connected with the Manchester of about half a century ago—I believe he figures in Sam Bamford's *Passages in the Life of a Radical*—and as I have also heard several old Manchester people, even within the last few years, speak of him, I am inclined to think he must have been an important and well-known personage in his day, a very terror to evil-doers. Can any of your readers furnish any particulars of him?

S. T.

Saturday, November 2, 1878.

NOTES.

"PEACE WITH HONOUR."

[635.] "We bring you peace with honour." So said Lord Beaconsfield on his return from Berlin. Was he thinking of *Titus Andronicus*, act i., scene ii., line 87?

TITUS.—In peace and honour rest you here, my sons!  
Rome's readiest champions, repose you here  
in rest,  
Secure from wordly chances and mishaps.  
Here lurks no treason, here no envy swells;  
Here grow no damned drugs; here are no  
storms,  
No noise, but silence and eternal sleep.  
In peace and honour rest you here, my sons.

Enter LAVINIA.

LAVINIA.—In peace and honour live Lord Titus long;  
My noble lord and father live in fame.

HITTITE.

MANCHESTER ADVERTISEMENTS ONE HUNDRED  
YEARS AGO.

[636.] Had our brilliant epigrammatist, Dr. John Byrom, been alive upon the appearance of the two following advertisements in Harrop's *Manchester Mercury* of 17th September and 1st October, 1771, they would have surely afforded him a rare opportunity of turning off in happy verse some ingenious vein of thought:—

On Saturday last, after a short illness, Mr. CHRISTOPHER ROUTE, one of the people called Quakers, and a very considerable Dealer in Spirituous Liquors.

My late husband, LAWRENCE HOLKER, being dead, my Distress at present prevents me making a Personal Application to his Customers:

This is therefore to acquaint them that I intend to carry on the DYING BUSINESS in the same manner as heretofore by my late husband; and will take Particular Care to keep such Hands as shall execute the Business to their entire satisfaction.

EPSILON.

MATHEMATICS V. WRITING.

[637.] I noticed when at school, and my experience since has all been confirmatory, that the best mathematicians are invariably poor writers. The figures made by a quick arithmetician are not well formed. But though mathematicians are poor writers, it by no means follows that poor writers are

mathematicians, or that poor mathematicians are good writers, for there are too many persons who are poor at both. I have not yet found a clever mathematician who is a beautiful writer. In fact, I have found that really fine writers are generally very slow-brained fellows, and for the following reason I have come to the conclusion that it is quite natural that such should be the case:—

When a boy first goes to school he is told that to be a good writer he must write slowly. But when the arithmetic lesson comes round he is told that to be a good mathematician speed (with accuracy) is required. Thus, during one lesson, he finds it necessary to write slowly; and during another, perhaps the next, he must write quickly if he is to be successful. The fingers and brains of the good writer move slowly, but the fingers of the good arithmetician move quickly, and even then do not keep pace with his brain. Thus the good arithmetician acquires a habit of writing quickly, which means poorly; whilst the poor arithmetician writes slowly and pays more attention to the form of the letters than to the speed at which they are written. I can scarcely think that there are no exceptions to the foregoing, for if there are not no one will care to acknowledge himself as a good writer for fear that he should brand himself as generally slow. However, on the whole, I believe there is a considerable amount of truth in it.

I have not read, or heard expressed, any opinions on the subject. Has the same thing been observed by others? If so, has a similar explanation suggested itself?

DESDECHADO.

Newton Heath.

COMMENTS AND ANSWERS.

SIR C. WREN AND THE WOOD-CARVER.

(Nos. 485, 504, 539, and 567.)

[638.] I have looked with some interest in your last two numbers for Mr. Burgess's reply to Mr. Robert Langton's last letter published in your columns. Will Mr. Burgess favour us with what further evidence he may have of the genuineness of the letter purporting to be that of "Philip Wood" or "Haybittle," the wood-carver? It is very desirable to prove the truth of such narratives as these before recording them as history.

OBSERVER.

## DEPUTY CHIEF-CONSTABLE NADIN.

(Query No. 634, October 26.)

[639.] Joseph Nadin—or as he was most commonly called, Joe Nadin—a fustian cutter, early in this century joined the Manchester police force, then only a few Dogberrys and vergers called constables, who in their livery of brown coats piped or corded with crimson, were a band of worthies, a homely lot, very different in many respects from the Roman-helmeted, tight-costumed, semi-military force of today. The then small force was superintended by Stephen Lavender, a genial, kindly, gentlemanly man, who with his pleasant and lively family lived in one of the deep-areaded, numerous-stepped, palisaded old mansions which stood on the site of the Town Hall Buildings, opposite to the old Town Hall, in King-street. The police business of the town was transacted in a narrow, confined, cramped-up dwelling-house in Police-street, near to Back or South King-street, and dignified by the title of Police Office, its business generally finishing at the New Bailey, Stanley-street, Salford.

Nadin, who eventually became deputy to Lavender, was a tall, muscular-framed man, all bones and sinews, with a keen-visaged face, and a heart and mind as determined and stern as his body. Not only was he “a very terror to evil-doers,” but the mind of the general public shrank from thoughts of him as a subject not pleasant to dwell on. He was pictured as a Manchester Jonathan Wild, a personage made famous in Ainsworth’s novel of *Jack Sheppard*. Tasele Alley and Street (the latter cut away by the present John Dalton-street), Wood and Parliament streets, Deansgate (the Charter-street of those days), were his reaping grounds where he generally picked up his subjects, but he was omnipresent in the town, known unpopularly by all, a public feeling which was not lessened by his connection with the “Peterloo Massacre.” A certain repellent, antagonistic halo seems, in the eyes of a populace, to surround the members of a civic force, exciting distrust and dislike; and it is in this aspect that the memory of Joseph Nadin exists in minds of old Manchester people. At one time he was pecuniarily interested in the prosperity of the Queen’s Theatre, Spring Gardens, but his line was more in domestic than in dramatic troubles and tragedies.

JAMES BURY.

## STOCKS HOUSE, CHEETHAM.

(Nos. 562, 570, and 601.)

[640.] R. WOOD says there are several stories current relating to Stocks House; but how much is fact and how much fiction he would be glad to know. If he would take the trouble to narrate some of the stories doubtless some of your correspondents would enable him to separate the fact from the fiction; if, indeed, there be any foundation of fact in the stories.

There is a passage in Bamford’s *Early Days* which bears upon this subject. He is describing his meeting with Catherine in Smedley Lane, and her rejection of his suit:—“She had given ear,” says Bamford, “to the prophecies of an old fortune-telling woman, who said it was not our fate to be united; that if the connection was not broken off one of us would die.” When he tried to reason her out of her delusion, she told him that the old woman was infallible; and that before she gave a final decision she always had access to the body of a lady which lay embalmed in one of the rooms of a certain great house which stood on the roadside leading to Manchester; and that whatever she in consequence foretold it was useless attempting to evade.

The great house here mentioned is the Stocks House, formerly occupied by the Ridings. A story concerning it, which was related to me many years ago, is as follows:—The owner, a lady, having a strong antipathy to being consigned to the grave after her death, made her will in such a manner that her next heirs would be deprived of the Stocks property if, when she was dead, her body were committed to the earth. She was therefore embalmed and her remains deposited in a room of the house on the ground floor, fronting the highway, the windows being taken out and replaced with brickwork. I cannot vouch for the truth of this story, but it is evidently the one alluded to by Bamford. This, however, I have to remark, that the half of the house nearest to Manchester presents a most deserted and melancholy appearance, viewed from the highway; while the part towards Cheetham Hill has an aspect quite the reverse. Can it be that this unwonted appearance of the house has given rise to the story?

SAMUEL HEWITT.

## THE FIRST SUNDAY SCHOOLS IN MANCHESTER.

(Nos. 496, 553, 69, and 585.)

[641.] G. H. S. is mistaken in supposing that I took "exception to his reply respecting the above." The only exception I took was to his statement that r. Cornelius Bayley "was the first to direct the attention of the public to the establishment of such institutions in this town." G. H. S. intimates that he fails "to find in any of the appendices to Mr. Bardsley's *Memorials* any conclusive evidence that Dr. Cornelius Bayley was not the first to direct the attention," &c. The note by the editor of the *City News* satisfactorily disposed of this point at the time, but in addition I now quote the statements made by Mr. Bardsley to which I alluded, which occurs in a foot-note to page 124 of his *Memorials of St. Ann's*: "It is a common error to ascribe the honour of introducing Sunday schools into Manchester to Dr. Bayley, of St. James's. This mistake arose from the fact that his determined opposition in 1799 and 1800 to the then system of government caused the Church and the Nonconforming bodies to separate and carry on their work independently. Dr. Bayley, in a sense, was the founder of Church schools in 1800; but to Colonel Townley, of Belfield, and the Rev. John Bennett, of St. Mary's, must be fairly given the greater honour of originating the movement in 1783." I think this settles the claims of Dr. Bayley.

Referring to the main point, the comments I made were merely supplementary to the statements of G. H. S., and not intended as controversial. He is quite correct in stating that some of my remarks in connection with Clowes's activity in the Sunday school movement are founded upon Mr. Theodore Compton's *Life of the Rev. John Clowes*; for it was in reading that gentleman's work, and noting the prominent part taken in the movement at the time by Edward Place, George Lloyd, Richard Keymer, Charles Wood, Peter Wright, and Thomas B. Bayley, all of whom were closely identified with St. John's, that I came to the not unnatural conclusion that Clowes indited the "Address to the public on Sunday schools," which appears appended to the borough-reeve's advertisement of the 10th of August, 1784. As I have been in communication with Mr. Compton since my last note I now give the result of the inquiry as far as it goes. Mr. Compton writes: "16th October, 1878. The statements referred to in

the *Life of Clowes* were supplied by Mr. Boyle, who examined for me the contents of a chest of Clowes's papers at Manchester. The only document I have in the sermon, dated 9th October, 1785, and 11th October, 1789 (repeated at St. John's 22nd June, 1806, and 18th June, 1815)." The MSS. of this sermon Mr. Compton has kindly forwarded me, and I may have occasion to allude to it again. "I see," he says, "by an article in the *City News* that allusion is made to an 'Address to the public on Sunday schools,' without signature. Was this Mr. Clowes's writing? Mr. Boyle is a painstaking man, and must have had some ground for his statement. I will write to him about it. Meanwhile I send you the enclosed papers." Mr. J. R. Boyle, in his note dated "Bacup, February, 28, 1874," says: "I went to Manchester on Wednesday and examined the MSS. of Mr. Clowes, in the possession of the Printing Society. I am very sorry to have to say that these are in a very unsatisfactory condition; scarcely anything remains but the sermons." . . . With this letter Mr. Boyle supplied the following note: "About the same time Mr. Clowes was interested in another work of some importance. This was the establishment of Sunday schools in Manchester. He was amongst the first to advocate this great and glorious cause. The Sunday school was first established in Manchester about 1783. Mr. Clowes was nominated the first secretary to the first committee appointed by the Sunday School Association in Manchester, and he had the honour of drawing up the first general plan of proceedings for the guidance of the association. At that time all the churches of the Establishment in Manchester formed together one association for the support and management of Sunday schools; but some years afterwards it was found expedient that every church should have its own committee for the support and management of the schools immediately under its care. Mr. Clowes acted as secretary to the association for several years, and was appointed by unanimous request to preach, we believe, the very first sermon that ever was preached in Manchester on behalf of Sunday schools." On the 21st October, 1878, Mr. Boyle states that his authority for making these statements was founded on "a foot-note on page 81 of the *Intellectual Repository*, vol. 11, fourth series (1850), presumably written by the late Rev. J. H. Smithson. On that page commences a Sermon on Behalf of Sunday Schools. (Preached in Manchester July 3, 1814, by the late Rev. J. Clowes)."



The foot-note by Mr. Smithson forms the sum and substance given by Mr. Boyle in his note of 1874, who adds: "I cannot think that Mr. Smithson would make the definite statement in the above note without some reliable authority, though it may be difficult, and perhaps impossible now, after the lapse of twenty-eight years, to ascertain what that authority was. The late Rev. E. Madeley, of Birmingham, in a foot-note on page 107 of Hindmarsh's *Rise and Progress* says: 'The following is given in the controversy of 1841 as the order in which the names of the first founders of Sunday schools stand relatively to each other:—

Rev. Theophilus Lindsey, Catterick .....	1764
Mrs. Catherine Cappe, Bedale.....	—
Rev. William Jones.....	about 1765
Miss Hannah Ball, High Wycombe .....	1769
Mr. James Heys, Little Lever, near Bolton	1774
Rev. Thomas Stock, Gloucester .....	1777
Rev. David Simpson .....	1778
Mr. William King .....	—
Messrs. Stock and Raikes.....	1780
Mr. Robert Raikes.....	1781
Mr. John Clowes, Manchester.....	1784

In all probability the documents recording the controversy in 1841 would throw some light upon the subject." Mr. Boyle further alludes to Baines's *History of Lancashire* (edition of 1868), vol. 1, p. 337, in which it is stated that "Manchester was amongst the first places in the kingdom to adopt the Sunday school system, which was certainly established prior to 1784, when twenty-six Sunday schools existed in Manchester." Mr. Boyle concludes: "This is about all the information on the matter which I can at present obtain. I will make every possible inquiry, and will let you know the result."

It is quite evident that Sunday schools were established in Manchester before the boroughreeve's circular of August, 1784. Their existence in a town so near as Bolton in 1774 would naturally lead one to infer that Manchester would not be so far in the rear. Mr. Bardsley tells us (page 121 of his *Memorials*):

In December, 1784, the Collegiate Church district had seven different rooms in use—one in Fennel-street Rooden Gutter, Miller's Lane, Clock Alley, Red Bank, and two in Cold-house. St. Mary's had three, all in Parsonage. St. John's had four—one in Cumberland-street and Jackson's Row, and two in Tickle-street. St. Ann's had two—one in Brown-street, a second in Tickle-street, at the upper end. St. Paul's had ten—one at the back of the Saracen's Head, Paradise, Tib-street, Turner-street, Thomas-street

Spittal Fields, Oldham-street, and three in Newton Lane (Oldham Road)." It is almost an established fact that some of these twenty-six schools were commenced some time before August, 1784.

I am not disputing the facts adduced by G. H. S. and Mr. Earwaker, but I believe, in the course of the inquiry I am now engaged upon, that the paternity of Sunday schools in Manchester will be found at an earlier date than that of the 10th of August, 1784.

JOHN EVANS.

In connection with this subject, perhaps the following would not be uninteresting, and if it could be proved, would settle the question as to the first school. It was published in a contemporary a few years ago, and signed J. Hollingworth, Ducie Grove; he having seen an advertisement in a paper as to a poor old woman who claimed to be the first Sunday school scholar in Manchester. He at once made some inquiries and found that she had gone to the work-house three months before. Having gone to see her he heard the following tale:—"My maiden name was Margaret Oldham (she claimed kinship with the founder of the Grammar School), born in Millgate, attended a dame's school in Press House Steps kept by Molly Scholes (date 1780), a good old Methodist. Molly, being grieved to see us at play on the Lord's Day gave us notice that she intended opening her school on the Sunday for religious instruction and to keep us out of the streets, and as an inducement promised the first comer a slice of currant bread. Being determined to be the first I went early, but on going down the steps I saw one Betty Hyde in advance of me. I ran and pulled her back by the hair, calling out 'I am first.' Molly replied, 'You are both first; you shall both have a slice.' She kept this school until her death, when the then rector of St. Mary's adjoining invited us to come to the aisle of the church, where forms were provided for us; and thus began the first St. Mary's Sunday school." On parting she sang the well-known hymn, "We'll praise Him again as we pass over Jordan." Having called again in a few days she had just "passed over Jordan."

I have also heard that there was a Sunday school in Cross-street, in connection with the Unitarians, about the year 1780, which was afterwards removed to Mesley-street, and that there was a banner in existence at one time with that date on.

ANCOTES.

## KENTISH AND BERKSHIRE BOOKS.

(No. 548, September 21.)

[642.] Your correspondent will now find Berry's Kent and Berkshire Genealogies at the Free Library in King-street.  
C. W. S.

## IN MY MIND'S EYE.

(Query No. 632, October 26.)

[643.] The attribution to the mind of organs and functions of the body must be almost coeval with the hills. Instances of less frequent though not napt uses of the metaphor are these:—Goethe's Faust exclaims: "Ach, ru des Geistes Fluegeln wird so leicht kein koerperlicher Fluegel sich gesellen;" that is, "Ah, with the pinions of the mind not soon will sort corporeal wing." And in Casanova's Memoirs the proper attitude for prayer is declared to be: "Con le ginocchia della ment' inchine;" i.e., "with the knees of the mind bent." Perhaps we may also recall King Richard the Second's:—

My brain I'll prove the female to my soul,  
My soul the father; and these two beget  
A generation of still breeding thoughts,  
And these same thoughts people this little world.

A. S.

Manchester.

## THE FIRST MECHANICS' INSTITUTE.

(Nos. 587 and 597.)

[644.] The first institution established in this country for the dissemination of scientific knowledge was the Hulme Philosophical Society, formed at Christ Church, Queen-street, Hulme, Manchester, in the year 1819. Each of the original promoters, including the late James Gaskill, two or three Hadfields, and Rowland Detrosier, undertook the study of a science, which was determined by lot. Botany fell to Mr. Gaskill and astronomy to Mr. Detrosier. Evening classes were formed, and, gradually, a good library. Lectures were delivered regularly on Tuesday evenings, and were well attended. About twenty-four years ago the society united with Christ Church Sunday School and formed what is now called Christ Church Institution. Twenty years since the attendance at lectures so fell off that they were discontinued, and since have only been given now and then. The classes were continued until about four years ago, when the School Board, as dealers in knowledge, completely undersold them,  
W. J. B.

## THE LAST SEDAN CHAIRS.

(No. 590, October 19.)

[645.] I do not know the date of Miss Atherton's *Floruit*, or whether you are interested in Manchester sedan chairs only. If your interest extends beyond the banks of the Irwell, allow me to say that I remember sedan chairs, not a hundred years old, but much less venerable from age, in pretty general use in the city of Exeter about the years 1827-34. I can call to mind the chair coming to our house for my mother when she was going out in full dress to dinner, or evening parties or concerts. The recollection is the more vivid to me because a broad flight of steps led up to our front door, and we (the little ones of the family) used to watch for its coming that we might run down the steps and be carried up into the entrance hall. The position of the chair as it went up had a charm for adventurous spirits, particularly if three or four of us managed to cram into the chair together. I have myself also, when a child, been thus carried along the streets of the western city in full dress to juvenile parties and balls.

I remember likewise that when I was at Christ Church, Oxford, 1837-45, there was a venerable sedan chair within the college walls. Presumably it would have been dedicated to the use of the dean's and canons' wives and daughters; although a report was current amongst the undergraduates that it sometimes groaned beneath the weight of a stout bachelor canon, when in full toggerly he desired to pass at night to scenes of hospitality from one part of the large college precincts to another. I myself never saw the "big gun" in this rather unusual gun carriage, but this was a current story within our college walls in those days.

The Duke of Wellington is reported, when the young and gallant Mr. Arthur Wellealey resided in Dublin, to have made himself one of the bearers of a sedan chair, which contained a fair lady who was returning home from a ball. This would have been before, or soon after, 1800.

CHARLES H. COLLYNS.

Wirksworth.

QUERIES.

[646.] BOOK OF BRITISH FERNS.—Can any of your botanical readers inform me which is the best illustrated work on British ferns?  
G.

[647.] GUTTA-PERCHA BOOTS IN FOOTBALL.—The rules of the Football Association and of the Rugby Football Union both prohibit the wearing of gutta-percha boots in the playing of the game. What is the ground of the objection?  
F. A. N.

[648.] MARRIAGE WITH A DECEASED WIFE'S SISTER.—What are the implied wrongs or abuses which render it advisable, in the opinion of the majority of the nation, to make marriage with a deceased wife's sister illegal? Supposing an Englishman to go abroad for the purpose of marrying his deceased wife's sister in a country where such marriage is considered legal, does our English law recognize the parties as legally married and their offspring as legitimate?  
HARDY.

[649.] PURCHASED BARONETRIES.—Hume (History of England, vol. vi., p. 71; and Franklyn, p. 11-13) tell us that in the time of James I. the title of baronet, invented by Salisbury, was sold by Suffolk, the minister of James, for the purpose of raising money; that two hundred patents of that species of knighthood were disposed of for so many thousand pounds; and that each rank of the nobility had its price affixed to it. Are any of the titles so bought still in existence?  
NEMO.

[650.] MARTIN OF MANCHESTER.—There was a celebrated cloth merchant in Manchester in the reign of Henry the First, whose name was Martin Byram. I should like to know if there is any memorial of this founder of the Manchester cloth trade extant, and where such memorial can be seen? There are memorials of "Thomas of Reading;" why should not Manchester have its memorial of "Martin of Manchester"?  
MARTIN.

[651.] BODMER, THE ENGINEER.—Some little time ago, in an article in the *City News* about the Cobden Coffee House, a reference was made to Mr. J. G. Bodmer. This gentleman was, I believe, proprietor of what was then (say about thirty years ago) a small engineering works in Salford. He was a very ingenious and inventive man, and I believe is worthy of some record, and a place amongst the Manchester notables of his time. I shall be glad if some of your readers will kindly give me additional information respecting him.  
F.

[652.] OLD CHAPEL IN LEVENSHULME.—Situated in Chapel-street, Levenshulme, is an old chapel, evidently now disused for the purpose of worship, and surrounded by a few venerable-looking gravestones. Can any of your correspondents supply any information as to its history? There may be some interesting "annals" connected with what appears to be the only place in the locality where

The rude forefathers of the township sleep.

W. L.

Saturday, November 9, 1878.

NOTES.

FOLK-LORE: DOVES.

[653.] In the *Manchester Guardian* of December 30, 1876, occurs a paragraph headed "Love and Suicide," recording the suicide of a young girl at Preston. Some verses were found on her body, and one ran as follows:—

A taken that I dide for love  
There shall be seen a milk white dove  
Which o'er my watery grave shall fly  
'Tis there you find my body lie.

This white dove frequently occurs as a symbol of innocency. Not long since an old gipsy told me a traditional tale of how an innocent Romani-chal was nearly hanged. Literally translated his words were: "When he was on the spot where they hang men; it was black over his head, and it rained, and there was a great wind, too. Two or three birds came over his head to show the poor fellow he had not done it." I inquired what kind of birds they were, and the reply was "dove-ari," i.e., doves. In Webster's *Basque Legends* (London, 1877), several instances of doves occur, e.g. page 154, where the fox, which is the soul of a dead man, whose debts have been paid by the hero, after saving the hero's life, "flew away, taking the form of a pigeon;" page 192, where the hero and heroine are "united by a white mare, who binds the devil for ever, and then flies to heaven as a white pigeon;" and page 209, where the father, mother, and son die, "and the servant sees three white doves fly away."  
H. T. CROFTON.

Dover-street, Oxford Road.

THE SOUND OF WR IN OLDER SCOTCH.

[654.] In Mr. H. J. Roby's Latin Grammar from Plautus to Suetonius, third edition, preface to vol. i., p. 35, occurs the remark: "w scarcely gains any consonantal power, if, indeed, it be not absolutely unpronounceable, except before a vowel." There is added in a foot-note, however, the following: "Mr. [Alex. J.] Ellis says (*Academy*, January 15, 1872) that w after a vowel, and without a vowel following it, can be pronounced after some practice." I hardly understand whether Mr. Ellis means as a consonant or not. Be that as it may, however, I can from recent observation testify that at least before the letter r, w, in parts of Perthshire and Forfarshire, Scotland, is still by the old folks clearly and distinctly pronounced. An old-world farmer of eighty-four, in saying that a

certain place was "jist a wreck," not only trilled the r with French delicacy, but pronounced the w in an unmistakable manner and almost at one and the same time. I have in vain attempted to reproduce this combination of sounds but have got no nearer to it than wureck in two syllables. In one of the Lothians, however, an old lady, who still retains the language of her youth, pronounced wretch as vratch, the v being consonantal as in Aberdeenshire.

On the w and v in Scotch and their elision, Mr. Roby will find some remarks well worth reading at pages 130-1 of Dr. James Murray's *Dialect of the Southern Counties of Scotland*, published by the Philological Society in their transactions for 1870-2, part 2. London, Asher and Co. It is a model book. The following is a brief resumé of Dr. Murray's remarks:—

1. In old Scotch orthography v is often expressed by f, as haif, have, &c., f being probably (as in Anglo-Saxon) pronounced as v, which letter, or rather u, was often used instead—haue for have.

2. An original v is very frequently elided after a vowel or a liquid, e.g. "Rab an' Allan cam' to pree," i.e. to prove, prove, or try; braw = brave; weel-faured = well-favoured, &c.

3. The pronunciation of w'richt, w'rang, w'ren, &c., in the south, but the change of w to v in the north-east.

4. Thirty years ago liap was pronounced wliap (Anglo-Saxon wliaspian). This is now, it is feared, gone and wr is rapidly following it.

5. The dropping of initial w and y: 'oo = wool, 'ouk = wouk = week, oo we; but our is wer, wur (p. 79.) In the north-east wh is pronounced as f: fa = who, &c.

6. These fluctuations in the values of w [and y] Dr. Murray attributes to "the intermediate position of the w and y glides between consonants and vowels and the consequent facility with which they pass into either class of sounds; they are intimately connected with the development of close o and é into wu and ye, as in English one, wun, and Scotch ane, yen."

The old Scotch pronunciation of wh was quh (kwh); quhat gets very near to the Latin quod and points out the connection of the English relative with the Latin one.

Seeing, then, this variety in the pronunciation of w and v in Anglian Scotland, is it not allowable to

imagine that there may have been a not dissimilar variety in and about Rome? The arguments seem to be all for the pronunciation of Latin, v as our w. In fact Mr. Weller's advice, "spell it with a *we*, my lord," appears most appropriate. But that it always was a "we" may be open to doubt. Latium must have had its dialects and its rustic varieties; and Rome its slang, its colloquialisms, and its cockneyisms.

HITTITE.

#### COMMENTS AND ANSWERS.

##### "THROWING MONEY INTO HOTCHPOT."

(Query No. 633, October 26.)

[655.] This curious legal phrase is derived from the French, "haché en poche," a confused mingling of divers things. Littleton explains the term as follows: "It seemeth that this word hotchpot is, in English, a pudding; for in a pudding is not commonly put one thing alone, but one thing with other things together."

HITTITE asks if it is "lawyer's slang." Now slang is "low unmeaning language," and there are no expressions in the legal phraseology which can either be called "low" or "unmeaning;" therefore, I think the use of the word "slang" is, to say the least of it, misapplied. The meaning of the word "hotchpot" will perhaps be made most clear by giving an example. Let us take the case of the old woman who had three sons. Jeffery, Jimmy, and John. We will not record the fate but the fortune of these youths. She advanced Jeffery £100, Jimmy £200, and John £300; then died a widow and intestate, possessed of such a sum which, after paying debts, leaves £3,000. This sum and the advances are thrown into a common fund (hotchpot), which, of course, amounts to £3,600. This is divided equally between the three young men, but from each share is deducted the amount of his advance, thus making the total amount which each son receives and has received equal. If one of these brothers happens to have received a larger advance than his share would amount to if he brought such advance into hotchpot, he cannot be compelled to bring such advance into hotchpot.

I cannot quite see the application of this principle to the case which HITTITE puts. I gather from his words "settled" and "trustee" that a settlement has been made. This document would provide for the distribution of the fund. If it gave the lady power to direct by will how the money was to be distributed

it would also give the trustees directions as to how to distribute in case of her intestacy. Again, if the money was to be invested and the income paid to her for life, and there was no clause as to advances to children, the system of hotchpot could not apply. In case there was such a clause it would direct what proportion of each share was to be paid to the children. However, from the above example the meaning of the phrase will be seen. The system also applies to real estate, *i.e.*, land of freehold tenure. Land was sometimes given with a kinswoman on her marriage. This was called giving her an estate in "frank marriage" (from the Latin "in libero maritaggio"). Now, if land descend in fee simple to this young lady and her sisters from the relative who made her such a desirable partner in life, she would not be entitled to her share unless she brought the frank marriage estate in hotchpot. It was a matter of choice with her, so we may take it for granted that this good lady made a few calculations as to the respective values of the two estates. If she decided on the hotchpot scheme, her estate was added to the one descended and the whole divided equally. If the frank marriage estate happened to be fat and the other lean, then we may conclude that the latter was divided equally between her other sisters. "Frank marriage" is now no longer met with; the modern marriage settlement may almost be said to take its place.

When next HITTITE cuts into a plum pudding and divides it between himself and family, if the compound happen to agree with his digestive organs, then perhaps he will be in a state of mind to enlighten his family on the meaning of this house-wife-legal metaphor, hotchpot.

SUBSCRIBER.

#### MARRIAGE WITH A DECEASED WIFE'S SISTER.

(Query No. 618, November 2.)

[656.] Your correspondent HARDY asks what are the implied wrongs or abuses which render it advisable, in the opinion of the majority of the nation, to make marriage with a deceased wife's sister illegal. If your correspondent will turn to the table of prohibited degrees he will find that whatever relations of his wife a man may not marry, the same corresponding relations of her husband a woman may not marry; and, further, that relationship by affinity (marriage) is considered similar to relationship by consanguinity (blood). Now, if a man is to be allowed

to marry his wife's sister, why should he not be allowed to marry her aunt or niece, who are certainly removed one degree further in relationship; or, taking the converse, why should not a woman be allowed to marry her husband's brother, uncle, or nephew? Yet I have never heard any of these alterations suggested. I have endeavoured not to express any opinion of my own on the particular subject, but I think it might be an open question whether *all* prohibitions on the ground of affinity should not be removed. I do not think, however, that the Legislature will ever remove the prohibition in one isolated instance and destroy the symmetry of the table. As to your correspondent's second question, English irregular marriages contracted abroad are illegal here. This was decided in the famous case of "Brook v. Brook," more than twenty years ago.

CHARLES BUCKLEY.

Oldham.

BULLOCK SMITHY.

(Query No. 623, October 26.)

[657.] Before railways, the oxen bought lean in North Wales to be fattened on the pastures of the Midland and Southern counties were driven in large herds from their native hills to the fairs at which they were sold to graziers. The marches were often long, the same cattle being often offered at successive fairs before a whole drove could be disposed of. It was usual to shoe the fore (not the four) feet of such animals as had a very long distance before them, or were showing signs of giving way in the hoofs. Sometimes, if this were not done, the hoof broke, involving great suffering to the animal, and loss to the owner. There were smithies along the more frequented routes where this shoeing was done. Bullock Smithy, now Hazel Grove, was one of these places.

I believe the shoeing of bullocks was a very skilled operation. The shoe—a thin plate—could not, of course, be nailed on the hoof as is done with horses, but had to be so fitted to the hoof as to keep on in consequence of the upper rim being smaller in diameter than the lower, while yet not distressing the animal on the march. Many blacksmiths who could shoe a horse could not shoe a bullock.

At what date the picturesque name of Bullock Smithy, racy of the soil and refreshing as the snatch of a hallad, was sentimentalized into Hazel Grove, and who were the Augustus Moddles who changed

it, I don't know. But it was nobody belonging to me.  
R. N.

The popular reason why the village of Hazel Grove, near Stockport, formerly went by the name of Bullock Smithy has been supposed to be that it was the practice to shoe bullocks at that place. The fact is that a blacksmith of the name of Bullock plied his trade there; and the village, being on the highroad from London to Manchester and to the market town of Stockport, the smithy naturally became a busy one, and the farmers in the neighbourhood, from having frequent occasion to resort to "Bullock's Smithy," would gradually come to apply the name to the village. In the year 1836 the inhabitants became sensible of the "falling off" which had occurred in the title of their village; and on the 26th September, at the instance of Mr. Richard Heys and the other principal residents, the old name was formally restored and the event was made the occasion of festivity and rejoicing. Silver medals were struck off bearing the inscription, "In commemoration of the ancient name of Hazel Grove, revived and celebrated Sep. 26, 1836." I cannot account for the village originally taking the name of Hazel Grove, but it has a traditional authority.  
R. T. H.  
Stockport.

Formerly it was the common practice to yoke oxen together for agricultural purposes, as is the custom in some parts of Wiltshire to this day. These oxen were shod like horses. A smithy at which these useful animals and other beasts of burden were shod, many generations back, stood by the roadside, and a village gathered round it. The blacksmith's name was Daniels, and the smithy had descended from fathers to brawny sons as an inheritance; when it so happened that a daughter of the noble house of Stanley, whose palfrey had no doubt stopped more frequently than was desirable at the smithy door to have shoe or bit made safe and sure, fell desperately in love with George Daniels, the stalwart son of the old blacksmith. Moreover she eloped with him, facilities for secret and hasty marriage being greater then than now. She was a favourite daughter, but the then Lord Stanley discarded her utterly. This mésalliance gave notoriety to the spot, which was thence known as Bullock Smithy. As a voucher for my accuracy I may add that my mother, who had been a Miss Daniels, was descended from this run-

away couple, the young blacksmith and his noble bride.

As some apology for the young lady, it may be said that the Daniels family was noted for the stalwart forms and handsome faces of the men, the lofty bearing of the women. The young pair did not fall into poverty—there was money somewhere. The Daniels's became manufacturers of smallwares. Such was my grandfather, and his father before him; and as a proof how flourishing then was hand-loom weaving, I may add that when a fresh addition to his large family impended he was wont to console his wife with "Never mind, Mally; it's only putting up another loom!" But a good many looms need to have been at work to maintain one-and-twenty children! Of these sixteen lived to be men and women; and a fine sight they must have been as they filed into the Old Church on a Sunday to fill two pews, not a man less than six feet high, and not a woman below fair standard. And these men and these women marrying have carried the blood of the Bullock Smithy blacksmith and the fair runaway Stanley into many a well-known Manchester family—Bennetts, Newtons, Withingtons, Shallcrosses, and others who do not so much as dream of affinity with your correspondent.

An examination of the locality in the nutting season would possibly explain why the name of Bullock Smithy was changed to the more euphonious Hazel Grove, which I believe occurred about the second decade of the present century.

ISABELLA BANKS.

London.

DEPUTY-CONSTABLE NADIN.

(Nos. 634 and 639.)

[658.] Though confined to my bed by illness, and consequently writing with an effort, my interest in all which concerns Manchester is too great to suffer questions to pass by unanswered whilst I can hold a pen and have the power to answer them. I knew more of Nadin than was patent to the public, much that has quite escaped my memory, his character and acts having been freely discussed before me when a child. I was reticent then, if otherwise now.

In *God's Providence House* Mr. Nadin appears in his Jonathan Wild connection with a certain Mrs. Frost, whom I there call Mrs. Snow. Of course I there antedate events in order to make the incidents available for my story; but all that I tell of the

stolen property in Sugar Lane is told as it came down to me, with one exception. When Mrs. Frost was tried for having certain piece goods in her possession the tab ends were found to be torn off and she escaped, as the supposed owner was therefore not allowed to swear to his goods. My mother was the little girl who, sleeping with her schoolfellow, saw the watches stowed away, and was sharp enough to feign sleep when a light was flashed across her eyes at the angry servant's warning. This was somewhere about 1806-7-8. As my grandfather's family, whom I have called Newton, then lived in Sugar Lane, almost opposite to Mrs. Frost's, and the two girls exchanged child-confidences, the visits of Mr. Nadin or their object were no secret to their neighbours. I saw Mrs. Frost once, when I was a child about seven years old. She was a portly, showily-dressed woman, with a flushed face, and she then gave me a token, as she said, "to remember her by." I was showing a velvet pincushion I had bought, and she put four sixpences thereon to "cover it," as she said. She was a rich woman then, living on her gains.

Mr. Nadin I saw frequently. He was one of the chief proprietors of the Queen's Theatre, Spring Gardens, and during Mr. Sloan's management frequently walked into the stage-box, where he would stand, a conspicuous object in his light drab overcoat, for some ten or fifteen minutes, cast his keen eyes over the house as if "counting" it, and then retire. He rarely sat down to witness the performance, or if he did it was in the shadow of his private box above the stage door.

My father was intimate with Mr. Lavender. The constables used to be called "Lavender's men." After Mr. Lavender's death his family lived in Stockstreet, Cheetham, where I visited with his daughters. If I remember rightly, Mr. Lavender's death was accelerated by the neglect of his claims as an old public servant, when he was superseded by the new order of things. ISABELLA BANKS.

#### THE BREAD RIOTS OF 1842.

(Nos. 542, 552, and 583.)

[650.] The Bread Riots of 1842 were of a far more general and serious character than Mr. LEES states, and were in no way confined to the neighbourhood of the cotton districts. The plug-drawing, so called, was only the form of mischief which the mobs of this

district resorted to. In other towns the more serious one of bloodshed and riot was taken. Agitation meetings were held at Nottingham, Leicester, Huddersfield, Northampton, Derby, Hanley, and Shelton. Scotland and Wales also contributed their portion to the excitement of the time.

I cannot conceive how Mr. LEES can characterize it as a work-and-wage movement. It was purely a political agitation and disturbance, in proof of which I may say that the effigy of the Premier, Sir Robert Peel, was burnt, and the walls were placarded asking the populace to pay no more taxes until the Corn Laws were repealed. At Nottingham the military had to be called out to quell a riot of many hours' duration, during which bloodshed, theft, and all the practices of a disorganized mob riot occurred, and no fewer than one hundred persons were arrested. In short, it was this agitation which led to the assassination of Mr. Drummond, the private secretary to Sir Robert Peel, he being mistaken for the Premier himself. Mr. Cobden told the Prime Minister on the floor of the House of Commons that he considered him personally responsible for the lamentable and dangerous state of the country, which statement created such a scene as perhaps never occurred before nor since in that orderly and stately assembly. The scheme known as the Sliding Scale had been submitted to the country, and the League was intoxicated with excitement at the idea of the admission of their principles by the Ministers of the Crown.

There can be no doubt but that the excitement of the time was in a great measure accelerated by the seeds sown by the great Chartist movement. The bubble of Feargus O'Connor, and the heavy sentence of Frost, Williams, and Jones, and of a more local celebrity, the Rev. Joseph Reyner Stephens, were fresh in the memories of the populace, and it needed but a slight provocation to incite them to retaliation.

EDWARD WILLIAMS.

Bradford, Manchester.

[We have now had three accounts of the riots of 1842, and the differences of view are worth notice. Mr. Molesworth, in his *History*, attributes the disturbances to the Chartists. Mr. S. LEES, of Clayton, says the affair "was from the beginning to the end entirely a work-and-wages movement with the great body of the operatives." Mr. EDWARD WILLIAMS, in the above note, declares that "it was purely a political agitation and disturbance." The

truth appears to be this: The time was one of dire distress and misery, such as we have not again witnessed in England since 1848; and the Chartists, encouraged in some instances by the Protectionist agents, took advantage of the wide-spread poverty of the people to excite them to acts of violence. Miss Martineau, whose account of the events is at once the most graphic and the fairest that we possess, says (*History of the Peace*, book vi., chap. 5, first edition, 1850): "In Manchester the influx of malcontents became alarming in August, 1842. Mills were stopped, and, in some, the windows broken and machinery injured. The Riot Act was read four times in one day, and prisoners were taken by scores at once. A large attendance of military was necessary. At one time all the chief manufacturing towns in the district seemed to be in the hands of the mob. Presently a royal proclamation came from London, and troops from London and from Ireland; and then it appeared that Chartists from a distance were at the bottom of the disturbances. It was well understood afterwards that these risings were a great affliction to the best-informed of the suffering operatives, who were well aware that their misery had no immediately political origin, and could not be remedied by political movements. . . . In a very short time the Chartist strangers—men whom nobody knew, dropping in from a distance—showed a depth of design and an extent of rapacity which disgusted the Lancashire operatives; and the disorder subsided gradually during the last weeks of August and the beginning of September." Mr. WILLIAMS is scarcely warranted in his assertion that the agitation led to the assassination of Mr. Drummond. It was clearly proved that the man who shot Mr. Drummond was insane, and in no way actuated by political or revengeful motives. He was tried for murder, declared insane, and confined in a lunatic asylum for life.—EDITOR.]

#### THE LAST SEDAN CHAIRS.

(Nos. 590 and 645.)

[660.] The *Manchester City News* of October 26 came to me as I lay here too ill to answer its queries. It is now mislaid. I have not, therefore, the date of Miss Atherton's death. It is my impression that the last sedan chair used in Manchester was the one kept in the Infirmary for the conveyance of patients.

When I was a child I saw it carried past our house in Oldham-street, and also standing in the vestibule of the Infirmary one day when by rare chance I saw the great front door open. This would be not later, I should think, than 1823-9. It might be a year later. The chair was covered with black leather fastened on with rows of brass-headed nails, and was otherwise plain and straight, the upper portion not curving gracefully upwards as we see in old prints.

ISABELLA BANKS.

London.

Sedan chairs were in common use in the city of Edinburgh so recently as 1848. They had then recognized stands in various streets, just like our cab ranks, and they were carried by the legitimate successors of the "cadies" of Sir Walter Scott. I recollect having seen a row of them in front of the Music Hall in George-street, on the occasion of the first appearance of Jenny Lind in Modern Athens.

W. S.

The late Rev. Henry Green, M.A., in his *History of Knutsford* (1859), says:—"One of the time-honoured institutions of Knutsford that has hitherto survived all other innovations of cabs, broughams, and baskets, is that of 'sedan chairs,' or rather of 'a vedan chair;' for the venerable structure has become autocratic, and suffers no rival near the throne. Living memory runneth not contrary to the persuasion that a sedan chair is, like the palladium of Troy, necessary to the very existence of our ancient town. The present reigning sedan was a donation or heir-loom from a most excellent gentlewoman, the Lady Jane Stanley. She bought it and maintained it, but did not keep it for her exclusive use. Her chairman—a fine, presentable, portly personage, the father of Mr. Joseph Alcock—was allowed by her ladyship to let out the aristocratic enclosure to any reputable persons in the town, charging fourpence for himself and his helper. The chair was in great request, and soon another lady, Mrs. Blackburne, started a second sedan; and then Mrs. Legh had a third; and very useful they were for the assemblies and other social parties." What has become of these old chairs I do not know, but I saw one in frequent use at Knutsford between 1844 and 1848. In many respects they were considered a pleasant and comfortable means of conveyance, but were liable to this inconvenience, that if a dog-fight or other exciting incident were happening, the bearers would sometimes set down their burden



in the street and go to see it, leaving the lady stranded and forlorn.

R. H. ALCOCK.

Bury, Lancashire.

THE POTATO.

(Nos. 612 and 626.)

[661.] The Board of Agriculture Report, 1828, tells us (of this most useful and now universally well-known root) that it is a native of America, and was familiar to the Indians before the conquest of Mexico and Peru. It was called by them, amongst other names, "openauk," and in the history of the new-found land Virginia, by Heriot (a follower of Sir W. Raleigh, and printed in 1588), is described as "a kinde of root of round form, some of the bigness of wall-nuts, some farre greater, which are found in moist and marish lands, growing many together one with the other in ropes, as if they were fastened by a string." "Being boyled," he says, "or sodden, they are verie good meate." Gerard, in his *Herbal*, is the first author who gives the figure of the potato plant. He calls it by the name of *Polarum tuberosum*, which name has been followed by Linnæus and his disciples. Sir Walter Raleigh, after returning from America in 1586, is said to have first given it to his gardener in Ireland, as a fine fruit from America, and which he desired to be planted in his garden in the spring. It was cultivated in the gardens of the nobility and gentry early in the seventeenth century as a curious exotic, and towards the close of it (1684) was planted in the fields in small patches in Lancashire, from whence it was gradually propagated all over the kingdom as well as in France.

The reader who is desirous of investigating the curious qualities which are ascribed to this root in Queen Elizabeth's days, is referred to what the author of the *Pursuits of Literature* calls the "Potato note" of Mr. Collins, at the end of Shakspeare's *Troilus and Cressida*. Though tolerably common, they were in James the First's time considered as a great delicacy, and are noticed among various other articles to be provided for the Queen's household. The quantity of them was at this time, however, extremely small, and the price what would now be thought excessive, viz., 2s. per pound.

The above is an extract from an old book, published in 1828, entitled Pulleyn's Etymological Compendium.

JAMES BIBBY.

Crumston.

QUERIES.

[662.] "WHEELER'S CHRONICLE."—Is there in existence a complete set of *Wheeler's Chronicle*, from its beginning in 1781, and where can it be seen?  
J. E.

[663.] BARBERS' POLES; PAWNBROKERS' THREE BALLS.—Will any reader explain how and when the above were first introduced into this country?  
N. D. H.

[664.] THE GIBBET.—I shall be glad to learn where men have been gibbeted in Lancashire and Cheshire, and notes as to the crimes for which they suffered.  
WILLIAM ANDREWS.

[665.] THE GOTHA ALMANACK.—Can any of your readers say where I shall meet with copies of the Almanach de Gotha (or the German edition, the "Hofkalender") for 1800 and earlier years? The King-street Library has none earlier than 1848; the Chet-ham Library none earlier than 1855.  
J. A. G.

[666.] "MR. SECRETARY."—Can anyone tell me when the title "Mr. Secretary," frequent enough in Swift's days, before the name of a "commoner" cabinet minister, fell out of use; and why or by whom it was revived when the present Government came into power?  
HITITE.

Hulme, October 1, 1878.

[667.] PHENOMENON IN THE RIBBLE.—The following paragraph is taken from the *London Magazine* for January, 1775:—"A letter received from Preston in Lancashire says: On the 31st ult., at about five miles distant from this place, the river Ribble stood still; and for the length of three miles there was no water except in deep places. People crossed the river dry-shod where just before neither man nor horse could pass without a boat. In about five hours it came down in a strong current, and continues to run as usual. It seems the like phenomenon happened in the year 1715. The people here are extremely alarmed at the event." Has a similar occurrence been observed since 1775? And is any cause assignable to it?  
OCKBROOK.

[668.] PORTRAIT OF CHATTERTON AT PEEL PARK. Can anyone say what is known of the portrait in the permanent gallery, Peel Park, on the frame of which is the following lettering:—"T. Chatterton, 1752.—1770. W. Hogarth"? The face is pleasing and intelligent, and may very well have been a portrait of the "boy poet" when he was sixteen or seventeen at most; but if so, was assuredly not by W. Hogarth, as the great painter died in 1764, when Chatterton was not quite twelve years old. It would be very interesting to have this portrait traced back to its origin. Meantime the present inscription on the frame is an anachronism which should not be permitted in a public gallery.  
ROBERT LANGTON.

Saturday, November 16, 1878.

NOTE.

THE FIRST "CYPRIANITES" AND GRAMMAR SCHOOL DINNERS.

[669.] It may be as well to note that the first annual dinner of the Manchester Grammar School took place at the Bull's Head Inn, Market Place, on Monday, the 24th September, 1781, Sir Thomas Egerton, Bart., in the chair. An account of these celebrations, with their chairmen, stewards, and some of the celebrities who "assisted" at the proceedings, would form an interesting chapter in our local history, as we only get occasional glimpses of them in the admirable Grammar School Registers issued by the Chetham Society. A somewhat older school festival was that held by the scholars of the Rev. John Clayton, M.A., sometime chaplain and fellow of our then Collegiate Church, whose virtues are recorded in the following inscription on the monument erected to his memory at the entrance of the Derby Chapel:—

Sacred to the Memory of the Rev. John Clayton, M.A.,  
 Successively Chaplain and Fellow of this Church;  
 Who died September 25, 1773, aged 64 years:  
 This Monument is erected by his scholars,  
 A grateful token of their affectionate Esteem.  
 He had endeared himself to them  
 By his manly Cheerfulness, strict Integrity,  
 Diffusive Charity, heroic Forgiveness;  
 And serenity of Temper under Disappointments;  
 His judicious Fidelity to guard against  
 The Dangers of Vice and Follies of Ignorance,  
 By forming the Man, the Scholar, the Christian,  
 In every Mind submitted to his Cultivation;  
 His ardent zeal for true religion,  
 Warm attachment to the Church of England,  
 And unwearied discharge of all the labours  
 Of a conscientious Parish Priest;  
 By the uncommon Lustre of his declining Years,  
 Wherein he bore the sharpest Agonies  
 Of a painful and humilating Disease,  
 With the Fortitude of Faith, the Resignation of Hope,  
 And the strong Consolations of a well-spent Life!

This monument was erected in January, 1776. By a deed dated 17th June, 1772, Mr. Clayton "gave £30, to be lent in sums of £10 or £15 for the space of seven years, interest free, to poor, honest tradesmen, members of the Established Church."

Harrop's *Mercury* of August 29, 1775, contains the following announcement:—"Manchester, August 29, 1775. To be held at the House of John Raffald, known by the sign of the King's Head, in Salford, on Tuesday, the 26th September next—the Anniversary MEETING of the CYPRIANITES, being the SCHOLARS

who were educated at the Rev. Mr. Clayton's School in Salford, at which time and place all the Scholars are desired particularly to attend on especial business. Dinner on the table at Two o'clock.

Mr. EDWARD HALL,  
 Mr. BENJAMIN BOWER, } Stewards."

It will be seen this anniversary was held in the house kept by the husband (or rather by the decidedly better half) of Mrs. Raffald, the well-known authoress of the *Experienced English Housekeeper*, and compiler of three Manchester Directories for 1772-3-81. Raffald afterwards appeared as proprietor of the Exchange Coffee House, Market Place, in which, however, after squandering a moderate fortune, he came to grief in less than a month after his wife's death in April, 1781. The Cyprianites continued their anniversary for many years. In 1779 Mr. James Tomkinson was steward. In 1780 Mr. Edward Tomkinson. In 1782 the Rev. John Clowes and Mr. Richard Hall. In 1783 Sir Ashton Lever and Mr. Joseph Tipping. In 1784 Mr. Thomas Livesey and Mr. E. E. Deacon. In fact, very many of the leading men of the time seem to have been educated by the "Jacobite Churchman," as the Rev. Luke Tyerman calls him in his *Oxford Methodists*. Both John Clowes (of St. John's, Deansgate) and his elder brother Richard (who was a fellow of the Collegiate Church for only a few weeks, having been cut off by a malignant fever in June, 1765, an the early age of twenty-nine) were his scholars, and as a sort of continuity of the Byrom-Clayton-and-Clowes connection, Mr. Clayton preached the sermon at the consecration of St. John's by Bishop Keene on the 7th July, 1769.

In Raffald's Directory for 1772 we find, "Rev. John Clayton, Fellow of Christ Church, Back Salford." If some of Clayton's scholars were no ordinary men they certainly had no ordinary master. Born in 1709, the son of a bookseller, in Manchester, he was educated at our Grammar School. James Everett says, in his *Methodism in Manchester* (1827):—"But long anterior to Methodism acquiring any fixity of character, and even prior to Mr. Wesley's appearing in Manchester, it had quietly been introduced into the town under the unsuspected garb of a regular clergyman; and its calm introduction was the more singular because it was the garb in which it made its appearance in Oxford, and because of the prominency it assumed by means of the very gentleman by whom it was imported. The first person upon whom the

name can be legitimately fastened is the Rev. John Clayton, of Brazen-nose College, afterwards successively Chaplain and Fellow of the Old Church in Manchester. . . . He became acquainted with Mr. Wesley in 1732. . . . No sooner had Mr. Clayton united himself to the infant society in Oxford than it felt the benefit of his influence, for 'two or three of his pupils' (Wesley's works) followed his example, which is highly complimentary of the devotional spirit with which he endeavoured to imbue their minds; and his counsel seems to have been as much respected as his conduct had been influential. . . . The society, at the time Mr. Clayton joined it, was composed of only thirteen or fourteen members, and had carried about with it for the space of four years the collegian's imaginary brand of religious infancy. How long he continued a member is not certain, but probably not much more than twelve or fourteen months, as we find him removed to Manchester in 1733. . . . Mr. Clayton had not been long in his new situation before Mr. Wesley tendered his personal respects to him. For in May (1783) he set out for Epworth, and took Manchester in his way, to see him. From thence he proceeded to Epworth, and returned to Manchester on Saturday the 2nd of June. The next day he preached three times, once at the Old Church, again in Salford, and at St. Anne's." (*Wesley's Works*, vol. i. page 130.) Everett gives an affecting account of Charles Wesley's interview with his old college friend Clayton.

Clayton's Jacobinism is proverbial. Everett tells us (page 121): "When Prince Charles was at the Palace Inn, he (Clayton) paid his personal respects to him, and in the view of the Whigs was characterized as his domestic chaplain." In fact he seems to have infused this spirit into the "Cyprianitee," for in a letter addressed to Mr. Whitworth, of the *Manchester Magazine*, dated November 20, 1746, the writer says: "But that the sober as well as the drunken have been guilty of this practice, we had a most indecent instance, among many others, in one of Mr. C——'s senior students, who about two Sundays ago affronted a lady at the close of the service of the church, with a 'Down with the Rump,' more than once; but this is very pardonable in a scholar, since that was the health at the master's table."

JOHN EVANS.

COMMENTS AND ANSWERS.

MARRIAGE WITH A DECEASED WIFE'S SISTER.

(Nos. 648 and 656.)

[670.] There seems to be no good reason why a man should not marry his wife's sister after the death of the former. The hardship of the present state of the law, which dates only from 1835, is often very great. Up to August, 1835, the marriage was voidable during the lifetime of both parents if an action was raised in the Ecclesiastical Court. But in that year Lord Lyndhurst, anxious to legalise the marriage of Lord George Hill, brother of the Marquis of Downshire, brought in a bill to declare all such marriages valid up to that date, but invalidating all marriages contracted after 1835. Lord George Hill had married a Miss Knight, sister of his late wife, and it was felt impossible, only three years after the 1832 Reform Bill, to pass a single Act legalising this aristocratic marriage by itself. The Marriage Law of England had remained untouched from the time of Henry the Eighth, who abolished the papal power of dispensation in the case of such marriages in this realm, till this change in 1835. The law presses hardly on the poor man, who frequently can get no one to care for his motherless children but the sister of his late wife. The consequence is alliance, not marriage. There were estimated to be, when the last Royal Commission sat on this subject and took evidence, not less than 500 of these and other irregular marriages annually. In the colonies of Australia these marriages are now legalized, so that you may be legally married in Australia, and your property there inherited by your children, whilst the same children may be unable to claim their parents' property in England and be illegitimate in the eye of the English law. The House of Lords decided in the celebrated cause of "Brook v. Brook," where the parties went to Altona, in Denmark, to be married, that the children could not inherit their parents' property in England. G. PEARSON.

THE GOTHA ALMANACK.

(Query No. 665, November 9.)

[671.] I have a copy of the Almanack de Gotha for 1793, which your correspondent J. A. G. may see if he will call here. W. HENRY PALIN.  
Town Hall, Manchester.

## "MR. SECRETARY."

(Query No. 665, November 9.)

[672.] I think the title of "Mr. Secretary" has never fallen out of use. It was certainly customary to use it in Lord Palmerston's last Administration, which terminated in 1865, and in votes and other papers of the House of Commons is always used for anything I have observed to the contrary.

G. PEARSON.

## THROWING THE SLIPPER AT WEDDINGS.

(Query No. 605, October 19.)

[673.] The custom of throwing the slipper after a bride and bridegroom is of Eastern origin. At Jewish marriages it is still sometimes observed, but after a different manner and with a different object to that adopted here. On the entry of the bride the future husband takes a shoe and gently strikes her with it on the back of her neck, as a sign of his supremacy. The throwing of the slipper in this country is for "good luck."

JAMES BURY.

## HEIGHT OF THE CAT AND FIDDLE.

(Query No. 607, October 19.)

[674.] Mr. S. LEES enquires whether the Cat and Fiddle on Axe Edge or the little inn on Kirkstone Pass in the Lake Country stands highest above the sea level. Murray's Handbook for Travellers in Westmoreland and Cumberland says the inn at the top of Kirkstone Pass is 1,468 feet above the level of the sea, and "is said to be the highest inhabited house in England." But the same publisher's Handbook for Shropshire and Cheshire gives the height of Axe Edge as 1,750 feet; and as the inn is, I believe, placed on the highest point, this will give it an advantage over the Westmoreland hostelry of nearly three hundred feet.

W. M.

## ORME THE ARTIST.

(Nos. 559 and 582.)

[675.] There were two artists of the name of Orme, one David and the other probably William. Their names appear in the Royal Academy Catalogue of 1797, D. Orme, then living in Holles-street, Cavendish Square, London, and W. Orme, in Great Maddox-street, Hanover Square. The latter's name appears as an exhibitor at the Academy as late as 1819, and among his contributions in the interval were a View near Ashton, Lancashire, and a View in Cheshire in 1798; a View at Collyhurst, near Manchester, in 1800, and

Hawes Water, Westmorland, in 1819. This W. Orme will be the artist who supplied the sketch of Chetham College and Hunt's Bank, from which the much more famous painter Thomas Girtin made his drawing. It may be interesting to your readers to know that Mr. J. L. Bond, Charlotte-street, Rathbone Place, London, had two pictures—A View of the Collegiate Church at Manchester, and a View of the College at Manchester—in the Royal Academy exhibition of 1799.

FREDERICK LAWRENCE TAVARE.

153, Rydal Mount, Hightown.

## THE GIBBET IN LANCASHIRE.

(Query No. 664, November 9.)

[676.] In 1758, Grindrod, a wool-comber of Salford, poisoned his wife and two children, for which he was executed at Lancaster in the following year. His body was afterwards hung in chains on a gibbet at the end of Cross Lane, near Windsor Bridge. Mr. W. Harrison Ainsworth wrote a ballad on this subject, the particulars of which were supplied him by Mr. Gilbert Winter, of Stocks, Cheetham, the Cuthbert Spring of *Mervyn Clitheroe*.

In September, 1790, James Macnamara was hanged on Kersal Moor for a burglary committed in the house of a Mr. Cheetham, Stretford Road. The gibbet was erected on the large hill near the Grand Stand. Baines says: "Having been conveyed from Lancaster Castle to the New Bailey Prison he was taken from thence on Saturday, the 11th of September, attended by the chaplain and a large posse of peace officers, to Kersal Moor, where a gallows had been erected upon one of the eminences."

In 1798, a man named George Russell was executed on Newton Heath for robbing the bleaching croft of a Mr. Shorrocks, near Scotland Bridge.

In 1817, four men were executed at Lancaster for the murder and robbery committed at Mr. Littlewood's, at Pendleton. All died declaring their innocence. The story is told in Mr. Proctor's *Manchester Streets*.

Five rebels are mentioned by Baines as having been executed in Manchester in 1716. Where did the execution take place?

R. E. B.

The following is taken from a small pocket diary late in my possession:—"When Grindret was gibbeted at the end of Cross Lane in 1752, I was in company with a few men, at a public-house kept by L—, near the end of Cross Lane. In the early part of the

night a wager was made by one of them that H—, one of the party, durst not climb the gibbet pole and ask old Grindret how he did. The wager, which was for a few pots of ale, was accepted by H—, who shortly after went to the spot and climbed the pole, and said, 'Grindret, how do yer do?' The man who made the wager, having got there as soon as H—, cried out in the dark, in a gruff voice, 'Weary, weak, cold, and hungry; how are you?' H— dropt down as dead, and many days passed before his senses were restored."

Grindret was a wool-comber, residing in Salford. He administered arsenic mixed in brimstone and treacle to his wife and two children with such fatal success as to cause the death of all of them. For this offence he was tried at Lancaster, found guilty, and executed, after which his body was brought to Manchester and hung in chains on a gibbet at the end of Cross Lane.

M. BRADSHAW.

Cross Lane, Salford.

#### STOCKS, CHEETHAM.

(Nos. 562, 570, 631, and 640.)

[677.] A very common superstition exists in Cheetham that the Stocks House is haunted by a lady. Doubtless the embalmed body is the origin of the belief, though I never heard the story until reading Mr. S. HEWITT's account in the *City News* of Ancoats Hall. It is said a Lady Lovat or Lovell was for many years buried on the roof. An old servant of either the Pollards or the Murrays stated she had often seen the place where the body had been—somewhere on the leads. Is there any really authentic foundation for this story; and also for another one respecting Cheetham Hall? It is said that a body was kept there unburied, and that the Derby family granted to Captain White and his two maiden sisters a lease of the estate for their lives on condition that the body was given up for proper interment. Captain White died, and, as the old woman who told me expressed herself, was not cold, when Lord Derby's agent came and took possession of the property. The passion for keeping the bodies of deceased relatives above ground seems to have been very strong in Manchester. May not some of these tales, or all of them, have their foundation in the story of Miss Beswick, whom I have often seen at the Museum in Peter-street?

J. B. L.

The closed room with blocked-up windows did exist at "Stocks" (it was not called "Stocks House") in

my young days. Many legends were current respecting it. One, that a murder had been committed therein, and that the dead body had been walled up. The will is, I believe, the truer solution. There used to be a similar closed room at Ancoats Hall, with a like story attached. There was a third case of the kind in the town, and this it is:—

The eccentric Dr. White—whose fine house, pulled down to make way for the Town Hall, King-street, was a marvel of mystery and surprises in the way of skeletons, which darted unaware upon intruders not in the secret of traps and springs—held a considerable property during the lifetime of the donor, an aunt. She being desirous to live as long as medical skill could keep her alive, made the property over to him by a deed of gift, to be held by him so long as she "remained above-ground." As not even Dr. White could keep the old lady alive for ever, and he was a shrewd old gentleman, he embalmed her body when she died, swathed it closely in linen bed-ticking, and then, to ensure its being kept above-ground, consigned it to the Natural History Society. The mahogany coffin or case containing this English mummy had a pane of glass inserted in the upper portion of the lid; and when I saw it last it stood in the room to the right of the entrance of the society's museum in Peter-street, with a huge palmetto leaf covering the wall beside it.

Of course I never saw any confirmatory legal document. I but repeat what I have heard from those who did know Dr. White. If anyone with more accurate information comes forward to disprove any portion of anything I state, I can only say, in the interest of truth, thanks.

ISABELLA BANKS.

#### DEPUTY-CONSTABLE NADIN.

(Nos. 634, 639, and 658.)

[678.] I can but think your correspondent, Mr. HEWITT, is wrong in saying that Nadin was deputy to Lavender. I believe Lavender's introduction to the Manchester police as deputy-constable took place on the retirement of Nadin, who had been deputy for some twenty-five years, and who was most unpopular from his having had the carrying out of the political persecutions of those times. Nadin retired about 1823 to Orrish Mere, near Cheadle, and died there about 1836. Lavender had been one of the celebrated Bow-street runners, and I have understood was active in the detection of the Cato-street conspiracy, and to this owed his appointment in Manchester. He died about 1832.

J. L.

Mr. JAMES BURY tells us that Joe Nadin, a fustian cutter, joined the Manchester police force early in the present century, and that this force was then superintended by Stephen Lavender, whose deputy Nadin eventually became. That Nadin joined the police force early in the present century is a fact, but the statement that Mr. Lavender then superintended that force is an error. In 1812, when a number of Radicals, who had assembled at the sign of the Elephant in Tib-street, were apprehended, no mention was made of the name of Lavender in the account given of the proceedings. Nadin was the chief actor in the affair. Referring to Pigot's Directory for the year 1813, I find it recorded that the boroughreeve was Mr. Jeremiah Fielding; the constables, Mr. William Johnson Edensor and Mr. Gilbert Winter; deputy-constable, Mr. Joseph Nadin. A list also is given of the constables for the various divisions of Manchester, but the name of Lavender is not in the list. The particular year in which Lavender superseded Nadin I do not remember; but of this I am certain, that it was some time after the memorable 16th of August, 1819.

Mrs. BANKS says the constables used to be called "Lavender's men." Yes, after that gentleman's accession to office; but previously they went by the name of "Nadin's men" and "Nadin's runners."

Like his great prototype, Jonathan Wild, Nadin had his decoys—scamps who first trained thieves and then aided him or his beables in their capture. I knew one of these decoys, who lived in Cropper-street (now Osborne-street), Oldham Road. His name was Jack Saul; and while Nadin continued in office he was in flourishing circumstances; but shortly after Lavender (who was of a totally different stamp from Nadin) became deputy-constable, Jack was arrested, tried, condemned, and compelled to "leave his country for his country's good."

I have been informed that Nadin, after his dismissal from office, went to live at Reddish, and that he there became connected with the Methodists; but whether as a member of the society or merely as a frequenter of their place of worship I cannot say. His death was caused by being thrown from his gig, in consequence, I believe, of his horse taking fright. Thus ended the career of this notorious character; and in the words of the old rhyme I may say:—

Such fellows as he and his men  
May England never see again.

SAMUEL HEWITT

Marsden-street, Chorlton-on-Medlock.

Previous to the adoption of the Municipal Corporations Act, the municipal government of Manchester was in the hands of the Lord of the Manor. Under his jurisdiction a court leet assembled at Easter and Michaelmas. At the latter the boroughreeve and two constables were annually appointed from the most respectable of the inhabitants. The peace of the town was superintended by the constables, who, for the purpose of carrying out the details, appointed a "deputy," who had under his command several beables, formerly, says Aston, emphatically called "bang-beggars." To this office of deputy Joseph Nadin was appointed about 1800.

Archibald Prentice, in his *Historical Sketches of Manchester*, 1851, page 34, speaking of the discontent that prevailed in Manchester in 1800, says:—"The management of town's affairs was allowed to remain in the hands of the self-styled 'friends of social order,' who swore by 'Church and King,' and thought that they better served God and their country by punishing the discontented than by endeavouring to remove the causes of discontent. These miserable rulers were in their turn ruled by one of their own servants, the noted Joseph Nadin, the deputy-constable, an official fixture, the master of successive annually-appointed boroughreeves and constables, whose occupation as a thief-taker had led him to believe that a poor man who asked what his superiors were not disposed to grant would take it if he had the power. To this man's rule, strengthened, it is said, by seasonable loans to some of the magistracy—for he had contrived to make his office one of great profit—may be attributed much of the jealousy and hatred with which the working classes in this town and neighbourhood regarded their employers, the local authorities, and the general government of the country. For more than ten years from the period of which we are writing, this coarse man was the real ruler of Manchester, under a succession of municipal officers and magistrates, who thought they exercised a wholesome authority when, at his suggestion, they sought to repress, by every means of coercion, the rising demand for political and social rights."

Bamford, in his *Life of a Radical* (1844), vol. i. page 82, thus describes Nadin in 1817:—

He was, I should suppose, about six feet one inch in height, with an uncommon breadth and solidity of frame. He was also, as well as he was strongly built,

upright in gait and active in motion. His head was full-sized, his complexion sallow, his hair dark and slightly grey; his features were broad and non-intellectual, his voice loud, his language coarse and illiterate, and his manner rude and overbearing to equals or inferiors.

Nadin had taken Bamford into custody on a charge of high treason, and was conveying him from Middleton to the New Bailey in a hackney coach guarded by dragoons. He then gives a specimen of his conversation on the way:—

Passing Street Bridge and Royley we entered the village of Royton, the streets of which were deserted and the doors shut. We soon returned to Royley, and the constables made a dash into a house in search of a man named Mellor, but he was not there. A crowd was collected near the carriage and as I was expecting to move on, the door was suddenly opened, and a long, thin, barrel of a human body was thrust into the coach head first, a couple of stilt-like legs being doubled up after it. "Lock 'em together," said Mr. Nadin, and it was no sooner said than done. This person had met some of the runners in a back court or alley, and threatened to beat in their brains with a walling hammer which he had in his hand. George Howorth, for that was the name of my new companion, was a decent, labouring married man of Royton, and was about six feet four inches in height. He said he thought it a very hard case—"he cudno' tell wot he'd done amiss." Mr. Nadin said he'd know "wot he'd done amiss" before he was much older. "Why bless your life, Mesthur Nadin," said George, "Yore a graidley felley for owt 'at I kno to th' contrary, an' I never sed nowt egen yo i' my lyve." "Aye, an I'll make thee into a graidley felley, too, afore I ha' dun wi' the. Theaw'rt a moderate length to begin wi', but theaw'll be lurger afore thaw comes back to Reighton; ween ha' thee hanged," said our keeper. "Nay, Mester Nadin," said George, "dunno' say so; they axt wot I had i' mi hont an' I shode 'em, it wur nobbut a bit ov a walling hommer 'at I'd bin a borroin." "Aye," said Mr. Nadin, "an' theaw sed theaw'd knock their brains eawt wi' it. But ween larn thee, an' o' yo' Jacobins, heaw yo' threaten to kill th' king's officers. Theaw'll be hang'd as sure as theaw sits theer." George seemed thoughtful upon this. He looked at the shackles and at me, and soon after we drew up at the Spread Eagle public-house in Manchester-street, Oldham.

Nadin resigned in 1821, and was succeeded by Mr. Stephen Lavender, of London. Aston, in his *Metrical*

*Records of Manchester* (1822), page 89, writing of the year 1821, says:—

In April this year, his health rather fading,  
The town was deprived of the service of Nadin,  
Who'd twenty years deputy-constable been;  
Much longer than any before him, I ween.

Lavender had been a Bow-street officer, and in 1820 assisted in the arrest of Thistlewood and his gang, the Cato-street conspirators. Mr. BURY is mistaken in saying that "Nadin eventually became deputy to Lavender." And I also beg to differ from Mrs. BANKS in her opinion that Mr. Lavender's death was "accelerated by the neglect of his claims as an old public servant when he was superseded by the new order of things." Mr. Lavender died, I believe, in June, 1833, and the new order of things (if by this term Mrs. Banks means the introduction of the "new police" as they were called) did not begin until 1839

G. H. S.

Heaton Moor.

I remember seeing Nadin in my young days. He then resided, and I believe died, at Cheadle Hulme. He was one of the last holders of what was called a "Tyburn Ticket." This was a privilege or kind of indulgence granted to anyone who by his energy or evidence was the means of bringing to justice, or rather to trial, a person charged with political offences. This custom obtained in the palmy days of the Regency and under the rule at the Home Office of Addington, Lord Sidmouth, and when Eldon held the Great Seal. It has of course disappeared in the advance of constitutional government and consequent cessation of political offences in England. The holder of the "Tyburn Ticket" was exempted from various services, such as juries, and occasionally these privileges, it is said, were sold, just as papal indulgences in the sixteenth century or as church livings are in the nineteenth.

G. PEARSON.

#### JACKDAWS.

(Nos. 246, 396, and 440.)

[679.] The following cutting from the *Hessle and Cottingham Telegraph* of November 2, 1878, will prove an amusing addition to the notes previously given on jackdaws. We are told that "A jackdaw, belonging to a lady in Cottingham [near Hull] has attracted the attention of the inhabitants by its singular attachment to a little boy residing near to its owner. It daily accompanies the boy in all his rambles, flying a short distance in advance, and perpetually calling out in unmistakeable language 'come on,' and if ap-

proached by others displays considerable irritation. Jack, as usual, on Sunday morning perched on the roof of an adjacent building, watching the advent of his companion. He espied him wending his way to church. He followed and entered the sacred edifice simultaneously with the boy, who took his usual seat, but Jack, more ambitious, perched on the pulpit, fortunately having the good manners not to invite his friend to join him by his usual 'come on.' The officials vainly endeavoured to expel the intruder. At length the little boy left his seat and walked deliberately out of church, Jack following him into a house in the churchyard. Here the bird was with difficulty retained until his companion returned to church."

WILLIAM ANDREWS.

Colonial-street, Hull.

#### THE LAST SEDAN CHAIRS.

(Nos. 590, 645, and 660.)

[680.] As the sedan to which I alluded was used by Miss Atherton within a few years of her death, at all events quite as late as 1865, I cannot very well see how that "kept in the Infirmary," instanced by Mrs. Banks, in 1828-9, can be "the last sedan chair used in Manchester." I may add that the sedan of Miss Atherton was not only carried by the two old men (who were each paid a shilling for the job) but attended by a somewhat magnificent footman, carrying an equally magnificent family prayer-book.

J. E.

Last summer I saw in Beaumaris a sedan chair in general use, and was told they were let out on hire. In the entrance to the old Court House a number of them are stored away, some seemingly very ancient, dating back, one would think, to even the earliest days of sedan chairs.

ARTHUR C. YATES.

Withington.

I remember going in a sedan chair one snowy night in the winter of 1846-7 to a ball given in Winckley Square, Preston. There used to be two sedan chairs in Preston, one Whig and the other Tory, and no Tory lady would have been seen in the Whig sedan for anything. One used to wait in an archway in Winckley Square, and the other was often standing by Huffman's, the clogger, in Fishergate, opposite the top of Cannon-street. In 1827-30 an aunt used to visit us in a sedan—Tory, you may be sure—coming from the present "Albion" in Church-street to Winckley-street.

E. S. N.

#### THE PRESUMED DOUBLE-HEADED ADDER.

(Nos. 297, 301, 318, 347, and 365.)

[681.] I find in the new edition of White's Natural History of Selborne, "edited with additions by Thomas Brown, F.L.S." (Chatto and Windus, 1875), at page 201 the following note by the editor: "An adder with two distinct heads, which lived three days, taken with five others from the body of an old one, found in a ditch at Drumlanrig, Dumfriesshire, is now in the museum of Mr. Thomas Grierson, Baifford, near Thornhill." We have occasionally seen or heard of such monstrosities as two-headed calves and sheep, to say nothing of the dual human songstress who lately astonished the musical patrons of this city, and why not an occasional two-headed viper?

C. H.

#### QUERIES.

[682.] THE LONDON LORD MAYOR'S SHOW.—What is the origin of the Lord Mayor's Show on the 9th November? ALPHA.

[683.] MARPLE HALL STABLES.—Can any of your readers give the precise date of the commencement of the above; also where I may obtain information respecting the hall and stables?

CLAUDE ALDRED.

Saturday, November 23, 1878.

#### EARLY LANCASHIRE AND CHESHIRE PRINTERS.

[684.] Mr. W. H. Allnutt, one of the assistant librarians of the Bodleian Library, has just printed for private circulation a paper which he read at the recent Oxford meeting of the Library Association, on Provincial Printers and Printing previous to 1800. He gives a list of the earliest printers in towns in England and Wales, and the following Lancashire and Cheshire names are included. Mr. Allnutt is, I believe, engaged on a history of provincial printing before the nineteenth century, and his list is issued with the hope of eliciting information concerning additional places or earlier names and dates. Some of your readers may be able to assist in this matter, and I am



induced to think that you may not be unwilling to find room for Mr. Allnut's list:—

Place.	Printer.	Date.
Blackburn .....	J. Waterworth .....	1792
Blackley .....	Harrison and Co. ....	1791
Bolton .....	?	1761 <sup>p</sup>
" .....	J. Drake .....	1785
Bury .....	R. Haworth .....	1793
Chester .....	?	1656 <sup>p</sup>
" .....	E. Ince .....	1711
Congleton .....	J. Dean and Son.....	1790
Haslingden .....	W. Clerk .....	1793
Kirkham .....	H. Moon .....	[1790]
Lancaster .....	H. Walmsley .....	1783
Liverpool .....	S. Terry .....	1710
Macclesfield .....	T. Bayley.....	1774
Manchester .....	?	1664 <sup>p</sup>
" .....	Roger Adams .....	1719
Nantwich .....	J. Bromley .....	1774
Preston .....	T. Eyres .....	1779
Preston .....	W. Smith.....	[1740]
Rochdale .....	T. Harley.....	1796
Stockport .....	J. Clarke .....	1778
Ulverston .....	?	1798
Warrington .....	J. Eyres .....	1731
Wigan .....	?	c 1760
" .....	R. Ferguson.....	1780

C. W. S.

INIGO JONES NOT A WELSHMAN.

[695.] Was Inigo Jones a Welshman or an Englishman? As regards this celebrity I have always been under the impression he was an Englishman, and wherever I have travelled in Wales I have stuck tenaciously to this belief. The Welsh will have it he was a Welshman, and born, too, on the mountain above Trefriw, in Carnarvonshire. In the *Carnarvon and Denbigh Herald* of Saturday, September 21st, 1878, I read the address of Mr. G. Osborne Morgan, Q.C.; M.P., given at the Royal National Eisteddfod at Birkenhead, on Tuesday the 17th September. Mr. Osborne Morgan, in the first part of his address, said: "The *Times*, which, I am sorry to say, is always rather ready to have a fling at our nationality, had a leading article upon the subject, in which they said: 'Here is a country which has not produced a single great man in the arts, sciences, literature, or any other walk in life.'" Further on he said: "But no sooner had I read the article than I sat down, and in five minutes I counted on my fingers one Welshman at least who had been highly distinguished, who had achieved the very highest position, in everyone of the three great branches—I mean architecture, painting, and sculpture. There was Inigo Jones in the seventeenth century, who was the

greatest architect of his time. There was Herbert Wilson, a native of Mold, a charming landscape painter, whose works we appreciated so thoroughly in the Wrexham Exhibition last year. There was Gibson, a native of Conway—my own town—certainly one of the first sculptors of the time. All these were thorough Welshmen."

Only a few days ago I had occasion to be on the mountain tops during the wildest November weather I or the oldest inhabitant ever remembers, and was pursued by blinding storms of hail and rain, closely followed by vivid flashes of lightning and heavy rolling peals of thunder. The grand old mountains seemed to move with an inward trembling as the thunder travelled in the misty distance. Again, in breadth and grandeur, a rolling sea of vapour swept over the distant mountains, and flash after flash, thunder peal after thunder peal swept through the troubled heavens, accompanied by blinding hail falling in mighty, long curved shafts, and beating one's face and hands as it were with a strap of needles. Again and again the lightning flashed, and again the thunder crashed, and down again the hail dashed after each volley of thunder, as the roaring of the storm tore on ripping up trees and hurling them down to the earth as one would rotten sticks. The effect of the whole was one masterly, superb picture, utterly unpaintable, and never to be forgotten. During this mighty raging of the hurricane I sought shelter beneath an old outbuilding connected with a farmstead named Ribo, at Ardda, on the mountain between Trefriw and Dolgarrog. Safe from the violent tempest, and whilst smoking a pipe of the fragrant weed, I sank into a contemplative mood about a very interesting chat I had a few weeks previous with the farmer and wife when I turned into the little mountain cabin for refreshment and shelter. The conversation was especially about the old house they occupied, its age and dilapidation, and—Inigo Jones. They assured me this very home of theirs had been a druidical temple, and had been in their family at least one hundred and forty years; that Inigo Jones was born close to, in fact at the next farmstead, about three furlongs distant, called Pen'rallt Inco, or Inigo, the very farm where on the 12th of April, 1877, a dreadful murder is supposed to have been perpetrated. I listened attentively to Mrs. and Mr. Owen, but could not agree with them on the point that Inigo Jones was a Welshman. I said

he was an Englishman, and was born in London; and with this information both seemed somewhat staggered. I said it was quite possible that, during the building of Llanrwst bridge, dated 1636, Inigo Jones being the architect might have located himself for a time at this quiet mountain farmstead, known as Pen'rallt Inco, or Inigo, and doubtless, he being a man of extraordinary artistic genius, would fix on this glorious and picturesque spot, not more than five miles from his labour of love. From this Pen'rallt Inco the view is most charming. Immediately the eye rests upon this scene of loveliness; then it quietly follows the silvery serpentine blade of the Conway to Caer-hun, Tal-y-Cafn, Llansantfraid, Conway, Great and Little Orme's Heads; and further on, to the unfathomable deep, where ships from all and to all climes can be seen ploughing the billows.

After arriving home on the evening of this terrific day I took a quiet wade into the Imperial Dictionary of Universal Biography, published some dozen or more years ago by William Mackenzie, Glasgow. There I found that "Inigo Jones, one of the most famous of English architects, was the son of a cloth-worker in the neighbourhood of St. Paul's, London, where he was born in 1572. His father, a Roman Catholic, is believed to have given the child the Spanish form of his own name (Ignatius) out of respect to some connection in Spain." How lamentable! "He died, worn out with grief and disappointment, June, 1653." With regard to Richard Wilson (not "Herbert Wilson") and John Gibson, R.A., the former was "the son of a Welsh clergyman, born at Pinegas" (not Mold), "in Montgomeryshire, in 1713; and the latter was the son of a landscape gardener at Conway, North Wales, where he was born in 1791."

ARLUNYDD GLAN CONWAY.

Plas-coch, Trefriw, North Wales.

#### COMMENTS AND ANSWERS.

"IN MY MIND'S EYE."

(Nos. 632 and 643.)

[686.] In the *Gentleman's Magazine* for 1765 I find reference made to the will of one Thomas Windsor dated in the year 1479, in which mention is made of a service performed for the dead and which was called a "mind." "Item. I will that after my monethes mind done the said four tapers be delivered to the churchwardens. And that there be 100

children within the age of sixteen years to be at my monethes minde to say for my soul. That against my monethes minde the candles bren before the rude in the parish church. Also that at my monethes minde my executors provide twenty priests to sing *placebo dirige*."

There were also "week's minds" and "year's minds," which were services performed for the dead at the end of a week or a year. The word "mind," says the contributor, signifies remembrance, so the year's mind would be a year's remembrance, a week's mind a week's remembrance, and so on. The phrase would of course survive the custom of which it was the name, and the words being still remembered as coupled when their original meaning was almost forgotten, it is easy to conceive that a person who had a strong desire to a thing might say "I have a month's mind to." It is only with the desire to throw some light upon the question as to how the word "mind" has crept in in such phrases as "In my mind's eye," "I mind it well," "I've a good mind," and "Mind your P's and Q's," that I have trespassed on your valuable space, and when we remember the everyday occurrence of the latter phrases, it may not be uninteresting to your readers to have the probable origin.

YOUNKER.

#### THE MOON.

(Nos. 264 and 279.)

[687.] Of Burns's "new moon with the old moon in her arms," Shelley, in his *Triumph of Life*, sings in this strain:—

Like the young moon—

When on the sunlit limits of the night  
Her white shell trembles amid crimson air  
And whilst the sleeping tempest gathers might—

Does, as the herald of its coming, bear  
The ghost of its dead mother, whose dim form  
Bends in dark ether from her infant's chair;

So came a chariot on the silent storm  
Of its own rushing splendour, and a Shape  
So sate within.

A. S.

#### THE GIBBET IN CHESHIRE.

(Query 664, November 9.)

[688.] About the year 1790 or 1791, a jenny-spinner named John Dean lived at the junction of Hope's Carr with Cheapside, Middle Hillgate, Stockport. He was a drunkard, gambler, and cockfighter; and one night, in a fit of drunken madness, beat his wife to death with the handbrush. He was tried and

executed at Chester, and his body was brought to Stockport and gibbeted on Stockport Great Moor, nearly opposite to the Crown Inn. It must have hung there several years, as my father, who was born in 1793, remembered his mother taking him to look at it. In my youth I often heard an old neighbour (Sarah Daniels) tell of seeing the body of John Dean as it was being conveyed up the Hillgate towards the moor. It was encased in a framework of iron hooping and suspended in an upright position from a "three-legs" erected in the cart. J. K.  
Stockport.

THE LORD MAYOR'S SHOW.

(Query No. 622, November 16.)

[689.] I believe the first Lord Mayor's Show was held in the reign of Henry the Sixth in 1453. In 1214 Lord Mayor's Day was first made annual, and until the last-named period the chief magistrate was appointed for life. We are told by Hone, in his book on *Ancient Mysteries*, that "it is the only State exhibition in the metropolis that remains as a memorial of the great doings in the time of the pageants." I believe there is in the above work a description of the show as it occurred in the year 1575. When Sir Wolstan Dixie was appointed to the mayoralty in 1585 there were certain personifications by children representing the city, science, magnanimity, the river Thames, and so on, and who helped to form the procession. They also represented soldiers, sailors, and nymphs, with appropriate speeches. On Sir Thomas Middleton's mayoralty in 1613 the solemnity is described as unparalleled for the cost, art, and magnificence of the shows, pageants, and chariots. In 1665 the city pageants, after a discontinuance of about fifteen years, were revived. Edmund Gayton, in his description of that year, says; "Our metropolis for these planetary pageants was as famous and renowned in foreign nations as for their faith, wealth, and valour." In 1687 the pageants of Sir John Shorter, Knight, as Lord Mayor, were very splendid. He was of the Company of Goldsmiths, and out of compliment to their patron saint, Dunstan, who was himself a goldsmith, they had a pageant representing the miracle of Dunstan and the Devil:—

St. Dunstan, as the story goes,  
Once pulled the Devil by the nose  
With red-hot tongs, which made him roar,  
That he was heard three miles or more.

J. BIBBY.

Urmston.

BULLOCK SMITHY.

(Nos. 629 and 657.)

[690.] The Daniels of Bullock Smithy were, there is no doubt, homely members, reduced descendants, of the knightly Cheshire family of "Daniel," or more properly, as anciently, "D'Anyer," who were of Norman descent and holders of goodly landed estates in the county of Chester—at one time of Bradley, Tabley, and Daresbury, this latter branch being recorded as a county family as recently as 1826. Of this group was Sir Thomas Danyer, who in our historical records of the battle of Cressy stands prominent for valour and prowess. "He relieved the Earl's standard (Talbot of Shrewsbury) and took the Chamberlain of France prisoner." In 1685 Sir Samuel Daniel of Tabley quarrelled in the hunting field with, and killed in a duel on Bowdon Downs, Robert Radcliffe, son of Sir Alexander Radcliffe of Ordsall. The place of the encounter was, even a quarter of a century ago, called "Radcliffe's Croft," and by some the "Bloody Field." The Tabley family and estates merged into those of Dukenfield, whose red-brick mansion, Dukenfield Hall, now a farm-house, stands near to Knutsford, adjacent to the road thence to Moberley. The highly-prized book, *Divine Music for Devotion*, in Chetham Library, is the work, entirely of penmanship of surpassing beauty, of Lady Daniel Dukenfield, and evidences her persevering industry, taste, talent, and piety.

Apropos of the blacksmith (Bullock), one of that name, who until six months ago kept a beerhouse in Chorlton-on-Medlock, claims descent from the ancestor of the Stanleys—namely, Lord Audley of Audlem and Stoneleigh, county Stafford; Stoneleigh of Stoneleigh, then Stanley of Latham, after Earls of Derby, Knowsley. How unwittingly we may in the streets pass a suit of fustian or corduroy which covers aristocratic blue blood, of which the manners, gait, and looks of a working man afford no indication.

JAMES BURY.

THE FIRST SUNDAY SCHOOLS IN MANCHESTER.

(Nos. 496, 553, 569, 585, and 641.)

[691.] It may be noted that a sermon on behalf of Sunday-schools was preached in the immediate neighbourhood of Manchester fully twelve months before either Mr. Bennett preached his at St. Mary's, or Mr. Clowes at St. John's, both of which were delivered early in October, 1786. Harrop's *Mercury* of October 5th,

1784, contains the following:—"On Sunday afternoon (3rd inst.) a sermon was preached in his Grace the Duke of Bridgewater's domestic chapel at Ellenbrook, by the Rev. Mr. Guest, for the encouragement of a Sunday school now established in that neighbourhood, stating the necessity, the utility, and the propriety of the same; which had a happy influence over the minds of the congregation, and induced them to contribute a handsome sum for the support of a charity so useful and beneficial in itself, and so highly adapted to the reformation of manners, and establishing Christian piety and virtue."

Following this is an announcement in the *Mercury* of September 6, 1785:—"We hear that on Sunday next (11th inst.), being the anniversary of the institution of a Sunday school at Hollinwood, a sermon suitable to the occasion will be preached at the chapel, in the afternoon, by the Rev. Mr. Bennett, and a collection made for the purpose of carrying it on in a more extensive manner. Some of the best performers from the neighbouring choirs have engaged to sing the same anthems and select portions of the Psalms which were appointed to be sung at St. Paul's, London, at the anniversary meeting of the charity children of the different schools of London and Westminster." Next in order a sermon was preached in the Collegiate Church on the 25th September, 1785, by the Rev. Mr. Assheton, "for that most useful and benevolent institution, the Sunday schools of this town," when was "sung an anthem, suitable to the occasion, set to music by Mr. Cheese." Next comes Mr. Bennett's sermon at St. Mary's, on the 2nd October, 1785, from the text "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these my brethren, ye have done it unto me" (Matt. xxv. 40). Following this is Mr. Clowes's sermon at St. John's, on the 9th October, 1785, of which the *Mercury* says; "The arguments throughout the discourse (to say the least) were extremely pertinent, and suitable to the occasion; and the good effects thereof were evinced by a most liberal contribution." The following Sunday (16th October) a sermon was delivered in St. Ann's by the Rev. Mr. Hall. The next Sunday (23rd October) a sermon was "preached at St. Paul's Chapel for the benefit of the children belonging to the Sunday schools, by the Rev. Mr. Assheton." These were followed by sermons on the 6th November following, by Dr. Cornelius Bayley in St. Peter's Chapel, Oldham, and Dr. Baines in "the Dissenting Chapel of this

town." In the same month similar discourses were delivered in "the Protestant Dissenting Chapel in Cannon-street," and "at the Methodist Chapel in Oldham-street;" and in December, 1785, a sermon was preached in the Roman Catholic Chapel, Rook-street, by the Rev. Mr. Houghton.

I think this will be found a correct record of the earliest Sunday-school sermons preached in Manchester and its immediate neighbourhood. J. E.  
[The discussion on this subject must now close.—Ed.]

"MR. SECRETARY."

(Nos. 665 and 672.)

[692.] In reply to Mr. PEARSON I beg to say that I have always understood that in the published report of the meetings of the Cabinet Council the above title was for many years not used. When the present Government came into power I remember how oddly the list read when the old title was revived which is so familiar in Swift's *Journal to Stella*. I do not know whether "Mr. Secretary Cross" is so termed commonly or officially in the House of Commons. In any case it is, to me, a pedantic and fantastic title, whether it be rigorous royal etiquette or no. If every official is to have his title given him, we shall reach a worse than German or Scotch pomposity.

HITITE.

HEIGHT OF THE CAT AND FIDDLE.

(Nos. 607 and 674.)

[693.] The well-known inn, the Cat and Fiddle, so far from being on the top of Axe Edge, is a good two miles from the foot of the hill, and at a rough guess three hundred or four hundred feet lower than its summit. The two inns in question (the Cat and Fiddle and the one on Kirkstone Pass) are probably at about equal altitudes.

H. B. BIDEN.

Sale, Manchester.

The Cat and Fiddle Inn is not on Axe Edge at all, but is on a lower reach of the ridge, of which Axe Edge is the crowning point. The Cat and Fiddle is about two and a half miles from Axe Edge. As it will be from 150 to 200 feet lower than Axe Edge (whose height W. M. correctly gives as 1,750 feet) the inn will still be higher than the Westmoreland one.

R. H. POTTER.

Whalley Range.

There is nothing whatever on the summit of Axe Edge except the cairn erected in 1810 for Ordnance Survey purposes. The Cat and Fiddle Inn is on the Macclesfield road, two and a quarter miles in a direct

line, measured on the Ordnance map, from the summit of Axe Edge, and therefore cannot be anything near so high as 1,751 feet, which is the height of the summit.

W. H.

It is generally supposed that the highest inhabited house in England is a cottage some little distance above the inn on Kirkstone Pass, and not the inn itself, that is highest. I have no doubt but that the Cat and Fiddle Inn, near Buxton, is higher than the Kirkstone Inn.

W. S. A.

W. M. is possibly not correct in the height of the inn at Kirkstone. In Black's Guide to the Lakes, page 130, it says: "There is a public-house bearing the sign of the Travellers' Rest on the highest part of the pass, 1,200 feet high. It has been ascertained that this building stands 78 feet higher than any other habitation in England." So far as my memory serves me the height painted on the inn is 1,234 feet. The height of Axe Edge is 1,751 feet, and though the Cat and Fiddle is on the highest part of the road it is not quite so high as the highest point of the Edge, yet probably not fifty feet lower. There does not appear to be any height of the inn itself specified either in Ordnance maps or guide books of the districts. Referring to the heights of houses in the limestone district round Ingleborough in Yorkshire, the house called Newby Head Inn at the foot of Woe Fell, near the source of the Ribble, is 1,404 feet; Widdale Head Inn, a mile or two further on the same road towards Wenaleydale, is 1,379 feet; while the house called Middle House is 1,550 feet. Not only, therefore, does it appear that the Cat and Fiddle is higher than Kirkstone Inn, but that several houses in the North-West of Yorkshire are also higher—allowing the height of the Travellers' Rest in the more celebrated Kirkstone Pass to be 1,234 feet.

J. SPENCE HODGSON.

Bowdon.

THE PAWNBROKER'S SIGN AND BARBER'S POLE.  
(Query No. 863, November 9.)

[694.] It has been positively asserted that the origin of the three golden balls may be found in the trade-sign of the early Lombards; but the fact has always been overlooked that one of the greatest firms that traded in money was the celebrated house which afterwards became the princely family of the Medici of Florence. They bore on their shields three pills, gold, in allusion to the professional origin whence they derived the name of the Medici; and their

agents in England, the early Lombards, put their armorial bearing over their doors as their trade-sign. The reputation of the family induced others to purloin the same sign, although they were not connected with the house of the Medici. But in my note-book I find a curious legend, where the three golden balls of the pawnbrokers is traced to the emblem of St. Nicholas. It is asserted by some diligent investigator of our popular antiquities that the Lombards appropriated the symbol of the saint because he was their predecessor in their line of business—that is, lending money for the relief of persons in temporary distress. The following is the legend:—

In the city of Panthora there dwelt a certain nobleman who had three daughters, and from being a rich man he became very poor; so poor that there remained no means of obtaining food for his daughters but by sacrificing them to an infamous life. Oftentimes it came into his mind to tell them so, but shame and sorrow held him dumb. Meantime the maidens wept continually, not knowing what to do and not having any bread to eat; and their father became more and more desperate. When Nicholas heard of this he thought it a shame that such a thing should happen in a Christian land; therefore one night, when the maidens were asleep and their father alone, watching and weeping, he took a handful of gold, and tying it up in a handkerchief he repaired to the dwelling of the poor man. He considered how he might bestow it without making himself known, and while he stood irresolute the moon coming from behind a cloud showed him the open window; so he threw it in and it fell at the feet of the father, who, when he found it, returned thanks, and with it portioned his eldest daughter. A second time Nicholas provided a similar sum, and again he threw it in at the window at night, and with it the father married his second daughter. But he greatly desired to know who it was that came to his aid; therefore he determined to watch; and when the good saint came for the third time and prepared to throw in the third portion, he was discovered, for the father seized him by the skirt of his robe and flung himself at his feet, saying, "Oh, Nicholas! servant of God! why seek to hide thyself?" and he kissed his hands and his feet. But Nicholas made him promise that he would tell no man. And many other charitable works did Nicholas perform in his native city. The three purses of gold, or as they were customarily figured, three

golden balls, are the special emblems of the charity of St. Nicholas.

The origin of the barber's pole may be traced to the times when blood-letting was almost the sole remedy prescribed by our surgeons for almost every "ill that flesh is heir to." In those days the barbers were the surgeons and practised the art of medicine, and in order to show that they performed the office of leech, hung out at the end of a pole a brass plate similar to the one they used to catch the blood. In order that the blood should not flow too rapidly they were accustomed to bind the arm above the wound with long tapes, and these tapes were attached to the brass plate and for convenience twisted round the pole. In time this tape was represented by a line painted around the pole. When the law prohibited the practice of medicine by disqualified persons the plate was taken down, and there remained what we have now—the painted barber's pole.

FRED. M. HYMAN.

In Haydn's *Dictionary of Dates* it is stated that barbers lived in Greece in the fifth century, and at Rome in the third century B.C. In England formerly the business of a surgeon was united to the barber's, and he was denominated a barber-surgeon. A London Company was formed in 1308, and incorporated 1462. This union was partially dissolved in 1540, and wholly so in 1745. "No person using any shaving or barbery in London shall occupy any surgery, letting of blood or other matter, except drawing of teeth." (32 Henry VIII., 1540.) Only fancy the possibility

such combination in the present time, with a brass plate on the door of a London fashionable physician containing the following inscription:—  
'Sir William Gull, M.D., Hours of attendance, 10 to 4. Teeth carefully extracted. Bleeding with leeches. Easy shaving, 1d. Hair cutting, 2d.!' ALPHA.

"THROWING MONEY INTO HOTCH-POT."  
(Nos. 835 and 855.)

"Hoc est farrago libelli."

[695.] SUBSCRIBER has been happier in his explanation and illustrations of what this phrase legally means than in his derivation of the word "hotch-pot," while the origin of its legal use is still left in the dark. SUBSCRIBER must have very good authorities for his deduction of "hotch-pot" from *haché en poche* (mince in bag), or he would not state it so confidently. Might I ask him to favour me with them? I find in French the word *hoche-pot* with

the same meaning as *hotch-pot*, *hotch-poch*, or *hodge-podge* as it is variously called. "Hoche," "to shake," occurs in the Scotch phrase "he hotcht an' he laucht;" it has various teutonic collaterals, and perhaps also appears in *hocus-pocus*. Again, *hotch-pot* is not a pudding at all, but a quantity of various ingredients, vegetables largely predominating, boiled together in a pot and is not unlike Scotch broth very thick. I have often enjoyed it with a spoon.

That all slang is "low unmeaning language" I cannot away with. "Slang," "patter," and "flash," are apt to be confused, much to the disadvantage of the first. A slang word is a Bohemian among words, and has its use in concealing feeling or avoiding pedantic exactness in talk. Far from being unmeaning a slang word keeps its place by excess of meaning. By one kind of slang I understand familiar expressions or words with particular meanings, confined in use to one set of men, used by them only in those meanings, and used originally by no others. I may perhaps be allowed to imagine that *hotch-pot* is a "slang" word in this sense which has been canonized into respectability by time and constant use.

Surely the remark that no legal phraseology is unmeaning should be qualified by the addition of the words "to lawyers."

Apròpos of this a friend points out to me that in the celebrated speech of the celebrated Serjeant, in the case *Bardell v. Pickwick*, where most people think the humour of the "chops and tomato sauce" argument consists in the utter incongruity with the subject of affection, the common name of the tomato, "love-apple," is intended to point the application. This introduction of the language of fruit into the case certainly redeems the learned Serjeant from any charge of unmeaningness. I can imagine him languishing and lingering leeringly—as lawyers can so well do—to the jury on each syllable of the words—*To-ma-to sauce*, and again *to-ma-to sauce*! But it was the warming-pan that did it with the jury, with which remark I leave the question to be discussed by others, only adding that the due interpretation of the most humorous scene in the most humorous book of modern times is of more interest than at first sight would appear.

The same friend points out that *Ogilvie's Imperial Dictionary* assigns an Anglo-Saxon origin "*hoj-poj*" to the dish "*hotch-pot*." An old law term is more likely to be derived from the French. HIRTTIE.

QUERIES.

[696.] **STEAMPACKETS ON THE IRWELL.**—Some years ago it was customary for steampackets to ply on the Irwell for the purpose of the conveyance of passengers. I should be glad if any of your readers could give further information regarding this custom.

J. B.

[697.] **"SEDAN" OR "VEDAN?"**—The Rev. Henry Green in his *History of Knutsford*, as quoted by Mr. B. H. ALCOCK, speaks of "Sedan, or rather Vedan Chairs." What are the grounds for thus correcting the popular reading? CHAS. H. COLLYNS.

[698.] What was the origin of the term "Tom and Jerry," the name commonly given in the West Riding of Yorkshire, when I resided there twenty-five years ago, to beer-houses, *i.e.*, those not licensed for sale of wines and spirits? I do not know whether the name applied elsewhere.

J. W. A. M.

[699.] **BRAZENNOSE.**—T. J. D. suggests that the hyphen be used in the word "Brazennose." Why should the hyphen or the z, either of them, be used, when I suppose it is certain that, notwithstanding the brazen nose above the College gates, the name has no real connection with the prominent nasal feature of the human face divine?

CHARLES H. COLLYNS.

[700.] **TYBURN TICKETS.**—I shall be glad to know upon what grounds Mr. G. PEARSON (No. 678) associates "Tyburn Tickets" with the "bringing to justice or rather to trial" of persons charged with political offences. The one, formerly in our possession, was originally granted to a shopkeeper, whose evidence convicted a man who had broken into his premises. Does Mr. PEARSON call shoplifting a political offence? If your correspondent's premises are incorrect, his inferences and comparisons are so much *rodomontade*; if even they were correct, I cannot see their relevancy.

Southport.

B. ST. J. B. JOULE.

[701.] **SOCIALIST HYMN BOOK.**—A writer in *Christian Society*, vol. i., p. 148, mentions a volume entitled "Social Hymns, for the use of the Friends of the Rational System of Society," which appeared at Salford in 1838. These hymns for the "new moral world" are not all original, but partly adaptations of

such as are in popular use. Thus, the first commences:—

Joy to the world! the light is come!  
The only lawful King;  
Let every heart prepare it room,  
And moral nature sing!

There is, of course, no recognition of God in this strange production, and all religion is carefully excluded, or renounced as superstition; Nature takes the place of God, and is clothed in most exalted attributes. For instance, nature is thus addressed:—

Great Source of being! Fount of life!  
That peoples air, and earth, and sea!  
All creatures feel thy power, but man  
A grateful feeling yields to Thee.

What is known of this volume and its compilers?

A MANCHESTER PYTHAGOREAN.

**WHISTLER v. RUSKIN.**—The action for libel brought by Mr. Whistler, the painter, against Mr. John Ruskin occupied Mr. Baron Huddleston and a special jury in the Exchequer Division for two days this week. Mr Whistler gave evidence, but Mr. Ruskin was too unwell to attend. The libel was said to consist in a criticism written by Mr. Ruskin upon Mr. Whistler's paintings at the Grosvenor Gallery, which appeared in *Fors Clavigera* in July, 1877. It was complained that the criticism in question was unfair, ungentlemanly, and injurious to Mr. Whistler. On the side of Mr. Whistler Mr. W. M. Rossetti, art critic; Mr. Albert Moore, painter; and Mr. W. G. Wills, dramatic author and art critic, were examined. For the defence, evidence was given by Mr. E. Burne Jones, painter, Mr. W. P. Frith, R.A., and Mr. Tom Taylor, art critic. The Judge, in summing up, said there were one of three views which a jury might take on the question of damages—whether the insult offered (if insult there had been) was of such a character as to call for substantial damages; whether it was a case for merely contemptuous damages to the extent of a farthing, or something of that sort—indicating that the case was one which ought never to have been brought into court, and in which no pecuniary damage had been sustained; or whether the case was one which called for damages in some small sum as indicating the opinion of the jury that the defendant had gone beyond the strict letter of the law. After an absence of nearly two hours, the jury returned into court with a verdict for the plaintiff—damages, one farthing. Baron Huddleston gave judgment for the plaintiff without costs.

Saturday, November 30, 1878.

NOTES.

AUTHORS' ALTERATIONS AND OMISSIONS: ERRATA  
ET CORRIGENDA.

[702.] The notice lately, in the *City News*, of the time-after-time alterations made by Wordsworth in even the earliest of his works, calls to mind not only sundry variations of like kind in the writings of Canon Kingsley, but some singular misprints which seem to go on, edition after edition, unnoticed.

Take the *Water Babies* and *Two Years Ago*; the latter in my opinion the very finest of his novels, and the former almost unequalled in its combination of wit, satire, and keen observation; yet finishing with an astronomical "bull" worthy to be ranked with the "one bright star within the nether tip" of the crescent moon. Coleridge, however, may be forgiven; his *Ancient Mariner* being a concentration of weird and supernatural imagery; and the said error is strangely repeated in cool blood as it were, by an eminent novelist (not Mr. Kingsley) who actually has used that very (supposed) phenomenon as the means of verifying, by reference to almanacs, a long past date. In the *Water Babies*, as printed in *Macmillan's Magazine*, we note the absence of the Irishvoman who is so beautiful an addition in the editions of 1864, &c., where she occurs at p.p. 12, 63, and at the close of the story. On the other hand the following passage is struck out from the later copies:—

Ah, little Ellie, fresh from heaven, when will men understand that one of the deepest and wisest speeches which could come out of human mouth is that "it is so beautiful that it must be true." Not until they give up believing that John Locke, great man and true though he was, was the wisest man that ever lived on earth; and recollect that a wiser man than he lived long before, and that his name was Plato, the son of Ariston.

In both the works in question the once-so-much-talked about *Acarus horridus*, or *A. Crossii*, is connected with the name of Mr. Weekes instead of Mr. Crosse (the electrician) as its discoverer. The insect appeared on certain minerals which Mr. Crosse had subjected to slow but long continued galvanic action; and, on his publishing the fact, Mr. Weekes announced it as "a veritable creation," quite inconsistently with Mr. Crosse's modest statement of facts.

It has since been found that, if due precautions be used to exclude germs, the mysterious mites fail to appear; and hence Mr. Kingsley's joke that you may see in the moon, water babies by thousands, "if only you keep the lenses dirty enough, as Mr. Weekes (Crosse) did his galvanic battery."

But how could so accurate and careful an observer and student of nature ever put pen to the following, in the closing pages of the *Water Babies*?—"And Tom's dog? Oh, you may see him any clear evening in July, for the old dogstar was so worn out with the last three hot summers that we have had no dogdays since, so they have him taken down and Tom's dog put up in his place." Now, the very fact of Sirius being then in conjunction with the sun (whence the term dogdays) renders it as hopeless to try and see the dogstar then as it would be to look for the full radiance of the moon when our satellite is likewise in conjunction, *i.e.*, at the new moon, whose crescent even at its thinnest does not appeal to the eye until she is a day or more old; while her apparent motion is to that of Sirius about as thirteen to one. Winter is, of course, the time to see the dogstar; and the lapsus calami is about on a par with Coleridge's "one bright star within the nether tip" of the lunar crescent, the impossibility of which we, of course, forgive in consideration of the grandeur and supernatural weirdness of the *Ancient Mariner*.

Returning to Kingsley. In the *Water Babies*, introduction to ch. vi. (1871), Wordsworth is misprinted, "glorious in the night (instead of might) of heavenborn freedom;" and in *Two Years Ago*, 1860 onwards, will be found, p. 57 of third edition, this most foggy line: "He can bear the sight of the dead grass on the cliff edge." Now, the night has just been described as so pitch dark that "he" (Elsley) has already collided with the coastguard officer, and is even then divided from the cliff edge by the wall under which he is sheltering. It is annoying to see so fine a descriptive piece—a storm scene—disfigured by so stupidly uncorrected an error. The line should no doubt stand, "He can hear the sigh." In chapter 17 we find: "Do not let us break it by spoiling the law;" an obvious transposal of inflexion, which has, however, passed unnoticed through three editions.

Let us turn again from printer to author. At page 183 (ed. 1860) Bowie's height is six feet three; but at page 314 he stands six feet four without his shoes, a



growth of an inch within a few weeks, and at the age of forty-five. On the same page (314) Wynd and his friend are Oxford boating men; while in chapter 21 they hail from Cambridge. This chapter, too, especially annoys an enthusiastic Snowdonian by ascribing certain glorious rock scenery in toto to Glyder-fawr, whereas its finest development by far is on Glyder-fach, the lesser summit, but only so by twelve yards of height. The two are but a half-hour's scramble apart; yet Mr. Kingaley's description, grand as it is, causes many a climber to miss the most glorious rock-wilderness in South Britain. Elealey, a little further on, is (Hibernicæ) cautioned against rolling 1,500 feet before he has gone 100 yards.

These errors may seem trifling; but it is provoking to see them in books one so loves, reprinted again and again.

Why, too, will Mr. William Black persevere in trotting rabbits by hundreds into his evening scenes? Whoever saw a rabbit trot? And why, too, trot up the illused crescent moon at midnight, from her quiet rest beneath the western horizon, to stick her up in the southern heavens? Why not veil her there with the "one bright star" of the author's before quoted?

H. B. BIDEN.

Sale, Manchester.

#### MIND YOUR P'S AND Q'S.

[703.] YOUNKER last week mentions the above every-day saying in connection with a word which is generally understood, when employed as he employs it, to mean "anniversary" or "reminder." I may mention, while on this subject, that it is still a custom among the Jews to hold a "year's mind" in remembrance of the dead, when a light is kept burning on the anniversary of a parent's death and the male orphans of the deceased recite a prayer for the soul of the dead. But the phrase "Mind your p's and q's" has no reference to this matter whatever, and its origin is traced to the injunction of master printers to their apprentices to mind their p's and q's, there being great difficulty for a young compositor to tell the difference between the two.

There have, however, been some very ingenious explanations offered of this common expression. It has been asserted that the saying arose from the old custom of marking upon the slate hung up at the village alehouses, p's and q's, signifying the quantity—

pint or quart—which the impecunious villagers consumed "on tick." (In parenthesis, I may mention that this latter expression has its origin from the same source, inasmuch as it was also usual to put a *tick* against a customer's name for every glass or pint he drank on trust.) It was always, of course, expected that these p's and q's would be borne in "mind" on Saturday when wages were paid. Hence, it has been said, arose the saying "Mind your p's and q's," in other words, be careful and remember what you should do.

Another suggestion has been offered which, though ingenious, appears to me to be far-fetched. The saying, it is stated, was originally "Mind your toupées and your queues"—the toupée being the artificial locks of hair on the head, and the queue the ancient and ridiculous appendage of the head euphoniouly termed the "pigtail." The gentleman who made this suggestion, in order, I presume, to strengthen his statement, asserted that there was an old riddle as follows:—Who is the best person to keep the alphabet in order? Of course the reader of the above will readily see the reply—"A barber; because he ties up the queue and puts toupées in irons."

I have given these suggestions merely to show how easily one can manufacture unknown causes for known effects. The origin I have given first is undoubtedly the most philosophic and the most reasonable. The Roman p and q have always puzzled the youthful printer. It will be seen that the only difference is that the one has the downward stroke on the left of the oval and the other on the right; but as in the type this is reversed, the letters being formed backwards, the young, and sometimes even old printers, make an error. In sorting "pis," for instance—that is type which has been upset and mixed—it is very difficult at once to ascertain which is the p and which the q. This difficulty will be more apparent if I write them thus *p* and *q*. Thus the saying "mind your p's and q's" means, as it is now used, to be careful in little things, and, as Charles Knight defines its signification:—"Do not be deceived by apparent resemblances; learn to discriminate between things essentially distinct, but which look the same; be observant, be cautious."

FRED. M. HYMAN.

## COMMENTS AND ANSWERS.

## EARLY LANCASHIRE AND CHESHIRE PRINTERS.

(Note No. 684, November 23.)

[704.] Mr. Allnutt (teste C. W. S.) gives "Preston, W. Smith" (1740) as the earliest Preston printer. In the *Manchester Courier's* report, March 13, 1866, of a Rosicrucian meeting, mention is made of three old Lancashire chap books, and amongst them "Sir William's Travels . . . Preston: Printed by E. Sergeant, where may be had (cheap as in London) the greatest assortment of songs, histories, small books, etc., wholesale and retail." Is the date of Mr. Sergeant's reign known? H. T. C.

## DEPUTY-CONSTABLE NADIN.

(Nos. 634, 639, 658, and 678.)

[705.] Permit me to suggest that it would be a fitting addition to the interesting biographical notices of Nadin if the date of his death were given. Your correspondent J. L. must be mistaken when he fixes his death about 1836, for I saw Nadin near Cheadle between 1846 and 1856. There are circumstances that limit my recollection of him to that period, and I remember details of his last days which lead me to think his death cannot have taken place before 1851 or after 1856. Events near 1836 are beyond my knowledge as a contemporary. G. PEARSON.

## ORME THE ARTIST.

(Nos. 559, 582, and 676.)

[706.] I beg to correct an error on the part of the contributor of this article in stating the name of one of these artists as David Orme, his name being really Daniel; and William, the other one mentioned, was his brother. I am personally acquainted with a daughter of Daniel Orme (the last survivor of the family), and she informs me that her father was a native of Manchester, being born in Quay-street, Deansgate; and, as stated by Mr. Tavaré, he at one time resided in Holles-street, Cavendish Square, London. I have no doubt, if any of the readers of Notes and Queries are interested in knowing more of the late Daniel Orme, the above-mentioned lady would be glad to furnish it.

HENRY BRIERLEY ADSEAD.

Stanley Grove, Longsight.

## TOM AND JERRY AS APPLIED TO ALEHOUSES.

(Query No. 698, November 23.)

[707.] About Ribchester, near Blackburn, beerhouses are commonly called jerry-shops." Of the origin of the name I know nothing. H. T. C.

Beerhouses on their opening with the sale of fourpence per quart or "penny a gill ale," were considered as a low descent from the respectable and homely public-houses, and were called in Manchester and thereabouts "jerry-shops," the liquor sold being thin, meagre, and unsubstantial, and the customers lower in the social scale than the bar-parlour company of the taverns, with sports and amusements kindred to those of the fast men, the "Tom and Jerries" of a former period. The name "jerry" was a pertinent one, used again of late to describe the flimsy construction of cottage houses as being jerry built. JAMES BUBY.

## THE MOON.

(Nos. 264, 279, and 687.)

[708.] A. S. is wrong in attributing to Burns the beautiful descriptive image of the new moon being in the arms of the old. In "the grand old ballad of Sir Patrick Spens" the idea is thus expressed:—

I saw the new moon late yestreen,  
Wi' the auld moon in her arm;  
And if we gang to sea, master,  
I fear we'll come to harm.

Here is embodied the superstition that the changes of the moon affect the weather, an error easily rectified if we remember that the moon's face is constantly changing; that every four weeks or so its appearance is identical; that in some places where it shines there is never rain. There is also a notion that when the crescent is so placed that it looks as if it would hold water we shall have rain. An error, of course, because when the moon is crescent, in its first or third quarters, the horns are always upward, and from its relation to the sun can never be otherwise. I know an "auld wife" who thinks it decidedly unlucky to see the new moon for the first time through a window. But, on the other hand, if you turn your money over in your pocket at first sight of the new moon you will have luck. C. BOWLEY, JUN.

A. S. will find in Wordsworth's miscellaneous poems some beautiful verses, headed:—

Late, late yestreen I saw the new moons  
Wi' the auld moon in her arms.

Ballad of Sir Patrick Spens.—Percy's Reliques.

I take the liberty of quoting the following:—

Once I could hail (how'er the serene sky)  
The moon re-entering her earthly round,  
No faculty yet given me to espy  
The dusky shape within her arms imbound,  
That thin memento of effulgence lost  
Which some have named her predecessor's ghost.

And when I learned to mark the Spectral Shape  
As each new Moon obeyed the call of Time,  
If gloom fell on me, swift was my escape;  
Such happy privilege hath life's gay Prime,  
To see or not to see as best may please  
A buoyant Spirit and a heart at ease.

Now, dazzling Stranger, when thou meet'st my  
glance,  
Thy dark Associate ever I discern.

HITTITE.

"IN MY MIND'S EYE," AND THE MEANINGS OF  
"MIND"

(Nos. 632, 643, and 686.)

[709.] In YOUNKER's interesting note I fear the various meanings of the word "mind" are somewhat confused. In the epigram "What's mind? No matter! What's matter? Never mind!" the difference between two of these is at once seen. In the old legal joke of an index to a legal work containing the item "Mr. Justice Best—his great mind," while the indicated page only gives "Mr. Justice Best said he had a great mind to" do something or another, we have another contrast of two meanings. "To be mindful of," "to bear in mind," "to bring to mind," "to mind one's own business," "to be so minded," "I mind it weel," are phrases from which, with what precedes, the following four meanings may be drawn:—(1) memory; (2) attention; (3) inclination or disposition; (4) the whole range of the intellectual and other higher faculties. The foundation, in various languages, of allied words is the root MN, MEN, or MIN.

That the fourth, not the first, of these meanings is to attach to "In my mind's eye, Horatio," appears clear. Ovid, long before "a month's mind" could have existed, says in his *Metamorphoses*, of an exile, that "what nature denied to his human sight, he took in with the eyes of his breast (oculis pectoris hausit)." Another example and parallel nearer our own days of variety in the phrase occurs in Wordsworth's—

The spiritual eye

That aids and supersedes the grosser sight.

My object in calling attention to the continuous use of the phrase in forms so alike was to illustrate

the fact that at all periods poets have had a common stock, a universal property-room, of images, metaphors, phrases, which cannot be mere unconscious reminiscences on the part of later users of them. Take another instance. Says Burns's Bruce to his soldiers, "Wha sae base as be a slave." Says Shakspeare's Brutus, "Who is so base that would be a bond-man?" Identity of passion in genius, especially when the passion is high-strung, must produce identity of expression. Again, it is hardly possible that Burns saw the line of Horace (ad Lydiam), "Tecum vivere amem tecum obeam libens" (with thee I'd love to live, with thee I'd gladly die); ye the has, "And as with thee I'd wish to live, for thee I'd bear to die." However, when Wordsworth, in his sonnet on the captive eagle at Dunolly Castle, has the line, "His power, his beauty, and his majesty," thirty years after Coleridge minted the line, "The power, the beauty, and the majesty." There seems to be an instance of unconscious reminiscence—unconscious, for Wordsworth was most particular in acknowledging conscious indebtedness.

The word "mind," in its various meanings, is very generally used in Scotland. There are various test-words and test-phrases in every dialect by which the district of a man's nativity may be divined, even although he has been naturalized long and successfully to the correct language of a metropolis and lost every shade of accent. "Mind," in some one of its many uses, is sure to betray a Scotchman. So is "though" for "however." And in winter what Scotchman, however early caught, ever does not cheerily say, "come into the fire?" HITTITE.

QUERIES.

[710.] TRAMWAY.—Can any of your readers give the origin of this word? T. A. B.

[711.] THE GIBBET.—When and where and what was the name of the last person gibbeted in Great Britain? CIDH.

[712.] SALFORD CROSS.—Reading some time ago of the Rev. John Wesley preaching at this cross, I should like to know where it was situated and when removed. T. A. B.

[713.] **AUTHORSHIP OF EPIGRAM.**—Who is the author of the following epigram?—

What woman can forgive youth, wit, beauty, in another,  
Though one be the daughter, the other the mother?

Are there any other known of a similar tendency?  
CIDE.

[714.] **LOCAL AUTHORS.**—Can any of your readers inform me who was the author of a small work entitled *A Sad Christmas and a Sorrowful New Year*. Was it by a local writer, is it now in print, and where is it to be obtained?  
BOHEMIAN.

[715.] **ORIGIN OF THE SIGN "CAT AND FIDDLE."**  
Your valuable Notes have contained some interesting expressions of opinion as to whether or not the Cat and Fiddle, Axe Edge, is the highest inhabited house in England. It would be a pleasing addition to this controversy if some of your correspondents could say what is the derivation of the singular sign of the inn. Has it any particular reference, or was it a mere whim, for which no reason is assignable?  
P. P.  
Glossop.

[716.] **A RELIC OF LORD NELSON.**—There has recently come into my possession an interesting quarto volume entitled "Regulations and Instructions relating to His Majesty's Service at Sea," printed in the year 1731; and it has evidently been the property of Lord Nelson. It is in a magnificently perfect condition, and is full bound in scarlet morocco, elegantly tooled, and gilt edged, though the binding is somewhat dilapidated. On the title page, in a firm, bold handwriting, is the autograph, "Nelson and Bronté." Can any of your readers, better versed than myself, give me any information respecting this tome? Is this a valuable relic of the great admiral?  
R. F.

[717.] **THE REV. A. MURSELL AND HIS CRITICS.**  
In 1859 or 1860 the Rev. Arthur Mursell delivered at the Free-trade Hall, on Sunday afternoons, a series of addresses on various social subjects, which at the time excited a great deal of local comment. Can any of your readers tell me where I can find or procure any collection of the tracts that were published at the time, both those containing Mr. Mursell's addresses as well as the comments of his critics, particularly among the latter "Mursell from an Irish point of view, by a Corporal in the Irish Volunteers;" and "Tread on the tail of my Paletot," both published by Mr. Abel Heywood, Oldham-street?  
R. C. A.

**BOTANICAL BOOKS IN THE FREE LIBRARY.**—On Sunday last, the Manchester Central Library, in King-street, was visited by over forty members of the United Field Naturalists' Society, an organisation composed chiefly of artisan students of botany, geology, and the kindred societies. Their object was to see what books the institution possesses, relating to botanical science. After some time spent in the library they adjourned to the rooms of the Manchester Botanists Association, and, after tea, held a meeting, presided over by Mr. Jas. Nield of Oldham, at which Mr. William E. A. Axon gave an address sketching the history of botanical books from the earliest to the present times. The antiquity of botany, he said, was one of the few things about which there could be no doubt. It could claim the "grand old gardener" Adam as its patron. Solomon was, perhaps, the oldest botanical writer whose name remains, though the book in which he chronicled plants from the cedar to the hyssop that groweth on the wall, had long since perished. Amongst the Assyrian tablets brought to England by Layard there are lists of plants, and of timber proper for building. Still more interesting is a list of every species of animal known to the Assyrian, arranged in families and genera, according to a classification resembling that of Linnaeus. Amongst the Greeks the names of Dioscorides and Theophrastus were most conspicuous. Coming to more modern times Mr. Axon named books by Ruellius (1543), Matthioli (1571), Dodoeus (1578), Gerard (1636), Parkinson (1640), Chabræus (1666), Aldrovandus, Plunkent, Ray, and other early writers on botany. The large and costly works by Curtis (1777), Plenck (1768), Sowerby (1790), Decandolle (1799), Jaiine, Sta. Hilaire (1808), and others. The numerous publications of Sir W. Hooker were specially worthy of notice. It was impossible in words to convey any idea of the beauty in form and colour of some of the botanical works of Blume, Hooker, and others. Attention was called to the fact that costly works had been presented by the Government of the United States, whilst similar books printed at the expense of the British nation had to be purchased. Mr. Axon then mentioned works of our local flora and those relating to mosses, amongst which Schimper's *Bryologia Europea* occupied a prominent place. The *Hortus Siccus* of John Dalton was rather a personal relic than a scientific document. It was begun when the future chemist was still at Kendal. There is also an *Herbarium* containing 612 species of British plants, and the *Fasciculi of Mosses* issued by Richard Buxton and John Nowell. Mr. Axon gave several quotations from the more notable books, as for example, the motto from the *Vulgate* prefixed by Linnaeus to his great work, and which in our authorised version reads: "O Lord, how manifold are Thy works! in wisdom hast Thou made them all; the earth is full of Thy riches." It was resolved that Mr. Axon's address, as furnishing a concise guide to the botanical literature in the free library, should be printed for the society. Much gratification was also expressed at the number and value of the books on that science in the collection.

Saturday, December 7, 1878.

NOTES.

THE MOON.

(Nos. 284 279, 687, and 708.)

[718.] The mistake, if after all mistake there be, of attributing to Burns "The new moon with the old moon in her arms," is not mine but E. K.'s, *ibid.* 279 (18th May last). I should, however, have placed the first pair of my inverted commas in front instead of at the back of Burns. Are Wordsworth's lines quoted by HIRTIKE, or Shelley's, of later date? The juxtaposition is interesting in connection with Mr. O'Connor's recent comment on parallel passages from Shelley and Macaulay.

A. S.

[Shelley's *Triumph of Life*, from which the lines on the moon were quoted by A. S., was written at Pisa and Spezia in the winter of 1822 and the spring of 1823, and published among his posthumous poems in 1824. It was the work upon which he was last employed. Mrs. Shelley in describing the ill-fated boat built for the poet, says "When Shelley was on board, he had his papers with him; and much of the *Triumph of Life* was written as he sailed or weltered on that sea which was soon to engulf him." So it came to pass that the *Triumph of Life*, one of the most mystical of his poems and now always so sadly suggestive of the author's death, remained unfinished. Wordsworth's poem is dated 1826, and was written, therefore, four years later than Shelley's.—EDITOR.]

BULLOCK SMITHY.

(Nos. 626, 657, and 690.)

[719.] I am much obliged to Mr. JAMES BURY for the light he has thrown on that which was dark to me, and should be glad if he will tell me where I can find more amply recorded the doughty deeds of the Danyers or Daniels of old, either in your columns or by letter, as may be more fitting for a purely personal matter. My late brother, John Daniels Varley possessed the seal of his grandfather Daniels, a large red cornelian in heavy setting, and, as well as I can remember through the mists of thirty years, the shield engraved thereon bore two or three lions passant, and was surmounted by an earl's coronet, from which issued a hand grasping a dagger; but it is just possible I may be confounding this with the mailed arm and sword of the Varleys, it is so long since I saw the two together.

My grandmother, the wife of John Daniels, was a daughter of Mrs. Bancroft, a furrier, who had large dealings with the chief warren of Delamere Forest; and had some mysterious connection with the Lady Wilton of that period, and some plot of land or building within the enclosure of Heaton Park, which gave her a right of way which nothing would induce her to surrender. She was a woman of property. The Bancrofts still hold a freehold of hers at Waverham, in Delamere, and the imposing pile of corn warehouses erected some forty years back at the corner of Fennel-street and down Todd-street took the place of what had been hers. But, if I tell more of her history, I may take the wind out of the sails of my fiction; or what may serve as such if I live.

ISABELLA BANKS.

Greenwood Road, Dalston, London.

WILLIAM POPE, THE DEIST, OF BOLTON.

(Query No. 630, October 28.)

[720.] William Pope of Bolton was for several years a consistent member of the Methodist Society; but becoming acquainted with some of the admirers of Thomas Paine, he forsook his religious principles and became a confirmed Deist. He and his new friends were in the habit of meeting together on Sundays to confirm each other in their newly adopted principles. On these occasions, besides using the most opprobrious language in speaking of religious matters, they threw the Bible on the floor, and after kicking it round the room trampled it under their feet. At length William was seized with a severe illness; and, such was the nature of the complaint from which he suffered, that he expressed his belief that it was a divine infliction in consequence of his apostacy. This belief, however, did not lead him to repentance nor to seek forgiveness for his errors. On the contrary, he declared that he longed to die that he might go to hell, and prayed earnestly for damnation. Messrs. Rhodes and Barrowclough, two Methodist preachers, who were sent for to talk to and pray with him, he treated in a most outrageous manner. Indeed, his behaviour and language were such that his deistical friends who visited him said he was out of his senses. Thus he continued, sometimes better sometimes worse, till death terminated his mortal career. A brief account of this wretched man's sickness and death will be found in the preface to Simpson's *Plea for Religion and the Sacred Writings*, written September 12, 1797. The full account, by

Mr. Rhodes, which appeared in the *Methodist Magazine* for August, 1798, Simpson says is one of the most affecting on record. SAMUEL HEWITT.  
Marsden-street, Choriton-on-Medlock.

THE REV. A. MURSELL AND HIS CRITICS.

(Query No. 717, November 30.)

[721.] R. C. A. wants to know something of the criticisms which appeared anent the Rev. A. Mursell during the period when he "orated" in the Free-trade Hall. Having been a sinner in chief in prompting criticism and in criticizing the then popular talker, I may amuse myself, and possibly your readers, by one or two notes. The best series of criticisms upon the style of the lecturer and the matter of the lectures appeared in the *City News*, in a series of pungent articles by Mr. Charles Hadfield, which led to his adopting literature as a profession. They were not re-printed and are now only available by consulting a file of the *City News*. I must, however, take the credit of initiating the criticism with which the rev. lecturer was assailed. At the time when Mr. Mursell was lecturing in the Free-trade Hall a room in Dickenson-street was occupied on the Sunday afternoons with lectures and conversational discussions; on three Sundays I gave three lectures on Popular Preachers, which were subsequently published, the first by Henry Glynn, Swan-street, and the others by John Heywood. The first lecture was entitled: "A Lecture containing sketches of the Revs. C. H. Spurgeon, Joseph Parker, Arthur Mursell, and J. Caughey; with notices of Spurgeon's London Assurance; Parker's How to Make Money; Mursell's Teaching the Young Idea; and Caughey's Thou art the Man." Mr. Mursell not liking the criticism, so far as he was concerned, of the first lecture, wrote a note to the chairman of the Dickenson-street meetings, which I read to the crowded audience attending the second lecture, commenting upon the drivel and impudence of the first. The three lectures when published excited considerable interest. Several pamphlets appeared in reply, or rather in defence of the Rev. Arthur Mursell. The first was entitled: "A Defence of our Popular Preachers, being a reply to Argus the younger's so-called lecture, by one who views both sides." John Heywood, publisher. Another pamphlet appeared entitled: "Our Popular Preachers Vindicated; being a reply to an attack by Argus the younger on the Revs. C. H. Spurgeon, J. Parker, and A. Mursell. By

Scrutator." William Bremner, publisher. Nothing daunted by the terrible denunciations of the authors of these pamphlets, I delivered another lecture in the Dickenson-street room, entitled: "Mursell on the Gridiron; being a Review, full, fair, and free, of the six Sunday lectures recently delivered by the Rev Arthur Mursell in the Free-trade Hall, including an exposure of his sillyisms on strikes; his dogmatic conceits; his shameful personal vituperation; his want of knowledge and his want of honesty, which fully entitle him to the designation of the Clerical Motley." This lecture was published by Abel Heywood and Son. Subsequently I wrote, and Mr. John Heywood published, a travesty-lecture, in the style and manner of the Sunday afternoon Free-trade Hall lecturer, entitled: "Take a Trotter; a lecture not by the Rev. Arthur Mursell to working men, and not delivered in the Free-trade Hall on any Sunday in March, 1864." This was followed by another pamphlet entitled: "Mursell's Latest Folly; a free examination of the lax principle propounded in his lecture, No Smoking! demonstrating his want of faith and want of honesty, and the extent to which, in his case, precept is at war with practice." These pamphlets were followed immediately by: "More Folly; being a reply to the author of Mursell's Latest Folly: showing his own want of honesty and logic to be at variance with common sense. By a Working Man." Published by John Heywood. This was followed by: "Rev. A. Mursell and his Assailant, author of Mursell's Latest Folly, and Take a Trotter. By Scrutator." Published by William Bremner and Co. In addition to these by no means flattering criticisms of my comments upon the rev. lecturer, I had the honour of a poetic address, "composed," so the reader was told at the foot, "by a youth aged fifteen years." The Rev. Mr. Mursell would scarcely thank the incipient poet who began his copy of verses with:—

Oh! Argus, oh, Argus, 'tis really a shame,  
To scandalize brothers because of their fame;  
To go and hear lectures, to try to find fault:  
Oh! Argus, blind Argus, pray do make a halt.

I believe that there were several other pamphlets published on the subject of the taste and tendency of Mr. Mursell's lectures; which I believe, owing to the rev. gentleman removing to London, ceased with the winter of 1864.

JOSEPH JOHNSON.  
Douglas.

## THE PAINTER OF "SOLDIERS DRINKING."

(Query No. 619, October 19.)

[722.] As it appears from the catalogue that all of the three delicious pictures by Francis Vinéa lately exhibited here are the property of Mr. Crompton Potter, it is he who very likely could satisfy the curiosity of, I doubt not, many besides your querist.

A. S.

## AUTHORS' ALTERATIONS.

(No. 702, November 30.)

[723.] While correcting others I have incurred an erratum myself. In the allusion to a novelist's transfer of the crescent moon to the southern sky at midnight (a position impossible at that time and for that phase) the remark, "Why not veil her there" should have been "Why not nail her there with the one bright star?"

H. B. BIDEN.

## SIR C. WREN AND THE WOOD CARVER.

(Nos. 485, 504, 539, and 638.)

[724.] The letter signed Philip Wood, together with the extract from the Report of the Commissioners of Public Works, as quoted by R. BURGESS, will be found in Chambers's *Edinburgh Journal*, December 11, 1841. Both are taken from a small work entitled Fulcher's Ladies' Memorandum Book for 1842.

R. R. R.

## THE GIBBET.

(Query No. 711, November 30.)

[725.] The last person gibbeted in England was a man named Tom Otter, who was executed at Lincoln, for the murder of his wife, I think in 1809, and afterwards gibbeted at Drinsey Nook, near Torkey Lock, at the junction of the Fossyde and river Trent. The writer has often seen the gibbet, which was blown down about thirty years since. Some few years before Tom Otter was executed a man was gibbeted at Caxton, a village in Cambridgeshire, on the borders of Huntingdonshire.

R. D. S.

## THE GIBBET IN LANCASHIRE.

(Nos. 664 and 676.)

[726.] At a beerhouse called the Old House at Home in Barlow-street, at the bottom of Collyhurst Road, can be seen a set of gibbets with a portion of James Welden in them. He was hung and gibbeted for robbing the mail coach between Ashton and Wigan, in the year 1800.

J. W.

78, Collyhurst Road.

## TRAMWAY.

(Query No. 710, November 30.)

[727.] "Tram-way" was originally "tram-road." Very early in this or late in the last century a colliery master in the Durham coalfield, to get over the difficulty of hauling coal-carts over the bad roads of the time, laid down cast-iron flanged plates, in section like the capital letter L, for iron-wheeled waggons to run upon. They were a great success, and were immediately adopted over the district. The colliery master's name was Outram, and the railways were called "Outram's roads," which was soon shortened to tram-roads and adopted into the language.

J. H. H.

## "THE CAT AND FIDDLE."

(Query No. 715, November 30.)

[728.] I heard the following account of the derivation of the sign of this inn given the other day. As it is now, it was in the time of Henry Eighth, the custom to call the hotels after the reigning sovereign, and some were called "Catherine fidelis." This got shortened and corrupted into "Cat and Fiddle." At one time I had an impression that the sign of the inn had some relation to the cat which performed on the fiddle while the cow executed the extraordinary feat of jumping over the moon; thus tickling the fancy of the little dog, and causing the dish to pursue the spoon.

SUBSCRIBER.

## STEAM PACKETS ON THE IRWELL.

(Query No. 696, November 23.)

[729.] About 1829 or 1830 I recollect seeing a peculiar side-paddle steamer on the river Irwell, and I believe it was made by Fairbairn. About 1843 a small screw boat was put on the Irwell, and I believe it was called the Union. In 1843 there was a boat name Jacksharp on the Irwell, running between Manchester and Warrington. This boat had condensing engines and paddle behind. About the same year the President was put on, and carried passengers from the Hare and Hounds, near Albert Bridge, to Pomona Gardens. About 1849 this boat was lost in a flood, and was immersed for some months opposite the packet landing stage below Albert Bridge. After being found and raised she was lengthened and christened the Countess of Ellesmere. About 1847 or 1848, Mr. Ross, the proprietor of the Albert Hotel, put on a boat called Punch. In 1849 a screw steamboat was put on to ply from the Albert Hotel to Pomona Gardens. It was called the Prince of Wales,

and was the fastest boat that ever was on the river. In 1850 another boat, the Princess Royal, was put on from Albert Bridge to Pomona Gardens. These two boats belonged to a person at Ashton-under-Lyne, and afterwards ran from Victoria Bridge, the late Mr. Benjamin Lang's pier, to Pomona Gardens. A few years after Mr. Lang became the owner of the steamboat Punch, and also built another, which was the largest steamer ever on the upper Irwell, to ply between Victoria Bridge and Pomona, and Throstle Nest. I have the figure-head of the Punch, and am perhaps in possession of more information, and have had more practical experience with steamboats on the river Irwell, than any other person. I shall be glad to give your correspondent any further information I have on this subject.

B.

## THROWING MONEY INTO HOTCHPOT.

(Nos. 635, 655, and 695.)

[730.] In his first query HITTITE asked the "meaning" of "Hotchpot." I gave it, but as he did not ask for its derivation specially, I simply quoted the derivation given in Wharton's Law Lexicon, the fifth edition of which is edited by Mr. J. Shires Will, barrister-at-law, and is compiled from 453 principal law and other works. Considering that most legal expressions date from soon after the Norman Conquest, and have consequently since got slightly altered, I don't think it requires any great stretch of the imagination to deduce "hotchpot" from "hachè en poche." If things are minced and put in a bag they naturally get confused and mingled. Dr. Cowel in his Law Dictionary published in 1728, says:—"Amongst the Dutch it (hotchpot) signifies flesh cut into pieces and sodden with herbs or roots, not unlike that which the Romans called farraginem." HITTITE says hotchpot "is not a pudding at all." In using the word "pudding" I quoted Littleton. I don't propose to back up Littleton with any authority, and it would be difficult to find what were the ingredients which comprised his "pudding." It is probable that "hocher," "to shake," is connected with "hotchpot;" but I have heard "hocus pocus" accounted for as follows:—In one part of the Roman Catholic service the priest elevates the bread and says "hoc est corpus." The conjuror imitating the priest holds his apparatus over his head and repeats the same words, and remarks that "there is no deception." In the word "corpus" the "c" and the

"p" change places, and the whole sentence gets twisted into "hocus pocus." And as the conjuror tries to impose on the credulity of his audience the word "hocus pocus" gets its present meaning. However, I cannot put my hand on any written authority to support this unholy narration, so perhaps it would be safer to take it "cum grano salis."

As I have not Ogilvie's Imperial Dictionary handy I refer to his Comprehensive one, and find that he describes "slang" as "low, vulgar, unmeaning language." I have no objection to my remark, "that no legal phraseology is unmeaning," being qualified by the addition of the words "to lawyers," for since that class of men have to go back to the Conquest to understand the law, there are many expressions which to an outsider may seem "unmeaning."

SUBSCRIBER.

## QUERIES.

[731.] KETTLEDRUM.—What is the origin of this term as applied to a cup of tea taken in the afternoon?

SUBSCRIBER.

[732.] CLEANLINESS NEXT TO GODLINESS.—Can you give me the origin of the quotation, "Cleanliness is next to Godliness?" It is in Wesley's ninety-sixth sermon on dress, but is given there as a quotation.

ANON.

[733.] THIRD MANCHESTER RIFLE VOLUNTEERS. Can any of your readers inform me when and by whom this regiment (40th L.R.V.) had their colours presented; and also if they are entitled to march with fixed bayonets, and the reason?

G. F. BRINDLE.

[734.] THE BALANCE OF NATIONAL TRADE.—Our imports exceed our exports by many millions. Is this a loss to us or a profit nationally? There appears great diversity of opinion on this subject, and statistics are quoted by both sides of the question as proofs in argument. The question is how is this balance recouped?

SENEK.

[735.] I AM FULL INSIDE.—When I first overheard this seemingly egotistic but really most self-forgetting metonymic expression, I naturally thought the "bus-guard" using it meant that he had supped to his entire satisfaction, or efficiently slaked his thirst. The metaphor is far above the *pars pro toto*. I suppose it is as old as the first two-storied coach on the road. But is it to be found in any glossary?

A. S.



[736.] **THE POLEMOSCOPE.**—The Polemoscope is an instrument consisting of two mirrors, which are placed at an angle of  $45^\circ$  to the horizon. The upper mirror is adjusted so as to receive the rays of light from a distant object. The rays are then reflected by it and sent upon the lower mirror. Again they are reflected, and an image is formed of the object. This instrument is said to be of great use in the time of war, and that officers stationed behind a parapet can trace the movements of the enemy without being detected, thus saving themselves from exposure and danger, while at the same time they are enabled to determine how best to act with the greatest advantage. Perhaps some of your readers may be prepared to say whether this instrument is used for the purpose indicated at the present time or not.

J. B.

**QUEEN KATHERINE'S TOMB.**—Mr. W. Donald Napier calls attention to the neglected state of the grave of Queen Katherine, wife of Henry VIII. in Peterborough Cathedral. He says:—"It will scarcely be believed that the resting-place of this good Queen and pattern of female excellence (which is merely marked by a rude and rough black marble slab, with the simple words Queen Katherine on a small brass plate, but which is now almost obliterated) is daily walked over and trodden on not only by the clergy and choristers but by all persons entering the choir from the north side. On the south side, and exactly opposite, under a similar black marble slab, was interred the headless body of Mary, Queen of Scots. Her remains have, however, since been removed to Westminster Abbey and a fitting monument erected over them. It is not my wish to draw any comparison between these two unfortunate Queens, but I am certain that all true lovers of history will agree with me that if a like honour is denied to the "true wife" of Henry VIII. her remains at least ought to be so placed in the above-mentioned cathedral as to prevent the daily indignity to which I have alluded:—

When I am dead, good wench,

Let me be used with honour; strew me over  
With maiden flowers, that all the world may know  
I was a chaste wife to my grave; embalm me,  
Then lay me forth; although unqueen'd, yet like  
A queen, and daughter to a king, inter me.

Certainly, on looking at that cold marble slab, with its insignificant brass plate, none would suppose or dream that beneath lay the mortal remains of the daughter of a monarch or wife of one of England's kings."

**BOSOM AND BREAST.**—Bosom is particularly appropriate, as breast is inappropriate to man. For bosom means primarily the space which is enclosed by the folding of the arms, an action naturally uncommon with women; while breast, according to its received etymology, is connected with burst, and with the idea of swelling, and means that which swells above the adjacent surface. Hence it will be seen that properly woman, not man, has breast, and man, not woman, bosom.—*Atlantic Monthly*.

Saturday, December 14, 1878.

NOTES.

A MANORIAL GRANT.

[737.] On a tablet in Sutton Church, Beds, are the following lines, showing how the manors of Potton and Sutton were conveyed to the Burgoyne family. It is a great pity property cannot be conveyed in as simple a manner in the present day:—

I, John of Gaunt,  
Do give and grant  
To thee, Burgoyne,  
And the heirs of thy loine,  
All duly begotton  
Both Sutton and Potton,  
Until the world's rotten.

R. D. S.

MEMORIES OF OLD MANCHESTER.

[738.] About six years ago Mr. John Mills Leigh, the ironmonger, Market-street, repeated to me the tellings to him of his aunt, who, living with her father at his farm, the fields of which were afterwards built over by the dwelling-houses which formed portions of Queen-street and Jackson's Row, had oftentimes when attempting as a short cut to pass over the fields of the next farm, when going to another farm of her father's which was on the banks of the river Tib (now Tib-street) been turned back by the farmer, and so had to go round by Deansgate and Market Stead Lane to her destination. Mr. Leigh was about sixty years old when he told me this, so that occurrences in a life next to his own would not inaptly be alluded to as a "short stage beyond living memories," especially when used by one who from personal observations within the last fifty-five years knew many open and primitive spaces in what is now the heart of Manchester, such as Peterloo Field, a large space of open croft where now stands the Quakers Meeting-house in Mount-street; pits where the Royal Institution, the warehouses east of St. Peter's Square, the Prince's Theatre, and adjoining warehouses, the factory in Shepley-street, London Road, now stand; also a timber yard midway up Mosley-street, and another near the top of Brazenose-street, with a saw-pit, and over it a joiners' wooden shop, which became our embryo Mechanics' Institution. Then there were Granby Row Fields falling suddenly on one side into a deep, narrow, wooded clough, with Shooter's Brook running down its centre. In a potato field which bounded Old Garrett Hall on two

sides I fought a battle with a school-fellow—a good cause of remembrance. Then there was a walled garden, now covered by the Post Office, in Brown-street; and another in Mosley-street, built over to enlarge the Royal Hotel. I am tempted into giving these details because they show how rapidly Manchester has risen from a comparatively country town into this great city.

JAMES BURY.

THE FRIENDS' BURIAL GROUND IN DEANSGATE:  
WHY QUAKERS' FOLLY?

[739.] More than a twelve months ago some six hundred or more mouldering human remains were removed to Ashton-upon-Mersey from the old burial ground in Deansgate, at the corner of Jackson's Row. Passing by the dull brick wall where the early Quaker dead of Manchester have long lain, but now removed—save some portions of unknown skulls and larger bones that escaped the 347 boxes containing the once "animated Quaker dust"—some one at the time referred to remarked to a friend, "This is the old Quakers' Folly." Now I don't know that the Quakers are as notable for acts of "folly" as other less commendable sects, and as I occasionally hear this, as it seems to me, meaningless sobriquet applied to them in reference to the "spot in space" above referred to, I am anxious to know if some of your admirable correspondents so well informed in local history and incidents will say whence or how came that appropriate double name?

One or two buildings have been erected on this spot, used for "meeting-house" or houses by the early Friends soon after George Fox visited and preached in Manchester. Long ago they were razed to the ground and the space thereby extended for burial purposes, the graveyard having been used for the dead so recently as thirty years ago—indeed, since the "new meeting-house" in Mount-street had its attached necropolis. What I wish to know is what gave occasion for the reproachful epithet? Had it reference to the meeting-house or to the graveyard—"God's acre" if preferred? as after the buildings were swept away the term was still applied to the dreary spot encircled by a thickly-populated district, but which was then not included in Manchester, being "out of town" and surrounded by the residences of the wealthy of that day, as Brazenose-street, Quay-street, and others, to this day afford abundant evidence to any curious enough to be satisfied.

We know of Yates's Folly in Broughton, partly built out of the old oak beams and other timbers taken down to widen Market-street Lane, until then a narrow inconvenient thoroughfare. The "Folly," in this instance, may have been its enormous cost to carry out a whim, and not improbably is so, but what the "Folly" of the sober-minded Quakers consisted in, or how came it by such a name, I have not been able to find out. Perhaps no less absurd—oh, shade of Dickens—than the meaningless "Dolly Vardens" as a nomenclature for the substitutes the Corporation have for some time had in hand.

Apropos to the matter of graveyards. There was one belonging to the Unitarian Chapel in Mosley-street, near to the Royal Hotel. The chapel has gone, but what of the graveyard attached thereto? What has become of the dead deposited there? Are they removed; and if so, where to? Did this spot ever get the epithet "folly" applied to it—there being a "meeting-house" with burial ground belonging to it, now "without a trace to mark the spot," or only such as will now discover the sight of the "Quakers' Folly" in Deansgate, "outside the town of Manchester," as it was then considered.

JAMES MONK.

10, Brampton-street, Ardwick.

COMMENTS AND ANSWERS.

ROBERT THYER.

(Query No. 603, October 19.)

[740.] It is generally believed Robert Thyer has no descendants, but his wife had issue by a former husband. Among them there is a clergyman, at present residing within a few miles of Manchester, whose address I will gladly give your correspondent MAMCSTRÉ.

J. LIGHTFOOT.

42, Corporation-street.

"CLEANLINESS NEXT TO GODLINESS."

(Query No. 732, December 7.)

[741.] In Everett's *Adam Clarke Pourtrayed*, the doctor is represented as saying: "One of Mr. Wesley's mottoes was, 'Cleanliness is next to Godliness.'" In a footnote the author adds: "Swinnock, of the Puritanic school, employs this maxim in his *Christian Man's Calling*, a work calculated both to make and keep Christians.

W. DARRAH.

## THE GIBBET.

(Nos. 711 and 725.)

[742.] The Caxton gibbet, mentioned by R. D. S., I saw not unfrequently some few years ago. It stands at the crossing of the two great highroads, the one running north and south, the other east and west. It is near, not at, Caxton, which was evidently a town of importance in the old coaching days. From Cambridge by the Huntingdon road to the gibbet, thence to Wimpole, and back by the third side of the great triangle, is a pleasant round, the sight of the great Wimpole avenue itself well repaying the walk.

## HITTITE.

An instance of the public exposure of the bodies of executed murderers will be found of a later date than that given by R. D. S. During a strike or "stick" of the Durham colliers in 1830, a Special Commission, of which the late Lord Wensleydale (then Sir James Parke) was one, was held to try certain prisoners for the murder of a magistrate. Two were executed (neither of them the actual murderer) and their bodies publicly suspended from a gallows erected on Jarrow Slake, now covered with extensive docks. A high wind, I believe, demolished one of the erections, which was not again replaced, and its burden received interment; the other body was, much to the satisfaction of the neighbourhood, secretly removed at night.

## NORTHUMBRIAN.

Derby-street, Hulme.

R. D. S. is in error as to the date and name of the last person gibbeted in England. The last victim of this barbarous custom was Anthony Lingard, a young man of Litton, in Derbyshire, who was hung at Derby and gibbeted at Wardlow Mires, in the year 1815, opposite the tollgate which is still to be seen on the turnpike road between Wardlow and Tideswell. The keeper of the gate was a woman of indifferent character; it was for her murder that he was executed. It was thought by our forefathers that gibbeting was a powerful deterrent from crime. Experience in this case taught them that crime is not prevented or diminished by such inhuman means; for almost immediately after, at a farm-house nor more than three hundred yards from the gibbet, another murder was committed.

T. ELLIOTT.

## THE REV. ARTHUR MURSELL AND HIS CRITICS.

(Nos. 717 and 721.)

[743.] Mr. Joseph Johnson's reminiscences of his literary encounter, thirteen or fourteen years since, with the Rev. Arthur Mursell—that turbulent young captive to his bow and spear—will recall to the memory of many of your readers an exciting, not to say amusing, Manchester controversy. Mr. Mursell's lecturing enterprise was a remarkable episode in what may be called the history of the Manchester Sunday, and it proved at any rate that it was possible on the many Sunday afternoons of the winter season to attract five thousand persons to the Free-trade Hall, consisting of all orders and conditions of the two sexes. To be sure a large proportion of Mr. Mursell's audiences might not perhaps have arrived at "the years of discretion," but then the same thing was sometimes said of the popular young man whom they went out to see and listen to and laugh with. If I remember rightly, it was never properly or finally determined what the five thousand persons were attracted by, or what was the precise character of the entertainment with which his dashing young reverence drew so many tender and tough, yet generally dubious Sabbatarians together. It is quite certain, however, that the grave and reverend seigneurs of Evangelical Manchester seriously discountenanced the audacious young minister's addresses in the Free-trade Hall, which they maintained were not a little disfigured with profanity, and should have been left to the professional mountebank who had to get his living by it. There were many others—including Mr. Mursell's publishers—who were of a totally different opinion, and who described these generally merry and sometimes ludicrous discourses as constituting "a great work."

It would be idle perhaps in these latter days now that the hatchet is buried by everybody then engaged in a somewhat personal scuffle; now when the reverend author of it who has lately embarked for America and—habited in feathers and moccasins—may be, whispering his Peter-street war-whoop to the wandering red-skin,—I say it would be of little profit to say more than that to Mr. Johnson's young minister must now, I think, be conceded the merit of good intentions. There can be no reasonable doubt that he seriously and conscientiously believed it to be possible in the way he has chosen to mend the manners and morals of the working-classes, and so to compel

them ultimately to come in to the religious congregations of Manchester. It may be, seeing that the loftiest and purest human motives are liable to alloy, that the plucky young Baptist might suppose that his new "plan of salvation" would be a short cut to professional distinction, and that his fame might spread rapidly "amongst all the churches." It might well be, too, that the mission was not destitute of emolument, a consideration not wholly without charm, we may suppose, to pastors without, as well as within a religious establishment. At any rate this dashing young levite had the courage of his convictions, a courage which even yet has not ceased to be rare, and which, curiously enough, in some of its most patent peculiarities seems to have foreshadowed the recent episcopal alliance between lawn and sealskin! In truth,—

I would give many a sugar cane  
"Young Mursell" were alive again,

on Sunday afternoons in Peter-street. I see that "Promotion by Merit" would like to have the opinion of the Reverend Arthur on some question of dissenting usage or ecclesiastical discipline. Had it been possible to reach him in the retirement of his wigwam—with the war paint on—I would have given—as Major Pendennis would say—I would have given twopence to hear him!

Well, your readers will be much indebted to Mr. Joseph Johnson for the information he affords relating to, shall I say, the bibliography, of that vivacious little conflict which has now become a matter of local history. Gramercy! What a tomahaw he was won't to wield! Touching the gaps and notches in his blade he may exclaim of his foe with Richelieu, "I shore him to the waist! No mongrel's boy, those island mastiffs." Alas! How men, and things, and "burning questions that have grown cold,"—as Lord Derby puts it—become the property of the newspaper antiquary! I observe that, although Mr. Johnson enumerates the titles of almost a little library of Mursell criticism from his own pen, and also refers to a series of articles in the *City News*, on the same subject he appears to have forgotten—as I have nearly—a number of pamphlets by other critics, some notably in vindication of the Volunteers, whom our reverend Ishmael vigorously ridiculed, impugning even their personal gallantry. Indeed, I think the exasperation of some citizen soldier who, for the nonce, exchanged for the pen of the pamphleteer his more familiar and accustomed

weapon, took the shape of a threat of possible personal chastisement! I remember that the reverend enemy's rejoinder was to the effect that he was perfectly prepared for the contingency indicated, and that when the occasion arose the "other cheek" might possibly not be at the disposal of his martial assailant! This bellicose effervescence, however, subsided quite harmlessly, and the reverend lecturer's "other cheek" was reserved, I suppose, for the customary service of his Peter-street congregations. In truth Mr. Mursell's shillelagh was whirling everywhere, and there was hardly a considerable scone in the community undecorated by the prevailing plaster of diachylon. The thing got to be comical. Nearly everybody—to put it in Mr. Mursell's vernacular—"got one for his nob." He was very hard on the British workman—I mean the British workman as he is portrayed in the police reports; unfortunately the poor young gentleman knew little or nothing of any other—and, as he himself might have phrased it, he "gave it him hot." The title of one of the Mursell brochures advertised at the time in one of the Manchester daily newspapers, was, I recollect, as follows: "Tu Quoque: a Working Man's Lecture to the Rev. Arthur Mursell." I never saw it in print, but there was a pleasant audacity of retaliation about the title which had the promise, as they say in *Bell's Life*, of some "lively fibbing" in it.

"The sinner-in-chief," as Mr. Johnson with humorous impenitence styles himself, mentions, as I have noted, in connection with these memorable Sunday lectures of Mr. Mursell's, a series of "pungent criticisms" upon the style and matter of these performances, which pungent criticisms were published contemporaneously in this journal. I will not go so far as to affirm that your correspondent errs as to the authorship of the criticisms in question, nor will I here revive the discussion originated by Mr. Henry Franks in his recent paper on "Manchester Journalism," read before the Literary Club and referred to in the *City News*, on the advantages of the anonymous in English journalism; but I am quite clear that the articles Mr. Johnson praises as the best of their class bore the signature "Adam Bede;" and Mr. Johnson is sufficiently veteran a litterateur to believe everything that appears in print. Besides, it seems rather unlikely that what was hidden from Mr. Mursell, the personage most interested, would be revealed to your esteemed correspondent, unless when

in a state of clairvoyance. I remember that his reverence of Peter-street rejoiced greatly when, having realized the identity of "the sinner-in-chief," he made masterly play with his discovery the following Sunday, and drew the house down by a sly allusion to a "sixpenny copy of *Johnson's Dictionary*," printing the name in italics by way of surgical operation on the popular cranium and as a public invitation to his own friends to carry grist to the mill of his literary adversary. In one of his Sunday lectures, entitled "The City News," the very young preacher publicly complained that the identity of his *City News* critic was even concealed from "the printer's devil." I suppose the truth of the matter was that gold was powerless with that humble yet heroic depository of momentous confidences—that uncoroneted minister of an imperial *copyhold*! If the question possessed anything more than the smallest possible antiquarian interest for those readers of your 'Notes' columns who have entered on what has been called "their anecdote," I should incline to the theory that George Eliot's famous carpenter, vexed with what he might deem the flippant and libellous calumnies on his Order issuing from a "white-chokered young Pharisee" in Peter-street, was tempted to retaliate on the common assailant.

It can scarcely be, I think, as Mr. Johnson imagines, that the Mursell imbroglio was responsible for the adoption by the writer he mentions, of literature as a profession. As the popular prejudice runs in favour of accuracy even in trifles, I may just say that it was at an earlier date that he yielded irretrievably to the blandishments of British journalism. I well remember keeping that gentleman company one memorable morning on a melancholy journey to the pit bank of the Hartley Colliery, away in Northumberland, to witness the tragical and ghastly exhumation which all England still mournfully remembers. It was a heavenly morning which seemed somehow to have wandered out of the month of May smiling its way into a winter February for the consolation of a bereaved and sobbing little crowd waiting beside a great pile of black coffins—for the dead, then being wound up, one by one, out of the great dark deeps below. It was on a Saturday I know, and on the Monday morning I read my friend's "leader" in the *Newcastle Daily Chronicle* on the dismal business on which we had travelled together. This personal reminiscence, in passing.

I have often regretted that Mr. Mursell was not more capable of profiting by any real opportunity. It was great thing to have the chance of feeding five thousand people once a week with something sweet and morally invigorating. Our young catechumen essayed to teach before he had mastered the rudiments of human experience. To him the man who laboured for weekly wages was a kind of Caliban. The wife of his typical working man invariably went about with a black eye or two, and she and her children were for ever, in the middle of the night, rushing by door or window into the affrighted street, screaming murder and seeking refuge with compassionate policemen. It was no wonder that these revolting caricatures of the people—for as Mr. Bright once said "a nation lives in its cottages"—inspired them and their friends with a deep resentment. They were indignant with the Peter-street theory that when the working Englishman wasn't a bloody-minded and red-handed ruffian who alternated the monotony of delirium tremens with the maiming and mutilation of his family, he was sure to be an idiot. In this way the impression got to prevail that Mr. Mursell's Peter-street mission to the working classes was infinitely harmful, and that the unchapeled and churchless multitude were better in the fields. I think it likely that feelings and considerations such as these probably inspired the *City News* writer, "Mr. Adam Bede," Mr. Joseph Johnson, and others, in their critical hostility to the horse collar as an instrument of civilization. The working man may be yet far indeed from being the paragon of animals, but hardly deserves the punishment spoken of by the Reverend Sidney Smith—to be "ridden to death by wild young curates" either in or out of the establishment. By this time I am sure that Mr. Mursell, being very much older, is now very much wiser than when he was sowing his ministerial wild oats in the Free-trade Hall. In those tumultuous days a well-wishing matron might have applied to his reverence the language of Mrs. Gamp respecting Master Bailey, "I wouldn't be that boy's mother for fifty pound."

C. H.

Urmston.

In addition to the tracts mentioned by Mr. Johnson, several were written by a Manchester author who took the name of "Junius Junior." If I may judge from a short reply by Mr. Mursell to an attack on his Lambeth Bath addresses by a London

correspondent in the *Shadow*, under its last editor, Mr. Mursell was not a man who, if he did retort, would fail to hit back straight, clean, and fairly.

## HITTITE.

## THE POLEMOSCOPE.

(Query No. 736, December 7.)

[744.] Upwards of a hundred years ago Lichtenberg, a profound physicist as well as a wag, introduced his readers to a novel adaptation of the polemoscope. One of his best known humorous pieces is the "List of Curiosities to be sold by auction next week at the house of Sir H. S." He had found that list, he says, while in England, at a library in the country, carefully written on some blank pages at the end of a volume of Swift's. The description of the penultimate article in the list runs thus: "29. A magnificent state carriage, profusely gilt. High above the coachman's box there is fixed a splendid mirror at an angle of forty-five degrees to the plane on which the carriage stands or moves. A mirror of similar inclination, but reversed position, faces and corresponds with the former. This excellent polemoscope enables the coachman forthwith to discern whether somebody has climbed up and sat himself down at the back of the carriage. Should such be the case, he simply applies his foot to a spring, when the uninvited stranger forthwith receives a kick in the rear sufficient to insure against his early return." A. S.

## QUERIES.

[745.] **AUTHORS WANTED.**—Will you or some of your correspondents inform me who are the authors of "The Man of Feeling" and "The Bashful Man"?

FIGARO.

[746.] **THE HISTORY OF SHARP, STEWART AND Co.**—Can anyone tell us the story of the rise and progress of the famous engine and machine making firm of Sharp, Stewart and Co., from the time of the original Sharp and Richard Roberts to the transformation into a limited concern?

BETA.

[747.] **BY WATER TO LIVERPOOL.**—Formerly, as on the Irwell, steam packets used to ply on the Bridgewater Canal, conveying passengers from Manchester to Runcorn, and from thence to Liverpool. My impression is that the charges were very reasonable, and that it was considered the cheapest mode of conveyance to Liverpool. When was this custom abolished, and what further particulars are there respecting the same?

J. B.

Saturday, December 21, 1878.

## NOTE.

## PACE-EGGING IN LANCASHIRE.

[748.] Until quite recently a curious custom existed in some of the country villages in Lancashire. Each year, as the morning of Good Friday dawned, the villages were all astir with young folks, who as a rule congregated together, forming quite a little army. The majority were in the habit of wearing masks, while others would be fancifully decorated with ribbons of many colours. They provided themselves with a small basket or bag, in which, by way of a beginning, would be deposited a couple of eggs before starting out. Then they would proceed to the principal farm houses, the occupants of which, naturally expecting the call being made, would be prepared to receive them, and in many cases were delighted with their young visitors. Before leaving each person would be the recipient of some eggs, generally a couple; but in some cases biscuits, cakes, gingerbread, or money were substituted. In this manner the village would be traversed by the young pedestrians, who would eventually finish up the happy morning, having secured a basket or bag well laden with a plentiful supply of the above-mentioned articles. The custom in question was known by the name of "pace-egging," while those who participated in its pleasures were styled "pace-eggers." This event was always looked forward to with a great amount of interest by the inhabitants, both old and young. To the latter it was certainly considered the treat of the year. It would be interesting if any of your readers could give some information regarding the origin of this custom.

J. B.

## COMMENTS AND ANSWERS.

## THE SOCIALIST HYMN BOOK.

(Query No. 701, November 23.)

[749.] Two editions of this book appeared, both 24mo.: (1) Birmingham, 1838, when the society was known as the "Association of All Classes of All Nations; (2) Hobson, Leeds, 1840, when the body had assumed the title of the "Society of National Religionists." At a later period the name of the body was again changed to the "Rational Society." Mr. George Alexander Fleming, the secretary of the society during each issue (of whom an obituary notice

lately appeared in your paper) had the principal hand in transmogrifying for its pages existent hymns and arranging the compilation. C. B.

Fall Mail.

"CLEANLINESS IS NEXT TO GODLINESS."

(Nos. 732 and 741.)

[750.] In the Handy Quotation Book, published by Whittaker and Co., this quotation is thus spoken of: "The phrase is generally assumed to be in the Scriptures, and a few months ago it was quoted by a well-known public speaker at a meeting in Exeter Hall thus: 'Cleanliness was next to Godliness, said the apostle.' But the expression is not to be found in the Scriptures, nor can its origin be traced with certainty." In Chambers's *Book of Days*, vol. 2, p. 206, at foot of second column, the Rev. Rowland Hill is made to use it thus: "Good Mr. Whitefield used to say, 'Cleanliness is next to Godliness.'" The idea is said by some writers to be derived from a Hebrew sentence. G.

THE PAWNBROKERS SIGN.

(Nos. 663 and 694.)

[751.] Neither the suggestion of the three globe of the city of Lombardy nor that of the three *pillule* of the Medici family, commends itself to my acceptance as the true explanation of the original of this well-known device. Is not that given by numismatists more satisfactory? The balls, say some, are of comparatively modern date; originally the device was three pieces of money—three bezants—the most striking gold coin in circulation during the Middle Ages, and which the later crusades and our trade with the Venetians had made in some degree familiar to Londoners. Three bezants, either real or produced by the painter's art, exhibited at the doorway or window indicated that the occupant exchanged foreign money, or made advances upon it until the possessor had an opportunity of transmitting it to its proper locality. This early phase of the banker's business was centered in Lombard-street, and was chiefly in the hands of foreigners. I believe that some existing representations of the device sustain this explanation. C. BARKER.

Derby-street, Hulme.

STEAMPACKETS TO LIVERPOOL.

(Query No. 747, December 14.)

[752.] J. B. is mistaken. Steampackets never plied on the Bridgewater Canal conveying passengers from Manchester to Runcorn. In the year 1841 a

gentleman at Ashton-under-Lyne was the first to introduce into this country swift packets drawn by a pair of horses, at a speed of nine miles per hour. In 1843 the Bridgewater Trustees, copying this idea, introduced the same kind of swift packet on their canal, and ran passengers from Manchester to Runcorn and vice versa. In 1839 the Bridgewater Trustees had passenger and cargo boats of the Dutch type on their canal; and I well remember one Whit-Sunday leaving Knott Mill in one of these boats at two a.m. When we arrived at Runcorn we were late for tide, and before the steamer that we got on at Runcorn could get below Ellesmere Point we were grounded and had to wait for the next tide. We arrived at Liverpool at nine o'clock on Sunday night, after a pleasant journey of nineteen hours. B.

Ashton-under-Lyne.

THE UNITARIAN CHAPEL AND GRAVEYARD IN  
MOSLEY-STREET.

(No. 739, December 14.)

[753.] To the enquiry of your contributor, JAMES MONK, I am able to reply that the Unitarian Chapel, which stood in Mosley-street, where Messrs. Nicoll and Co. have now their establishment, was sold in 1836,—the congregation then residing for the most part at a considerable distance from the centre of the town, and principally on the south-eastern side. The money obtained by the sale was sufficient to build the chapel in Upper Brook-street, from a design by Barry, the architect of the Houses of Parliament, and to provide the adjoining graveyard, to which the trustees arranged to have the bodies of the few members of the congregation who had been interred in the old graveyard removed at a later period, with the sanction, I need not say, of their surviving friends. The ground was sold to the purchaser of the chapel, who built on the site the warehouse now occupied by Messrs. Hill, M'Master, and Plant. I may add that the chapel in Mosley-street was built near the end of the last century, but previous to 1794. For I have heard an old member of the congregation state that Dr. Priestley, who was not only celebrated for his discoveries in physical science but was a distinguished Unitarian minister, preached in the chapel on one occasion immediately before the bigotry of his native country compelled him to seek refuge in America in that year.

ROBERT NICHOLSON,

A trustee of the old and of the new chapel.

## THE PITT CLUB.

(Query No. 579, October 5.)

[754.] A correspondent asks when the Pitt Club was dissolved. He will find an account of the club in the supplementary chapter to Archibald Prentice's *Historical Sketches and Personal Recollections of Manchester, 1851*, pp. 419-432. From this it appears that an association "for preserving constitutional order and liberty, as well as personal property, against the various efforts of levellers and republicans" was formed in Manchester in December, 1792, and continued in existence till the July of 1799. Out of this, but at a long interval, sprang the Pitt Club; for we are told that "the events of 1812 having shown the Manchester obstructives [represented by the association aforesaid] that they could no longer control and direct public assemblages of the inhabitants, they resolved to form a Pitt Club, the committee of which could carry on the operations of the defunct society to put down levellers and republicans." The first list of members contained the names of 192 persons, thirty-one of whom were clergymen. The principal business of the club was the holding of an annual dinner, at which various toasts and sentiments were proposed, some of which, says Mr. Prentice, "in our more fastidious days would be considered an outrage on decency." In 1829, 1830, and 1831, the minutes show that the numbers offering to attend the annual dinner were too few to warrant its being held. In 1831 the assents numbered only twenty-four, the refusals fifty-three, and seven sent "dubious" replies. The committee accordingly resolved: "That in consequence of the above result of the application to members the anniversary dinner be postponed, and that this meeting do adjourn to the first Thursday in April, 1832." Here the history ends, for there were no more dinners, and the club slid noiselessly and unregretted out of existence.

A list of the members on the sixth of May, 1819 (including twenty five deceased) contains 397 names. A brief account of the club is given by Mr. Joseph Weir Hunter, in his essay on the Clubs of Old Manchester in the second volume of the *Papers of the Manchester Literary Club*. He states that the annual dinners were held at the Star Hotel in Deansgate, and that the majority of the toasts were "grossly indelicate." For many reasons we may be glad that this institution of our forefathers has passed away.

W. M.

## THE REV. ARTHUR MURSELL AND HIS CRITICS.

(Nos. 717, 721, and 743.)

[755.] To oblige your correspondent's curiosity, and for you to hand over to him, I send you a few pamphlets on this almost forgotten controversy of 1860. I now regret that I also was one of the pamphleteers. The copies sent are:—

A Rifle Bullet for Mursell, by "The Anonymous Coward."

Mursell Made Easy.

A Bombshell for the Man Lummis.

A Shot from a Rifle, by Junius Junior.

Explosion of the Bombshell.

The Biter Bit, by W. Lummis.

The End of the Mursell Controversy, by James Neild.

Shocking Suicide of Arthur Mursell, by the Foreman of the Grand Jury.

Also Mr. Mursell's original pamphlets of "Gay Life," "A Hand to Shake," "A Parting Shake of the Hand," and "Letter to the Men of Manchester," being a reply to the strictures of his critics. I hope the labour of perusal may repay your inquiring correspondent.

E. O. B.

[We have thought it best to deposit the twelve pamphlets sent us by E. O. B. in the Central Free Library in King-street, where they will be accessible to all enquirers. The Reference Department at present contains volume ii. of the third series of Mr. Mursell's *Lectures to Working Men*, beginning with "A Christmas Carol" and ending with "Gay Life;" and a "New Series," containing thirty lectures, the first of which is "The Old Story," and the last is "The Last Appeal." There is no date to either of the volumes; but as the thirteenth and fourteenth of the New Series are called "A Tear for 1858" and "A Plea for 1859," it may be assumed that the course was given during the winter of 1858-9. The only one of the innumerable pamphlets issued by Mr. Mursell's critics, hitherto possessed by the Library, is Mr. Joseph Johnson's "Mursell on the Gridiron," to which have now been added the eight sent by E. O. B. The librarians would doubtless be glad to complete the record of this once tumultuous local controversy, and contributions of any lectures and pamphlets in which the collection is still deficient might usefully find their way to Dr. Crestadoro or Mr. Sutton in King-street.—EDITOR.]

MANCHESTER STREET NAMES: BRASENOSE, CATEATON.

(Nos. 370, 433, and 699.)

[756.] A writer in the *British Critic*, quoted in the [London] *Notes and Queries*, September 3, 1853, page 221, says that King Alfred's Palace, at Oxford, is said



to have been situate in the centre of the city, and that Brasenose College "has its present singular name from a corruption of *brasinium* or *brasn-huse*, as having been originally located in that part of the royal mansion which was devoted to the then important accommodation of a brew-house." On the other hand, Churton, in his *Life of Bishop Smyth* (also quoted in *Notes and Queries*) says that in the sixth year of the reign of Edward I., 1278, the college "was known as Brazen-Nose Hall, which peculiar name was undoubtedly owing to the circumstance of a nose of brass affixed to the door."

In the same volume of *Notes and Queries* (Dec. 3, 1853, page 540) I find that Stow says that Cateaton or "Catteten"-street is a corruption of Catte-street, which beginneth at the north end of Ironmonger Lane and runneth to the west end of St. Lawrence Church.

C. W. S.

Respecting the Brazenose controversy that has appeared in your columns, the following, taken from the title page of a book, would show that it was spelt "Brazen-nose as late as the year 1829:—

Sermons | preached by | William Land, D.D. | Lord  
Archbishop of Canterbury | and Chancellor of the  
University of Oxford. | Reprinted verbatim from the  
last edition in 1851. | Edited by | The Rev. J. W. Hatherell,  
M.A. | of Brasen-nose College, Oxford. | Rivingtons,  
London; Parker, Oxford. | 1829. |

The work is dedicated "To Ashhurst Turner Gilbert, D.D., principal of Brasen-nose College, in the University of Oxford."

NEMO.

#### QUERIES.

[757.] PANTOMIME.—What is the origin of Christmas pantomime?  
H. T. T.

[758.] A LANCASHIRE PHRASE.—What is the origin and meaning of the Lancashire phrase: "He will neither pull nor scald?"  
H. T. T.

[759.] INGLEWOOD FOREST, NEAR PENRITH.—Can any reader supply information respecting this forest, or name any work that contains an account of it, other than the histories of Cumberland?  
TRAMP.

[760.] MILLER'S LANE.—I shall be glad if any of your readers could inform me whence Miller's Lane derives its name? If from a person of the name of Miller, or was it originally a road to some mills?  
J. F. M.

[761.] LEATHER MONEY.—Some time ago an aged Irishman told me that when a young man he worked in a small Quaker village, where wages were paid with what he called "leather money," i.e., pieces of leather stamped according to value. The object of this, he informed me, was to keep the money within the village, but anyone removing from the place could change the tickets into coin at the bank. I forget the name of the village; it is either in or near county Mayo. Can any of your readers give me the name or that of any other place where the custom prevailed?  
NEMO.

[762.] "THE SOONER AND THE BETTER."—Can anyone give a sufficient reason for the use of the "and" in this and similar sentences? Not only is it used by the "common people" natives of this district, but we find men of culture and refinement, men in short who ought to know better, falling into this useless and vulgar error. One of the most delightful descriptive writers of the present day, who in his homely account of Boston may be said to have "made the desert smile," has this sentence in a recent paper in the *City News*:—"It is often said that the sea is both monotonous and melancholy, but the longer we remain in its close neighbourhood AND the less we are disposed to allow that it is monotonous." Is not "at after" for "after" a similar redundancy, and are not both what George Herbert calls "outlandish sentences?"  
ROBERT LANGTON.

GROWTH OF LONDON.—Since the Metropolitan Board of Works came into existence, about twenty-one years ago, the population of the metropolis has increased by 1,300,000, and the number of houses by 150,000. Six hundred miles of streets have been opened, the assessment has more than doubled itself, and upwards of twenty millions sterling have been expended in improvements, six millions of which have been repaid.

OLD CUSTOMS: THE BOAR'S HEAD AT OXFORD. The ancient ceremony of serving up the boar's head at Queen's College, Oxford, on Christmas Day, was duly observed on Wednesday, when the rooms of the college were thrown open to the public. The unusual severity of the weather tended to limit the attendance, which, however, was large. The head, prepared by the college maniple, Mr. W. Horn, weighed between 70lb. and 80lb., and was adorned with crown and flags. It was carried on a silver dish in procession, the college choir chanting the Boar's Head song. The origin of the ceremony is involved in some obscurity, but there is very little doubt that it has been observed for more than 500 years. It has been said that the ceremony is in memory of a noble exploit performed, as tradition relates, by a scholar of Queen's College, in killing a wild boar in Shotover wood. Being attacked by the animal, which came at him with extended jaws, intending to make but a mouthful of him, he thrust a copy of "Aristotle" down its throat. The animal fell prostrate at his feet, and soon afterwards was carried in triumph to the college. But this is only tradition, and it is not known when the custom was first observed. Anthony Wood, who wrote in 1680, says:—"It is an ancient custom, as old, as 'tis tho't, as the college itself; but no reason is to be given for it."

Saturday, December 28, 1878.

NOTES.

PAPER MADE FROM WOOD.

[763.] In your Science Notes of August 31, 1878, you mention that Professor Reuleaux limits to about fifteen years the duration of paper made (in part) from wood. It may be worth mentioning that the "Historical account of the substances which have been used to describe events and to convey ideas from the earliest date to the invention of paper," written by Matthias Koops, one of the earliest to employ straw for paper making, contains in the second edition, which appeared in 1801, "an appendix, printed upon paper made from wood alone." The book is now rare, but a copy may be seen in the Free Library, and its condition shows that there is no absolute necessity for the early dissolution of wooden paper.

A MANCHESTER PYTHAGOREAN.

SMALL FARMS AND PEASANT PROPRIETORS.

[764.] Mr. T. K. Fowler, reading a paper entitled "The Paris Exhibition; its Agricultural Teachings," at the Farmers' Club (see weekly edition of *Times*, Dec. 13), speaks disparagingly of the "small holdings" in France, and of "the custom of breaking up properties." Mr. Fowler is but one individual, however well informed he may be, and his strictures are far from being in accordance with what has been written concerning *la petite culture* by other most able men. Moreover, such strictures seem to come rather out of place at this moment, when large farms are standing unlet, as Lord Wolverton remarked a few days ago of some of his land, and as an experienced land-steward of long standing told me a short while since was the case also in the south of England. The revulsion in favour of smaller holdings, as the *Spectator* has said, appears to be setting in. Again, does it not say something in favour of such lesser holdings that the peasant proprietors of France had money so ready at hand to buy out the Germans? It is not to be forgotten that valuable as steam-ploughs may be, and high culture, and Smithfield fat shows, there is something higher even than these results, and that is, a people owning land, and having a direct personal interest in the soil.

CHARLES H. COLLYNS.

Wirksworth.

COMMENTS AND ANSWERS.

SALFORD CROSS.

(Query 712, November 20.)

[765.] Salford Cross formerly stood on the open space of ground at the top of Greengate nearly opposite the end of Gravel Lane, and was removed in the summer of 1824. (Vide *Memorials of Manchester Streets*.)

R. R. R.

THE AUTHOR OF THE "MAN OF FEELING."

(Query No. 745, December 14.)

[766.] Henry Mackenzie, born 1746, died 1831, was the author of the *Man of Feeling*, and also the *Bashful Man*. He was an essayist, dramatist, and writer of prose fiction. His *Man of Feeling* acquired great popularity as a novel.

X. L. C. R.

PANTOMIME.

(Query 757, December 21.)

[767.] Pantomime owes its origin to the Italians, from whom we have borrowed this popular form of amusement and imparted to it much of that rough grim humour characteristic of our race. The Mime of the Italians is the Harlequin of to-day and the Zany is the Sannio, the Roman buffoon. As early as 1672 drolls and interludes were licensed by the Lord Chamberlain, but pantomime proper was not introduced into England until the beginning of the last century. John Rich introduced harlequin for the first time on the English stage at the theatre in Lincoln's-Inn-Fields in the year 1717. He was the best performer of the parti-coloured hero in his day, and played under the feigned name of Lun.

R. R. R.

PACE-EGGING IN LANCASHIRE.

(Note No. 748, December 21.)

[768.] J. B. gives a very different account of pace-egging to what I remember used to take place some forty odd years ago in Manchester or just at the outskirts. A company was formed and subscriptions, as far as possible, were raised. Money certainly came in slowly, but each member did what he could towards making the dresses, or getting sisters to do so. Cardboard, tinsel, ribbon, and calico formed the greater part of such dresses. Sometimes they were tawdry, and sometimes looked well. After dresses and studies were complete there was another important matter to arrange, viz., a body-guard. The roughest and strongest were chosen for this post, and had often to fall back on such qualities. Their duties were to march with the pace-eggers to protect them

from attacks or raids which neighbouring districts or village lads often made on them for the purpose of securing the dresses or properties for their own use. Many tussles and some very awkward knocks were given and taken on such occasions. Escaping these the pace-egggers visited each other's houses, then the public-houses round about, keeping it up for some two or three nights each week, and for two or three weeks each year. The following are the principal characters:—Open the Door; Saint George; Bold Slasher; Black Morocco King; Doctor; Devil; Doubt; and others. The "business" was something like as follows:—

Open this door and let us in,  
A merry act we will begin;  
We'll act to young, we'll act to age;  
We'll act here or on any stage.

[Enter St. George.]

ST. GEORGE: In steps St. George, that noble knight  
Who shed his blood for England's right;  
For England's right, for England's reign,  
Its glories I am here to maintain.

[Enter Bold Slasher.]

BOLD SLASHER: In steps Bold Slasher, and ever bold  
And ready to fight for young or old.  
My head is girded in iron,  
My body fenced with steel,  
My legs and arms cased in bright brass,  
No-o-o man can make me feel.

ST. GEORGE: Though thy head be made of iron,  
Thy body as hard as steel,  
Thy legs and arms nought but brass,  
I'll try to make thee feel.

Tableau.—Fight. Slasher killed. Morocco King also killed.

The last time, I think, it was ever played in Manchester, or certainly the last time I saw it, was some thirty years ago, at the Free-trade Hall. A literary institution then held its annual Christmas parties there. Pace-egging was part of the entertainment that year, and the then directors played the principal parts. Some of those directors who may still be in Manchester could, no doubt, give a much better account of the entertainment than I, who was only a spectator.

W. H.

Chorlton Road.

#### THE SOONER AND THE BETTER.

(Query No. 782, December 21.)

[769.] As Mr. LANGTON has settled it with himself that the above and "similar sentences" are "useless and vulgar error," it is somewhat inconsistent in him to ask for a "sufficient reason" for the use of the "and." The very fact should have given him pause that the highly and deservedly commended writer

has it whose consummate tact and taste may so safely be relied on that we should think twice before we mistrust his practised eye and pen. Let R. L. turn to the last item, from the *Montreal Witness*, on the page of his query: "Place half-a-dozen French Canadian boys . . . with half-a-dozen English boys . . . and at the end of the year the English language will be spoken by the whole twelve." There is there no need for the "and" either. It is true two blacks don't make one white. But are they really blacks? By no means. Redundancies no less than elliptical expressions appear to be of the very essence of languages. The origin and rationale of the redundancy here in question seem to be that the mind occasionally prefers a running jump to a standing leap. The superlative "far and away" is now apparently preferred to "far away," which itself says no more than "far" or "by far." Another and more fitting example is the customary "partly"—"and partly." Just so, French writers sometimes use the redundant *et* in "en partie—*et* en partie." But still more to the point is the following. Exactly as in G. Melbrook's quoted sentence we read, "the longer we remain . . . and the less are we disposed;" so French writers, *ad libitum*, either say "plus nous demeurons . . . *et* moins nous sommes disposés;" or omit the *et*. The latter, once held to be the only correct thing, is so no longer. Having long been impugned by such an authority as the *Grammaire des Grammaires*, the former is now acquiesced in by Littré, who gives a number of instances from great French authors. But is the less logical form in which the "and" is used therefore "outlandish?" We think not. Independently of locality or race, the human mind, in these matters, appears to be swayed by kindred impulses. Certainly the English language, in its unparalleled freedom, may be trusted to provide for its own redundancies as well as for the rest of its countless vagaries.

How applicable to Mr. Geoffrey Melbrook are his own words concerning Wordsworth, in your last issue: "Knowing how careful an observer of nature W. was, and how much he had of that sympathetic insight which is almost unerring, I felt sure that he had good reason for using the phrase." And so Mr. Robert Langton will find him very contumacious. For in the next column he says: "The higher we ascend *and* the more keen is the frost."

A. S.

## MILLER'S LANE.

(Query No 760, December 21.)

[770.] Miller's Lane, now Miller's-street, derives its name conjointly with Long Millgate and Shudehill from the town's corn mill on the bank of the river Irk, and probably from the workmen at the mill or millers passing along or about the lane; as the deposit of the husks or "shudes" from the mill on to the rising ground above Withy Grove entitled the place of the deposit Shudehill. Old Millgate owes its name to a more ancient mill to which it was the way, and which stood on the bank of the water-course or fosse cut by the Romans from the Irk to the Irwell (now covered by Todd-street, Hanging Ditch, and Cateaton-street) to insulate their camp, which was bounded on the other two sides by those rivers.

JAMES BURY.

## THIRD MANCHESTER VOLUNTEERS.

(Query No. 733, December 7.)

[771.] In reply to the query about the Third Manchester Rifle Volunteers and their colours, I send you the following particulars. There are two sets of colours in the regiment, and they are held by Nos. 5 and 6 Companies. The regiment was formed early in the year 1860, and the Hon. A. Egerton (the present hon. colonel) was its first commanding officer. The colours that first came into the possession of the regiment had belonged to the Newton Heath and Failsworth Volunteers of 1803-4, and were presented by the military authorities in London to No. 6 (or Newton Heath) Company, and were deposited by them in Newton Church on Sunday, October 21, 1860, when an appropriate sermon was preached by the incumbent, the Rev. William Hutchinson. With regard to the colours now held by the Prees Company (No. 5) they belonged to the first battalion of Manchester and Salford Volunteers of 1803, which consisted of 400 men, and was commanded by Colonel Philips (an ancestor of the present member of Parliament for Bury), and were presented to that regiment by Miss Halsey on April 9, 1804, at the house of Major Marshall. The battalion being disbanded in the year 1809 the colours came into the possession of the then rector of St. John's, and were afterwards presented by the Rev. Mr. Huntingdon (his successor) to its present holders at the Town Hall, King-street, on the 1st of June, 1861. The colours had the following mottoes on them in Latin:—"Britons will recognise their own cause;" and "When you are marching to

battle think of your ancestors; think also of posterity."

In regard to the latter part of the query, as to marching with drawn bayonets, the Third Manchester does it now and then, and I believe the old Manchester Scottish regiment of volunteers did so, and the Prees Guards of Liverpool (80th Lancashire) do so as well. Is it part of the old privilege of members of the prees wearing swords, as these regiments seem to have some connection with the "fourth estate?"

ANCOtes.

## DEPUTY-CONSTABLE NADIN.

(Nos. 634, 639, 656, 678, and 705.)

[772.] Who did Joseph Nadin succeed? To my knowledge this question has been asked thousands of times but never answered. I do not see why there should be any further silence or hesitation in the matter, and if a little information on the subject will be acceptable I will give it. Joseph Nadin succeeded John Dean, native of Knutsford, Cheshire. His parents were farmers. He married a Miss Ann Goodier, native of the same town. Her relatives were large farmers and millers. The issue were Sarah and Cornelius. John Dean became chief constable and head overseer of Manchester and a warden at the Collegiate Church. He held this position towards the latter part of the last and the beginning of the present century. He died, if I rightly remember the words of my grandmother, in the prime of manhood of fever caught whilst visiting the poor in the foetid, miserable cellar-slums of Manchester, when that loathsome epidemic raged so furiously. Scores of times I have heard my grandmother and mother say that he was as much respected by the poor of Manchester as the human-terror, blood-money Joe, was hated. At the funeral of my grandfather hundreds of the poor followed his remains to their final resting place, the chapel-yard, Bridgewater-street, Manchester. I rejoice to know that my grandmother, a powerful, strong-minded woman, lived that I might have some little knowledge of her; and, although I was a stripling at her death, I feel proud in having helped to bear on my shoulder the remains of such a fine and noble specimen of humanity. In looking over the Manchester Historical Recorder I find in the year "1821. Joseph Nadin, who had been upwards of twenty years deputy-constable of Manchester, resigned, March, and was succeeded by Mr. Stephen

Lavender, from London." Surely there must be a mistake in the first part of this statement, as my mother was born in the year 1799, and her brother afterwards.

ARLUNYDD GLAN CONWAY.

Plascoch, Trefriw, North Wales.

### QUERIES.

[773.] **THE RIVER TIB.**—Can anyone say where this river rises, what is its course, and where it empties itself? Has anybody ever seen it; if so, when and where? T. SANDS.

[774.] **MR. MORGAN BRIERLEY'S WEATHER FORECAST.**—So long ago as September 21 a remarkable weather prediction appeared in your Notes and Queries column. Mr. Morgan Brierley, writing about spiders' webs on hedgerows, added as a postscript: "The coming winter will be a real old-fashioned one. You will see." We have seen, and it would be of great interest if Mr. M. Brierley would tell your readers upon what grounds he based a forecast which has proved so singularly accurate. Perhaps it will guide us on the way to a weather philosophy. I believe Mr. Brierley is a sceptic as to the worth of the American storm warnings and forecasts.

ALF. GREY.

[775.] **WHAT'S IN A SNEEZE?**—In a rather slangy colloquialism the act of sneezing now-a-days figures as a token of contempt. A person or thing to be of fair condition or character, if not eminent, must be one "not to be sneezed at." It was not always so, nor is it everywhere so now. In Germany, to this day, on an assertion or a promise being made, if a bystander sneeze, the act is apt to be invoked as a sign of attestation or confirmation. The same in olden Greece. Towards the end of the seventeenth book of the *Odyssey*, Eumæus having announced the arrival of his master in the beggar's guise, Penelope, replying, foretells the overthrow of the hated wooers. To quote from Worsley and from (Hooper's) Chapman:—

So said she, and Telemachus sneezed aloud,  
Direly the house rang, and Penelope  
Laughed to Eumæus: "Call him from the crowd  
Right quickly.

"Heardst thou not to all  
My words last utter'd what a sneezing brake  
From my Telemachus? From whence I make  
This sure conclusion. That the death and fate  
Of every wooer here is near his date."

There is, to my knowledge, in Homer no other sneeze at all to be met with. But is there anything of the kind to be found in other Greek authors or those of any other nation besides the Germans or their nearest kindred? Is or has anything of the kind been known in England? Can the superstition be traced to ancient India? I expressly limit my inquiry to

the confirmatory significance of a sneeze, and beg to deprecate all reference to the King of Monomotapa (Disraeli's *Curiosities of Literature*) or any more or less allied retorts upon the act of sneezing.

A. S.

(Query No. 776, December 28.)

[776.] **MR. EMERSON ON ROBERT BURNS.**—I wish to know where a report of Mr. Ralph Waldo Emerson's speech on Robert Burns can be seen. Mention is made of it in Mr. Russell Lowell's book, *My Study Windows*. The passage is worth quoting. Referring to the impression of spontaneity which Mr. Emerson, by long study of the art of lecturing, manages to convey, although he has the written text lying on the desk before him, Mr. Lowell says:—"In that closely-filed speech of his at the Burns centenary dinner every word seemed to have just dropped down to him from the clouds. He looked far away over the heads of his hearers with a vague kind of expectation, as into some private heaven of invention, and the winged period came at last obedient to his spell. 'My dainty Ariel!' he seemed murmuring to himself as he cast down his eyes as if in deprecation of the frenzy of approval and caught another sentence from the Sybilline leaves that lay before him, ambushed behind a dish of fruit and seen only by nearest neighbours. Every sentence brought down the house, as I never saw one brought down before—and it is not so easy to hit Scotsmen with a sentiment that has no hint of the native brogue in it. I watched, for it was an interesting study, how the quick sympathy ran flashing from face to face down the long tables, like an electric spark, thrilling as it went, and then exploded in a thunder of plaudits. I watched till tables and faces vanished, for I, too, found myself caught up in the common enthusiasm." That must have been a superb effort. Mr. Emerson has not published it, so far as I know, in any of his books. Mr. Lowell's work was issued in 1871. Is there any account of the speech in the centenary collections that were made, or did any of your readers happen to be fortunate enough to get and preserve an American newspaper of that date? If so, and he would allow you to quote the speech, it would be a welcome boon to others besides W. M.

As regards prices there was nothing particularly noteworthy in the sale by Messrs. Dunn and Pilcher last week of the late Canon Raines' library, unless it be the sum (£17. 10s.) given by Mr. Quaritch for the set of twenty-four local historical tracts. The chief private buyers appear to have been Mr. William Garnett, of Quernmore Park, near Lancaster, and Mr. J. P. Earwaker, the historian of East Cheshire. Blackburn and Rochdale Free Libraries were amongst the purchasers. Rochdale especially, represented by its librarian, Mr. George Hanson, seems to be pursuing the collection of Rochdale books with commendable persistency and on a methodical system.

**THE UNANSWERED QUERIES OF THE PAST YEAR.**

The following (omitting a few of little importance) are the queries published during 1878 to which no answers have been received:—

No.						
8.	January	5...	Greenfield Rocking Stone.	557.	Sept.	28...The "North Cheeshire Reformer."
10.	"	5...	An Old Song—"Fishoken."	558.	"	28...American Storm Warnings.
81.	February	9...	Meaning of Horse Milliner.	578.	October	5...Birthplace of Rev. John Clowee.
123.	March	2...	The Press Gang in Manchester.	580.	"	5...Gorton Tank.
127.	"	2...	Manchester Cathedral Foundation.	581.	"	5...A Lancashire Author: J. Rogers, M.D.
156.	"	16...	Sir Thomas Offley.	604.	"	19...Rev. R. H. Whitelock: Clergymen as Postmasters.
167.	"	23...	Lancashire Portraits.	609.	"	19...The Painter of "Soldiers Drinking."
211.	April	13...	Origin of the Queen's Bounty (in the case of triple births).	611.	"	19...Engraving in Manchester at End of last Century.
245.	"	27...	Burning a Woman at Bury.	631.	"	26...Schools Founded by Wm. Baguley.
247.	"	27...	Roman Camp at Kersal: Right of Way.	647.	November	2...Gutta Percha Boots in Football.
283.	May	18...	Manchester Trade: Origin and meaning of Names of Cloth.	649.	"	2...Purchased Baronetcies.
371.	June	29...	Antiquary and Archæologist.	650.	"	2...Martin of Manchester.
372.	"	29...	Dr. Thomas Parkinson and Canon Parkinson.	651.	"	2...Bodmer the Engineer.
403.	July	13...	John Taylor of Bolton-le-Moors.	652.	"	2...Old Chapel in Levenshulme.
407.	"	13...	Manchester Photographic Periodical.	662.	"	9...Wheeler's Chronicle.
491.	August	31...	Date of Introduction of Dress Coat.	667.	"	9...Phenomenon in the Ribble.
492.	"	31...	The late Miss Catherine Winkworth.	668.	"	9...Portrait of Chatterton at Peel Park.
493.	"	31...	Signature of Clerks of the Peace.	683.	"	16...Marple Hall Stables.
495.	"	31...	"What Lancashire Thinks To-day."	697.	"	23...Sedan or Vedan.
545.	Sept.	21...	The Royal Oak and th' Owd Church.	714.	"	30...Local Author: "A Sad Christmas."
				716.	"	30...A Relic of Lord Nelson.
				731.	December	7...Origin of the term "Kettledrum."
				734.	"	7...The Balance of National Trade.
				746.	"	14...The History of Sharp, Stewart, and Co.
				758.	"	21...Lancashire Phrase.
				759.	"	21...Inglewood Forest, near Penrith.
				761.	"	21...Leather Money.







"I come by NOTE, to give and to receive."

*Merchant of Venice, act iii., scene 2.*

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**City News Notes**  
and  
**Queries.**

[REPRINTED FROM THE "MANCHESTER CITY NEWS."]

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thee, sir !' Indeed, we need not have visited St. Benet's shrine to obtain a solution of the mystery ; for our attention having once been called to it, we soon found it nearer home. Deere's own boatman was heard, soon after, using it with his man-servant."

The Rev. Professor Skeat, the editor of this volume of Reprinted Glossaries, referring in his preface to this word *Sammoditheo*, says: "The etymologist who reads Mr. Spurden's article should be told that the word has been, in all seriousness, derived from the (so-called) Anglo-Saxon *say me du hest*, say to me how thou dost, by no less an authority than Dr. Hickes. It should be a lesson to us all."

J. H. NODAL.

#### OPTICAL ILLUSIONS IN ARCHITECTURE.

[940.] A correspondent calls my attention to an article in a Leamington newspaper on what it terms the optical refinements of architecture. The writer says that in many important churches in Warwickshire, including such well-known ones as St. Michael's, Coventry, and that church at Stratford-on-Avon, visited by so many pilgrims to the tomb of Skakspere, there exists a remarkable deviation from exactitude of building in the inclination of the chancels. The axis of the sacarium is inclined several degrees north or south of the axis of the main portion of the church ; and so marked is the deviation of the line of the chancel from the line of the nave in the long Stratford church, that any one standing at the centre of the altar rails, with his back to the grave of Shakspeare, can only see one half of the great west window. The explanation of this and of many other deviations from exactly rectilinear building is not far to seek ; they are optical refinements, deliberately introduced by the later mediæval artists, and have many parallels in other fine schools of architecture. The result in this particular class of cases—a result that was, no doubt, calculated—has been to give to the interiors, by varying the perspective, the appearance of a greater length than they exactly possess. This is very marked in St. John's, Coventry, a very short church, whose plan is nearly a Greek cross ; wherein the difference of direction between the axes of nave and choir produces a wonderfully deceptive idea of length. Many old half-timbered houses exhibit similar peculiarities. One part of a front will frequently be found to deviate as much as twenty degrees from the line of the remainder, and this for no other ascertainable

motive than to enhance the artistic effect and to give an appearance of length.

It is not only in mediæval architecture that optical refinements are to be found, but also in many other styles. The gateway of Somerset House, in the Strand, designed by Sir William Chambers, and of perfect technical execution, presents some curious irregularities in the spacing of the columns and in their diameters and details. Few mediæval spires, especially those of latter date, have a perfectly straight-sided outline. Sir Edmund Beckett declares, indeed, that Salisbury, the queen of spires, is perfectly straight ; and that it is possible, standing on the parapet of the tower, to look along the straight line of each face. But Salisbury is of the thirteenth century, and the deliberate effort at minute optical refinements belongs to a later age, to a more conscious and reflective art. Many fine spires, such as those at Coventry, seem very slightly concave, the delicate curvature being most perceptible towards the top, but only perceptible at all by very keen scrutiny, though giving an elegance to the appearance evident to the most careless observer.

It would be interesting to know whether there are any similar instances of optical architectural illusions and refinements in this neighbourhood.

EDITOR.

#### SPANKING ROGER.

[941.] While the recollection of "Spanking Roger" is fresh in the memory of your readers, I should like to mention a statement made to me some twenty years ago by Mr. Roger Wilson, who at that time kept the Minshull Arms, still existing at the corner of Rusholme Road and Downing-street. He then possessed the original painting by Alexander Wilson portraying a rushbearing, and which, reproduced by a photographic process, is placed as a frontispiece to Proctor's *Memorials of Manchester Streets*. Mr. Wilson at that time pointed out to me the various notable men whose portraits figure there. On the left is the artist himself, on crutches, sketching the scene. Immediately on the right of him, and separated by two boys, is a tall man dressed as a buck of the period, quizzing the scene through an eye-glass. This, Mr. Wilson told me, was a portrait of Roger Aytoun, better known as Spanking Roger ; and if a person who "takes long steps" be a spanker, then the gentleman so depicted seems to have claims to be a

spanker indeed. I had the name given me of the undoubted Boniface who stands in front of the rushcart; and of the (to our latter-day eyes) somewhat unclerical figure of Joshua Brooks, who is aiming a blow with his stick at the college boy who is making a strategic movement to avoid it. I find, on referring to Proctor's book, that he does not mention this. He speaks of several characters there, and by inference it would seem that he credits the figure pointed out to me as Roger to be that of "Gentleman Cooper." Perhaps some of your readers may be able to set this matter right. I myself have lost sight of the original picture for many years, and as there seems very good reason for believing that the prominent figures in the painting are veritable portraits of local celebrities, if not worthies, it would be better "while it is yet day" to make any statements about it as authentic as possible.

While on this matter I may perhaps be allowed to add a kind of rider. No doubt many persons besides myself remember the Mynshull Arms thirty years ago. I can quite understand what probably was originally a country public-house assuming the style or arms of the nearest notable family, but why—some one tell me why—should it at the same time have most prominently displayed in a window the well-known Yorkshireman's coat of arms—Flea, fly, magpie, and bacon—accompanied by the usual more insulting than heraldic mottoes?

PETER HART.

#### COMMENTS AND ANSWERS.

##### OLD WEATHERLEY.

(Nos. 913, 919, and 931.)

[942.] I have heard that the "extract from the diary" of Weatherley, as given in Mr. Proctor's *Manchester Streets*, is a pure invention, and that a real diary of the old stallkeeper is in the possession of Mr. Crosaley. Can Mr. Proctor explain? I have among my papers, but cannot lay my hands on it, a manuscript note of Mrs. Weatherley's, correcting some statements contained in a notice of her husband contributed to the *Bookseller* by, I believe, your correspondent Mr. Joseph Johnson. C. W. S.

I am somewhat surprised that J. JOHNSON should have forgotten the shop which Old Weatherley occupied in Market-street. At the time when I paid my visits to him he had a small shop upon a part of the land now in possession of Hyam, the merchant tailor. When he left the premises in Market-street I

am unable to say where he removed to, but I have good reasons for believing he gradually descended into poverty. B.

It is just possible, as J. T. S. suggests, that my memory may be at fault as to dates. To remember the incidents of fifty years ago requires a rather remarkable memory; but, boy as I then was, I have no doubt as to the position of Old Weatherley's shop, cellar, cave, or whatever it was. It certainly was near the Swan Inn, and, as I distinctly remember, was warmed by a brazier of charcoal, which furnished amusement for the youngsters when permitted to take a lighted piece from the fire. No doubt the "famous inn" to which I referred was the Swan Inn, from whence my father many times started for London in the Red Rover or Peveril of the Peak. The London coaches started first from Deangate, and then called at the other offices, of which the Swan was one, before calling at the last office, now the Royal Hotel, but which then, if my memory serves me correctly, was called the Bridgwater Hotel.

JOSEPH JOHNSON

Isle of Man.

Mr. J. JOHNSON says he "knew Old Weatherley when he was a lad, nearly fifty years ago," which in all probability he might have done; but his memory is not very reliable notwithstanding. I knew Mr. Weatherley when his stock-in-trade was exposed for sale in Smithy Door, opposite Mr. Stelfox's shop (1815), and was of a very primitive character. In fact the whole of it might easily have been placed upon a kitchen table. At that time he was a very steady plodding sort of character, and seemed to progress very well. He afterwards moved about as his stock increased, and it would seem to me as though he had reached the grand climax of his fortune when he landed in the premises in Market-street, next door to Mr. Townsend, stocking manufacturer, where he was the possessor of a stock-in-trade amounting to several thousands of volumes, and out of which he was ousted for street improvements. This circumstance seems to me to have damped his ardour, as he gradually seemed to go to the bad from that time. He afterwards took premises at the corner of Store-street, London Road, which only made matters worse; and he subsequently tried his venture in the Exchange Arcade with like success; finally landing where he first began, in the street called Corporation.

B. WOOD.

Rusholme.

## SCHOOLMASTER HAMPSON.

(Nos. 899, 911, and 933.)

[943.] As an old pupil permit me to add my quota to the information respecting this late venerable mentor. The mention of this name must to some of your readers have brought afresh to their minds the recollections of their school life and of the days passed in the roomy attic in Bury-street, under the stern care of Mr. Hampson.

In previous communications Mr. Hampson's disciplinary powers have been specially mentioned. It certainly seemed as if, with him, "cane" was synonymous with "train," and most of his former pupils will be able to confirm the fact of Mr. Hampson having been a staunch upholder of the rod as a necessary element in the guidance of youth. Many could speak feelingly of the practical demonstrations he used to give of this, and of his calm way of prefacing the application of his dreaded cane. "You know a doctor can do no good by merely talking; he *must* give some physic. Hold out your hand, sir!" and then followed the castigation. Mr. LARMUTH speaks of a ferrule as being Mr. Hampson's favourite corrector. In my days it was usually a long cane, and only on rare occasions did he use the ruler. I have often heard him say that some gentleman had called a few days since to thank him for having properly chastised him in his youth. It was difficult for us to believe this, and I don't think any pupil ever learned to appreciate the inherent virtues of his mentor's favourite weapon of persuasion.

In this "Academy for Young Gentlemen" there was one institution which every young idea could appreciate; namely, every boy had a separate box or locker with a key in his own possession. Who amongst his pupils does not remember the desks, with their lids carved and "improved" by every successive possessor, the initials cut all over them, the ingenious contrivances in some and the wonderful contents of others, and the occasional rummages of Mr. Hampson, when with fear and trembling we had to open the desk for his inspection, followed invariably by a merciless exposure of all our little failings and hobbies? White mice and pigeons have been brought to light on these memorable visitations.

Of some modern improvements he never would avail himself, gas being particularly objectionable to him, and neither his school nor his house would he

would send out for candles or wait until the light improved. The coal carts passing down Bury-street and along Garden Lane, and the profane language of the carters, were a particular source of trouble to him, and when requesting to have the windows closed he generally added with regard to the drivers, "There's a pretty candidate for immortality."

Mr. Hampson's temper was generally to be gauged by the length of the Psalm which had to be written out as a task by those pupils who had not been punctual at the opening of the school. The usual task was to write out the first Psalm, which every boy knew by heart; if in an angry mood he would give us the seventh or some other long Psalm, but when particularly amiable he would merely name a Psalm, when we naturally chose the 117th, with two verses. His application of some of the verses of the Psalms was not always very reverent. For instance, to a boy who stumbled in his lessons he would say, "Such things are too wonderful for thee; it is so high thou canst not comprehend it."

Mr. Hampson compiled *An Epistolary Exercise Book*, and every boy on his admission to the school immediately became the happy possessor of a copy. This book contained a large number of wise sayings and a number of schoolboy letters, one of which we had to copy before each vacation to send to our parents. Although only used in his own school, Mr. Hampson sold two if not three editions of 1,000 each. It was published by the late Mr. James Lounds, of Deansgate.

Mr. Hampson was never so delighted as when telling us of how he remembered Salford and men and things in his youth, and I believe no one more than he could go into detail as to the history of almost every Manchester and Salford worthy. Of course he never omitted to mention if they had been his pupils. Every boy knew that Sir James Watts, Sir Elkanah Armitage, and Alderman Goadsby were amongst the number, and he would point out the cap-hook which each had had appropriated to him. As regards Old Salford he was a living encyclopædia, and his recollections of it would have been a valuable contribution to our local historical lore. I have heard him say that he could watch a cart from his windows in Bury-street until it reached Windsor Bridge, and that he had caught fish in the Irwell near the Crescent.

Some three years since I was astonished to receive a call from Mr. Hampson asking me to be one of his

have polluted by it. On dark foggy mornings he executors. From this connection I am enabled to give a few details as regards the last few years of his life. He left his cottage on Bowdon Downs to reside with a daughter in Shakspeare-street, Chorlton-on-Medlock, where he stayed until he breathed his last. Up to the last few weeks, nay almost days, of his life his intellect was fairly vigorous and he was perfectly able to recite all his favourite passages from Milton and Shakspeare. He was full of the memories of his old scholars and of his former days, and was never tired of railing at what he called the present superficial style of teaching. Even when his mind became clouded, his dreams were of opening a school at Liverpool, as he said the youth *must* be taught. For some time his sight had failed him a little, so that he often complained that newspapers now-a-days were printed in smaller type than formerly.

Mr. Hampson was a born schoolmaster. With upright carriage, a good presence, and firmness written in every feature, to look at him was sufficient for every boy, however unruly or obstinate elsewhere, to feel intuitively that he looked both upon his master and schoolmaster; that in the school, at all events, his will was subject to another's. Who can say what an influence for good this may have had on the lives of his scholars, and how many have had occasion to thank Mr. Hampson for having taught them, while boys, that unpleasant but wholesome lesson of learning to obey?

He passed away, unconscious of suffering, last October, in his eighty-seventh year, and was buried in Bowdon Churchyard alongside his wife, who died some two years previously.

JAMES H. FROST.

Eccles.

RICHEM's remark that "two of the greatest boors in the school, mentally and physically, are now the same men; and yet, if appearances are to be taken, they have been the most successful in a pecuniary point of view. How is this to be accounted for?"—does not raise an original topic for discussion, nor does it call for any scientific inquiry, as he suggests. He will find the subject admirably dealt with in No. 353 of the *Spectator*, Tuesday, April 15, 1712; and also in Nos. 307, 313, and 337; together comprising four very interesting letters, contributed by Budgell.

J. A.

Radnor-street.

A DEANSGATE PRINTER.

Query No. 935, March 29.)

[944.] Mr. Russell's business was carried on in Sedgwick's Court. Mr. Henry Swindells became the successor of the Russell family, and the business was finally broken up after his death, which would be somewhere about 1846 or 1847.

R. WOOD.

Rusholme.

The printer of the Bible, Mr. Russell, was in partnership with Mr. Thomas Sowler in Deansgate. The founder of "the Sowers," Mr. Thomas Sowler, died in 1802; afterwards the son, Thomas, was joined by Mr. Russell, when the firm was known as Sowler and Russell. When the partnership was dissolved Mr. Sowler commenced business in St. Ann's Square; and in 1825, under the editorship of Alaric A. Watts, he started the *Courier* newspaper.

JOSEPH JOHNSON.

Iale of Man.

MANCHESTER BOOKSELLERS.

(Note No. 927, March 29.)

[945.] I believe that much interesting information about Old Manchester booksellers may be contributed to these columns. Two of the best known in their generation were thus briefly mentioned in a little work written by "Felix Folio" and published by Abel Heywood twenty-one years ago:—"Two of the most noted dealers in old books of late years in Manchester were Jacob Williamson, commonly known as 'Old Jacob.' He began business in the spring of 1817, and his name has been mentioned by more than one local author. And Nathan Moore, whose shop was opposite the Llangollen Castle in Deansgate. He began business on the first of January, 1830. Both have now passed away; they both died in the same week, and both with their shoes on." Can Felix Folio or anyone else give us more particulars of these men?

ALFRED.

CHORLTON HALL AND MADAME MINSHULL.

(Nos. 916, 922, and 929.)

[946.] It is not a sequence of the old Manchester newspaper's description of Madame Minshull, as of Chorlton Hall, that the lady should not at one time have dwelt in Portland-street (formerly Garratt Lane), as asserted by local tradition. Neither is proof given that the Minshulls of Chorlton Hall and those of the Cotton Mill at Old Garratt were not of the same stock, consequently connections of hers. One of the old

county families of Cheshire was Minshull of Church Minshull (Nantwich hundred), with collateral branches at Stokes (same hundred), and at Erdeswick Hall (Northwich hundred). For the last two centuries these families have ceased to be notable ones, their lines having become extinct or run into comparative obscurity; although so late as 1861 there were Minshulls in the neighbourhood of Manchester who claimed lineal descent from the Erdeswick Hall branch. A Minshull of Bourton, county Bucks, was created Lord Minshull of Church Minshull, 17 Charles the First; and Elizabeth Minshull of the Stoke family became the third wife of John Milton. Like the majority of gentlewomen of that day, she was a decided Royalist. "Soon after their marriage a royal offer was made to Milton of the resumption of his old department of Latin Secretary, and being strongly pressed by his wife to an acceptance he scornfully replied: 'Thou art in the right; you, as other women, would ride in your coach; my aim is to live and die an honest man.'" JAMES BURY.

QUERIES.

[947.] CHEMISTS' COLOURED GLOBES.—What was the origin of these ornaments in chemist's windows? REKWOB.

[948.] WHY IS "A MANY" INACCURATE?—Will HITTITE or some other contributor explain how it is that one cannot say in English "a many," yet it is not incorrect to say a few, a quantity, a number? PITTITE.

[949.] WILLIAM COWDROY.—There is a short notice of this notable Manchester printer and editor in Mr. Proctor's *Literary Reminiscences*. Is there any more adequate account of the man, and if not, could not some correspondent furnish one? S.

[950.] ALDERMAN WILLERT.—In your excellent notice of Mr. Willert you quote some of Mr. Fox Turner's verses in honour of the old alderman's birthdays. If any more have been printed where could one find them? C. W. S.

[951.] FRENCH NURSERY RHYME.—I should be glad to know where to find the original of the nursery rhyme which is quoted in the first chapter of *Little Dorrit*:—

Who passes by this road so late?  
Compagnon de la Majolaine!  
Who passes by this road so late?  
Always gay!

Of all the king's knights 'tis the flower,  
Compagnon de la Majolaine!  
Of all the king's knights 'tis the flower.  
Always gay!

C. W. S.

[952.] CLEDDIN.—In the *Enumeration of the Houses and Inhabitants in the Town and Parish of Manchester in 1773 and 1774*, alleged to have been written by Whitaker in 1778 or thereabouts (I now speak from memory, not having been able to find the document on my searching for it), and subsequently deposited by him in the College Library, the township of Cleddin (P) is said to be composed of only ten houses occupied by eleven families, consisting of forty-five persons, twenty-four of whom are females and twenty-one males. Where is this "Cleddin" situate? There is an isolated spot in the map of Manchester, lying between Bradford, Beswick, Ancoats, and Newton, known as the "Bradford Road District." "Gleden-street," a thoroughfare in this vicinity, contains, among other dilapidated edifices, an antiquated mansion, somewhat resembling a marine store, dignified with the title of "Glenden Hall," although the district roundabout is known to the natives by no name in particular save the one above-mentioned. It has just occurred to me that the neighbourhood (which is somewhat extensive) might have a name more explicit than "Bradford Road District," and as "Gleden Hall" is the title borne by one of its mansions doubtless "Gleden" is the name of the district. If so, can this be the "Cleddin" of Whitaker? COTTONOPOLITAN.

LORD BYRON'S LAST WORDS TO HIS WIFE. Mrs. Morrell, the mother of Councillor Morrell, died somewhat suddenly on Monday, at the residence of her son, Mr. George Morrell, Wooler-street, Darlington. She had been bedridden for several years, and was seventy-nine years old a week last Saturday. In her youth she was a member of the Milbanke household, when Lady Byron, after her brief and unhappy experience of married life, returned to her father's house. Mrs. Morrell remembered to the last the painful sensation produced by Lady Byron's return. Her account of the mysterious separation was very simple. After the birth of their only child, Ada, the looseness of Lord Byron's life led to occasional scenes, which culminated as follows. One morning at breakfast, when Lord Byron was in one of his tantrums, Lady Byron brought matters to a crisis by asking, pointedly, "Byron, am I in your way?" Byron, who was leaning against the mantelpiece, answered savagely, "Yes; damnably!" Lady Byron immediately rose, and left the room. She communicated with her family, and they sent a carriage and pair, and brought her away. She never saw her husband, and "damnably" was the last word from Lord Byron's lips which fell upon her ear.

ARRIVAL OF THE CUCKOO.—The *Scotsman* reports that the cuckoo was heard in Transy Wood, near Dunfermline, on Sunday morning last. This, if correct, is an unusually early appearance.

Saturday, April 12, 1879.

NOTE.

IS THE POTATO A CURE FOR RHEUMATISM?

[953.] It seems natural to class the above query with the old-fashioned one of "Is the moon made of green cheese?" But I will relate one or two curious facts in connection with the subject. Some years ago an elderly lady, say Mrs. A., with whom I became acquainted, informed me that for a long time she had been afflicted with rheumatism; that some one told her if she would carry in her pocket a small potato her painful malady would be cured. Without any strong faith in the remedy, she adopted the suggestion, and the rheumatism quickly disappeared. At night she placed under her pillow the pocket containing the potato; but if she forgot to do so, as occasionally happened, the rheumatism invariably returned, and the potato had to be restored to its accustomed position. Of the truth of these statements I have not the slightest doubt.

Not long afterwards I had occasion to call periodically upon a woman, Mrs. B., who was engaged in a small way of business. On making one of my visits I learned that she was confined to bed by a severe attack of rheumatism, and the next time I called, some months afterwards, she had come downstairs but was only able to move about with extreme difficulty and in great pain. I told her of Mrs. A.'s experience with the potato and advised her to try it, as the supposed remedy was cheap, easily applied, and free from danger. Determined that faith should have as little as possible to do with the experiment, I told her that I had none in the potato cure, and did not inform her of the fact of Mrs. A.'s sufferings when the potato was not under her pillow. A period of three months elapsed before my next visit, and I then found Mrs. B. moving briskly about, a picture of health. In answer to my inquiry as to her rheumatism, she said, "Thanks to your recommendation, sir, I carried a potato in my pocket and the rheumatism disappeared directly; but the other day, as I was walking to town, the pain returned. I felt in my pocket and found I had forgotten the potato, so I went into a shop and bought one, and the pain left me."

When paying me an account a few days ago a gentleman, Mr. C., drew from his pocket a number of coins, and amongst them I noticed a dark-coloured

object about the size and shape of a small walnut. I said, "What have you got there—a fossil?" He replied, "No, it is a potato." I then asked, "Are you carrying it about as a cure for rheumatism?" and he said he was; adding, "I had a sharp attack of that disease some months ago, when a friend advised me to try the potato cure. I did so, and the rheumatism left me immediately. Seeing that the potato was getting rather worn and damaged by constant friction in my pocket, I threw it away one day last week, but that night my enemy returned in full force. However, I speedily supplied myself with another potato, and am now quite free from rheumatism."

I fail to see any reason why the potato should have even the slightest influence upon a blood poison like rheumatism, and I should as soon expect the flow of Niagara to be stopped by one. At present I can only look upon the facts I have narrated as curious coincidences; but perhaps some of the readers of Notes and Queries may be able to throw light upon the subject.

STUDENT.

COMMENTS AND ANSWERS.

THE JAPANESE MAGIC MIRROR.

(Query No. 938, March 29.)

[954.] The following is a brief exposition of the optics of the Japanese Magic Mirror, as requested by your correspondent F. in your issue of last week. Thanks to the ingenious and exhaustive investigation of Professors Ayrton and Perry, recently of the Engineering College, Tokio, Japan, all mystery respecting its construction and its action has entirely disappeared.

The best mirrors made at Tokio are cast (not stamped) out of an alloy of bronze or speculum metal, consisting of 75·2 per cent of copper, 22·6 of tin, and 2·2 of a native sulphide of lead and antimony called Iyo shirome. The face of the mirror appears flat or nearly so. The back of the mirror is cast in bold relief, the relief consisting of some Japanese motto, mythical history, geometrical pattern, or raised design of birds, flowers, or other objects. The face of the mirror, which is highly polished, is silvered or covered over with an exceedingly thin coating of an amalgam, consisting of 69·36 parts of tin, 30 parts of mercury, and 6·4 parts of lead, rubbed on by means, first of a straw brush, and then by a very soft kind of paper said to be much softer than silk,



termed *mino-gami*. Leather must not be used in this process; to touch with the skin of an animal would be to pollute the mirror.

When the face is looked at in the ordinary way, however carefully, it simply presents the appearance of a common metallic mirror. But when parallel rays, as for instance the direct rays of the sun, or when diverging rays from a point, or a small orifice are allowed to fall on to its bright face and to be reflected on to a screen placed at suitable distances from it, a bright figure exactly corresponding in form with the design in relief at the back of the mirror is reflected on to the screen. Dr. Brewster half a century ago hit upon the immediate true cause of this phenomenon, but most singularly imagined that the design at the back of the mirror was a mere ruse or trick on the part of the maker, conjuror-like, to conceal the real mode in which the effect was produced. It appears doubtful now whether the makers of these mirrors were even aware that there was any trick or mystery in the matter.

It has been variously supposed that this peculiar power of reflecting a bright image on to the wall or the screen was due (1) to inlaying; (2) to reflection from the back through the opaque substance of the mirror, the most nonsensical of all the suppositions, fostered possibly in the first instance by the Chinese, who called them "mirrors that let the light pass through them;" (3) the varying molecular condition of different parts of their surfaces, chiefly brought about by stamping from behind.

Professors Ayrton and Perry have completely exploded these theories by examining in a most exhaustive and ingenious manner the nature of the reflection set up by them when illuminated respectively by parallel, converging, and diverging rays. They proved most conclusively that the phenomenon was entirely due to minute or shallow irregularities in the surface of the mirror, not to be detected by any ordinary examination by the unaided eye, however carefully made. They have shown clearly that the effect is entirely due to lines, or rather bands, of comparative flatness, or even concavity on the surface of the mirror, forming a design on the *face* coinciding with the design in relief at the *back* of the mirror, the general face of the mirror being slightly convex. They have in fact proved by an exhaustive investigation of the subject that the effect is solely due to "inequality of curvature" of the face of the

mirror. Professors Ayrton and Perry show conclusively that "the correct explanation is that the whole action of the magic mirror arises from the thicker portions being flatter than the remaining convex surface, and even sometimes actually concave." Mr. Parnell, writing to *Nature*, July 19, 1877, shows that eleven years previously he had indicated this as the true explanation of the phenomenon. But it was left to Professors Ayrton and Perry, not only to prove beyond all doubt the scheme of the mirror, but also to show the true means by which this effective "irregularity of curvature" is produced by the Japanese mirror maker.

A similar optical effect to that produced by the Japanese Magical Mirror may readily be produced by reflecting suitable rays of light from the smooth, bright, burnished, convex surface at the back of a silver watch case; or of a large, bright, unlacquered, flattish brass door knob, on which a design in broad lines or narrow bands (invisible to ordinary inspection if cleverly done) has been impressed by means of a burnisher or other hard polished tool. Care must be taken that the bands thus rubbed in are equally and similarly burnished with the rest of the surface. The effect may also be roughly imitated by rubbing in similar lines or bands on the convex surface of a bright tin saucepan lid.

The following is briefly the mode of manufacture pursued:—(1) The mirror is cast with a flat face, the back containing a design in relief, by pouring the melted alloy of bronze into a mould of clay, and straw ash; (2) the face is scraped flat by means of a hand scraper; (3) the "curving of the face" is then effected by placing the mirror, face upward, on a flat board and scratching it all over in parallel lines, first straight across the surface, then at right angles to the first lines, and then intermediately in every direction, by means of the "distorting rod"—a rod of iron about twelve inches long and half-an-inch broad. It is then scraped with a tool, ground, polished, and covered with amalgam to make it whiter and more reflective. The "scratching," or rather indenting, with the "distorting rod" both makes its surface slightly convex and causes the thinner parts of the mirror to *buckle* up, leaving the thicker parts corresponding with the design in relief on the *back* of the mirror to form the flatter, or even slightly concave bands or lines on the *face* of the mirror. These lines or bands, by diffusing the

light reflected from their surfaces less than that reflected from the greater convexity of the rest of the mirror, trace the design on the back of the mirror in lines of greater brightness on the screen in front. And thus by a most beautiful investigation Professors Ayrton and Perry have let light into a beautiful mystery of the past.

JOHN ANGELL.

OLD WEATHERLEY THE BOOKSELLER.

(Nos. 913, 919, 931, and 942.)

[955.] Probably the best extant account of the old bookseller, James Weatherley, is one which was contributed to the *Sphinx* (vol. iv., No. 135, March 11, 1871) by Felix Folio. It is too long for quotation in its entirety, but the incidents of his early career may be summarized, and the rest given in Felix Folio's own words. His account, I may state, was thrown into autobiographic form, but I need scarcely say that this was only a literary device of the ingenious author, who states that he received the particulars "from time to time in detached fragments from Jimmy's own lips."

Weatherley was born in 1794. At his father's death in 1804, he was ten years old and working in a cotton factory. He continued to work in cotton factories and dyehouses till 1817, and he declared it to be ten years of the most horrid slavery. The hours of work were from five in the morning till nine at night, and he had to leave home at four to get the machinery oiled for starting at five. He worked at Rupp's factory, Old Garratt; afterwards at Hughe's mill, in Salford; and then at Thomas Armstrong's, at Knott Mill. In 1817 he began bookselling, in the way which is thus described in Felix Folio's story:—

"Work was now very scarce, owing to so many men being discharged from the army. I was now married and had one child. I was always fond of reading, and had spent what little money I could spare in buying books from time to time. To procure food I was compelled to take my books, two or three at a time, into the town to sell. I generally used to go to Jerry Hanmer, who then kept a book-shop at the top of Market-street Lane, as it was then called. I have sold him a book that cost me fourteen shillings for one shilling and sixpence. I was grieving over the sacrifices to my wife and an old neighbour woman one day, when the latter said, 'James, if I were thee, I would put them in a barrow and take them into the Market Place. Thou would get a better price for

them that way.' I thought it was good advice, so I looked out some books. The good old woman—her name was Mrs. Tongue—gave me a lot of old music and a few pamphlets, and a shoemaker presented me with some cullings from his library, and I borrowed a table and set off. When I set them out in front of the Exchange they filled the table. I kept eyeing my stall, and was proud of it. From that time I was a bookseller! True, sir, as you say, not much good has come of it, but good ought to have come of it. I've had chances enough; the 'tide' in my 'affairs' has come more than once, but I confess it to my sorrow now, I didn't take it at the 'flood.' Well, I had not been long at my stall before I sold *Fleetwood's Life of Christ* for 3s. 6d. Hanmer had offered me a shilling for it. By twelve o'clock that day my receipts amounted to 10s. 6d. I had no idea of purchasing stock then, but a young man offered me two books, *Murray's Grammar* and *Exercises*, for eightpence; I sold them at one o'clock for 3s. 6d. I also purchased a Church Prayer-book for ninepence, and afterwards sold it for one shilling and ninepence. I remember every trifling incident connected with that day's business. It was the 19th of June, 1817. I wheeled my stock home to Oldfield Lane that night, with eighteen shillings in my pocket, determined to continue the trade of a bookseller. My wife was cheered with our brightening prospect. We agreed that night that in order that I might save money for stock my wife should go home to her parents at Macclesfield for a month or two. Her father's name was Roger Brookes, a cousin of the Rev. Joshua Brookes, the well-known and eccentric parson. In a few days my stock had so increased that I was no longer able to wheel it home at night, so I took a place near the market to put it in, and set up a new stall. This year the stock of Mr. Slack, printer, of Salford, was removed to St. Ann's Square to be sold by auction. I bought, and cleared ten pounds in one day, and had a great many perfect copies of *Tom Bobbin*—8vo.—at the price of waste paper. During the year 1818 I had a famous bargain from Hope Hall, and cleared a good deal of money.

The Peterloo riots now took place. On the day after the break-out, about twelve o'clock, a man came galloping down Market-street Lane to the Exchange, proclaiming that a mob of ten thousand were coming into the town from Oldham Road, armed with pistols, picks, scythes, and bludgeons. I never saw such a bustle

in my life as then took place. The Exchange doors and shutters were banged to. Tradesmen were running in all directions. Hundreds of panes of glass were broken by hurrying up the shutters. The Market Place was cleared in a few minutes. Books, stockings, hardware, plants, and vegetables of all sorts were flung indiscriminately into the storing cellars, and, after all, it turned out a false alarm! The same night, however, there were serious riots in Oldham-street. Several persons were shot. One I knew. His name was Parry, and he lived in Gravel Lane, Salford. He lost a leg from a pistol shot.

In 1820 my stock had so increased that I took a cellar shop in Market-street Lane. It was at the corner of what was then called the 'New Market,' on the westerly side of the street leading to the present *Guardian* office. The property belonged to the Rev. John Clowes, of Broughton Hall. Mr. Twyford, of Deansgate, watchmaker, was his steward and collector. I had two cellars to the front, the best place for business I ever had in my life, and paid but four shillings per week rent, and I had a stall in front upon which I could show eighteen hundred volumes! The building was five storeys high, and let off to different tenants. The stairs leading to every floor were outside the building, a plan seldom seen nowadays. Nothing but good luck had attended me from the day I first wheeled my stock into the Market Place, and became a bookseller and a bookbuyer. I was doing well at this place in Market-street Lane, but, unfortunately, the building I was in was required for the widening of the street. Yet, in leaving it, my good luck did not desert me. By the act, twelve months' notice to quit was to be given to each tenant, and we were expecting it for some time. The floor above me was occupied by one Booth, who kept a registry office. The next was George Hall's billiard rooms. Over the billiard rooms was George Collier, a working optician, and the top storey of all was used for making flock beds and mattresses out of cotton waste. All these people told me that they would receive compensation for leaving, but that I, having so recently entered, would get nothing. The long-expected notices at length were delivered, and in mine I was directed to send a statement in writing to the commissioners of the loss I should sustain in removing. To the astonishment of the other tenants, there was no allusion to compensation in the notices

they had received. The laugh was now on my side. They became alarmed, for they all expected a handsome sum. Having procured a copy of the act they found, much to their chagrin, that none but traders were to be remunerated!

As my handwriting was wretchedly bad, I got Mr. Robinson, the writing master, to make out my claim, and it was executed in a beautiful manner. I claimed two hundred pounds. When I handed it in the writing was very much admired. It was handed round the room, and I was complimented for my cleverness. I did not deceive them. David, commonly called 'Quaker' Holt, was the chairman. About a week before the expiration of the notice, Charles Aubrey, clerk to the commissioners, came to my shop and said the commissioners had considered my case, and he was sent to offer me sixty pounds. I at once refused it. He came back shortly and said they would give me eighty. If I did not accept it the case must go to a jury. I said I would take it, so he pulled a paper out of his pocket and said, 'sign that.' I felt that my credit as a splendid penman must now vanish, for bad as my writing is now it was much worse then. I told Mr. Aubrey, however, that I had injured my right arm and must sign with my left! I did so, and saved my credit.

Space will not permit us to follow Jimmy into the various shops he became tenant of from this time, nor into that historical edifice at Lancaster whither he repaired for the purpose of being 'whitewashed.' Suffice it to say that from the occurrence of that sanitary performance he was reduced to a small stall in the streets, the stock for which was frequently given by more prudent and fortunate fellow-traders in return for his aid in sorting and marking their purchases. He was considered the best judge amongst them all of the commercial value of old books, but we fear there was that wanting in him which not only prevented his prospering, as many of his contemporaries in the trade have done, but which probably contributed to the miserable poverty in which he died." EDITOR.

A good deal of conflicting evidence has been given by various correspondents "writing from memory." With respect to this individual, Mr. JOHNSON says, "he had a shop in Market-street fifty years ago, before Market-street Lane was widened." J. T. S., on the other hand, says, "Mr. Johnson's memory misleads

him;" and further, "that Weatherley had no shop there, then or afterwards." I should like to say a word or two on the subject.

In the first place, the Act of Parliament for the widening of Market-street was passed in 1821, but operations did not begin till June, 1822, and the work slowly but gradually progressed until 1834, when it was considered complete, with the exception of the three or four shops between Palace-street and Marsden Square, which were rebuilt a few years since. It is evident that fifty years ago the work would be in progress, and at this time Weatherley had a shop in Market-street. Pigot and Son's General Directory for 1829 contains the following: "Weatherley, James, dealer in old books, 35, Market-street; house, 20, Factory Lane, Oldfield Road." At this time the numbers on the doors ran consecutively, not alternately as now. From this fact I should think the shop would not be far from the corner of the present New Cannon-street. The "famous inn" referred to as being "a little higher up the street," was the Swan (No. 39). Is there any connection between the name of this hostelry and the present Swan Court? From this and also from the Bush Inn, Deansgate, the Red Rover coach left for London at eight o'clock every night. The Peverel of the Peak left the Peacock Inn, which was a little lower down on the opposite side (No. 104), every day at twelve o'clock for London. The Royal Hotel had then the addition of "New Bridgewater Arms" to its title. From this hotel only the royal mails started from under an archway, between the hotel and the premises now occupied by Messrs. Standing and Co., which were then the coach office. The outlines of the arch, which was built up only a few years ago, may still be seen. I do not understand J. T. S. when he says, "that fifty years ago the widening of Market-street was complete with the exception of pulling down Newall's Buildings on the one side and the Swan Inn on the other." The fact is the pile known as Newall's Buildings was built after the widening, by William Newall, the grocer, who previously had a shop on the site. These buildings were demolished only a few years ago for the Royal Exchange extension.

Heaton Moor.

#### MANCHESTER BOOKSELLERS.

(Nos. 927 and 945.)

[956.] Having been very unwell for some time past I have not paid so much attention to what has

been published under the above heading as I otherwise should have done, consequently I am at a loss to know what has been furnished.

However, there is the late Mr. Ebenezer Thompson of Market-street, who may be considered the most extensive dealer in that line of business, and very eccentric in character. His published catalogues generally extended to over 500 pages, demy 8vo. I have no doubt a notice of him would be very interesting; and very probably his kinsman, Mr. Alexander Paton, of Market-street, will be able to furnish the materials.

There was also (1818) a Mr. Hopps, of Pool Fold, and Mr. Hopper, whose stall was at the corner of Mr. Galland's shop, between Market-street and the Thatched House tavern. He was a very singular character and a most notorious "mop." There was also Mrs. Bayliss, whose shop was in St. Ann's-street. With respect to the three latter, Mr. William Ford appears to me to be the most reliable authority for information, he having been more closely identified with the bookselling trade than myself, and being personally acquainted with the parties named.

R. WOOL.

Rusholme.

#### WILLIAM COWDROY.

(No. 949, April 5.)

[957.] In reply to the query of S. a few lines of reliable information may be given, which will supplement the matter contained in the volume of *Literary Reminiscences*.

In the year 1794, Mr. William Cowdroy, a compositor and editor, of the city of Chester, entered into partnership with Mr. Thomas Boden, of Manchester; and in the spring of the ensuing year began the *Manchester Gazette*, at 22, St. Mary's Gate, they being joint editors, printers, and publishers thereof. Mr. Cowdroy, on leaving Chester, fixed his home near to Greengate, Salford. The partnership was of short duration. In 1800 Mr. Cowdroy, being sole proprietor of the *Gazette*, had removed his office to 20, Hunter's Lane, where it remained until his demise, in the summer of 1814. From this office, in 1796, issued the popular political squib, *Plebeian Politics*, previously printed in the columns of the newspaper. Further and final information touching the Cowdroys appears upon a plain flat stone covering the family grave (the natural traveller's rest) in St. Mark's Churchyard,

Cheetham Hill village, which graveyard is remarkable for the number of Salford people buried therein:—

Here resteth the body of William Cowdroy, Editor and Proprietor of the *Manchester Gazette*, who died March 10th, 1822, aged 47 years. Also Martha, his wife, who died November 1st, 1847, aged 68 years. Also Sarah Ann, daughter of William and Martha Cowdroy, of Salford, who died December 17th, 1809, aged 2 years and 6 months. Also Henry, son of William and Martha Cowdroy, who died September 15th, 1854, aged 49 years.

William Cowdroy, twenty years Editor and Proprietor of the *Manchester Gazette*, departed this life August 10th, 1814, aged 61 years.

A daughter of Mr. William Cowdroy, junior, the last of her name in this district, is at present living in Hulme. R. W. P.

CHORLTON HALL AND MADAME MYNSHULL.  
(Nos 918, 922, and 929.)

[958.] J. OWEN is not quite right in what he says about Madame Mynshull. She was the daughter of Oliver Nabb, an exciseman (not an attorney), of Whalley, where Thomas Mynshull fell in love with her, and they were married at Whalley in the year 1732. They lived at Whalley for a length of time, where he practised his profession of pharmacy and amassed a large fortune. From thence they went to Yorkshire, after which he bought the Chorlton Hall estate of 205 acres from Ellis Hey, of Monks Hall, Eccles, for £300. Madame Mynshull's mother was the daughter of William Rishton, of Jack House, Oswaldtwistle. Her husband, Thomas Mynshull, died as J. OWEN says, September 17, 1749, aged forty-nine, leaving his estate to the heirs and issues of the next of kin, after providing for the future wants of Madame Mynshull, who being an eccentric woman, advertized at the age of sixty-five years for a husband. First come first served. Cornet Roger Aytoun (alias Spanking Roger from his height being six feet six inches) being a jolly sort of fellow amongst his comrades, they prompted him to offer his hand to her, which of course he did, and was accepted, and they were married at the Collegiate Church, February 2, 1769. Their only son, Thomas Samuel Mynshull, died February 28, 1755, aged twenty-two years, and willed the property as his father had done, through which a trial occurred at Kirkdale in the year 1843, by the Rishtons of Blackburn, who claimed the property as the descendants of the eldest brother of Madame Mynshull's mother, which claim they did not sustain, it being proved beyond a doubt at the time that that they were the descendants of a younger brother, and only for a deed of conveyance being lost

of some property belonging to this estate the Rishtons of Haslingden would have put in a counter claim to it. It was only after the lapse of seven years' keen searching for it that it was found, but then all was too late, the Statute of Limitations debarring them from such claim. A person named Nesbit was the party sued in 1843. He kept an academy at the corner of Sydney-street, Oxford Road. He died six weeks before the trial came off.

Spanking Roger, afterwards Major-General Aytoun, died at Inchdarney, in Scotland, October 23, 1810.

WILLIAM RISHTON.

Harpurhey.

QUERIES.

[959.] BRETTARGH-STREET.—Can any one tell me the origin of the name of Brettargh-street, Pendleton? W. B.

[960.] SAINT PATRICK.—When and where was Saint Patrick born, and was he of Scotch or Irish nationality? T. H. MREDDITH.

[961.] SLACK THE ENGRAVER.—Mr. John Slack senior, Gravel Lane, Salford, historical engraver. Can any reader kindly tell where the above-named gentleman was buried? P.

[962.] PENDLETON MAY POLE.—It would be interesting to know when this relic of "Merrie England in the olden time" was erected in its present position, and also the last occasion on which it was used. T. A. B.

[963.] PLOUGH MONDAY AND DOG DAYS.—Can any of your readers inform me why the first Monday after the Epiphany is called Plough Monday? Also, why are the days from the third of July to the eleventh of August called Dog-days? G. W.

[964.] THE HEADS OF THE 1745 REBELS.—The heads of Thomas Syddall and Thomas Deacon, who were executed for rebellion in the year 1746, were one night stolen off the Manchester Exchange where they were being exhibited. Can any one inform me whether it was known who stole them and what became of them? C. H. B.

[965.] THE PHILOSOPHY OF THE YAWN.—Will some one explain the philosophy of the infectiousness of yawning? That it is infectious any one may test by simulating the operation. I have brought it about in my young days, when candles were more commonly used than now, by making a pair of snuffers perform a succession of gapes. W. HINDSHAW.

[966.] AUTHOR WANTED.—Who is the author of the following lines?—  
The man of kindness to his beast is kind;  
A brutal action shows a brutal mind.  
Remember, He who made us, formed the brute;  
Who gave thee sense and reason, also formed him mute  
He was destined to be thy servant, not thy drudge;  
Remember, his Creator is thy Judge.

M. C.

[967.] A RAINBOW AT NIGHT.—Is it not rather an unusual thing for a rainbow to be seen at night? I saw the only one I ever saw in my life at 9 55 p.m. on Friday, the 28th ultimo, when about two miles from Conway. It was blowing heavily at the time with sharp showers, and every time the moon—which was only six days' old—appeared from behind the clouds, there was a perfect semicircle of light in the heavens, exactly like a rainbow in the daytime, but without the colours. Have any of your readers ever witnessed a similar phenomenon? PLAS TIRION.

[968.] OBSCURE PASSAGES IN TENNYSON.—I should be obliged if any one will throw light upon the following passages in Mr. Tennyson's *Idylls of the King*:—

The pale blood of the wizard at her touch  
Took gayer colours, like an opal warm'd.

VIVIAN.

Does "an opal warm'd" do this?

But by mine eyes and by mine ears I swear,  
I will be deaf<sup>r</sup> than the blue-eyed cat.

HOLY GRAIL.

Are there any blue or black eyes, really? I believe inquiry says not, but grey and brown. What "blue-eyed cat" is alluded to; or are "blue-eyed" cats noted for deafness? RICHEM.

[969.] DERIVATION OF BESWICK.—Whitaker, in his *History of Manchester*, supposes this name to signify Bettiswick, the former word being the proper name of a man and the latter meaning street, or rather a village consisting of a street. The doctor undoubtedly laboured under the delusion that his Saxon ancestors were in the habit of designating their masculine Betties by the appellation of Bees, just as the people of his own times were prone to address their feminine Betties by a somewhat similar sobriquet. If he did not labour under that delusion he certainly indulged, somehow or other, in the fertility of his imagination when he conjectured that "Beswick" was a corruption of "Bettiswick," inasmuch as the former word, besides being the name of one of our own Mancunian suburbs, is likewise the designation of a village near Lockington, Yorkshire; and the supposition of Bettiswick becoming so strangely twisted into Beswick, and that too in more than one instance, is almost a ramble beyond the bounds of probability. The final "wick" is right, but the initial "Betti" is anything but satisfactory. Has no one suggested "Becc," A.S. for "brook"? The first syllables in the names of such places as Becksford and Bexley are, I believe, distorted forms of that word; and as the Medlock intersects the locality, the probability of the township deriving the first part of its name from the same source is clear enough. The fact of Beswick having been anciently written "Bexwicke" is a circumstance tending to confirm my supposition. Can any contributor enlighten me on the subject?

COTTONOPOLITAN.

Saturday, April 12, 1879.

NOTES

THE WIDENING OF MARKET-STREET.

[970.] I observe that in one of the paragraphs in your last Saturday's issue, referring to Old Weatherley, the bookseller, allusion is made to the widening of Market-street and to a meeting of the commissioners, at which my father was in the chair. Perhaps the following list of the commissioners, taken from the Act of Parliament of 1821, may be interesting to some of their descendants:—

Robert Andrew	John Moore, junior
Jonathan Andrew	Francis Marris
Edward Baxter	Francis Mayall Mallalieu
John Bradshaw	Robert Millington
James Brierley	James M'Connel
John Bennett	Henry Newbery
James Bury	Richd. Potter of Cannon-st.
Richard Clegg	Thomas Peel
John Chippendale	Shakespeare Phillips
James Clarkson	Thos. Potter of the Adelphi
Thomas Hodson Cardwall	Thomas Parker
Robert Duck	John Rallton
Jonathan Dawson	James Ramsbottom
Thomas Darwell	Charles Ryder
Joseph Flintoff	William Roylance
Jeremiah Fielding	John Ratcliffe
George Frazer	Thomas Sharp
Thomas Fleming	Thomas Bromiley William
George Grundy	Sanderson
William Garnett	John Shuttleworth
John Greaves	Richard Smith
Robert Hyde Greg	John Edward Taylor
George Hole	Peter Taylor
Thomas Hoyle	James Touchet, junior
Benjamin Heywood	Joseph Todd
Thomas Harbottle	William Tate
David Holt	George William Wood
Thomas Hardman	Thomas Wilkins
James Hibbert	John Walker of Bridgewater
John Harding	Yard
Thomas Check Hewes	Richard Warren
John Kirkman	Thomas Worthington
James Kennedy	William H. Walmsley
John Kenworthy	Gilbert Winter
Samuel Knight	Thomas Watkins
John Lomax	James Wood
Edward Loyd	Peter Watson

I believe that not one of the above gentlemen is now living; but this is not surprising, as doubtless they would all be persons of established position, and no longer young, at the date of their appointment. I have my father's copy of the Act, which is bound and interleaved, and has a plan attached. Doubtless each commissioner would be furnished with a similar

copy similarly treated. I find that on one of the blank pages my father has entered, in his own handwriting, a list of the various committees appointed to carry out the work. This entry is as follows, viz.:

The following select committees were appointed for carrying into effect, more expeditiously and with greater economy, the several provisions of the Act, not only for improving and widening Market-street, but the several avenues leading thereto:—

Market-street Committee: Thomas Fleming, Robert Duck, George Grundy, George William Wood, John Bradshaw, Kenworthy, Joseph Flintoff.

Tenants' Committee: Francis Phillips, Richard Potter, Charles Rider, Edward Baxter, Woolam, Edward Satterthwaite, Robert Millington, Henry Burgess, Samuel Stocks, Thomas Fleming, John E. Taylor.

Accounts' Committee: Thomas Fleming, David Holt, George Grundy, Walker, Peter Watson, Jas. Bennett.

King-street Committee: Thomas Fleming, Kenworthy, Loyd, Bradshaw, George William Wood, Robert Duck, Thomas Check Hewes.

Brown-street Committee: Thomas Fleming, Thomas Worthington, David Holt, Joseph Flintoff, Thomas Peel, Thomas Watkins, Newbery.

It will be observed that one or two of the above names are not in the original list of commissioners. Perhaps they had been appointed in the room of some who had declined to act.

DAVID HOLT.

Linwood Terrace, Altrincham.

#### HAWORTH AND CHARLOTTE BRONTË.

[971.] The ancient parish church and parsonage, consecrated by the memory of one of the most original of our authoresses, are likely soon to be transformed in accordance to the taste and requirements of modern times. With the knowledge that the many admirers of Charlotte Brontë may therefore possess but few opportunities of visiting her shrine I devoted Good Friday last to the pilgrimage, trusting that our good bishop will not regard this as a desecration of the day.

Leaving Cottonopolis by an early train, we pass the important towns of Bury, Haslingden, and Accrington, bright in the morning sunshine, and in due time reach the quaint and clean little Colne, whose outskirts might have formed the original of "Cranford." Here we make for the old pack-horse road to Keighley and are soon amidst the heather-covered fells, which in autumn must be glorious in their purple hues. Even in this late spring they have many a tint dear to a landscape painter, or to any lover of Nature in her wilder moods. At the small hamlet of Lanthwaite Bridge we make a detour, and presently arrive at Emmott's Hall which, with the adjacent mill, looks

as if it had figured in *Shirley*. Higher up on the hill side we pass the new Keighley reservoir, and note the ruined mills and deserted farmhouses which speak too plainly of the depression of trade.

Ten or twelve miles from Colne we reach the now famous village of Haworth, with its very steep streets, its four or five public-houses, two dissenting chapels, school, parsonage, and parish church, all huddled so closely together that one might suppose land to be worth as much per yard as in Cornhill, London. Of course we enter the Black Bull, in whose bar poor Bramwell used to pour forth for the amusement of the guests a stream of wit and anecdote, as told in the pages of Mrs. Gaskell. Having rested in the veritable Bramwellian chair, and pending the inevitable (but excellent) ham and eggs, we step into the churchyard, not merely crowded, but crammed full of graves, some of very ancient, many of modern date. Close to the graveyard, and rather above its level, stands the parsonage with its small trim garden. Why this most unhealthy state of things should exist or ever have existed, is incomprehensible when we look at the grand sweep of moorland, north, south, east, and west; and it saddens one to imagine the little consumptive girls breathing, day after day, in a living tomb. No wonder they snatched every available minute for a rough scramble on the hills, be the weather cold or hot, their clothing thick or thin. However, such seems the condition of Haworth life; even a school, erected by donation, is placed so close to the churchyard and parsonage gate that there is hardly a passage between them.

But visitors are entering the church itself, and we follow into a very ancient edifice. The roof is supported by massive stone pillars, surmounted by Gothic arches, and has been somewhat modernized. All besides—the pulpit, collecting boxes, faded and unshaken cushions, high-backed oaken pews—are antique, solemn, and heavy. Even the atmosphere has an ancient flavour, reminding us of a first-class railway carriage unopened for a few weeks; for here again, where Nature has provided the purest of air, man seems to have an unconquerable aversion to its free use. The Brontë vault lies close to the communion table, their marble tablet (defaced by damp apparently) records the birth and untimely death of each one of those highly-gifted children; and finally the removal of their surviving father at the advanced age of eighty-five, after a pastorate of forty-one

years. We learn that the church is quite large enough for the existing congregation and that many of them are averse to its being rebuilt; but on the other hand, some of the influential parishioners are determined shortly to replace it by a modern one of more architectural pretensions, lacking the indescribable charm of its venerable predecessor. At present, it is to be feared the ground floor (we know not the ecclesiastical term) would hardly please our city coroner, being strictly preserved, as the following and many similar inscriptions will testify:—"John Hartley, Haworth, hath three sittings and a half in this pew for Hilltop." "Abraham Sutcliffe, Shawtop, hath three sittings here for Great Stone." Another inscription states that "this steeple and little bell were made in the year of our Lord 600." The free seats, we presume, are in the spacious gallery, into which we had not time to penetrate; but having omitted inquiry on this point, we are open to correction.

I write for readers intimate with the novels of "Currer Bell" and who have also enjoyed the unique biography by her friend, who, like her heroine, loved truth for its own sake, and hated cant and conventionalism. The storm of critical and clerical abuse which assailed Mrs. Gaskell for her fearless exposure of the evils resulting from blundering benevolence at Cowen's Bridge School call to mind Carlyle's adjuration:—"O beloved brother blockheads of mankind! let us close those wide mouths of ours; let us cease shrieking, and begin considering." It is not within my province to analyze the works of the Brontë family, which are *sui generis*, nor to moralize upon what was or what might have been in their strange history. *Jane Eyre* is essentially an autobiography, and has most likely done for girls what *Nicholas Nickleby* did for boys: and the numerous class of struggling parents are, or ought to be, grateful accordingly. Of Charlotte Brontë it has been said:—"Her career was one of the most beautiful and one of the saddest on record. Her life, from first to last, is an example of courage, patience, and devotion." Intending visitors to her mountain home should wend their way thither before the modern reformers begin operations. Pedestrians may travel by railway *via* Bradford and Keighley, I prefer the walk through Oxenhope and Crimsworth to Hebden Bridge, though it involves a final journey per L. & Y. of twenty-four miles, in the incredible space of two hours.

XIPHIAS.

## COMMENTS AND ANSWERS.

BRETTARGH-STREET, PENDLETON.

(Query No. 959, April 12.)

[972.] The origin of the name of Brettargh-street in Pendleton is that the houses of which it was originally formed were built by one John Brettargh, (pronounced Brittar or Brittar) and adjoined the coal wharf and stables owned by him. From this place he retailed the coals as agent for Mr. Knowles, as well as from wharves off Oldfield Road. He also built the house which stands at the entrance to the Pendleton Railway Station, where he and his family lived for some years, until the Railway Company bought it from him, supposing that the house would have to come down, but it was arranged otherwise. The canal was shifted in that locality a few yards east, and the railway was formed on the old canal bed, so the house was left standing. The same John Brettargh was, I believe, one of the promoters of the New Quay Company. He was much respected by his neighbours, who being mostly hand-loom weavers, looked up to him as having superior advantages of getting information, and he was ever willing to communicate such information as he possessed for their benefit. It must be remembered there were no penny newspapers then. There is a portrait of him in Peel Park Museum, and I think it a very good likeness.

JOHN HULMER.

Salford.

THE LEELESS BENCH (BUCHE) PRESTWICH: DR. DEE'S DIARY.

(Query No. 924, March 22.)

[973.] I cannot identify this Bench, or (as it should be) Buche, which ought to be readily recognized by some old inhabitant of the vicinity. It seems to be at that part of the boundary of Manchester and Prestwich near Kersall Hall. The "extents" of the parish quoted on p. 395 of *Mamcestre* do not help. The place may perhaps be identified when it is named in connection with the entire passage in Warden Dee's Diary, whence it is taken, and which is descriptive of the beating of the bounds of the parish of Manchester in 1597. This ancient custom of perambulation, then in pretty general use, usually took place during the Rogation Days, and was designed to supplicate a blessing on "the kindly fruits of the earth so as in due time we may enjoy them," and to preserve or establish an exact knowledge of the limits



of parishes. There is an interesting account of one of these perambulations led by the judicious Richard Hooker, when parson at Boscombe in Wiltshire, in Walton's life of that divine. A homily was prepared for the religious service, in which the Psalm "Benedic, anima mea" was said or sung, and the malediction was pronounced, "Cursed be he that removeth his neighbour's land mark!" The Rogation Days in 1597 were the 2nd, 3rd, and 4th of May, and on the last of these days, viz., the Wednesday before Holy Thursday (or Ascension Day), the Warden gathered the parishioners to perform this useful service, "persuading all," like Hooker about the very same time, "both rich and poor, if they desired the preservation of love and their parish-rights and liberties, to accompany him in his perambulation; and most did so." Dee had then been Warden of Manchester for about two years; but he first came hither on the 15th February, 1596. In his Diary for that year there is nothing about beating the bounds on the 17th to 19th May, which were the Rogation Days; but there are gaps in the entries about that date. His disputes with the Fellows may have interfered with that perambulation. The matter was of importance to Dee, who had likewise quarrels with the landowners as to tithes from the estates which were on the confines of the parish. Partly in view of these disputes the Warden had in 1596 engaged Christopher Saxton, the celebrated surveyor, to map the parish; and at the very time of the "beating" in 1597 a "geometrical survey" of it was being finished. The passage in the diary where this "Leeless Bench" is named is one of very many passages in that interesting journal which has been most faultily transcribed and carelessly printed. The matter in question puzzled Mr. Harland; but he passed this "Leeless Bench" without a note (*Continuation of Court-Leet Records*, Chetham Society, vol. lxx. page 87). The following is an exact copy of the account of the perambulation as printed from Dee's Diary by the Camden Society in 1842 (vol. xix. page 58):—

"May 4th [1597], I, with Sir Robert Barber, curat [of Manchester], and Robert Talsley, clerk of Manchester parish church, with diverse of the town of diverse ages, went in perambulation to the bownds of Manchester parish: beginning at the Leeless Bench against Prestwich parish, and so had a vew of the thre corne stacks, and then down tyll Mr. Standyah new enclosure on The low, wher we stayed and vewed

the stak yet standing in the bank of the dich, being from the corne a eleven measures of Mr. Standleys stak then in his hand, and two fote more, which still I did measure afterward, and it did conteyn in Kentish feete 6 ynches and thre quarters. The survey geometrical of the very circuits of Manchester parish was ended in this, being the sixth day of my work."

Dee was a topographer and arithmetician of the first order, and could never have been guilty of all the nonsense here attributed to him. "Three corn stacks" *sub dio* in May is scarcely to be conceived of in this climate. Another stack "standing in the bank of a ditch," at a distance from the aforesaid "corn," is equally perplexing. A stack in Mr. Standley's hand, containing so many "Kentish fest," must have astonished the sober men of the town! Then Warden Dee is made to work six days at the geometrical survey, when he is said two days earlier to have been otherwise engaged. What Dee actually wrote in his diary was the following, taken from the original MS. in the Ashmolean Museum:—

"May 4th, I, with Sir Robert Barber, curat, and Robert Talsley, clerk of Manchester parish church, with diverse of the town of diverse ages, went in perambulation to the bownds of Manchester parish: began at the Leeless buche against Prestwich parish, and so had vew of the corner stak, and then down tyll Mr. Standysh new enclosure on Thelow, wher we stayed and vewed the stak yet standing in the bank of the dich, being from the corner a eleven measures of Mr. Standley's stick then in his hand, and 2 fote more, which stick I did measure afterward and it did contaeyn in length feete. 6. ynch. 3. [That is, 6ft. 3in. x 11 = 68ft. 9in. This total, + 2ft. = 70ft. 9in. Dee puts the sum down thus: "The Totall mesure fete. 69. ynches 9."] At which place [Standysh's enclosure] Tetlow servant to Mr. [James] Ashton of Chaderton with . . . did mete us, and the survey geometrical of the very circuits of Manchester parish was ended in this, being the sixth day of my work folks day."

On the word "stake" the following note, from Instructions how to hold a Court-baron, may be cited: "If any man hath removed any bounds or marks, meare stones or stakes, between this lordship and any other, or between tenant and tenant, you must present their names, for it is an evil office and they deserve to be punished for it." (*Manchester Court Leet*, p. 60.)

"Thelow" is perhaps Thelmore Waste, which lay

between the parishes of Manchester and Prestwich. Touching the line of demarkation on that Waste, James Asheton of Chadderton, Esq., the farmer of the tithes of Prestwich, was in dispute with the College of Manchester three years after this perambulation; and he was also at variance with James Chetham of Nuthurst, gentleman, who drew up the boundaries for the ecclesiastical commission which Dr. Dee mentions in the Diary (page 63), under date of 11th September, 1600.

I may add that I am editing the entire Manchester portion of the Diary for Mr. Earwaker's new *Archæological Journal*, the Camden Society's text of the Diary, pp. 51-64, being disfigured by numerous inaccuracies and omissions. JOHN E. BAILEY.  
Stretford, Manchester.

#### RAINBOWS AT NIGHT.

(Query No. 967, April 12.)

[974.] A rainbow at night, or what is usually termed a lunar rainbow, is a rather unusual thing. I have, however, seen many of them with the moon at various ages. Generally they they have described only portions of an arc, and sometimes very small portions. From my experience of these beautiful phenomena I should say they are more frequently seen and to better advantage in elevated districts where the air is pure; though the fullest I ever saw, being more than half a circle, was about two years ago as I was walking along the Eccles Old Road, near Hope Church. It has often been a matter of wonder to me that the poets have not paid more attention than I have noticed upon such beautiful nature-painting.

E. K.

#### THE HEADS OF THE 1745 REBELS.

(Query No. 964, April 12.)

[975.] The following letter, signed Y, which appeared in the *Manchester Guardian* a few years back, I think will answer C. H. B.:—

"I was dining, some thirty years ago, with the late Dr. J. L. Bardaley. When the cloth was removed the conversation took a more narrative character than is usual. Many personal recollections were told, and at length one of the guests incidentally mentioned the traditions of Manchester at the time of the Jacobite disturbances. Upon this our host observed how singular it was that the authorities of that day had never discovered the persons who had removed from the Manchester Exchange the heads of Billy Dawson (the hero of Shenstone's ballad) and the two deacons

which had been exposed there, after their execution, as participators in the Jacobite troubles. He added that he was the only person living who could then solve the mystery. He went on to say that many years previously (I forget the exact date) he was in attendance upon one Miss Hale, who lived in King-street, and who had been a great partizan of Charles Edward. The old lady, who was then about ninety years of age and believed herself to be dying, as was in fact the case, dismissed all her attendants from the room except the doctor; and having ascertained from him that she had not many hours to live, told him that her brother, who was then dead, was the person who had removed the heads in question, and that they were then buried in the garden at the back of the house in which she was then living. She concluded by making him promise that, when she was gone, he would have them taken up and placed in consecrated ground. I need hardly add that Dr. Bardaley strictly fulfilled her wishes. Three skulls were found in the garden, as she had stated, and these were placed, as I understood, in St. Ann's Churchyard. This is the more probable as there are now tombs of the deacons to be found there."

B.

Heaton Moor.

#### ST. PATRICK.

(Query No. 960, April 12.)

[976.] St. Patrick was born at Duntocher, near Kilpatrick, on the Clyde, in the year 372. Duntocher was a Roman station. On the completion of the boundary wall (reaching from the Firth of Forth to the Clyde, and of which Kilpatrick was the terminus), erected by the Roman general Agricola to repress the incursions of the northern barbarians, the Romans withdrew, leaving behind them a soldier named Maur, who was the father of the patron saint of Ireland. It is stated that after evangelizing Hibernia he returned to the vicinity of his birthplace, and that his resting-place is where the Glasgow Cathedral now stands. No doubt the guide-books to the Clyde, of which there are many published, will contain authentic information.

J. A.

Radnor-street.

It is believed, but lacks confirmation, that this patron saint of Ireland was of Scotch descent, having been claimed by the Scots as one of their own countrymen, and supposed to have been born a short distance from Dumbarton. It is also said that he founded many churches in North Britain, after which

he sailed from Port Patrick for Ireland, and there converted the heathen and founded more churches. He gave a good illustration of the Trinity by plucking a leaf of trefoil and demonstrating how three leaves might be united and yet form but one. Therefore the shamrock has for centuries been looked upon by the Irish as their national emblem. He died A.D. 432, at the remarkable age of 123, and was buried in the cathedral city of Down.

ISAAC FLETCHER.

Heaton Moor.

St. Patrick (Patricius) himself says that he was born at Bonavem Taberniæ. There can scarcely be any doubt that Bonavem Taberniæ was in North Britain. It was certainly not in Ireland. St. Patrick's parents were Christians, and both his father and grandfather bore Latin names. It does not follow from this that they were Romans; they were probably Romanized Britons. Patrick was probably born in what is now called Scotland, but that country in the saint's time bore another name. The distribution of races in it, moreover, was quite otherwise than that which now exists there; thus, in the first place, there were then no English-speaking Lowlanders; and, in the second, though Scots from Ireland were already settled in Caledonia, they are always spoken of as dwelling beyond the northern wall and the bounds of the Roman government. But the father of Patrick was a Roman official. The saint, therefore, can hardly be called a Scot in the sense in which that word was known to him. Still less can we dub him an Irishman, though in Ireland he spent the best years of his life. That he was a Romanized Briton I believe to be a very probable conclusion. T. H. MEREDITH will find much interesting information about St. Patrick in a little book by Dr. Maclear, called *The Conversion of the Celts*. It is published by the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge, and its price is 2s. Dr. Maclear assigns, I find, A.D. 387 as the year of St. Patrick's birth.

ALFRED N. PALMER.

#### QUERIES.

[977.] BISHOPS' APRONS.—Why do these dignitaries wear an apron?

T. A. B.

[978.] "FAREWELL, MANCHESTER."—The Rev. William Felton, Prebendary of Hereford, composed this beautiful air in the early part of the last century. It is said to have been performed as a march when Charles Stuart's army quitted Manchester in 1745. Was Felton a native of Manchester, and is anything known respecting him?

T. A. B.

[979.] A CHURCHWARDEN'S JUG.—There is in the possession of the Manchester Board of Guardians a large jug, bearing the following inscription: "Presented by Mr. John Powell to the churchwardens of Manchester, 1829;" together with the words "Church and King." There are also the Royal arms and the shield of the Manchester arms upon it. Fifty years ago the churchwardens also acted as guardians of the poor for the township; and this accounts for the jug being in the custody of the poor-law authorities in New Bridge-street instead of the present churchwardens having it. It would be interesting to know what were the circumstances under which Mr. Powell made the present to the wardens, and who that gentleman was.

E. W.

Walter Savage Landor's widow died at the Villa Landor, Fiesole, near Florence, last week, at the age of eighty-six. She was of Swiss extraction. She married the poet in 1811, when she was only eighteen, and has survived him fifteen years. The issue of their marriage consisted of a daughter and three sons, Arnold, Walter, and Charles. The poet's eldest son, Mr. Arnold Savage Landor, is now of Ipsley Court, Warwickshire.

Lord Carnarvon has been indicating some new work which the Society of Antiquaries might undertake. In his annual address as president, on Wednesday, he said an archaeological survey of Great Britain was required. Nothing, he thought, could more effectually promote the preservation of pre-historic monuments or facilitate the working of Sir John Lubbock's Bill. Again, with the exception perhaps of Italy no country was so rich in charters as ours; and yet, to our shame, we were nearly the only civilized community which possessed no national Codex Diplomaticus. Everything extant ought certainly to be printed down to the reign of Edward I. Then, again, if it was too much to expect what he considered was a great desideratum—a new edition of Dugdale's *Monasticon*—yet a complete series of the chartularies of the various abbeys would be a most useful work, containing as they did a mine of information on the social and economic history of this country, and which, if printed in extenso, would be put beyond the risk of destruction by fire.

ENGLISH HISTORICAL MEDALS.—The numismatic treasures preserved in the British Museum are of immense value. Starting with the handsome nucleus formed by the cabinets of its founder, Sir Hans Sloane, and Sir Robert Cotton, it has been enriched from time to time by many valuable purchases and gifts, especially by the bequests of the Rev. C. M. Cracherode, Mr. R. P. Knight, Miss Banks, and others, the Marsden donation, George IV.'s presentation of his father's library and its contents to the country, and by the annual parliamentary grants, until its money value is now estimated at more than £3,000,000.

Saturday, April 26, 1879.

NOTES.

CURIOUS DERIVATIONS.

[980.] Spenser, in the *Fairy Queen*, derives word from "waur" and "old," because it gets "waur" or worse as it gets older. He likewise derives "eclogues" from "aeglogues," and says they were so called because "goat-herds" sang them. The curious thing about this is that Spenser knew Greek and yet gives this forced and absurd derivation in all good faith.

HITITE.

DR. CRESTADORO AS A BALLOONIST.

[981.] The late Professor Crestadoro, chief librarian of the Manchester free libraries, was the author of a privately-circulated pamphlet on Aeronautation. He had a firm conviction that ultimately, in the distant future it might be, aerial navigation would supersede steam ships and railways; and that not only would there be immense balloons and public conveyances carrying large numbers of passengers, but small private balloons which would be much more common than ordinary street conveyances. His plan or theory was simple. Nothing, he would say, is so well established as that the upper air moves in currents. Aeronauts have demonstrated the fact that within a few yards, as the balloon has ascended or descended, it has been carried north and south, east and west, or *vice versa*. All, therefore, that the aeronaut requires is the means to cause his air-ship to rise or fall. If he is in a current of air that is carrying him north, and he wants to go south, all he has to do is to raise the machine until it is impelled by a current driving in the desired direction. It is evident, therefore, that a balloon inflated with gas cannot be controlled as M. Crestadoro desired. The means at the disposal of the gas-balloon aeronaut for raising and lowering his machine are soon exhausted. Ballast thrown out of the car will cause the balloon to ascend, and gas allowed to escape from the valve at the top of the balloon will cause it to descend. But it is evident that this waste of ballast and gas must soon come to an end, when an end would come to the voyage if not to the voyager. But, presuming that a gas-balloon could be controlled, the expense of its inflation would prevent its general use.

Dr. Crestadoro accordingly turned his attention to a method of inflation which, while less expensive, would enable the air-voyager to create, and continue to create, his own ascending power. This, strange as it may seem, was the motive power used by the brothers Montgolfier in their original experimental fire balloon. In the common paper balloon, which is inflated with smoke, a lighted sponge filled with methylated spirit immediately begins to rarify the air within, and the balloon, becoming lighter than the surrounding atmosphere, ascends. Now, said Signor Crestadoro, what is wanted is the means whereby the aeronaut, when on his air-voyage, can create his own smoke and possess the power, by means of a fire, to rarify the smoke and thus attain the needed ascending power. This he proposed to do by a small stove, specially constructed for its purpose, carried on a platform suspended from the balloon. A few bundles of straw thrown into the fire would create the desired smoke. This would cause the balloon to ascend; an opening at the top of the balloon would allow the smoke to escape; this would cause the balloon to descend. The air-voyager would thus have the power to ascend and descend at pleasure, to cause his air-ship to traverse any distance, and to descend in the town or country desired.

When it was suggested to Dr. Crestadoro that the silk of the balloon would be in constant danger from the stove, his answer was, "Not at all; my balloon would be made of iron!" He had had an experimental balloon constructed from sheets of iron almost as thin as the thinnest tissue paper. But this idea of constructing balloons of metal was not Dr. Crestadoro's. So early as 1670 the Jesuit, Francis Lana, published a work on sailing through the air. His notion was to raise a vessel by means of hollow metal balls, strong enough when exhausted to resist the pressure of the external air, but so thin as to be, under such circumstances, lighter than their bulk of air. At that time had Lana tried the experiment he would have found it utterly impossible to have procured sheets of iron of the requisite thinness; but now, with the wonderful power of modern machinery, steel and iron sheets can be manufactured as thin almost as tissue-paper. Dr. Crestadoro had no doubts upon the possibility of constructing an iron balloon sufficiently light and sufficiently strong to do all that he desired. There is certainly no reason to suppose that his proposed machine would not act, rising and

falling and be under control as he intimated it would be; that which may well be doubted is the existence of any reliable diverse currents in the upper air which would enable the air-voyager to guide his balloon in any desired direction. Without the existence of such currents, which have yet to be demonstrated, Dr. Crestadoro's ballooning project is ingenious, but, like so many other projects, perfectly utopian.

Isle of Man.

JOSEPH JOHNSON.

### COMMENTS AND ANSWERS.

THE COMPOSER OF "FAREWELL, MANCHESTER."

(Query No. 978, April 19.)

[982.] The Rev. William Felton, Mus. Bac., was chaplain to the Princess Dowager of Wales; custos of the vicars choral of Hereford Cathedral, and vicar of Mockhurst, in the county of Hereford. He was considered to have a remarkably neat and rapid execution on the organ and harpsichord. He published three sets of concertos for these instruments, and some sets of lessons, which were for some years in great request. He "died suddenly," 6th December, 1769.

B. ST. J. B. JOULE.

Southport.

"A MANY."

(Query No. 948, April 5.)

[983.] "Many," says Worcester, "in our old language, was a noun substantive meaning a multitude. It remained so in Shakspeare's time and may be not improperly used so still. It is, however, mostly used as an adjective, but with more than one circumstance indicating its former rank; for not the article only, but an adjective at the same time, is often joined with it, as 'a great many' (a great multitude)." This accounts for the following Shaksperian line so often quoted:—

Like a many lipping hawthorn buds.

COTTONOPOLITAN.

PLOUGH MONDAY AND DOG DAYS.

(Query No. 963, April 12.)

[984.] Plough Monday is so called because on that day work was resumed and the Christmas holidays were over amongst the farm labourers. It was customary for the peasantry to draw a plough dressed with ribbons and other decorations from door to door

and solicit money, which they spent in a frolic. The origin of the custom is traceable to Catholic times, when ploughmen kept lights burning in the church to obtain a blessing on their work, and to maintain these lights they went about in procession on Plough Monday soliciting subscriptions.

The warmth of the month of July gave rise to a superstition amongst the Romans and other nations. They thought that the great heat usually prevalent during the forty days beginning with the 3rd July and ending 11th August, was caused by the rising and setting of the dog-star Sirius (then called Canicula—Little Dog, hence Canicular days) in coincidence with the sun; and to the combined heat of the star and the sun they attributed the diseases and other calamities incidental to these days. It was by mere accident that the heliacal rising of Canicula coincided with the hottest season of the year in the time of the old astronomers. The time of its rising depends on the latitude of the place, and is later and later every year in all latitudes owing to precession. The star is now in coincidence with the sun at the end of August. In the course of time Canicula will rise in the dead of winter. Yet "the dog days" is still a popular phrase, and it is perhaps through some lingering regard for the old notion that dogs are ordered to be muzzled at this time of the year.

ED. NIXON.

Hulton-street, Salford.

I don't know why the first Monday after the Epiphany was dedicated to the plough, but I know that that particular day was kept as a holiday in the agricultural district where I was brought up. In the morning as soon as it was light most of the young ploughmen assembled in the more central villages decorated in all the ribbons and finery they and their sweethearts could command. They then walked in procession round the place and through the adjoining hamlets, headed by a band of music, and collected all the money they could, which they spent at night in a jollification and a supper. Sometimes, when the weather was fine and the roads good, they would carry a plough along with them the whole of the round; and if refused a gratuity, they, by their united strength, would frequently plough a furrow across a grass-plot or a garden to make the parties remember to be more liberal another year.

R. WOOD.

Cheetham Hill.

## THE POTATO CURE FOR RHEUMATISM.

(Note No. 953, April 12.)

[985.] My mother was for many years a martyr to rheumatism. She found no remedy so efficient as potato-water and sulphur. That is, the water in which potatoes had been boiled was again heated, with a piece of stone brimstone added, and the affected limb was bathed with this as hot as could be borne. The potato carried in the pocket has been recommended to me very recently. I think I shall try its potency.

ISAB. B.

WILLIAM COWDROY.

(Nos. 949 and 957.)

[986.] This Manchester printer was, about the end of the last century, in partnership with Mr. Slack, the firm being known as Cowdroy and Slack. They were, for that period, extensive publishers of sixpenny periodicals and standard works issued in numbers, and supplied to the public by "cavassers." It is interesting to know, as a contrast to the books which find acceptance in our day, that the most successful books published by Cowdroy and Slack were: *The Harvest Home*, *The Gleamer*, *Tim Bobbin*, and *Walker's Plebeian Politics*. Despite this success, however, the firm came to grief in 1822, the inevitable auctioneer disposing of the stock by public auction.

William Cowdroy, the elder, died in 1814, in his sixty-second year. He was the owner and editor of the *Manchester Gazette*, and a man of rare parts and genius; his poetical ability was of no mean order. He was a wit, a facetious companion, and a true patriot; a kind father, a faithful friend, and a truly honest man. His light pungent paragraphs, which appeared in the *Gazette*, were frequently copied into other journals; his wit and humour frequently supplied the newspapers of the day with interesting cuttings on current topics. Many of his articles, with changes of names and dates, were revived at intervals of five and six years.

JOSEPH JOHNSON.

Isle of Man.

## TENNYSONIANA: "THE BLUE-EYED CAT."

(Query No. 968, April 12.)

[987.] About fifty years ago Dr. Sichel, the French naturalist, made the curious discovery that spotlessly white cats with blue eyes were invariably deaf.

COTTONOPOLITAN.

The "blue-eyed cat" mentioned by Tennyson must have reference to the white Persian cat, one of which

I have. Her eyes are azure blue, and she is quite deaf, which so far verifies Tennyson's lines.

W. L. APPLETON.

Didsbury.

That a white cat with two blue eyes or with two pink ones—that is an "Albino" cat—is deaf, I remember first seeing stated in *Once a Week* many years ago. I made various experiments and found the statement to be correct. I believe that if one eye is blue or pink and the other of the natural colour, the cat is not deaf. Of one deaf blue-eyed cat I retain a very lively recollection. It was fond of company, and one summer holidays this cat and myself were left alone for some weeks in a house which overlooks Richmond Green at the front, and the old Richmond Palace garden at the back, with its venerable memorial acacia. Puss somehow took to me and would, like a dog, follow me anywhere, across the green, or even, as on more than one occasion, into the town, and I had often to drive it back when I was going out. Perched on my shoulder it would go anywhere. After some time it took offence and relapsed into its normal cat-hood. The incident was the more remarkable because I have rather an aversion to cats. It may be that cats are so rarely thus affectionate is because they have thought the matter out long ago, and in their common sense found it better to be what they are than faithful, affectionate, whipped, kicked, and worked—like dogs. That human Albinos are not deaf whether their eyes are pink or blue, and also not always short-sighted or "obliquitous" of vision I know from having two female relatives born Albinos. Both ladies are still alive, but one wears a "front" not of the same colour as the silky hair she had at twenty. The late Mr. Joseph Chattwood had a great many curious things to tell of Albinos and divergences from nature in birds and animals, and was inclined to set down the causes to influences on the parent at the period of gestation. The blue-eyed or pink-eyed deaf cat is a strange living conundrum.

HITTITE.

OLD WEATHERLEY.

(Nos. 913, 919, 931, 942, and 955.)

[988.] G. H. S. does not quote me correctly. Mr. Johnson said that fifty years ago Weatherley had a shop near what is now the omnibus office. I replied that at that time I lived within a few doors of the spot and passed it nearly every day, and certainly he had no shop there, then or afterwards. Nor had he.

For it now appears from the directory that his shop was much higher up the street. G. H. S. says he does not understand what I meant by "Newall's Buildings." By that I meant the old pile which was Mr. Newall's property, and which then stood where the pretentious pile was afterwards erected, known as "Newall's Buildings." J. T. S.

I remember, when quite a youth, passing Old Weatherley's stall in John Dalton-street almost daily. Among his then scanty stock of books lay an old violin of very peculiar form, and I was seized with a strange longing to become the owner of the old fiddle. Weatherley, of whom and the transaction over the violin I have always retained a vivid remembrance, was then getting old and very worn in appearance; but though threadbare, was scrupulously clean. I at last mustered up courage to ask the price of the violin, which was minus a bow, and was told in very curt tones fifteen shillings, with a look as much as to say, Be off; what do you want to know for? However, I went home, and after much mustering raised the amount, and on passing the day after quietly laid the money on the stall and took up the fiddle. I shall never forget the old man's look of surprise, and a smile like a gleam of sunshine over a wintry landscape passed across his face as he said, "Well, lad, I hope you'll live long to play it." J. J.

Trefriw, North Wales.

#### CLEDDIN.

(Query No. 852, April 5.)

[989.] Upon and overlooking the river Medlock were two districts, Clayton and Clayden, in the vicinity of Manchester, which its extension has changed and almost covered with dwellings. The former is a well-known locality, still pleasantly represented by its moated Old Hall, once the seat of the Byrons, ancestors of the poet Lord Byron, and subsequently of the worthy Humphrey Chetham. The latter district is unknown except through a few local topographical sketches. In very early times there was a family of local landed gentry, Claydens, of Clayden, a stretch of land running from the bridge at Beswick-street to that at the foot of Phillips Park, bounded on one side by the Medlock, on the other by the heights through which Bradford Road and Glenden-street were cut. This Clayden was the erroneous "Cleddin," named in the *Enumeration* alluded to by CORRONOPOLITAN. In the valley a cotton mill was erected. It was worked by

David Holt, whose residence was adjoining—hence, Holt Town; whilst one of the alopes at the top of Bradford Road is in Slater's Directory, 1878, called Glenden Brow. There are a few published descriptions appertaining to this old locality which run thus:—"Clayden, near Holt Town, Manchester, and Clayden Field there. Hopewood Clayden (a cottager's place in Clayden)." "Clayden Hall, in the township of Manchester, the house of Richard Clayden." Clayden is from clæg, clay; and dene, a swine pasture. The name has been corrupted into Cleyn-field, Glayden-field, Glenfield, and Gling-field—hence Glenden, showing how orthography was tortured when pronunciation from oral tradition was its guide.

JAMES BURY.

#### THE MAYPOLE AT PENDLETON.

(Query No. 862, April 12.)

[990.] The Pendleton Maypole was erected on its present site about the year 1830, having been removed from its former site on "Pow Green," near the high road, to make room for the present St. Thomas's Church. The removal was made chiefly at the instance and expense of the late Robert Belringer, who about this time was seeking a licence for what afterwards was the Maypole Inn. It was used as a flagstaff for many years after its erection on its present site, the flag being hoisted on the king's birthday and other festive occasions. I cannot say when it was last used. The pole was used occasionally on its old site as a whipping-post. J. HULME.

#### THE RAINBOW AT NIGHT.

(Nos. 987 and 974.)

[991.] I saw this phenomenon at Sedgfield, Durham, in the autumn of 1857, and was then reminded of the old saying:—

A rainbow in the morning  
Is the sailor's warning;  
A rainbow at night  
Is the shepherd's delight.

ISAB. B.

A rainbow at night is not an uncommon thing in the neighbourhood of Conway Vale. Frequently from the Denbighshire side, between Bettws-y-Coed and Trefriw, and looking on to the Carnarvonshire side, when the moon is rising above the eastern hills of Denbighshire, and when a rolling sea-mist from the north-east or a fine soft land-mist from the south or south-west steals down the valley, I have observed on the thickly-wooded precipitous mountain headlands

of Gwydir the colourless lunar rainbow. Imagine a pale whitish semicircle of delicate gauze against a misty low-toned mountain side, and you have the effect of a lunar rainbow as it appears in the fair vale of Conway.

ARLUNYDD GLAN CONWAY.

Trefriw.

JOHN TAYLOR OF BOLTON-LE-MOORS.

(Query No. 403, July 13, 1878.)

[992.] Mr. John Taylor was a son of John Taylor, M.D., of Bolton, and was born January 13, 1770. He was a solicitor, and went to America June 23, 1793, and died there September 11, 1806, unmarried. The political causes which led him to leave England are referred to in Prentice's *Manchester*, page 19, where it is stated that "the Reformers were excluded from all society but that around their own fireside, and even there they had carefully to guard against the introduction of the insidious spy." In the *Life of William Roscoe*, i., page 127, it is stated that the friendly meetings of such men as himself, Dr. Currie, Professor Smyth, Mr. Rathbone, Rev. Wm. Shepherd, and Rev. John Yates had to be given up on account of the violence of party feeling. Mr. Roscoe, in his letter to Lord Lansdown, described the then existing system as one "where every man is called upon to be a spy upon his brother." In the *Life of Dr. Currie*, i., page 172, it is stated that the practice of employing spies had been revived, and Dr. Currie informed his friend that he does not care to write upon the subject on which they had been accustomed to exchange thoughts, as "private correspondence had not been held sacred," ii., page 160.

It is curious that a brother of Mr. John Taylor, Dr. Robert Eveleigh Taylor, also emigrated to America about the year 1814 for political reasons. He was the author of a letter dated March 16, 1813. It is to be found in a pamphlet, of which there is a copy in the Reference Library, entitled *Letters on the subject of the Lancashire Riots in the year 1812*. In this letter the writer exposed the spy system, the upholders of which fomented the disturbances they pretended to seek to prevent, and attributed the discontent of the operative classes to political disaffection to the Government and Constitution. The author of the letter, on the other hand, connected the discontent of the people with the increased price of provisions, want of employment, and a violent prejudice against machinery. This letter was written in acknowledged

ment of a piece of plate, value one hundred guineas, which had been presented to the author as a testimonial of his public conduct in defending the character of the inhabitants of Bolton and contributing to the successful exposure in Parliament of the detestable system of espionage. Dr. Robert Eveleigh Taylor died September 12, 1827, aged fifty-six years.

I may perhaps add that the Taylor family was originally of Warrington. The first who settled in Bolton was Mr. Robert Taylor, known as Old Forty Curia. He was held in the highest respect and confidence, and many quarrels were left to him to settle.

THOMAS BAKER.

#### QUERIES.

[993.] COPYHOLD AND FREEHOLD.—I shall be glad if one of your correspondents could tell me what the difference is between copyhold and freehold property? M.

[994.] THE REV. JOHN HOPWOOD.—I desire information respecting the late Rev. John Hopwood, who was incumbent of Accrington from 1812 to 1853. I am informed he was born at Milnrow, near Rochdale, somewhere about 1780; resided at Bacup at the beginning of the present century, where he married a Miss Haworth; and afterwards removed to Accrington, where he died in 1853. LOCAL HISTORIAN. Accrington.

[995.] THE SHANDEANS.—Can any one tell me who the "Shandean" were, and if Dr. Ferrier's work had anything to do with the appellation? They seem to have had an influence for good on modern Manchester literature, not only on the side of literature but on that of manners, if one may judge after a comparison of the younger school with the older one. One magic pen—concealed somewhere in Chesterfield—could, I am told, give information about this club, the memory of which the Manchester world ought not willingly to let die. HITTITE.

[996.] DAVYHULME HALL.—Can any of your readers furnish some information respecting Davyhulme Hall, or tell me where I can procure a few facts regarding its history? I notice that there is something remarkable about one of the entrances. The gate is supported by two posts, one at each end, which at first sight seem very singularly commonplace, resembling two halves of the trunk of a tree with the upper portion curved, but much the worse for their subjection to atmospheric influence. I am informed that the said posts are simply the jaw-bones of a whale. Moreover, I believe this impression largely prevails amongst the people of that district. If this is correct, what further information is there? If not, how came it to be such a common saying? J. B.



Saturday, May 3, 1879

## NOTES.

## REMINISCENCES OF MANCHESTER FIFTY YEARS AGO.

## I. THE STREETS.

[197.] It was on the afternoon of a certain Monday in March, 1829, that I was driven to Manchester in his gig by the father of the late Mr. John Robinson Kay, formerly a director of the Lancashire and Yorkshire Railway, who lived at Longholme, near Bacup, where my father, who was a Wesleyan minister, then was stationed. Having lived in Manchester ever since, I propose, by permission of the Editor, to furnish to the Notes and Queries columns of the *City News* some reminiscences of the Manchester of that period.

Mr. Kay was a manufacturer of cloth both by steam power and handloom, and always attended the Manchester market on a Tuesday. A very different thing it was then for a country manufacturer to attend the Tuesday's market from what it is now. With what ease and comfort, by the aid of a first-class carriage and an express train, he is now transported to Manchester, going and returning the same day, even to and from places as distant as Blackburn and Burnley. Then, if a manufacturer lived fifteen or twenty miles from Manchester, he generally came on the Monday previously, frequently driving his own conveyance, and put up at some inn—there were not many "hotels" in those days—the name of which was given in the directory as well as the address of his place of business in town. Accordingly, in that for 1829 we find, under the head of "Country Manufacturers," "Kay, Thomas, calico manufacturer, Longholme, 3, Walton's Buildings, Tues., White Lion, Hanging Ditch." This is a sample of most other entries under that head, though here and there one may be found having only the place of business named.

After Mr. Kay had put his horse up at the White Lion he conducted me to my future home, No. 21, Market-street. The same shop is now numbered 41, inasmuch as the streets were not then numbered on the sensible plan at present adopted, viz., the even numbers on one side and the odd on the other. Market-street was numbered, for instance, from the first shop on the left-hand side going up—which was then and till very lately Clark's, cutler—consecutively to the last shop on the same side, which was occupied

by R. and J. Gleave, booksellers, and was numbered 61; then, crossing over the top of Market-street, 62 was the Royal Hotel and New Bridgewater Arms, kept by Henry Charles Lacey, which had been removed from the corner of High-street a few years previously; and the last shop on the left-hand side going down was 108, occupied by Mr. Prince, a grocer, who made a princely fortune, and from whom Prince's Court was named. Prince's Court existed till the last enlargement of the Exchange, which now covers the site. A few weeks after my coming to Manchester I was taken to the office of Messrs. Atkinson and Birch in Norfolk-street, then one of the leading firms of solicitors, and bound an apprentice to W. Dentith and Co., wholesale and retail druggists. One of my fellow apprentices was the youngest son of the celebrated Dr. Warren, and brother of the late Samuel Warren, recorder of Hull, and author of the *Diary of a late Physician and Ten Thousand a Year*. Warren's brother Edward was an artist of some promise. I shall be glad if some one, who is better acquainted with art and artists than I am, can say whether he attained any celebrity, and if he is still living.

About ten or twelve years before the time I speak of a special Act of Parliament had empowered certain commissioners to widen and improve Market-street. This had been nearly completed but not entirely; there were two old piles of buildings still left standing. One was that which occupied the site of the front part of the present Exchange, and which when pulled down was succeeded by the ever-memorable Newall's Buildings (No. 1). Mr. Newall, who was a grocer, was then living, his shop being the first in the old building going up the street. In the alteration Market-street had been raised at the lower end and lowered at the middle part. Consequently the floor of Newall's shop was lower than the level of the street, and to enter it you had to descend by a step. The next shop to this was Shaw's, a saddler; then came a florist and seedsman, whose nursery was in Cheetwood. Next was Charles Lovatt, the well-known tobacconist. By the way, there were then only twenty-three tobacconists in the whole of Manchester and Salford. To-day, to show how society has in one respect made a retrograde movement, I may mention that the directory of 1877 contains the names of 465. Of course some allowance must be made for increase of population, but will that account for all this difference? The last place of business in this old pile

was the Peacock Coach-office, kept by Mr. John Knowles, the father of the late proprietor of the Theatre Royal, who also carried on the business of a coal merchant at Ducie-street, Piccadilly. It was from this office that the afterwards popular London coach the Peveril of the Peak started, but then only a two-horse one. I shall speak of stage coaches in a future note.

The other pile of old buildings stood nearly opposite Spring Gardens, on the site now occupied by the shop of Messrs. Woolley and the adjacent ones. The street here having been considerably lowered, the footpath on that side was on a sort of bank, which separated the carriage way from the path. Singular to say, there was also a coach-office in this old pile, the Swan, kept by Weatherald and Webster—the latter gentleman was a quaker—from which the Red Rover used to start. Next to it was the shop of Mr. Hargreaves, then one of the oldest druggists in Manchester; and hereabouts was the place of business for a time of Old Weatherley the bookseller. A little higher up was Cunliffes, Brooks, and Co.'s Bank; and near it was the warehouse of Mr. Emmanuel Mendel, father of Mr. Sam Mendel, a rope, twine, and pitch-paper manufacturer, his house being in Brazennose-street. A little higher up again was the Palace Inn, which stood back, having a good open space in front, and being a large brick house having a double flight of steps at the front door. It is well known that in 1745 Mr. Dickens lived and entertained Prince Charles here. John, the head-waiter for many years, was widely known. He afterwards kept the King's Arms, at the bottom of King-street.

The time prescribed by the Act of Parliament for effecting the improvement of Market-street was limited, I believe, to twelve years. When it had transpired there was one more alteration to be effected and which was consequently not made for many years after. The next shop to the inn at the corner of Palace-street occupied by Mr. John Roberts, the stationer, projected a little beyond the line of the street, and has only been pulled down at a recent date, having been the subject of litigation between Mr. James Cheetham, the last occupier, and the Corporation. The office of the *Guardian* newspaper, published by Messrs. Taylor and Garnett, was on the opposite side of the street, nearer Brown-street. Neither Corporation-street nor New Brown-street had then any existence, whilst a portion of Cross-street

running from Chapel Walks to Market-street, then known as Pool Fold, was a narrow and somewhat dingy street. In it was the office of Hannibal, Becker, and Co., large oil of vitriol manufacturers. Mr. Becker was an ancestor of a well-known member of the Manchester School Board.

Of course we should hardly expect that any one who was in business fifty years ago in Market-street would be found there to-day. In the case of the Messrs. Darbyshire the business is still carried on by the sons, whom I well remember as youths. A few other names are still perpetuated—though the owners have long since passed away—in Lynch, Sutcliffe, and Jewsbury. Mr. Daniel Lynch, druggist, was a leading man amongst the Freemasons of that day. The celebrated James Everett, the Wesleyan minister, at that time kept a stationer's shop about ten doors above Clark's. He was originally a Wesleyan minister, but on account of his health went into business, and afterwards re-entered the ministry. The next shop was that of the fashionable hatter of that day, Mr. Mountcastle, whose appearance was rather remarkable, being very good looking, always unusually well dressed, and wearing a scrupulously white neckerchief. At that time there was a very heavy duty on all kinds of glass, and as a consequence not a single shop-window contained any plate-glass, but shop-windows were composed of small squares of ordinary crown glass. The first shop which made a venture in that line was one very near Mr. Mountcastle's, I think a milliner's, and called Chantilly House. This was before the duty was taken off. There were two windows, and in the centre of each was inserted a brass frame about two feet long and one and a half broad, holding a sheet of plate glass. It used to be said that the two cost more than £30. If the object of the proprietor was to cause a little sensation I am sure he was gratified, for everybody went to see these "large" squares of plate glass.

The next building to the Bridgewater Arms was the warehouse of H. Bannerman and Sons; and not far from this was the office of Mr. David Holt, generally known as Quaker Holt, a cotton spinner, who was reputed to be the best carver at a public table in Manchester. He was one of the commissioners for the widening of Market-street. Opposite to Dentith's shop, at the lower corner of Pall Mall, stood an old warehouse, the door of which was in Pall Mall, having several broken windows, the side of it standing back

a yard or two from Market-street. Near to this was the Norwich Union Fire Office, having a statue of justice blindfolded over the door. The Talbot Inn, which was pulled down a few years since, was then standing at the corner of the street now called West Mosley-street; and a little lower down was the Mosley Arms, afterwards removed to Piccadilly. Turning out of Market into Brown-street, next to the Commercial Inn, were the Shambles, since converted into the Post-office; and over was the Manor Court-room, where the Court Leet was held, where the boroughreeve and constables were elected, and where the "Court of Requests"—the precursor of the County Court—was held. The Court of Requests, which had only jurisdiction to the amount of forty shillings, was presided over by commissioners, of whom the chairman was a barrister named Hill, whilst his colleagues were laymen, as in a Court of Quarter Sessions.

J. T. S.

## THE BLACK RAT.

[998.] Mr. F. W. Claypole, writing from Antioch College, Ohio, to *Nature*, says:—"The black rat spread over the States in early days, but has since been supplanted, as in England, by the brown rat. Forty years ago the black rat was the only rat in south-west Ohio. About thirty years ago the brown rat drove him out. Some years later the same occurred in Illinois. I have been informed by one of my students living in Minnesota that neither rat is known in and about the town of St. Cloud in that state, only one having ever been seen there, and that was killed on landing from a steamer. I have seen it stated that the black rat is still to be found in some localities in England, among the Whitechapel docks." I have often heard it stated that colonies of black rats still exist in some secluded parts of Lancashire and Cheshire, but never succeeded in getting any definite information. Perhaps some of your readers could tell something on this and the points raised in Mr. Claypole's letter.

X.

## BURNS AND THE POETS.

## II.

[999.] Coleridge thought so highly of Burns, Wordsworth tells us, that when he meditated a long poem entitled "The Brook," he chose as its heading,

its "vignette in words," if I may so term it, the oft-quoted words of Burns:—

The Muse nae poet ever fand her,  
Till by himsel he learnt to wander  
Adoon some trottin' burn's meander  
An na think lang.

Shelley, in his generally feeble satire on Wordsworth, entitled *Peter Bell the Third*, declares he was cold towards Nature; while Burns, on the contrary, was far more real in his love for her.

Byron, in his youthful rage against Jeffrey and the *Edinburgh Review*, once "woke famous," but much of the petulant and false though powerful personal satire contained in *English Bards and Scotch Reviewers*, would almost make one inclined to say he "woke infamous." In this work he actually couples Burns with Bloomfield, only to say that Gifford was far greater than either! O, for an ejaculation worthy of one's contempt! But again, further on, he says:—

What! must deserted poesy still weep  
Where her last hopes with pious Cowper sleep?  
Unless, perchance, from his cold bier she turns  
To deck the turf that wraps her minstrel Burns.

The beauty of the two last lines—the two lines in the piece which give one a gleam of the real Byron that was to be—may well atone for the estimate Byron had formed of Burns. Most probably he had never read him.

Once again, in a cynical mood, while alluding in *Don Juan* to the errors of great men, Milton's being "whipt at college—a harsh sire—odd spouse;" he proceeds:—

All these are, certes, entertaining facts;  
Like Shakspeare's stealing deer, Lord Bacon's bribes;  
Like Titus' youth and Caesar's earliest acts;  
Like Burns (whom Dr. Currie well describes).

Surely if he makes Burns err, he makes him err in very great company, and has by implication paid him a very high compliment. The remainder of the stanza above quoted tempts one to offer it as a motto to John Morley for his series of *English Men of Letters*:—

Although truth exacts  
These amiable descriptions from the scribes,  
As most essential to the hero's story,  
They do not much contribute to his glory.

The judicial exactness of Principal Shairp in his *Burns* is too severe even for an occupant of the chair of poetry at Oxford, while one might almost declare that Mr. Minton's *Defue* was written with the rigorous mercilessness of personal animus, and of what that

can be one has had lately an example likely to be notable in history.

Cowper said of Burns after twice reading his poems soon after publication (I take the extract as given by Principal Shairp): ". . . and though they be written in a language that is new to me . . . I think them on the whole a very extraordinary production. He is I believe the only poet these kingdoms have produced in the lower rank of life since Shakspeare (I should rather say since Prior), who need not be indebted for any part of his praise to a charitable consideration of his origin and the disadvantages under which he has laboured."

From the same authority—the Principal—I learn that Burns is well known to foreigners as the author of "A man's a man for a' that," through its quotation in France by Béranger and in Germany by Goethe.

HITITE.

#### COMMENTS AND ANSWERS.

##### OLD WEATHERLEY.

(Nos. 913, 919, 931, 942, 955 and 988.)

[1000.] It is curious that anything like correct history should ever get itself written. Half a dozen versions by half a dozen persons is the unvarying testimony of any fact, incident, or circumstance. The locale of "Old Weatherley" is an illustration. I stated that when I was a lad he had a shop at the bottom of Market-street, somewhere near the site of the present omnibus office. J. T. S. replies: "Fifty years ago I lived within a few doors of the present omnibus office, and passed that spot nearly every day. Most certainly Weatherley had no shop there then or afterwards," R. WOOD says: "He (Weatherley) landed in the premises in Market-street, next door to Mr. Townsend, stocking manufacturer, and out of which he was ousted for street improvements." I stated that I knew Weatherley "before Market-street Lane was widened; B. WOOD confirms my statement that Weatherley occupied a shop in Market-street, which was required for street improvements. Who is right?"

Another correspondent, B., is "surprised that J. JOHNSON should have forgotten the shop which Old Weatherley occupied in Market-street. At the time when I paid my visits to him he had a small shop upon a part of the land now in possession of Hyam, the merchant tailor." Certainly it would be surprising if I had forgotten that shop, seeing that I spent many

years in it. My father occupied that shop for at least fifteen years as a bookseller, in which I had some strange experiences of book-stealing by parsons and "gentlemen." B. refers to a period much later than the time when Weatherley had the shop at the bottom of Market-street. R. WOOD is wrong in stating that Weatherley "landed where he first began in the street called Corporation." When Weatherley began there was no Corporation-street. Wherever he began, his career as a bookseller ended in John Dalton-street. At the end nearest to Deansgate he had a miserable collection of books on a stall, which, during the illness preceding his death, was attended to by his wife—his third wife, I believe—who had a little subscription made up for her by the booksellers.

Your correspondent C. W. S. says: "I have among my papers, but cannot lay my hands on it, a manuscript note of Mrs. Weatherley's, correcting some statements contained in a notice of her husband contributed to the *Bookseller* by, I believe, your correspondent Mr. Joseph Johnson." On referring to the *Bookseller* I find I wrote the following: "James Weatherley, when living, was the oldest bookseller in Manchester. For several years prior to his death he eked out a scanty subsistence with a few books on a board—it were a misnomer to call it a stall. Instead of being the poorest he ought, from his opportunities, to have been the richest bookseller in Manchester. He originally commenced in the Market Place, having received some assistance from Mr. Joseph Macarday, author of *Evidences of Christianity* and a *Commercial Dictionary*, but who is more notable as being the main instrument in the formation of the Northern and Central and the Manchester Banks. Weatherley occupied, after leaving the Market Place, premises in Market-street, which he had to quit to make way for the street improvements, receiving £80 for removing; the next shop that he occupied was soon after also wanted, for leaving which he received £40. He had considerable convivial powers, attracting by his small talk and wit a constant succession of visitors, if not of customers. His great failing was a love of beer. His knowledge of books was extensive; to the last preserving a good memory, remembering vividly books that had passed through his hands twenty or thirty years previously."

Such was poor old Jim, in whose company I have passed many of the most interesting of my earlier

hours, and for whose memory I have only pleasant and genial remembrances. JOSEPH JOHNSON.

Ile of Man.

[Our readers will probably agree with us that we have now had enough of Old Weatherley.—EDITOR.]

#### BISHOPS' APRONS.

(Query No. 977, April 19.)

[1001.] Is not the bishop's apron, which is not always confined I think to the bishops, simply what is left of the long silk cassock, the cassock being the ordinary garb of ecclesiastics, just as the bands very lately worn in church by all clergymen are but a reduced copy of what once was? Why bishops or other high dignitaries only have retained what is left of the cassock, may be explained. The more active every-day life of the parish clergyman would be more likely to rid itself of encumbrances, whilst the dignified state would be more likely to retain these relics or remnants of the past.

CHARLES H. COLLYNS.

Wirksworth.

#### DAVYHULME HALL.

(Query No. 996, April 26.)

[1002.] The two posts supporting an entrance gate to Davyhulme Hall are really whalebone, as was very evident fifty years ago. Beyond the oddity of these posts there is nothing remarkable or historical connected with the mansion. It is a plain unpretending structure; simply a comfortable residence for a country gentleman. Some years before 1788 Davyhulme Estate became the property of John Allen, banker, of Manchester; was subsequently sold to a Mr. Marsden, and again to Mr. G. L. Ridehalgh (son-in-law of the Oldfield Lane Doctor), who became lord of the manor. John Allen is described as of Mayfield and Davyhulme. Mayfield was a delightful country residence, standing back north from Moss Lane. Thomas Pickford the carrier for many years resided in it. The site is now covered by Mayfield Grove (Embsden-street) and the adjoining properties. John Allen's daughter married Henry Norris, cotton merchant, Garratt Lane, Manchester, whose only child married Mr. R. J. J. Harris (an officer in a regiment then stationed in Manchester), who took his wife's name. Henry Norris deduced his descent from the ancient Lancashire family of Norreys, Speke Hall, near Liverpool, and assumed the name Norreys. The pedigree of Norreys of Davyhulme, as delineated in Baines's *History of Lancashire*, shows a consecutive

descent from Nicholas Norris of Middleforth-cum-Penwortham, married about 1633, but his name stands unlinked with the previous portion of the pedigree. Hence the deduction is uncertain and unsatisfactory.

JAMES BUBY.

#### COPYHOLD AND FREEHOLD TENURES.

(Query No. 993, April 26.)

[1003.] A "copyhold" is a tenure for which the tenant can produce no title, save the copy of the rolls made by the steward of the lord's court. This functionary, among other duties, registers the names of all such tenants as are admitted to any tenement or parcel of land pertaining to the manor, and the transcript of the enrolment is called "the copy of the court rolls," which the tenant must preserve as his sole evidence of ownership. A freehold is a free estate distinguished by being called either "freehold in deed," i.e. the actual possession of or right a man has to hold lands or tenements in fee, fee tail, or for term of life; or "freehold in law," i.e. the right a man has to such lands or tenements before he seizes or enters upon them.

COTTONPOLITAN.

Freehold property is generally known as "out and out," or for ever; but to lawyers it is capable of being divided into the great or leading estate of fee simple or freehold of inheritance; and the lesser estates of freehold, viz., fee-tail, or by descent in a special line or course of descent, and for life—that is, for the life of the owner or some other person. Copyhold property is divided into copyholds in fee or for ever, and copyholds for a term of years, so that we may almost consider the former as a freehold and the latter as leasehold. The distinguishing mark of a copyhold is that the land is part of an ancient manor, and retains more of the old feudal system than any other description of property. These tenures are arranged under the two heads of real and personal property. The term real property includes leaseholds and copyholds of a freehold character. The term personal property includes leaseholds and copyholds of a leasehold character, and comprehends moveables, such as shares, money, trade effects, and other kinds of wealth not invested in freehold land. X L C R.

#### THE POTATO CURE FOR RHEUMATISM.

(Nos. 953 and 985.)

[1004.] I have been afflicted with the rheumatic for many months, and for the last few weeks I have had whole nights of torture. In the daytime I could

manage to attend to my business tolerably well, but as soon as I was warm in bed the rheumatic began as I thought chopping and sawing and grinding and crushing my poor old bones to a jelly. This made me to have a horror of going to bed, and I was almost at my wits' end. When I saw your note by Student I thought it a good joke, and so passed it over, till my attention was re-called to the subject by two or three friends, and at last I consented to try it. Since then I have had no acute pain, have slept well at nights, and am greatly improved both in health and temper. Now I believe it to be quite beyond the range of my philosophy to give any proper definition on cause and effect, or in any way to explain the "why and the wherefore" of this case, unless it be this—that the potato, by exposure to the air and light, had become rather *green*, and that in this respect there may have been some little sympathy between us; but I think that even this would scarcely account for the beneficial result.

R. WOOD.

Cheetham Hill.

It is some years since I first heard of the potato as a cure for rheumatism, but it was not until I was told that a piece of common brimstone carried in the pocket was a much more effectual method of cure for certain cases of rheumatism that I began to suspect that we were all wrong to deny what we failed to understand. I pondered the matter over, and my thoughts immediately carried me far out from the potato kingdom. Sulphur I knew to be a powerful non-conductor of electricity—in fact the most negative element in the whole series—and having opportunities I ventured to experiment a little, and in one particular case I found that a sprinkling of sublimed sulphur interposed betwixt the soles of the feet and the shoes relieved at once the sufferer from pain. Your scientific readers will have no hesitation in following the line of reasoning here adopted, and although I failed in other cases, I saw I was on the track. Since the days of Otto de Guericke mankind has acquired some little knowledge of that Protean power diffused throughout all nature, which we term electricity, a slumbering giant that only gives indications of his presence and the balance of power he maintains when disturbed. The very body of man, a battery more perfect than was ever dreamt of by either Galvani or Volta, or their host of followers and imitators, is subject to this Protean force. Now this body is rarely kept

up to the mark, and if we will act in contravention of the law, we must pay the penalty sooner or later. From a variety of causes we fall, at times, into what electricians might term the chlorous, or basyous condition of body—in other words, the electro-positive, or the electro-negative state—either of them producing disturbance in one form or another, involving a long and varied list of diseases, pains, and penalties, and which our medical faculty are at their wits' end to cure or relieve. My own theory is that whatever tends to restore the normal equilibrium, whether it appears in the form of a humble tuber, a lump of sulphur, or a nauseous draught of physic, benefit is the result.

The subject involves vital interests, and is worthy of the closest inquiry. ETTEMLING.

#### MANCHESTER BOOKSELLERS.

(Nos. 927, 945, and 956.)

[1005.] An old bookseller had a shop in the basement of a warehouse in the outstanding clump of buildings between Marsden Square and High-street. I think, however, that Mr. Bohanna was the bookseller, and had a library in connection therewith. And if I remember rightly a Mr. Acheson had warehouse rooms above. It was almost opposite to the West of England Fire Insurance Office. Of course this was some forty or more years back. At the corner of Tib-street and Market-street was the shop of J. Gleave, stationer and publisher. He published a folio family Bible in parts, and other works. Then there was a Mr. Rogerson, who published in two volumes Baines's History of the Wars since the French Revolution, illustrated, but without the name of the author; also a History of Spain in two volumes, and other works of the kind. But this was at an earlier date.

ISAB. BANKS.

Old Hopps, mentioned by R. WOOD in No. 956, had a shop, about the year 1823, in Pool Fold. He was sadly troubled with rheumatism, which materially interfered with his business. Many times on being asked for a book, which he knew he had upon his shelves, he would answer, "Yes I have it, but I can't and won't get up." He got the notion of "going on the land," gave up his shop, and began farming. As might have been expected, knowing nothing of agriculture, he lost his money and returned to book-selling. His new shop, however, was opened in an ill-chosen situation and did not succeed. Chagrin and disappointment at his want of success in his farming

venture and his new bookshop no doubt hastened his death.

Hopps was a member and an important supporter of the Particular Baptists, worshipping with the congregation owning the eccentric William Gadsby as its minister. Hopps was not altogether satisfied with the constant utterance of the high and dry doctrines of extreme Calvinism, and frequently suggested to Gadsby the substitution of lessons of practical piety. One day Gadsby astonished his not easily-astonished congregation by saying: "I am told that instead of doctrine I ought to preach practical piety. What is practical piety? I will tell you, my friends. Not long ago I was in a bookseller's shop looking over the books. While doing so a poor man came into the shop with a book under his arm which he offered for sale to the bookseller. 'I am a poor man,' he said, 'and only sell my book because my children at home want bread; you shall have it for 25s.' To this the bookseller replied: 'Look at my shelves. They are groaning with books. I want to sell, not to buy.' The poor man then said: 'But my children want bread; you shall have the book for 20s.' No, the bookseller only asked him again to look at the large numbers of books on his shelves. The book was then offered for 15s., for 12s., and then for 10s., when finally it was bought from the poor man for 8s. As soon as the seller had left the shop, the bookseller called his son and said: 'This is the book Mr. so-and-so wants, for which I have been looking out a long time; make it into a parcel and send an invoice with it; charge it 21s.' This, added Gadsby, is practical piety, and if anybody does not like it they can hop-a-wa, they can hop-a-wa." The allusion was so pointed and direct that the bookseller referred to could not be mistaken. Hopps gathered around him a number of friends and sympathizers, who built the Baptist Chapel in George-street, which has long ago been converted into warehouses. JOSEPH JOHNSON.  
Isle of Man.

#### QUERIES.

[1006.] **MOCK BEGGARS' HALL.**—What is the origin of this name as applied to some old mansions? S. J. B.

[1007.] **COUNTY AND BOROUGH MAGISTRATES.** Can a borough magistrate assume the title of J.P. equally with a magistrate for the county? J.P.

[1008.] **THE ABDUCTION OF MISS TURNER.**—Is there any information of the abduction of Miss Turner by Mr. Wakefield in the month of March, 1826? S. J. B.

[1009.] **IS THE WOOD SOBRELL THE SHAMROCK?** I have frequently heard it said that the plant common wood sorrel (*Oxalis Acetosella*) is the true shamrock. Almost as often the statement has been contradicted. Perhaps some of your botanical readers may be in a position to give some definite information on the subject. J. B.

[1010.] **THE HARVEST MOON.**—I should be glad if any of your correspondents could enlighten me as to the designation of Harvest Moon; *i.e.*, whether it derived its title from its having appeared at harvest time or from some other source. This may be looked upon as a simple question and one requiring no explanation; but nevertheless it has been brought under discussion by several readers of your paper, who have failed to arrive at a satisfactory solution.

EDWIN D. FELTHAM.

[1011.] **NAMES OF COTTON FABRICS: ORIGIN AND MEANING.**—It would be very interesting, not only to your readers but to the nation at large, if some one would give us the meanings and explanations of the names of our manufactured cotton fabrics. Men in the trade, of sound inquiry and discernment, would confer a great benefit on the community by giving their knowledge of the origin of the names in their particular branch of the cotton industry. There are thousands earning their daily bread in the manufacture of these goods who know very little indeed about the origin and meanings of the names; and there are scores of salesmen selling them every day who know no more. The next generation will of course know less, and so on until nothing is known whatever. I am sure such information would be instructive and in many cases amusing. Certainly it cannot be obtained from the dictionary or cyclopædia. The names I allude to are such as Madapollans (accent last syllable), Mulls, Jacquenets, Tanjibs, Dhooties, Chudies, T cloths, Piques (two syllables), Denims, Bafts, De Laines, Cambrics, and many others. A great many convey some idea of their meaning with them—as Printers, a suitable cloth for printing; Domestic, for domestic purposes; Mexicans and Sea Islands are supposed to be made of these kinds of cotton; Florentines will be an importation from Florence; Jeans, Jeanettes, and Jacquettes from France; Grandrills, a grand improvement on the ordinary drill; Billy Fodens will be an improvement introduced by Mr. William F. (by the way, it might be interesting to know something of him); Swandowns, Lambskins, Beavers, Moleskins, Cords, and Doeskins, all give us an idea what they are, and nothing more. There are of course numerous other names, and I think it would be advantageous to the county to have them alphabetically arranged, with particulars of their different modes of manufacture. J. L.

Sale.

[A similar inquiry (No. 283) was inserted in our issue of May 18, 1878, and although attention was again and again called to it as one of the Unanswered Queries, no information was elicited. It is to be hoped this second attempt will prove more successful, as the subject is one of much interest.—EDITOR.]

Saturday, May 10, 1879

NOTES.

METROPOLE: MOTHER COUNTRY.

[1012.] The *Daily News* of May 5th makes Mr. Albert Grévy, in his address to the Algerian colony on assuming his office of governor, say that he is the bearer of "the sympathies of the metropolis." I take it that what Mr. Grévy did say was that he was the bearer of the sympathies of the "mother country," *métropole*. I am aware that *mère patrie* is also good French for "mother country," and that "*métropole*" is likewise used in our sense of "metropolis;" but obviously Mr. Grévy was speaking for the "mother country," and not for Paris only, "*métropole*" being classical French for "mother country." I remember that when I was in France at the time of the Indian mutiny I was constantly told that so vast a colony as India could not be held by so small a "mother country" as England, and "*métropole*" was the word always used.

CHARLES H. COLLYNS.

Wirksworth.

BURNS AND WORDSWORTH.

[1013.] *Appropos* of some remarks I made some time ago on Wordworth's verses "At the Grave of Burns," in which I claimed the great honour for the latter poet of having been the master and inspirer of the former, I find that Principal Shairp (Professor of Poetry at Oxford) has, by a curious coincidence, in his just-published *Burns*, these words, founded on the same quotation I gave: "At the basis of all his power lay absolute truth, intense reality, truthfulness to the objects which he saw, truthfulness to himself as the seer of them. This is what Wordworth recognized as Burns's leading characteristic. He who acknowledged few masters, owned Burns as his master in this respect when he speaks of him—

Whose light I hailed when first it shone,  
And showed my youth  
How verse may build a princely throne  
On humble truth."

Even if we go no further than the learned professor goes, is it not, after all, the greatest honour ever paid to Burns to be owned as a master by Wordworth in the essentials of true poetry? I would go a step further and claim that the English poet was still further influenced by his "master," and ascribe the humble simplicity of language Wordworth originally aimed at to the example given him by the Scottish bard.

HITITE.

REMINISCENCES OF MANCHESTER FIFTY YEARS AGO.

I.—THE STREETS (CONTINUED).

[1014.] The left-hand side of Piccadilly going from Market-street consisted principally of shops, a few private houses, and offices. The supply of water was then in the hands of the Manchester and Salford Waterworks Company, and it was here they had their offices. Near to it was that of the well-known John Law, a solicitor, who was very popular as an advocate in the police court, his opponent generally being another solicitor, Edward Foulkes. Opposite the end of Portland-street were two good houses, in one of which Mr. John Roberts the stationer lived, the other being occupied by Mr. James Bloor, one of the principal pawnbrokers, whose business was conducted at the back of his premises in Back Piccadilly, the front presenting all the appearance of a private house. Mr. Bloor now resides at Southport, a hale and hearty old man nearly eighty years of age, and he told me lately that having been born in that house he resided there for seventy-two years. Will not this fact bear out what Mr. Turner the surgeon used to say as to the mistaken views of those people who are so fond of talking of the unhealthiness of Manchester? Mr. Turner lived for the greater part of his life in the heart of Manchester, and after spending many of his last years in Mosley-street, died at a good old age. I am tempted to add my own testimony to the effect that at a most important period of my life, when being developed from a boy into a man, I lived eight years in Market-street, and had not a day's illness during the whole time.

Instead of the magnificent hotel which now stands at the corner of Portland-street there existed two or three large brick houses, known as Portland Place. In the first of them lived Mr. Thomas Houldsworth, for many years M.P. for Pontefract, his cotton mill being in Little Lever-street. "Houldsworth's factory" was well known all over Manchester. He was very popular amongst his employés, as well as amongst the inhabitants generally, and was a liberal supporter of the races, keeping a stud of racehorses, his jockeys always wearing green and gold. The next house was occupied by Mr. Robert Ogden, cotton spinner; and the next by the two partners in the firm of Hargreaves and Dugdale, calico printers, whose warehouse was in Marsden's Square. This warehouse was at the end of the square, and had a door for loading and unloading



carts in Cannon-street. I knew an elderly man in their employ of whom it was said that he had been so from a boy, and that when such one of his employers once got into a passion with him and bade him to put on his coat and go about his business. The lad put on his coat and went out at the front door, but instead of going about his business he went round to the Cannon-street door and returned to his work. A day or two after this his employer found him in the warehouse hard at work, and on asking him if he had not turned him away the lad replied, "Please, Mr. —, I thought I could not mend myself, and so I've come back." This so pleased his employer that he allowed him to remain, and he continued there to the end of his career. Next to these grand houses in Portland-street was a carrier's yard and warehouse, occupied by Marsden and Hobson, and by Ralph Pickford and Co. A few doors lower down were Hoyle's livery stables. The rest of Portland-street was occupied by small shopkeepers and private houses, and not a single warehouse existed in it. It then terminated at David-street, and was not opened out into Oxford Road as now.

The Infirmary was a plain brick building, without the two wings, which have been added to it since; the lunatic asylum, which had a lower elevation, being an extension of the main building. In front was the sheet of water known as the Infirmary Pond, separated from the footpath by palisading. Occasionally one heard of some poor soul whose body was found in the morning floating on the water, and who was supposed to have committed suicide after dark. At the Infirmary gates stood the public baths, the income arising from them being appropriated to the support of the Infirmary. The charge for a cold bath to non-subscribers was 1s.; to subscribers of half-a-guinea, 10d.; and to those of a guinea, 9d. The price of a vapour bath was 5s.; of a vapour and hot bath when used together, 6s.; and of the shampooing bath, 7s. It was announced that in order "that no means of relief which baths and their appendages can supply may be omitted, leeching, cupping, and shampooing will be administered conformably to the directions given. N.B. These baths are exclusively for the use of the public, and the income arising from them is appropriated to the support of the Infirmary. Baths for the use of the patients are separately established in a distant situation, and are altogether unconnected with these baths." They were under the

superintendence of Mr. William Galor, who was succeeded by Mr. John Haworth, for many years a councillor for St. George's Ward, and now a resident of Southport, in the enjoyment of excellent health at the age of seventy-six. It would be interesting to know how much benefit the Infirmary funds derived from the baths. Will any reader of these Notes, who may happen to have an old report, tell us?

Perhaps there is no street which has been so completely metamorphosed in the course of fifty years as Mosley-street. I do not mean as to its shape and size, for they are not altered, but as to its character. Could one of its old residents see to-day its warehouses lining each side and the immense stream of traffic pouring constantly through it, he would be astonished. Fifty years ago it was a quiet, orderly, genteel street, the abode of some of the élite of Manchester. Here were the residences of the Rev. Dr. Calvert, warden of the Collegiate Church; Daniel Grant, Sam Brooks, David Bannerman, Thomas Worthington, Leo Schuster, S. L. Behrens, John Frederick Foster, the stipendiary magistrate, and several of the leading medical men. The Portico was there, as also the Royal Institution, which had been opened only a short time previously. The Assembly Room, opposite the Portico, was a plain brick building; whilst on the other side of Charlotte-street, but on the same side of Mosley-street, was the chapel where Dr. McCall was preaching to large congregations every Sunday. Higher up the street was the Unitarian Chapel, where the Rev. J. J. Tayler officiated. I well remember a hue and cry that one Sunday morning Daniel Grant's house had been robbed whilst the inmates were at church. The large warehouses in Parker-street, behind the Infirmary, had then no existence; whilst George-street and Faulkner-street contained principally private residences. In fact, I cannot remember that there was a single warehouse in either of these streets, Mosley-street, Portland-street, Peter-street, Oxford Road, or Dickenson-street, except that in the latter street was Pickford's canal warehouse, an arm of the canal reaching into the warehouse, where the boats were loaded with goods for London. It is an extraordinary circumstance that whilst so many buildings in this street and neighbourhood which existed fifty years ago have been destroyed to make way for the erection of large and substantial warehouses on their site, there is nearly opposite to the former site of Pickford's warehouse a row of small cottages which

were there at the time I speak of, and which are standing yet. I often, when passing that way, look at them with interest, and shall have a little tale to tell of one of them by-and-by. J. T. S.

#### THE OLDFIELD LANE DOCTOR.

[1015.] The incidental mention of the Oldfield Lane Doctor in the Note on Davyhulme Hall (*City News*, 3rd May) brought that worthy vividly to remembrance, and induced a feeling of surprise that one who was so well known had not been sketched in Notes and Queries. Early in this century Edmund Taylor, an undiplomat practiser of surgery, settled in a double-fronted bow-windowed house in Oldfield Lane, then a breezy country road overlooking the vale of the Irwell, with distant views of fertile Cheshire. He was a relation of the Whitworth doctors, who for three generations had made their township of Whitworth, near Rochdale, famous by their cures of cancerous and scrofulous complaints, of tumours of the joints (their chief application being powerful caustics, called by them "keen"), of broken, fractured, and sprained limbs, and on Edmund Taylor their mantle descended. Not only in rough-and-ready surgery, but in veterinary, did his fame lie, for horses, dogs, cats, and cattle experienced his care; whilst troops of the halt, the maimed, and the lame of his own species came from all parts for miles round into his spacious yard and simple surgery, having faith in his skill and belief in his cures.

His surgery, about whose shelves "a beggarly account of empty boxes," remnants of pack-thread, lumps of tow, and lengths of lint were thinly scattered to make up a show, was crowded from morning to night with anxious, expectant patients. The doctor was a tall, large-framed, spare man, whose broad shoulders were (at the time these reminiscences date from) getting bowed and bent by age. He was full of a dry, quaint, kindly humour; abrupt, brusque, familiar, homely, and rough in speech and manner; offhand and decisive in action, pulling a shoulder blade quickly into its place again or probing to the quick an angry wound without regard to the appeals, shrankings, and shrugs of the sufferers; cracking a joke and a bone at the same time. He dismissed the afflicted with a box of salve which was to be "the balm for all their woes." His industry, regularity, and attention to his duties were unremitting and unalterable, only one little glimpse of pleasure (coursing

on a part of Friday) breaking the monotony of his life, for Sunday was no rest day to him. Counteracting all that was in him apparently hard and harsh, and lighting up the bare and meagre room, was the goodly presence and sunny look and manner of his constant assistant, his daughter, afterwards Mrs. Ridehalgh. The sight of her cheered many a sad and desponding one, and encouraged and sustained many a fearing one under painful and trying operations. Afterwards, on her marriage, a widowed daughter of the doctor's, a Mrs. Howard—a quiet, meek, gentle lady—took the post, but Mrs. Ridehalgh was not soon forgotten.

Dr. Taylor accumulated a large fortune (for his was all ready-money practice), partly now the enjoyment of his grandson, Mr. John Taylor, of Booths Hall, Blackley. JAMES BURY.

#### COMMENTS AND ANSWERS.

##### DAVYHULME HALL.

(Nos. 996 and 1,002.)

[1016.] JAMES BURY says Mr. Ridehalgh "became lord of the manor." Pray what manor does he allude to? O. C.

##### THE SWINTON MAY SONG.

(Nos. 860, 880, and 900.)

[1017.] It may be worth while to note that a band of music was playing, for several evenings at the latter end of April, the tune to which the old Swinton May Song was accustomed to be sung. K.

##### NAMES OF COTTON FABRICS.

(Query No. 1,011, May 3.)

[1018.] "Delaines" is an abbreviation of the French words "mousselines de laine," meaning muslins made of wool. Dhooties are certain articles of clothing in the East Indies. T cloths derive their title from a certain old manufacturer of Pendlebury, Thomas Longshaw, who marked a certain article of his manufacture with his initial, a capital letter T.

W. L.

##### THE ABDUCTION OF MISS TURNER.

(Query No. 1,008, May 3.)

[1019.] At the Lancaster Lent Assizes, March, 1827, Edward Gibbon Wakefield and his brother were tried for the abduction of Miss Turner, aged about 16; the former was found guilty and sentenced to banishment for a term of years. The young lady had been a pupil in a seminary at Liverpool, where the

brothers visited her, and by false representations that her father (a gentleman of Macclesfield) was dangerously ill, induced her to accompany them to Manchester. Here she was threatened, entreated, and ultimately forced to go with Gibbon to Gretna Green, where they were married in the usual fashion. The father pursued the pair to Calais or Paris and recovered his daughter. For a technical reason (which S. J. B. may learn by reference to Townsend's *Modern State Trials*) the prisoner escaped with a much lighter sentence than he richly merited. This unholy union was dissolved by act of Parliament. I believe Miss Turner subsequently married Legh of Lyme, or one of that family. In Hone's *Table Book* is a report of the cross-examination by Brougham and Scarlett of David Laing, the notorious Gretna blacksmith. See also Notes to Brougham's Essays and Speeches, and the *Annual Register*, for further particulars of this case.

XIPHIAS.

An account of the abduction of Miss Turner and the trial of Wakefield is printed in book form, and may be had at some of the older libraries.

J. SHAWCROSS.

## BURNING A WOMAN IN 1763.

(Query No. 245, April 27, 1878.)

[1020.] In the year named by your contributor, A MANCHESTER PYTHAGOREAN, a woman in the county of Suffolk suffered death by burning. I gather some curious particulars of the case from the *New Suffolk Garland*, edited by John Glyde, jun., and published in 1866. It is stated: "In the month of April, 1763, a woman was strangled and burnt to death on Rushmere Heath, near Ipswich, under sentence of the judge of assize, for the murder of her husband. The criminal law was at this period very severe and cruel, and this burning to death was one of the savage remains of Norman policy. Murder of a husband was petty treason, and the law prescribed that for this offence the criminal should be burnt alive. The sheriff who did not execute the sentence of burning alive was liable to a prosecution; but, fortunately, men were too humane to carry the sentence into effect, and the practice was to strangle the victims by drawing away a stool from under their feet before the faggots were piled round the stake. The case at Rushmere Heath was that of Margery Beddingfield, for being an accomplice in the murder of her husband, John Beddingfield, of Sternfield, in Suffolk. A farm

servant, Richard Ringe, her paramour, and the actual murderer of John Beddingfield, was sentenced to be hanged at the same time and place. The sentence upon Margery Beddingfield was that she should be "taken from hence to the place from whence you came, and from thence to the place of execution on Saturday next, where you are to be burnt until you be dead, and the Lord have mercy on your soul!"

It occurs to me the above must be the case in question, occurring in 1763, and that the account given in *Byegones* is not correctly rendered.

In the *Criminal Chronology of York Castle* (published 1867) may be found examples of strangling and afterwards burning women.

WILLIAM ANDREWS, F.R.H.S.

Colonial-street, Hull.

## CURES FOR RHEUMATISM.

(Nos 953, 985, and 1004.)

[1021.] Has ETTEMLING heard of the beneficial results experienced by some rheumatic persons from the isolation of the bedstead by means of four glass rests upon which the feet are placed? Of course no drapery must touch the floor. Simple as the remedy seems, I am assured that the effect in some cases is striking. A feeling of warmth and tingling is promoted and pain is thereby relieved. The principle is the same as that of putting sulphur in the shoes. Perhaps sulphur during the day and glass rests for the bed might combine to afford some ease to those afflicted. The glass knobs are similar to those used for pianos.

E. B.

I shall be glad to know if any of your readers have heard of dry alum as a cure for rheumatism. Some few years ago I was acquainted with a gentleman well known in Yorkshire who invariably carried with him a small piece of alum. Observing, one day, as he removed his hat, the piece of alum attached to the lining, I questioned him as to its utility. "Oh," said he, "I dare not venture away from home without it. I am troubled with rheumatism in the head, and though I have tried many so-called remedies I find alum is the one and only cure I can depend upon." Of this simple and, in this case, effectual cure, it would perhaps be worth while to hear more.

W. S. A.

## BUCTON CASTLE.

(Nos. 802, 809, and 825.)

[1022.] I am glad to see by your issue of Saturday last that the Field Naturalists are going to re-visit Bucton, and trust they may arrive at some reasonable

conclusion as to the probable age in which this ancient castle flourished. The elderly people here who have seen the site every day for years know little or nothing about it. I recently consulted a local clergyman, who is well up in matters both anterior and posterior to what I believe to be the date of the castle's existence, but he, like Lord Dundreary, thought it was "one of those things no fellow could understand." One old man who takes an interest in local matters says it was there before Jesus Christ was heard of. Another says it has been there a good while, may be three or four hundred years. A third says when he was young there was a building on the top, and that lads used to go on a Sunday and roll the stones down the hill for sport, and that anyone wanting stone for building purposes went and helped himself from the heaps of stones then in the Roman road at the bottom of the hill. The walls and farm buildings near the hill are said to be built of stone from the top of Bucton. One of these people informed me that some fifty or sixty years ago it was common for parties to go a-digging for gold amongst the foundations of the castle, but none was found. This occurred in Tollemache's time, but since the land has been in Lord Stamford's possession the site has been strictly preserved. The botanists of the party should visit the Dingle, and in Carr Brook beekeepers will find an object of interest.

J. SHAWCROSS.

Millbrook, Stalybridge.

#### THE HEADS OF THE 1745 REBELS.

(Nos. 964 and 975.)

[1023.] The republication from the *Manchester Guardian* of the letter signed Y. as a reply to the query of C.H.B., "Can anyone inform me whether it was known who stole them and what became of them?" requires a few words of explanation and correction. With respect to the three sons of Dr. Deacon who participated in the rebellion, Thomas, the eldest son, was executed. Robert, the second son, was taken ill whilst a prisoner on the journey from Carlisle to London, and was allowed to remain at Kendal where he soon afterwards died. Charles, the third son, according to the *Gentleman's Magazine*, vol. xix. page 41, "was on the 11th of January, 1748-9, conveyed from the New Gaol, Southwark, to Gravesend, for transportation during life." Captain James Dawson (not Billy Dawson as stated by Y.), Lieutenant Thomas Deacon, Ensign and Adjutant Thomas Syddall, and six other officers of the Manchester

regiment, were executed at Kennington on the 30th July, 1748. After the execution, says Dr. Hibbert Ware in his *History of the Foundations of Manchester*, vol. ii. page 119, "The heads of Thomas Syddall and Thomas Theodorus Deacon were ordered to be sent to Manchester, where they were fixed upon spikes, and planted on the top of the public Exchange of the town. And, in order to obviate the new disaffection which was anticipated, two troops of Bland's Dragoons were quartered upon the inhabitants. Dr. Deacon was one of the first who came to gaze upon the head of his son. He fixed his eyes upon it steadfastly, and with the patriotic feelings of an ancient Roman, suppressed all parental emotions of depression, glorying that he had a son who had died the death of a martyr. He then took off his hat to both the heads before him, in reverence to the cause for which the sufferers had bled. This affecting act was imitated by those with whom he was surrounded, who felt as he did; and afterwards the Jacobites never passed the heads without repeating the obeisance." The statement that the head of Dawson was exposed is, I think, incorrect.

In the Book of Accounts of the Constables of Manchester is the following entry:—"September, 18, 1746. Expenses tending the Sheriff this morn—Syddall's and Deacon's heads put up, 00. 01. 06." It seems clear to me that only two heads were spiked, although some accounts add a third, that of Lieutenant Chadwick. The lady referred to as living in King-street who had been a great partisan of Charles Edward, and who on her deathbed told Dr. Bardaley that it was her brother who had removed the heads in question, was Miss Frances Hall, described in Pigot and Dean's Manchester and Salford Directory for 1815 of 32, King-street. "This lady," says the Manchester Historical Recorder, "was the last survivor of a family which for more than a century had been distinguished in this town for eminent professional talents as well as private and public worth. At the period of 1745, the family took an active part on the side of Charles Edward, and when that personage resided at Ancoats Hall, the year previous to his public entry into Manchester, he was a frequent visitor at the residence of the Halls. In return for the attention bestowed he presented them with an original portrait of his father, painted by Belle, the French artist, and which was disposed of, along with other curious Jacobite relics, on the death of this

lady." She died on the 11th June, 1828, aged eighty-seven years, and bequeathed a large fortune (£44,000) to Manchester charities, and was buried in the Derby Chapel in the Cathedral.

The Hall family are frequently mentioned in *The Private Journal and Literary Remains of John Byrom*, edited by the late Richard Parkinson, D.D. (Chetham Society publications), and in a foot-note on page 409, vol. ii., the Editor, speaking of the father of the above lady, says "Dr. Richard Edward Hall was a respectable surgeon, and long resided in an old-fashioned post and petrel house in Deansgate at the corner of Bridge-street. He removed from thence to a house in Hulme, whither his eldest daughter accompanied him, and there he died (September 13th, 1793, aged ninety). Some years afterwards the family removed from the house in Deansgate to a large house at the top of King-street, and several of his sons and daughters died there, and are buried in the north aisle of the choir in the Collegiate Church." It was to Dr. Hall, whilst paying his addresses to Miss Grace Wall (his future wife), daughter of the Rev. John Wall, vicar of Rostherne (1872-1726), that Byrom sent the following epigram:—

A lady's love is like a candle snuff,  
That's quite extinguished by a gentle puff;  
But, with a hearty blast or two, the dame,  
Just like a candle, bursts into a flame.

Two sons of Dr. Richard Edward Hall appear to have practised as surgeons in Manchester. First, Edward Hall, described in Mrs. Raffald's Directory for 1772 as surgeon, Deansgate; he died September 25th, 1791, aged sixty. Second, Richard Hall, described in Scholes' Manchester and Salford Directory for 1797 as surgeon, 76, Deansgate; he died June 1st, 1801, aged forty-nine. Both are buried in the north aisle of the choir of the Cathedral. The Manchester Historical Recorder says the heads were stolen from the top of the Exchange in January, 1749, Edward Hall would then be about eighteen. Was he the delinquent?

Heaton Moor.

G. H. S.

#### THE SHAMROCK.

(Query No. 1,009, May 3.)

[1024.] Mr. Grindon in his *Manchester Flora* considers the wood sorrel to be the shamrock. But however true this may be it is not generally so regarded by the Irish people with whom I have come in contact. Some time ago I was taking tea at the

Alexandra Park refreshment rooms, and at the same table were three young Irishmen, one of whom was a priest, who remarked that a certain bit of water-cress, which he held in his hand, resembled the shamrock, and the young men became quite enthusiastic on the subject. I asked the priest if the shamrock was a common plant in Ireland, and if he had ever seen it growing in England. He said he had seen it growing in many places in Ireland, but notably on a certain railway cutting, where it grew in patches the size of the crown of one's hat. He further said that he had never seen it growing in England, and in fact that it would not grow out of Ireland. Of course I took this with a grain of salt, allowing for his patriotism, for he evidently was not much in the botanical line. As I had before taken some interest in the matter I concluded from his description that the plant was the *trefolium repens*. A short time before this occurred I had met an old Irish woman of my acquaintance with a bunch of flowers in her hand, which she had got from a house belonging to an Irish gentleman where she had been working; but the gem of her bouquet, in her own estimation, was a piece of the "true shamrock" from a plant which the gentleman had brought from Ireland and had planted in his garden, where it flourished. This shamrock was a well-known specimen of *T. repens*.

I have frequently seen the Irish girls, who work in the linen mills about Pendleton, with pieces of shamrock, sent in letters from their friends in Ireland, generally on St. Patrick's Day, but I never saw anything but the plant named. In fact sometimes the runner was so long that I have known it to be worn as a chaplet. I think no other trefoil would equally well answer this purpose; certainly the wood sorrel would not.

T. G.

Pendleton.

#### THROWING RICE AT WEDDINGS.

(Nos. 886 and 892.)

[1025.] The custom of throwing rice at weddings is no doubt a common one, but with Dr. Brewer I can hardly agree in discovering its origin in the Roman "confarreatio." This is briefly described thus:—"Certain words were used in presence of ten witnesses and were accompanied by a certain religious ceremony, in which panis farreus—bread made of spelt—was employed." Surely the use of the wedding cake at bridal feasts would more plausibly be

derived from this most religious of Roman marriage ceremonies than the throwing of rice, although I do not so derive it here.

I find that at Athenian weddings, "after entering the bridegroom's house, into which the bride was probably conducted by his mother, bearing a lighted torch, it was customary to shower sweetmeats upon them as emblems of plenty and prosperity." This appears more likely to be the origin of the custom. The Italians have a passion for throwing comfits, but whether they throw them at weddings I could not say.

That a custom like this should linger through many centuries at marriages need not be surprising. What in Scotland were known as "brooses," or races home from church for first into the bridegroom's house, races at which Burns' auld mare Maggie "ne'er had a fellow for pith and speed," are said to be relics of the early savage days, when a young man stole his bride from a hostile tribe and came galloping home with his companions, chased by the enemy. I noticed that Mr. William Lawson (in his paper read before the Literary Club) derives the word broose from "brewis" or "brose," the refecton awaiting the guests. Might I ask if he has any authority for this derivation?

Since writing the above I find that Professor Seeley, in his able introduction to his *First Book of Livy* (page 19), has the following:—"In the Roman marriage ceremonies there were many indications that the bride was supposed to be carried off forcibly from her parents. Modern inquiries have shown that in this there was nothing peculiar to the Romans. Similar traces appear in the marriage ceremonies of many nations widely separated from each other. To us they are indicative of a primitive condition of society, when men got their wives as they got their food, by hunting. But the Romans explained them by a story. They held them to be memorials of a particular and very ancient rape of Sabine women."

HITTITE.

#### QUERIES.

[1026.] BYEGONES.—I shall be pleased to learn the name of the publisher and price of the work called *Byegones* referred to by A MANCHESTER PYTHAGOREAN in Query No. 245, on April 27, 1878.

WILLIAM ANDREWS.

[1027.] TENT METHODISTS.—There existed in Manchester forty or fifty years ago a religious society called Tent Methodists. Can any of your correspondents give information about the society, and if it survives in any other form at the present day?

NONCON.

[1028.] THE FIRST IRON SHIP.—I have heard it stated that the first iron boat was made by Fairbairn and Lilly, the Manchester machinists, at their works in Mill-street, Manchester; and that it was conveyed on trucks to the Irwell, where it was launched. Is there any truth in this statement? ENQUIER.

[1029.] "OF ALL BIRDS, THE BLACKBIRD ONLY WHISTLETH."—In Drayton's well-known enumeration of singing-birds—including the nope, the tydy, and the laughing hecco—he has the line:

Upon his dulcet pipe the merle doth only play.

And in a note to this is the explanation, "of all birds, only the blackbird whistleth." Can any reader, versed in the lore of bird-singing, explain this unique characteristic of the merle's music? HITTITE.

[1030.] THE TITANS.—Is a club or society known as the Titans still in existence? This club used to boast of some of the most distinguished actors of the day as members, and formerly held its meetings at the old Printers' Arms, Windmill-street, now demolished for the railway station. It would be highly interesting if some member of this club would give a few sketches of its meetings, as I know such men as Mr. Thomas Chambers, late of the Theatre Royal, could do if they would. PITTITE.

ARRIVAL OF THE BIRDS.—Several swallows were seen in the neighbourhood of Levens Hall last week. The hall is about six miles south of Kendal, on the shore of Morecambe Bay. A few swallows have also been seen in the South of England, Devonshire, and the Isle of Wight. The male nightingales have begun to arrive. On the 12th April two nightingales were seen in the South. They were not in song, but were driven out of a pigstye, where they had gone for shelter and insect food, snow covering the ground at the time. A nightingale was heard singing at Chigwell on the 14th; the hen nightingales are not expected before the 22nd at the earliest. Sand martens arrived on the 7th April. Between the 1st and the 7th have been seen wheatears, chaff-chaffs, and willow wrens; and wrynecks on the 8th. Blackcaps and winchats were heard at Hampstead on the 14th. The hatch-out of young thrushes this year has been extraordinary.

Saturday, May 17, 1879

NOTES.

REMINISCENCES OF MANCHESTER FIFTY YEARS AGO.

III. THE STREETS (CONCLUDED).

1031.] Peter-street, which now has its Free Trade Hall, Concert Hall, Theatre, and other public buildings, contained nothing of the kind fifty years ago. Both the Theatre Royal and "Concert Rooms" were in Fountain-street, the former occupying a site between York-street and Charlotte-street, on which the warehouse of Daniel Lee and Co. now stands; whilst music was not then honoured by being domiciled in a separate building, but had apartments next door to the churchwardens' office and nearly opposite the theatre. I can remember seeing the words "Concert Rooms" painted on the door-post just as if they had been lawyers' offices. The large space of ground known as St. Peter's Field, on which the building erected for a museum with others now stand, and on which the great meeting of 60,000 persons was held which ended so disastrously, in 1819, was still unoccupied by buildings. A large meeting of, it was said, 40,000 or 50,000 persons was held on it shortly after the time of which I am writing for some political purpose.

Oxford Road was pretty much then as it is now, except that of course the traffic was much less; no railway bridge crossed it, there were fewer shops and more private houses, and a little beyond Tuer-street the houses were large and detached, the homes of the wealthy. Here were the residences of Richard Potter, afterwards M.P. for Wigan; William Entwistle, once M.P. for South Lancashire; the Rev. Dr. McCall, James Wood, the founder of the firm of Wood and Westhead; and John Fernley, who before he died presented such a magnificent gift to the Wesleyan Connexion in the shape of a large and handsome chapel, day and Sunday schools, a school for ministers' daughters, and a minister's house at Southport. Mr. Jeremiah Garnett, one of the proprietors and afterwards editor of the *Manchester Guardian*, lived in one of the houses which have since been converted into shops opposite to the east side of All Saints' Church, known then as Grosvenor Place.

Chorlton-upon-Medlock was then known as Chorlton Row. The Stretford Road was not made, and the townships of Hulme and Moss Side consisted mainly

of fields. What houses and shops there were in Hulme were chiefly in Chester Road and the neighbourhood. Jackson-street extended only a short distance from Chester Road, and contained not more than about forty houses. I remember taking a walk one Sunday afternoon soon after I came to Manchester, and turning out of Oxford Road into a street which I think was Boundary-street, I soon got into the fields, and by following a footpath at last found myself in Jackson-street, near to Chester Road.

For more than forty years no alteration was made in Deansgate itself of any importance; so that the Deansgate of fifty years ago was very like that of ten years ago. The names of some streets turning out of Deansgate have been altered, whilst one or two new streets have been made and others have disappeared. Cupid's Alley has been changed into Atkinson-street, and Parliament-street into Hardman-street, the latter street being in such bad repute it was thought best to obliterate the names. Neither John Dalton-street nor Lower King-street could have been found at that time. At the corner of Bridge-street and Deansgate were commodious meat shambles, and behind them the pork shambles. Where now is the beginning of Lower King-street was an open space known as the Star yard leading to the stables behind the Star Hotel. At the other corner of the yard was the Star Coach-office. The inn was kept by Mr. Thomas Yates. He was about the last gentleman in Manchester who wore that peculiar appendage hanging down the back known as a queue. Mrs. Yates survived him and continued the business to the time of her death, when she was succeeded by her daughter, Miss Anne Yates, in whose hands it still remains. Mrs. Yates, who was a tall handsome lady, appeared at the first Fancy Dress Ball in 1828, dressed as an "Old English lady," attracting considerable attention from her fine representation of the character.

King-street, from Deansgate to Cross-street, has not undergone any important alteration. The part opposite the old Town Hall has been widened. St. Ann's-street, leading from the square into Deansgate, only extended as far as Back Square, the remainder of the way consisting of a very narrow street known as Toll Lane, so called, I suppose, from the fact that it being originally the principal entrance to Acres Fair held in the square, toll was there demanded on the cattle passing through.

One of the most important alterations ever made in Manchester was the opening out of Victoria-street and the making of the road past the Cathedral to its junction with Strangeways, together with the building of Victoria Bridge, an improvement be it remembered designed and completed without the assistance of the Corporation, for it then had no existence. Most persons are aware that what is now Victoria-street was formerly Smithy Door. The entrance to it from Market-street was like a narrow isthmus passing between the projecting corners of two buildings opposite each other, the space between the curbstones being only sufficient to allow a vehicle to pass with scarcely an inch to spare. The width of the footpath was proportionate, so that it was dangerous for a person to attempt to pass through at the same time as a vehicle. The right-hand building was the Unicorn Inn, kept by Joseph Challenger, at which the celebrated club known as "John Shaw's" met. The other end of Smithy Door opened into a street which was a continuation of Cateaton-street, and was joined to the bridge which there spanned the Irwell. This was a very narrow structure and had a much greater declivity than has the present bridge. It was known as the "Old Bridge," and the street which joined Cateaton-street with it, and which blocked up that end of Smithy Door, was "Old Bridge-street." The footpath which now separates the Cathedral yard from the Mitre Hotel was continued round the yard on the river side just as it is yet on the other side. Between this footpath and the high rocky bank of the river were a few shops and two or three taverns, of which I remember the Blackamoor's Head was one and the inevitable Ring-o'-Bells another. The fine open space in which the statue of Cromwell now stands had then no existence. Foot passengers could get into Strangeways by means of the footpath, but carriages had to go round by Hanging Ditch and Fennel-street. So also in going to Cheetham Hill, a foot passenger would have to take the right-hand footpath of the churchyard and proceed through Long Millgate to Ducie Bridge; whilst a vehicle would have to get into Millgate by Hanging Ditch and Fennel-street. Manchester was then encircled by a number of toll-bars, at some of which foot passengers had to pay toll for crossing a bridge. There was a toll-bar on Ducie Bridge; one in Strangeways, not far from Strangeways Hall, which was then standing; one at Longsight, one on Broughton Bridge, one on

Blackfriars Bridge, one in Regent Road, one in Stretford Road after it was formed, one at Pendleton, and I think others. I remember the case of a medical man who wanted to see a patient who lived just through the Strangeways bar, and who left his gig waiting whilst he walked through to see his patient and back. He was summoned by the keeper of the bar before the magistrates and had to pay the toll.

The bridges connecting Salford with Manchester were the iron bridge leading from Strangeways to Greengate, the Old Bridge, Blackfriars, New Bailey, and Regent Road. Like the Old Bridge, the New Bailey one has been replaced with a handsome structure more suited to the increasing traffic passing over it. The little chain bridge, as it was called in Lower Broughton, was then in existence, for I remember the circumstance that very shortly after I came to Manchester a number of soldiers of the rifle corps, which was then stationed here, and who wore a green uniform, were crossing the bridge, when in consequence of the uniformity of their step the chains gave way and a number of them were precipitated into the river without any fatal result, though with some serious injury to a few. Had they broken the regularity of their step and crossed the bridge in non-military fashion, I suppose the misfortune would not have happened. A singular circumstance connected with the accident was that the bridge was erected by the father-in-law of the officer in command of the men, and who lived at the castellated mansion close by, called, if I mistake not, Castle Irwell.

To return to the central part of the town, the streets in which the principal Manchester warehouses were to be found, were High-street, Cannon-street, Marsden Square, Church-street, and the smaller streets running out of these. There was not then, or for some years after, a single warehouse in Manchester making any pretensions to architectural effect either in the home or shipping trade. Not only were the buildings in which the latter was carried on very plain structures, but they were to be found mostly in retired situations, such as Back George-street, Mulberry-street, Queen-street, Back Mosley-street. As I purpose in my next to give a notice of some of the wholesale firms, I shall have to refer to these streets again.

J. T. S.

Referring to J. T. S.'s remark in Note No. 1,005, respecting the book and newspaper shop between Marsden Square and High-street, it was occupied in



that business for many years by my father, John Lynch, now living in Ripon, Fond-du-Lac County, North America, and was before that a tobacconist's. He had also at one time a shop in Swan-street, and was born in Portland-street in the year 1803. I never fail to send him the *City News* every week, which he says is one of his greatest pleasures.

LUCY W. JOHNSON.

The Woodlands, Bolton Road, Pendleton.

#### THE WHITWORTH DOCTORS.

[1032.] Mr. BURY's reference to the Whitworth doctors reminds me of a story I heard many years ago in connection with that family. I am not sure that I can correctly reproduce it in every particular, but it was to the effect that one of them had once the honour of attending professionally upon royalty. A member of the royal family had been suffering for a long time from some cause that baffled the skill of the court physicians; and the king having heard of the wonderful cures effected by the Whitworth doctors, sent for one of them to see the royal patient. Mr. Taylor accordingly proceeded to London, and very soon discovered that the cause of the patient's suffering was the presence of some foreign body in the head, which he at once expelled by the simple administration of a pinch of common snuff, so as to produce a hearty sneeze. Asked what his fee was he replied that he would make no charge, but that as their family (the Taylors) were very fond of keeping hounds he would esteem it a great favour if his majesty would allow them to keep a pack without duty or licence, a privilege which was graciously accorded, and, as I understood, was for a long time enjoyed. Whilst in London Mr. Taylor was taken to see some of the "lions" of the place, and his behaviour whilst in the company of his distinguished guides would form an amusing chapter if it could be described by a Waugh or a Brierley. How far the story is true I am not prepared to say, but I believe there is some truth in it, and perhaps some other correspondent may be able to say how much. OBSERVER.

#### CAMBRIDGE AND THE POETS.

[1033.] It has long been a popular delusion that Cambridge is musty, mathematical, chilling; that it is one dead level of dry senior wranglership tempered by drier divinity; that the flatness of its studies is only equalled by the flatness of the surrounding country. But the fact is that the Cambridge principle

of fostering "pure scholarship," of encouraging excellence in some one branch of learning or science, has always been rife of eminence in learning, science, and literature. Take as an example poetry. Without claiming Chaucer to be really "Philomel of Cambridge, clerk," if one begins with Edmund Spenser, one enters on a long list of bright poetical stars who have owed, if not their inspiration, at least their training to Cambridge. Proceeding from him one comes to such names as Phineas Fletcher, Quarles, George Herbert (public orator), Nash, Greene, Marlowe, Francis Beaumont (partner in the illustrious firm), and Heywood. Then come Cowley, Milton, Andrew Marvell, John Dryden, Mat Prior, and Gray. While, if we approach nearer to our own day, we find the great names of Macaulay, Coleridge, Wordsworth, Byron, and Tennyson, bringing up a glorious rear. I have purposely omitted names of poets who cannot fairly be said to have been educated there, such as that of Samuel Butler; and of inferior poets, such as H. K. White; but I think the above list will show that there must be a something in the studies or the associations of Cambridge, something in its antique cloisters or academic groves and gardens, that has given a poetic direction to the genius of many illustrious sons.

Of course I do not wish to say that many of the poets above enumerated would not have sung their melodious verse if they had never been to Cambridge or any other seat of learning. Shakspeare was never nearer a university than Stratford Grammar School. All that can be said of him is that the influence of trained writers, formed in the classical school, was strong on him. Still, this is not what I contend for at present. All I wish to draw attention to is the fact, as far as I know as yet unnoted, that, leaving out Shakspeare and a few other names such as Shelley, who was very promptly kicked out of Oxford; Chaucer and Ben Jonson, who by tradition have part of their educational career set down to the credit of Cambridge; Cowper, like Ben, a Westminster boy steeped to the lips in classics; Pope and Keats, the cream of the English poets will be found to have come from the lawned and wooded Academe past which—

Camus, reverend Sire, comes footing slow,  
His mantle hairy and his bonnet sedge.

Not *all* that think to climb Parnassus "gang in stirks  
and come out asses" *there*. HITITE.

## COMMENTS AND ANSWERS.

MANCHESTER BOOKSELLERS: OLD HOPPS.

(Nos. 956 and 1,005.)

[1034.] If every humble servant of his time is to be remembered after the fashion that Mr. JOSEPH JOHNSON, of the Isle of Man, remembers Old Hopps, better would it be that he should be forgotten for ever. Mr. JOHNSON speaks as if from personal knowledge, at least; he nowhere gives authorities. His account would no doubt be interesting, and his narration of the somewhat scandalous Hopps and Gadsby anecdote entertaining, if the former were not a tissue of mistakes containing a few threads only of truth, and the latter the usual fathering of a "good" story on somebody, no matter whom, lest the opportunity of telling it should be lost.

Says Mr. JOHNSON:—"Old Hopps had a shop about the year 1823 in Pool Fold." At that time he was dead and buried.

"He was sadly troubled with rheumatism." If he were, he was to his dying day happily ignorant of his sufferings. Is not Mr. J. confounding him with Old Jacob, of Smithy Door tradition, of whom the rheumatism tale is said to be true?

"Chagrin and disappointment at his want of success in his farming venture and new book-shop no doubt hastened his death." Without doubt it did not. To the day of his death he was hale and hearty. He was "cut off" quickly; he was not made of the poor stuff that pines away, as the short memoir below will amply testify.

"Hopps was a member and important supporter of the Particular Baptists . . . eccentric William Gadsby . . . built a chapel in George-street." It will surprise his descendants to find that this statement is at all true. He was a Churchman, worshipping in the Old Church and in St. James's Church. Happy thought! Mrs. James Hopps, his sister-in-law, was a Particular Baptist. This fact is perhaps a clue to Mr. J.'s muddle. His account is somewhat worse than three single gentlemen rolled into one. For in his portrait one recognizes first a likeness to Old Hopps, then his wife, then Mrs. James, then Old Jacob, then the unknown hero of the "practical piety" anecdote. What a dissolving view! In this latter anecdote is introduced Old Hopps's son. He never had a son with him in Manchester. One can sympathize with Mr. JOHNSON if old age and infirmity have blended and confused in his mind old memories

and acquaintances; but what if he has no such excuse and sent you a handful of unsorted shreds from the indiscriminate collection in his literary rag-bag of odds and ends of reading and hearsay?

A daughter of Old Hopps was great-grandmother of the writer of this Note. In his father's house she died in her ninetieth year. Her daughter and granddaughter still live; and though the name of Hopps is no longer borne by them, his race is not likely to be soon extinct. Doubtless

The right ear that is filled with dust  
Hears little of the false or just;

and it matters nothing to Old Hopps that Mr. JOHNSON has remembered him not altogether to his advantage. But his descendants would rather that such a notice should not clash with the recollections handed down to them of one to whom they look back with some little pride as a worthy man, and as having been one who had a share, however humble, in fostering literary tastes in Manchester. The following short memoir may be taken as on the whole correct:—

Old John Hopps was born in March, 1740 (o.s.), at a village called Helwith, near Richmond, in the North Riding of Yorkshire, where his father and forefathers were farmers (mark this, Mr. J.). He removed to London, where between 1767 and 1780 his seven children were born. He was a silk mercer, but failed in consequence of a disastrous fire. He left London and began bookselling at Old Sarum. Thence he came to Manchester, and previously and subsequently to 1803 had a shop in Fennel-street and a stall in the market. Afterwards he had a shop in Pool Fold. He gave up that business to his son-in-law, and the circulating library to Mr. and Mrs. James Hopps. He commenced farming with the writer's grandfather at Worsley, after having lived quietly for a time at Little Hulton, near Bolton. He lost money in the farming; and, like most old people, got unsettled in the new occupation. He again took a shop, this time in Bridge-street. This he gave up to the well-known printer, Mr. Pratt. He died 30th October, 1822, at his private residence in Caygill-street, Salford, at the age of eighty-two, his complaint being dysentery, induced by a meal of half-cooked pork (Mr. Johnson!). He was buried in Flixton churchyard on November 3. He never used spectacles. He stood six feet three inches in height, and was remarkably straight and well made. The day before

his death he boasted that though he had a walking-stick he never had occasion to use it for support. Of his sons two were successful silk mercers in London, and were retired from business when their father died.

JOHN REYNOLDS.

Greenfield Cottage, Newton, Hyde.

"MANY A" AND "A MANY."

(Nos. 948 and 983.)

[1035.] From Horne Tooke to Trench, and from Trench to Dr. Morris, not a writer on words has failed to take a turn at this phrase. Gavin Douglas uses the phrase "a few meny," and "a great many" is familiar enough to us. All over Yorkshire and other parts "a many" is always used for many, and with a plural word. We have the line, "Full many a flower is born to blush unseen." And, in Scotch, "Mony's the day I've," &c., is a very frequent saying. "The rank-scented many," "The many's looks," are quoted from Shakspeare by Dr. Morris. Let us induce from these examples a plural:—

1. Many is a plural adj., as "many men."
2. Many is a singular adj., as "many a man," "mony's the day" (many is the day).
3. Many is a noun, as in various examples given above.

The investigations of numerous writers must here be briefly summarized.

(A.) Manig in A.S. was a sing. adj., and agreed with its noun in the sing. It is first found with the *real indefinite article* after it in the 13th century in Layamon (Morris). Dr. Fleming suggested that the guttural sound of ig gave rise to the a, but Dr. Morris's quotations disprove this, and also Horne Tooke's notion that "many a man" was a corruption of "many of men."

(B.) A favourite theory to account for the noun many was to get it from a Norman-French word, *mesnie* (*ménie*, whence *menial*), a household, company, multitude. But Dr. Morris (Historical Outlines, page 115) gives in the quotation, "and him fyligdon mucele mænigeo"—and there followed him (a) great many or multitude—an A.S. derivation that suits more happily with the northern vernacular use of it than the farther-fetched *ménie*. "A many men" would be, given that many is a noun, "a many (of) men."

Why we should correctly say "many a man," but incorrectly "a many men," is chiefly due to the principle of "natural selection" which has been at work

in our language. In Scotland they say "a few more broth," "a few porridge," to the amusement of southern visitors. Many such phrases, however etymologically right, are socially wrong. It may be that the a in "a many men" sounds incorrect before the plural "men," and therefore is banished through ignorance of its derivation. "A many men" may be quite right, of being omitted before men as in "three score sheep," "two thousand pounds." But, however it may be, the hard fact remains that "a many" is not admissible within the pale of correctness.

HITTITE.

THE CONSTRUCTOR OF THE FIRST IRON SHIP.

(Query No. 1,028, May 19.)

[1036.] This query is of some historical interest. Iron boats were made long before Fairbairn and Lilly were in existence, although I dare say this old Manchester firm might have made the first iron boats in this district.

I have found no earlier record of boats of iron than the time of John Wilkinson, the great ironmaster of Bradley Iron Works, near Bilston; and as he was called the Father of the Iron Trade when it had but small dimensions, and when large pieces of iron were only just beginning to be made, I think it will be safe to consider him as the builder of the first iron boat. Wilkinson could not get wood barges built fast enough to suit his requirements; and having all the facilities for making one of iron at his forge, he built one that was launched in the year 1787.

Writing to a friend he says: "Yesterday week my iron boat was launched. It answers all my expectations, and has convinced the unbelievers, who were 999 in 1,000. It will be a nine days' wonder, like Columbus's egg." He was so delighted with this boat that he began a trade in them; for he says again: "There have been two iron vessels launched in my service since 1st of September; one is a canal boat for this navigation, and the other a barge of forty tons for the river Severn. The last was floated on Monday, and is, I expect, at Stourport with a lading of bar iron. My clerk at Broseley advises me that she swims remarkably light, and exceeds expectation." This letter is dated Bradley Iron Works, 20th October, 1787. The *Universal Magazine* for that year, vol. 83, p. 276, says: "November 8th, an iron vessel, built by John Wilkinson, was lately launched at Wiley Wharf. She is perfectly tight, moves very

easily on the water, and draws about eight inches, with every accompaniment on board." It seems also that one was made by John Onions and Sons, of Broseley, which was sent to London in parts in the year 1810, and this is supposed to be the first iron boat on the Thames.

John Wilkinson was an original character in many ways. He made iron coffins and had one made for himself, all ready with bolts and nuts for screwing down. He had a few coffins of different sizes in his garden under some trees; and after showing visitors round he would take them to the doleful metal packing cases and with dismal glee make a present to anyone who would make a selection. The celebrated Richard Roberts, the Manchester inventor, when a young man, worked for Wilkinson as a pattern maker, and when he was at the works it seems that there was a great revival among the Methodists, one of Roberts's fellow-workmen especially distinguishing himself as a preacher of some power. This competition in saving souls was displeasing to the parson of the parish, who waited upon Wilkinson and complained of the interference with his sheep, pointing out to him that it was most improper. Wilkinson said that it was matter for thought. Richard Roberts forthwith received instructions to make patterns for a cast-iron pulpit which was placed in the works yard, and the earnest Methodist workman was told to get in and do as much good as he could whenever he felt inclined. No doubt this is the first case on record of a cast-iron pulpit.

It seems that Wilkinson delighted to be in the front rank, having the imperial overcoming nature common to men of genius, for it is said that he was the first man who could bore an engine cylinder perfectly true for his friend James Watts. Before his time it was not considered very bad if a large cylinder was a quarter of an inch larger in diameter at one end than the other. He was the first man to erect one of Boulton and Watts' steam engines in France, and when in that country he imbibed "French notions," so it was said; and being also a brother-in-law of the celebrated Dr. Priestley, he at one time ran some danger of having his works attacked by the Church and King mobs. But he took care to let it be understood that he had weapons and men ready to defend him. This and his being known as a determined man, no doubt had some peaceful influence on the lieges of Jingodom at that time.

Collectors of tokens will be familiar with the copper coins issued by Wilkinson. I have a halfpenny issued by him. On the obverse is a portrait, with letters, "John Wilkinson, ironmaster;" and on the reverse a forge and tilting hammer, a workman, a ship, and a pier head.

A song in his honour was reprinted not long since by Mr. Askew, of Oswestry. A few verses will be sufficient:—

That the wood of old England would fail did appear,  
And how iron was scarce because charcoal was dear;  
By puddling and stamping he cured that evil,  
So the Swedes and the Russians' may go to the devil.  
Derry Down.

Our thundering cannon too frequently burst,  
A mischief so great he prevented the first;<sup>2</sup>  
And now it is well known they never miscarry,  
But drive all our foes with a blast to Old Harry.  
Derry Down.

Then let each jolly fellow take hold of his glass,  
And drink to the health of his friend and his lass;  
May we always have plenty of stingo and pence,<sup>3</sup>  
And Wilkinson's fame blaze a thousand years hence.  
Derry Down.

(1) Before the improvements introduced in the manufacture of iron by Wilkinson, Cort, Dud Dudley, and others, the Swedes and Russians produced the best charcoal-iron, or at any rate the cheapest. The use of pit coal and coke turned the scale in our favour.

(2) Wilkinson, by the introduction of excellent boring machinery, was the first to bore a cannon out of the solid and thus obtained a safe casting. Before his time the holes were cast in, and only bored to take the superficial scale or rough parts away. Sometimes a dangerous flaw would be left, and as it was nearly impossible to discover the defect, it had to burst and kill a few men before the evil was found out.

(3) This alludes to his token coinage.

When he died his grave was covered by a tomb weighing twenty tons, designed by himself.

W. H. BAILEY.

Summerfield, Eccles New Road.

The following account of the building of the first iron ship appeared a few years ago in a newspaper, to which it was communicated by Mr. James Stockwell, of Cark House, Newton-in-Cartmel.

The following extract of letter was addressed to my grandfather, and is dated Broseley, 14th July, 1787:—  
"Yesterday week my iron boat was launched. It answers all my expectations, and has convinced the

unbelievers—who were 999 in 1,000. It will be a nine days' wonder, and then be like Columbus's egg." The letter is signed "John Wilkinson." I think it will be perceived from this that John Wilkinson, of Broseley, in Shropshire, and Castlehead, in Cartmel, Lancashire, and not Mr. Ramsden, was the inventor of iron ship-building. This vessel was built at Willey, in Shropshire, and afterwards traded between several ports in the Severn. About this time John Wilkinson built another small iron boat which used to bring peat moss, in a raw state, in a charred state, and in the state of ordinary sun-dried peats, down a canal he cut in the peat moss near Meathop, in order with this kind of fuel to smelt at a furnace near his residence in Cartmel, the hæmatite iron ore of the neighbouring district of Furness. John Wilkinson died about 1807. For twenty years or more his body rested in peace in his own coffin and under twenty tons of iron forming his mausoleum, but on the sale of the Castlehead estate it was disturbed and carried to Lindal Chapel in the dead of night and silently deposited in the chapel yard there. Some time ago the mausoleum was broken up and sold for old iron. "Sic transit gloria mundi."

JOHN HOLLAND.

Lower Broughton.

## DAVYHULME HALL.

(Nos. 996, 1,002, and 1,016.)

[1037.] The words "lord of the manor" were given on the authority of Baines, they being an exact quotation from the description of Davyhulme in the *History of Lancashire*.

JAMES BURY.

## QUERIES.

[1038.] GEOLOGY OF MANCHESTER.—What is the most recent work on the geology of Manchester and its neighbourhood?

COED.

[1039.] Suppose Corporation-street to be perfectly level and uniformly paved with circular-headed stones, and a cart with a bar of iron laid loosely upon the bottom to be going along it, whether would the bar slide forwards or backwards, and why?

MORGAN BRIERLEY.

[1040.] BASHI-BAZOUK.—Can any reader versed in the Turkish language explain the intrinsic meaning of this term? The epithet is not confined to those irregular volunteers in the Turkish army, of whose atrocities we heard so much during the late wars, but the scamps and sharpers of Constantinople are similarly designated.

COTTONOPOLITAN.

[1041.] PIERCEY'S FIELD; ANCOATS VALE; ARDWICK ISLAND.—Not many years ago the spot now monopolized by St. Mary's Church, Palmerston-street, Beswick, was one great patch of grazing land known to the youths who utilized it as a cricket ground by the name of "Piercey's Field." Can Mr. BURY (whom I beg to thank for the interesting information he gave me concerning "Cleddin") or some other correspondent explain the reason why it was so called? I should also like to know something about Ancoats Vale and Ardwick Island. When were they so called and who were their christeners?

COTTONOPOLITAN.

[1042.] THE ART WORKMEN'S ASSOCIATION.—In 1865, and again in 1866, exhibitions were held in this city, organized by the Manchester Art Workmen's Association. The chairman of the executive committee was Mr. James Robertson, house decorator, since deceased; the secretary was Mr. J. T. Staton, the author of sundry works in the Bolton form of the Lancashire dialect; and amongst the members of the committee were Mr. William Macdonald, grainer and decorator; Mr. R. C. Hindahaw, architectural modeller; and Mr. Robert Pollitt, artist. Will some one tell us the story of this society, and say why and when, if not still in existence, it was dissolved, and whether it could not be re-established? J. H. N.

[1043.] MISS LEE, AND MR. LEE THE ENGINEER. In the speech delivered by the late Sir J. P. Kay-Shuttleworth at the opening of the Manchester Art Workmen's Exhibition in February, 1866, he referred to a Miss Lee and her brother. "There are," he said, "many things now prominent in this city which will fall into ruin and be forgotten, when the memory of such gifted minds as those of Miss Lee, the authoress of "The Kreuzer" in the *Canterbury Tales*, who was the sister of our great engineer, Mr. Lee; of De Quincey and of Mrs. Gaskell, will shed a halo of light round our city." I do not find Miss Lee's name in Mr. C. W. Sutton's *List of Lancashire Authors*. Was she a Lancashire authoress, and what is known of "our great engineer, Mr. Lee?" J. H. N.

A grand-daughter of Robert Burns, Miss M. Thompson, has been married this week to Mr. David Wingate, a young Scottish poet of some repute.

The *Bookseller* says the American market for advance sheets of English works is in a depressed condition. When *Lothair* was published in 1870, Messrs. Appleton and Co. paid £400 for the advance sheets, a moderate price as the event proved, for over 100,000 copies were sold by the end of the year. Not long ago Anthony Trollope was quoted at £500, while the quotations for Willkie Collins, George Eliot, and some others were much higher. Now it is difficult to obtain even the most moderate quotations for good authors, as the competition of the ten cent novels makes publishing at remunerative prices a very uncertain venture.

Saturday, May 24, 1879

NOTES.

"THE NOBLE ART OF SELF-DEFENCE."

[1044.] A writer in the *Daily News* the other day wondered why boxing should be so called. I believe the reason to be as follows:—In the time of Queen Elizabeth and for two centuries onwards, when every man of position wore a sword, swordsmanship was universally called "The Noble Art," especially among soldiers and those who professed to know the whole science and code of "honour," like the two swordsmen in Beaumont and Fletcher's *A King and No King*. In the last half of last century and the beginning of this, frequent entertainments were given by professed pugilists and prize-fighters, which were often patronized by royal dukes, and consisted in, first, an illustration of the "Noble Art," that is, of swordsmanship; secondly, of an exhibition of boxing with gloves on. The two exhibitors toed a mark, mauled away at each other for some time—whence the name manleys—and must in general have given a display of a very ignoble want of art when fastened down to such a position. The fashion for seeing pugilistic encounters which made the early part of our century brutally notorious to all time, banished the swordsmanship and cudgel playing part of the performance from the programme, but the name "The Noble Art" remained transferred to the boxing displays. It was only the other day that I read, in a book full of good illustrations, which give a description of the sights and scenes of London fifty or sixty years ago, an account of a visit of several hours to one of the best-known places of resort for these shows in the then metropolis.

HITTITE.

THE HERON AS A TROUT-FISHER.

[1045.] At one of the meetings of the congress of the learned societies of the Departments of France, held in Paris last year, a member presented the following observations, made by M. Noury, professor of drawing of the Industrial Society of Elbeuf, on the habits of the heron and its manner of catching trout. They are so curious as to be worth recording.

M. Noury says: "Contrary to the general opinion, the heron is a great destroyer of trout. I have on several occasions surprised this bold depredator of

our streams in the very act of trout-fishing." In describing its manner of fishing, he states that "the bird bathes its long legs in the river, sets its toes upon the gravelly bed of the stream, and directs its bill down the river. From time to time it executes sundry jerky swinging movements upon its thighs. It raises the tail, inclines the breast and plunges it into the river, giving to the breast while in the water a series of lateral oscillations. Suddenly it straightens itself again and appears to watch. By its anxious attitude, by the keenness of its look, one guesses that it is watching for its prey. Soon you see it darting a formidable stroke of its bill into the water; with the rapidity of lightning it has seized a trout; swallows it if not too big, for it never breaks the fish in pieces. Immediately it resumes its horizontal position, and soon a second trout shows itself within reach; another dart of the bill and that disappears. A series of trout ascend, in like manner, the stream as far as the heron, and invariably all suffer the same fate."

M. Noury, puzzled by this manoeuvre, searched for and found the reason of it. He ascertained the presence in the heron of broad fatty wens between the skin and the muscles of the pectoral and pelvic regions. The excreting canals of these glands open at the base of the plumules which cover the large ligaments of the breast. At the contact of the air this secretion is converted into a whitish powder, very fine, oily like talc, and of a disagreeable fetid odour. Shaken off into the water by the swinging of the body, previously described, this powder slowly descends the stream; the odour which is discharged from it appears to have an incomparable fragrance for the trout, for no sooner have they smelled it than they seek for the source thereof. By this means they are attracted to the heron and fall under its blows. The best proof that can be given of this explanation of the facts consists in putting a breast of the heron into a trout trap. No matter how large may be the trap, you may be certain that it will be filled. The experiment has succeeded every time it has been tried."

Can any of the numerous correspondents of the *City News*, naturalists or ornithologists, confirm these observations? Though rather a scarce bird, I believe that it breeds near the river Conway, and in various parts of Lincolnshire and the south of England.

MARK STIRUP.

## COMMENTS AND ANSWERS.

## THE WHITWORTH DOCTOR'S VISIT TO THE ROYAL FAMILY.

(Note No. 1,032, May 17.)

[1046.] Forty years ago last month *Tait's Magazine* published William Howitt's account of his visit to the Whitworth doctor's. The article is a long one, but I extract what he said about the visit to royalty, referred to by OBSERVER in his Note:—

"James used to relate his father's visit to the Royal Family to prescribe for the Princess Elizabeth with much gusto. The complaint of the princess was a continued pain and stupor in the head. Of course John Taylor immediately ordered her to take his snuff. This snuff is made of the powdered leaves of the *Asarabacca* (*Asarum Europæum*), which has the property of purging the head, and of which plenty was grown in the garden at Whitworth. John having given his order and delivered the snuff, looked about him, and seeing the princesses all there he clapped the Queen familiarly on the back and said: 'Well, thou art a farrently woman (good-looking) to be the mother of such a set of straight-backed lasses.' Charlotte took the unusual familiarity with very good grace, smiling, and replying: 'Yes, Mr. Taylor, and I was once as straight-backed a lass as any of them.'

John had not, however, retired from the presence of royalty very long when he was sent for again in great haste: 'Well, and what is the matter now?' asked he, on entering. 'Oh, the Princess is taken with such a continual sneezing that we are quite alarmed.'

'Is that all?' said John; then let the girl sneeze; that is the very thing that will do her good.'

John is said to have had the honour of completely relieving the Princess of her complaint. We must, however, give one more characteristic anecdote of him before we withdraw him from Court. One morning, as he sat chatting with the Queen and princesses, a draper's man brought in, by order, a number of pieces of Irish linen for the Queen's inspection. On looking it over none was found to be so fine as was desired. The man was ordered to bring some much finer. He, of course, assured her Majesty that every effort should be used to meet her wishes, but that he was doubtful whether any finer really was made. 'Oh, dear, yes!' exclaimed both Queen and princesses,

'much finer than this, we are confident.' The man bowed and retired. When he was gone John Taylor, who sat closely observing all that passed, said: 'Now, do you expect the man will bring you any finer?'

'Oh, certainly!'

'Well,' said John, 'I don't.'

'You don't? Why, Mr. Taylor, what makes you think so?'

'Because,' replied John, 'I don't believe there ever was finer made than one piece amongst these. But I can tell you what the man will do. He'll go home and rest a while, and then he will come back with the finest piece of cloth and put a good deal higher price upon it, and then it will do.'

'Oh no!' exclaimed Queen Charlotte; 'I am a better judge of linen than you give me credit for, Mr. Taylor. Besides, the man dare not do such a thing—he would at once lose our patronage—he dare not do such a thing.'

'Well,' said John, 'we shall see.'

'Well, now,' said the Queen, 'we will see. You shall remain here till the man return, and be convinced.'

He did so. The man, after a while, came back with a single piece. He assured her Majesty that they had sent all over the city, and had had the good fortune to discover this piece—certainly the most extraordinarily fine piece of linen which he had ever beheld. The Queen and princesses, on examining it, at once joined in expressions of admiration of it. 'That was fine, indeed! That was much superior to the finest of the former pieces!'

As soon as the man had withdrawn: 'There,' said the Queen, turning triumphantly to John Taylor, 'what do you think now, Mr. Taylor? You will admit, I think, that you were mistaken.'

'That may soon be settled,' said John. 'If that be the fine piece which the man had here before there is the mark of my thumb on it; for I never saw finer linen than that in my life; and, expecting what the man must do, I privately wet my thumb and rubbed it in the chimney before I took hold of the piece.'

There was an instant eager examination of the piece, and there, sure enough, was John Taylor's mark."

GEORGE SIMPSON.

Prospect House, Mottram.

## THE TITAN CLUB.

(Query No. 1,030, May 10.)

[1047.] As the Secretary of the Titan Club during nearly the whole of its existence, I have much pleasure in supplying a few particulars concerning this somewhat unique institution.

The first meeting was held on October 15, 1859, and had its origin in the periodical meetings of Mr. Thomas Chambers, lately, and from its opening, manager of the Theatre Royal in its palmy days (would that he were so now!), the late Mr. John Shickle, conductor of the orchestra, and the present writer. It was suggested one evening, but whether by Mr. Chambers or myself I am not at this distant period quite certain, that a club might be formed of a social and literary nature. This was mentioned amongst the stock company of the Royal, and by them enthusiastically entertained. Among the first members, in addition to the above, were Mr. Charles Calvert, his first season in Manchester; Mr. F. Everill, Mr. George Sinclair, Mr. Wybert Reeve, Mr. Gaston Murray, and others. The late Walter Montgomery shortly afterwards joined us (poor Walter! Peace to his *manes*!). He had at that time disconnected himself from the Theatre Royal, and was then giving his famous readings. At first the membership was confined to the dramatic and musical profession, the writer being the only lay brother. The popularity of the club became so great, however, that we soon found ourselves compelled to extend our boundaries, and a considerable number of gentlemen not directly connected with either profession, but entertaining strong dramatic or musical proclivities, were admitted, many of them influential members of Manchester society. At each meeting an original paper was read by the members in turn, there being no limitation as to subject. In addition to this two members, other than the reader of the paper for the evening, was required to produce two literary extracts which were denominated "gems." These productions, with the conversations and discussions which they evoked, music, readings, and recitations, always created a most enjoyable meeting. The leading actresses of the theatre—poor dear old Mrs. Horsman being amongst them—were considered as honorary members, their membership being limited, of course, to a permission to read the papers.

Among many humorous peculiarities of the club was one making it imperative that each member should assume a Shakspearean name, and by that name alone was he to be addressed; nor was he even to recognize any other under a small pecuniary penalty, which went to a general fund to meet necessary expenses. This rule was rather troublesome to "freshmen," but they generally soon overcame the difficulty. Visitors also were required to have a cognomen for the night, and doubtless many who may see this notice will recall with pleasure that particular character by which he was designated. A stranger visiting the club might, from the conversation and nomenclature employed, imagine himself living in the days of Elizabeth or James.

These names were not always very apposite. Indeed the humour of the thing lay in their incongruity. For instance, the late Mr. Henry Thompson (familiarily Harry) rejoiced in the name of Adonis, the appropriateness of which many who were his admirers will at once recognize. One of our most manly and handsome members, and who trod the boards like a king, answered to the name of Caliban. Another, whose nasal organ was the least prominent feature of his face, was known as Snout. A well-known professor of music, long connected with the Royal as chorus master, and of almost Daniel Lambert proportions, now, alas! gone over to the majority, was called Puck. A popular theatrical manager, lovingly known as "Barny," who was of gigantic stature, merited the name of Moth. Poor Walter was the Ghost. The articles of consumption even had a name also Shakspearean, and subject to the same penalty. The necessary and soothing pipe was not even exempted, and was known in the club as a "recorder." ("Bring me the recorders."—*Hamlet*.)

All "stars" and companies visiting Manchester were always our guests, and many of them regarded the existence of the Titan Club as one of the chief attractions of the city. Poor "Gus" Brooke was with us the night before he left Manchester to sail in the ill-fated London. It may be interesting to the admirers, or otherwise, of Mr. Henry Irving to know that during his first season here he read a paper on the Character of Hamlet, which even then shadowed forth the substance of his present interpretation of the play.

The club ceased to exist in 1867, and it owes its extinction entirely to the gradual decay of the good



old custom of "stock companies," the nurseries of actors, which to my mind is one of the undoubted causes of the decline of the legitimate drama. It would take up too much space to enter into all our peculiar customs; but if it will interest your readers I shall be glad, at a future time, to detail some of our proceedings, all the minute-books being in my possession. For the nonce I will revive my old Titan cognomen,  
Levenshulme.

JAKUES.

THE HARVEST MOON.

(Query No. 1,010, May 3.)

[1048.] Much ignorance prevails about what is called the Harvest Moon. In northern latitudes, such as England, the moon we call the harvest moon is the full moon nearest to the autumnal equinox. The orbit of the moon is then nearly parallel to the plane of the horizon; her time of rising differs but little for several following nights in consequence of this parallelism. Now, this position of the moon's orbit with the plane of the earth's horizon can only take place when the moon is in Pisces or Aries; the sun must be at that time in Virgo or Libra. When the sun is in Virgo or Libra the months will be September or October. The inhabitants of northern latitudes, struck by the appearance at the time of their harvest, concluded the beneficence of the Creator had for this purpose ordained this matter. In southern latitudes this had not been observed; for not occurring at the time of their harvest it had attracted no particular observation.

P. SUMNER.

Stockport.

Moon of Harvest, herald mild  
Of plenty, rustic Labour's child.  
Hail, oh! hail, I greet thy beam,  
As soft it trembles o'er the stream,  
And gilds the straw-thatch'd hamlet wide,  
Where innocence and peace reside;  
'Tis thou that glad'st with joy the rustic throng,  
Promptest the tripping dance, th' exhilarating song.

H. KIRK WARR.

There is a time, well known to husbandmen,  
In which the moon for many nights, in aid  
Of their autumnal labours, cheers the dusk  
With her full lustre, soon as Phœbus hides  
Beneath th' horizon his propitious ray:  
For as the angle of the line, which bounds  
The moon's career from the equator, flows  
Greater or less, the orb of Cynthia shines  
With less or more of difference in rise;  
In Aries least this angle: thence the moon  
Rises with smallest variance of times  
When in this sign she dwells, and most protracts  
Her sojourning in our enlighten'd skies.

CAPEL LOVY.

Our moon usually rises about fifty minutes later each day, but when passing through the signs of Pisces and Aries, on account of the lesser angle made by this part of the ecliptic with the horizon of places having considerable northern latitude, her time of rising then varies only some sixteen to twenty minutes daily. This occurrence takes place each month, but does not attract much attention except in the months of August and September, when, the moon being in these signs at the full and rising about the time of sunset, there is no twilight, the sun's declining rays being replaced by those of the rising moon without any perceptible diminution of light in the firmament. This prolongation of the day's light has been found useful at the time of harvest in the month of August, and again in September to followers of the chase; and thus the full moons in these months are known as the Harvest Moon and the Hunters' Moon.

It may be interesting to show the times of the moon's rising about the full in August and September of the present year, from which it will be observed that the variation is only about two hours in the course of a week:—

HARVEST MOON.			HUNTERS' MOON.		
	Rises	h.m.		Rises	h.m.
August 28.....	5	26	September 27.....	4	31
" 29.....	5	50	" 28.....	4	45
" 30.....	6	7	" 29.....	4	59
" 31 (full).....	6	24	" 30 (full).....	5	14
Septem. 1.....	6	38	October 1.....	5	30
" 2.....	6	52	" 2.....	5	49
" 3.....	7	7	" 3.....	6	12

ONEZ.

THE FIRST IRON BOAT.

(Nos. 1,028 and 1,036.)

[1049.] An almanac in my possession gives the date of the launching of the first iron boat as May 20, 1777, but gives no other particulars. This would be ten years before the one mentioned by Mr. Bailey NEMO.

DAVYHULME HALL.

(Nos. 996, 1,002, 1,016, and 1,037.)

[1050.] Will JAMES BURY please to point out where Baines says in his *History of Lancashire* that Mr. Ridehalgh "became lord of the manor" of Davyhulme? It is of the highest importance to the present and future value of these historical notes that they should be trustworthy. In the future, writers will be pretty sure to use them. It is on this account that I am anxious to have this point cleared up. O. C.

## CURES FOR RHEUMATISM.

(Nos. 953, 984, 1,004, and 1,021.)

[1051.] A sailor once told me he had tried a cure for rheumatism in his knee with some success. It was to place a layer of crushed brimstone between two squares of flannel stitched through with needle and thread to keep the sulphur from shifting about, and to wear the flannels thus prepared over the affected part. It struck me the philosophy of this was that sulphur, being a non-conductor, becomes very readily electrically excited by friction, and thus a constant gentle electric action was kept up on the skin of the knee. The excitability of sulphur is easily tried by rubbing a piece of brimstone with a dry warm woollen cloth and then holding it over some small scraps of tissue paper, which will jump up nearly an inch to meet it.

J. C.

## "A MANY" AND "MANY A."

(Nos. 948, 983, and 1,035.)

[1052.] Here are two quotations which bear on the above, one of which I have accidentally discovered since writing last week's note; the other I had marked off long ago but had forgotten:—

(1). Massinger's *Virgin Martyr*, act ii. scene ii. (written before 1620).

Honesty is some fiend and frights him hence;  
A many courtiers love it not.

(2). Spenser, *Mother Hubbard's Tale*, line 897.

So pitifull a thing is Suter's state!  
Most miserable man, whom wicked fate  
Hath brought to court to sue for had ywist  
That few have found but *monie one* hath mist.

HITTITE.

## THE SHAMROCK.

(Nos. 1,009 and 1,024.)

[1053.] The *Leisure Hour* for this month says that the black nonsuch (*Medicago lupulina*) is generally recognized in Ireland as the shamrock, but that the clover also lays claim to that honour. Mr. J. Hardy, in the *Border Magazine*, maintains that writers in Queen Elizabeth's time intended the watercress for it.

A. C. J.

I know little of the science of botany, but when I was a student at Trinity, Dublin, I had opportunities of seeing the little plant which was worn in the hats of many of the citizens on St. Patrick's Day, and which was called the shamrock. It was certainly not like our wood-sorrel; its leaves were smaller, darker in colour, and not so delicate in texture. I do not

know that I can liken it to anything better than white clover when it grows on barren soil and the season is a dry one.

T. KIRKHAM.

This beautiful plant is now in full bloom. Its pretty transparent bells and its bright green trefoil leaves are met with almost wherever one wanders. A delightful and refreshing drink can be made from an infusion of the leaves, and it is useful in case of fevers. A cooling salad can also be made. This useful wildling, in my opinion, is not as deservedly appreciated by us as it should be. The crystalline acid salt known as oxalic acid is obtained from the leaves; it is frequently used for taking ironmould out of linen, and is known by the name of salt of lemons. Oftentimes, when on a long tramp over the Welsh moors in hot weather, I gather before starting—from its usual haunts the woods, or from the banks and nooks of the rocky streamlet and shady glen where the plant grows luxuriantly among the deep, dark damp, green mosses and ferns—the leaves of the wood-sorrel or shamrock, and eat them as I do watercress. Woodsorrel (*Oxalis acetosella*) is the shamrock of Ireland. For further proof I will quote from a work entitled *Wild Flowers: How to See and How to Gather Them*, by Spencer Thompson, M.D., Fellow of the Botanical Society of Edinburgh, in which he says: "Truly it is one of our prettiest natives, the true shamrock of Ireland; and it is difficult to imagine why the Emerald Isle gave it up, with its emerald leaves, for the plain creeping clover, now called the shamrock." In my garden I have a good specimen running wild of the creeping clover. It is common enough among the sandhills near Dyganwy and near the "hollow murmur of the ocean-tide" of Llandudno. Rest assured this creeper is not the true shamrock of old Ireland, though it folds its leaves as the wood-sorrel does at eventide.

ARLUNYDD GLAN CONWAY.

Pllascôch, Trefriw, North Wales.

## THE OLDFIELD LANE DOCTOR.

(No. 1,015, May 10.)

[1054.] I was glad to see the very true sketch of the late celebrated Oldfield Lane doctor, Edmund Taylor, signed JAMES BURY. I remember very well the double-fronted bow-windowed house in Oldfield Lane, and the lumps of tow, the black salve, the red and blue rubbing bottles, and the bare surgery, crowded every day in the week (Friday excepted)

from morning to night with patients from all parts for miles round Manchester, all anxious to be served. Friday was the doctor's "day out."

I was, unfortunately, one of his patients from September, 1813, until the month of May in the following year. I was then a youth and resided thirteen miles from Manchester, and was suffering from a dislocated ankle, which had grown fast in the wrong place in consequence of the ignorance of a surgeon who treated it only as a sprain. There was no railway accommodation in those days, and I shall never forget my journeys on horseback every three weeks from Hadfield, near Glossop, to the Oldfield Lane doctor during that long and severe winter, and not able to walk without the aid of crutches. However, in course of time, after a painful and trying operation, I received a perfect cure. The doctor often said to me, in his quaint and homely manner, "Now, my lad, you are improving very nicely; you will soon be ready to go hunting over the Derbyshire hills."

I recollect there was a perpendicular post, or piece of timber, fixed in the surgery for the purpose of testing the patients whose shoulders had been broken or dislocated. The doctor compelled them to reach a mark on the pole with their hand, which was adjusted according to their height. It was in some cases a painful test, but it must be done in order to ascertain the condition of the limb. I have often seen the doctor go behind the patient unexpectedly and push up the arm to the mark, without regard to the screamings and groans of the sufferer. The surgery was opened in the morning for business between eight and nine o'clock, and it was pitiable to see the various complaints of which the patients were suffering, such as tumours of the joints, of scrofulous and cancerous complaints, of broken and sprained limbs, and dislocated joints. There were many respectable houses in the vicinity of the surgery where lodgings and every other convenience were provided on very moderate terms for patients who resided at a distance and who were unable to be removed.

The success of this remarkable man was wonderful. He accumulated a princely fortune, for he conducted his business on the ready-money system; and although he had not the honour of being a diploma'd doctor, yet he made himself famous by his many cures of various complaints, which thousands of the community can testify.

I am not certain where the doctor resided prior to his death, but he was buried in the churchyard of the Parish Church of Eccles. T. SWINDELLS, Sen.  
Heaton Moor.

The most conspicuous object in Eccles churchyard is the granite erection over the vault of this noted practitioner, whom your correspondent styles Dr. Taylor, though he never held a diploma from any college of medicine or surgery. The whole is made of granite, polished and unpolished, and lies on the south-western side of the yard; being about fourteen feet high, it cannot easily be missed by any visitor. In the centre is a flat stone of full size, containing the coat of arms only. This is surrounded by four arched columns, which, meeting at the top, have some resemblance to a crown. At the apex is a Latin cross. By the aid of an opera-glass one may read that the body of Edmund Taylor was laid beneath, and that he died March 14, 1853, aged seventy-nine years. There are also records concerning his wife, four or five children, and other relatives. The whole has an eccentric if not a grotesque appearance, and so far is in character with the man whom it commemorates.

XIPHIAS.

Eccles.

#### A MECHANICAL PROBLEM.

(Query No. 1,039, May 17.)

[1055.] Of course by "circular" Mr. MORGAN BRIERLEY means that the stones should be globular. The bar would travel backwards, for the wheels encounter a rising surface in every stone, the first impact being a stroke which administers a shake to the whole cart, followed by an inclination of it till the apex of the convex form is reached. The objection suggests itself that the descent is equal to the ascent, and that therefore the bar should slide back an equal distance. Not so, for the stroke or shock is absent in the descent. The wheels rolling smoothly over till, bridging the interspace to the next globose constituent of the pavement, another vibrating encounter takes place, which, with the immediate rise, sends the bar another step backwards.

W. HINDSHAW.

My opinion is that the bar of iron would slide forward. The convexities of a surface, as described by the querist, would present a firm, unyielding resistance, so that the cart wheels falling thereon would rebound upwardly and jerk forward the bar. Railway collisions prove this. A person sitting with his

face towards the engine is in such an accident thrown forward. Coal laden on the old block-ended, springless buffer waggons moves in a similar direction as the waggons bump together when the train is stopping. Hence my opinion. JAMES BURY.

Backwards. Because, assume firstly that the waggon is on the summit of the round blocks; then the first tendency of the forward motion of the propelling power, the horse, is to cause the waggon and its load to proceed in a downward and a forward direction. By inertia the motion of the cart is transmitted to the bar, which is carried downwards and forwards. Moving down an inclined plane the bar gets then an impetus in that direction. This impetus is suddenly stopped when the wheel is arrested in its downward course by the upward surface of the next round stone.

Now comes into play the first law of motion. The reaction, equal to the descending force but in an opposite direction, sends the bar upwards and backwards—backwards, for the impetus had been forwards; and upwards for the tendency had been downwards. Thus the bar is now over and behind its first position. Gravity would bring it down at once to its new and backward place in the waggon, and inertia would project it a little further backward.

J. G. H.

#### QUERIES.

[1056.] **GRADELY.**—What is the derivation of the common Lancashire word “gradely,” and where can information be obtained on the derivations of provincial dialects? A. B. A.

[1057.] **FIRST USE OF GAS FOR STREET LIGHTING.**—Can any reader give me the name of the first place lighted up by gas in the United Kingdom, by whom, and about what date? W. RISHTON.

[1058.] **CROSS LANE, SALFORD.**—Is the triangular plot which has just been planted at the Windsor Bridge end of the above street the spot upon which old Grindrod was gibbeted? If not, can the spot be pointed out where that crafty murderer’s body was hung? K.

[1059.] **“AWKWARD FOR THE COO.”**—An anecdote is told of George Stephenson when under examination of the committee sitting on the Liverpool and Manchester Railway Bill, saying in answer to a question that if an engine ran upon a cow on the line, that it would be awkward or a bad job “for the coo.” Will some correspondent please point out the authority for the story? O. C.

[1060.] **THE ODDFELLOWS.**—In and around Manchester there are various societies or “orders” established under different names, such as the National Independent Order of Oddfellows, the Grand United Order of Oddfellows, the Bolton Unity Order of Oddfellows, the Independent Order of Oddfellows, the Manchester Unity Order of Oddfellows, and doubtless others with a different significance. The members or brethren of these various societies pay contributions for the purpose of receiving certain benefits during sickness and at death. The questions I would ask are—when were these societies or orders first established, and why the title Oddfellows? If any of your archaeological correspondents can throw some light upon the questions asked or the origin of the brotherhood it may be useful, since I am given to understand these societies were first started in Manchester.

HENFAR.

[1061.] **SEASIDE RESORT IN THE LAKE COUNTRY.** Your articles on “The Lakes Revisited,” in which I am much interested, reminds me of a difficulty—the want of a knowledge of a good seaside resort in that district. I have a young family, and for them as well as myself I must have more or less of the sea during my holiday. Morecambe I do not care for, while at Grange there is too little water. Do any of your readers know Allonby? Is it difficult of access from Keswick via Bull Gill? Can comfortable private lodgings be got at a reasonable rate? Is it bracing and healthy with good bathing? And last, but not least, is the vicinity attractive for walking excursions of reasonable length? KIRKHAM.

The forthcoming libraries conference at Boston will be devoted in large measure to two most important questions—fiction in public libraries, and schools and public libraries.

**THE TREACHEROUS FICKLENESS OF MAY.**—The treacherous nature of the weather of May has been well known for many generations—its piercing nights (even after warm days) and its sudden changes from warmth to cold when the wind shifts into the northward, making the sage advice

Fill May be out  
Ne'er cast a clout

of much more value than many of the other old sayings which have been handed down to us. Most of us can remember one or more occasions when insufficient precaution against cold winds has caused the most serious personal discomfort, if not positive sickness. We need only refer to the Derby-day of 1867, when many a man was made rheumatic for life, or the sudden change of a year or two later, when the “Derby” was run on one of the most delightful spring days ever experienced, whereas the Oaks found us again in complete winter, in order to substantiate this statement.

Saturday, May 31, 1879

NOTES.

REMINISCENCES OF MANCHESTER FIFTY YEARS AGO.

IV.—WHOLESALE FIRMS.

[1062.] I remarked in my last note that fifty years ago the principal warehouses were to be found in High-street, Cannon-street, and the neighbourhood. The first warehouse in High-street on the right, turning out of Market-street, was that of Wood and Wales. The senior partner was the same gentleman, I believe, who in after years took a great interest in the passing of the act which prevents boys climbing chimneys to sweep them, and was so active in seeing its provisions carried out. The next warehouse was that of Butterworth and Brooks, calico printers, but as I shall devote a separate notice to that business, the present one will be confined chiefly to firms carrying on a general business. A little further was the warehouse of Leese, Kershaw, and Callender, then one of the leading houses in the general home trade. Joe Leese, as I have heard him familiarly called, lived at the Polygon, Ardwick. James Kershaw lived at the "Hall," Greenheys, and, as is generally known, became M.P. for Stockport. He was a prominent member of the Congregationalist body. The third partner was William Romaine Callender, father of the late member for Manchester, and resided in Plymouth Grove. Mr. Callender was also a Congregationalist. A few doors further was the firm of Wood and Westhead. Both gentlemen were leading members of the Wesleyan body, Mr. James Wood being a popular local preacher. His son, Dr. Peter Wood, was one of the physicians to the Infirmary for some years, until his retirement to Southport, where he died a few years since. Mr. Edward Westhead, his partner, lived at the large house now occupied by Dr. Reid in Cavendish-street, near the corner of Cambridge-street, behind which there was then a large garden. His eldest son, Joshua Procter Westhead, was M.P. for York for some years. He inherited the Lea Castle estates in Warwickshire from his uncle Captain Brown, whose name he assumed under the form Brown-Westhead.

Right amongst the surrounding warehouses was the office of Mr. Capes the auctioneer, father of the late senior partner in the firm of Capes, Dunn, and Co., whom I remember very well at that time as a clerk

in the office of Gardner, Harter, and Co., drysalters, Chapel Walks. Near to this was the warehouse of Mr. Thomas Worthington, whose house was in Mosley-street, but who afterwards resided at Sharston Hall in Cheshire. On the opposite side of the street was that of William Maclure and Sons. Mr. Maclure lived at Tipping-street, Ardwick, and was the father, I believe, of a gentleman well known amongst us. Mr. George Royle Chappell's warehouse was near to this. He was an active member of the Wesleyan body, and resided in Nelson-street, Oxford Road. The Sun Fire Office ought to be honourably mentioned as having so long and so bravely resisted the ambitious tendency to change, which has led some offices to seek success more by dependence upon outside show than upon substantial merit. The "Sun Fire Office: Robert Duck, agent," was No. 1, High-street, in 1811 (how long before I cannot say); it was so in 1829; it was still there under the same agency in 1848; and there in 1876 under another agency. At last I find it has yielded to the march of events, and is there no longer. All honour to the Sun Fire Office.

In Marsden Square was the warehouse of William Allen and Brothers, who removed afterwards to High-street. Mr. Allen was the father of Mr. William Shepperd Allen, the present M.P. for Newcastle-under-Lyme. Here also were Pickford's Van Office, and the Savings Bank under the management of Mr. Gibson. A few years previously, Mr. Thomas Price, a fustian manufacturer, whose warehouse was in the square, had been left alone in his office during the dinner hour, and was found by his clerk lying on the floor dead, having been brutally murdered. His warehouseman was suspected of the crime and tried at Lancaster, but the evidence not being strong enough to convict him, he was acquitted. Here also was the warehouse of Mr. Hugh Greaves, father of the late George Greaves, the surgeon of Stretford Road, who died a few years since of blood poisoning, in consequence of pricking his hand during an operation.

In Cannon-street, Messrs. Wright and Lee had their place of business, the firm afterwards becoming that of Daniel Lee and Co. Near to this was the warehouse of Mr. Absalom Watkin, father of Sir Edward; and lower down that of Francis Marris, Son, and Jackson, afterwards Edward and John Jackson, of York-street, and the bank of Scholes, Tetlow, and Co. At the lower end of the street, on the Market-street

side, was the warehouse of Potters and Norris. The "Potters" consisted of the two brothers, Thomas and Richard. The latter became M.P. for Wigan, whilst the former was the first mayor of Manchester and was knighted. He was the father of the late Sir John Potter, and of Mr. Thomas Bailey Potter, M.P. for Rochdale. His residence was at Buile Hill, Pendleton. I well remember him driving to business in a plain one-horse open vehicle with his two sons, then very young men, and arriving soon after eight every morning at the Market-street end of Cromford Court, which was close to Dentith's shop, where they alighted and walked through Cromford Court to Cannon-street. One of the most popular Churchmen in Manchester fifty years ago was Mr. Benjamin Bradley, a merchant, whose warehouse was in New Cannon-street, his house being in Lever-street. He was several times chosen boroughreeve, and two or three times was a candidate for the honour of representing Manchester in Parliament, but without success. In the same street was the warehouse of Broadhurst, Henson, and Broadhurst, a well-known firm. On its dissolution Mr. Broadhurst obtained the appointment of borough treasurer under the Corporation. The warehouse of Fletcher, Burd, and Wood was then in Friday-street. The firm was afterwards changed to Samuel Fletcher, Son, and Co., and the business removed to one of the large warehouses in Parker-street. Mr. Samuel Fletcher was one of the foremost members amongst the Congregationalists, and no man was ever more deservedly and more generally respected. His residence was in Oxford Road. Mr. Burd, on the establishment of the Corporation, became Alderman Burd.

The late Mr. John Slagg's warehouse was a door or two from Market-street in Pall Mall, and being near to Dentith's shop I well remember him when comparatively a young man. In the course of time the word "company" was added to the name of the firm, but the same warehouse has been occupied by the firm till nearly the present time. Mr. Thomas Slagg, his father, at that time kept the Clarendon Inn in Oxford Road, behind which in 1824 was a well-frequented bowling green. He died wealthy, leaving behind him another son, Thomas, who has resided at Lytham some years, and a daughter who married Mr. Briggs, a manufacturer at Blackburn.

Besides the streets which have been named, there were several smaller warehouses in Fountain-street

and Spring Gardens. Instead of the palatial warehouse built by Messrs. J. and S. Watts in Portland-street, at the time I speak of they occupied a shop in Deansgate nearly opposite the present Barton Arcade, where they carried on the drapery business. Their business was afterwards removed to a warehouse in Fountain-street, behind the present Liverpool and Manchester District Bank, and thence to Portland-street. One of the oldest and most prosperous wholesale houses in Manchester is that of John and Nathaniel Phillips and Co., of Church-street, the firm having been in existence more than eighty years. Originally they had a mill in Salford, and afterwards a warehouse in Somerset-street, Garside-street. Their name appears in the Directory of 1811 as merchants and tape manufacturers, and in 1829 they still occupied the premises in Somerset-street, but shortly after removed to Church-street. Mr. Mark Phillips, who was four times returned as M.P., for Manchester, once in opposition to Mr. W. E. Gladstone then a Conservative candidate, was a member of the firm. Another house in Church-street deserves mention, inasmuch as the history of the rise and progress of the firm of John and James and George Cooper may be taken as a type of the history of scores of other houses who have been successful in the Manchester trade. Fifty years ago Mr. John Cooper was a draper in Oldham-street, having migrated from a village near Leek. Shortly after he bought a small manufactory at Dunstable, and began the wholesale straw bonnet trade in rooms over the Oldham-street shop. After a time he was joined by the two brothers, when they removed to the premises now occupied by them in Church-street, and I suppose are now one of the best-known houses in the kingdom.

Our energetic and venerable fellow-townsmen, Mr. John Rylands, was then a young man in partnership with his father in New High-street, in a warehouse which still forms a part of the extensive premises occupied by the Company bearing his name. So that the motto of the Eccles-cake maker might truly be written over their door, "never removed," though it should be added, "but greatly extended." The firm was then Rylands and Sons, and they employed a number of handloom weavers in the manufacture of checks. There is a characteristic anecdote told of young John Rylands by an old man who is now employed in carting coals at Altrincham. It would appear that it was a practice with some of the

weavers to damp the "cut," as it was called, before bringing it to the employer, I presume for the purpose of making it weigh heavier. When this carter was a lad his mother used to weave for Rylands and Sons, and she occasionally sent her son with the cut. It was young John's business to receive the work and examine it. On the lad's bringing a cut one day the following conversation took place:—

"Now, my lad, I want you to tell me something. If you'll tell me the truth I'll give you a penny."

"Aye, my mother tells me allus to tell t' truth."

"Very well; what did your mother do to this cut before she gave it you?"

"Hoo did nowt, nobbut just weest it a bit."

"Robert (to the cashier), give this lad a penny."

A neighbour, who had also brought some work in, overhearing the conversation, and getting home before the lad, told his mother what had been said. Whereupon the good woman prepared to give her son a good thrashing on his return, but he made such a piteous appeal to her to the effect that she "had allus tow'd him to tell t' truth," that he quite disarmed her wrath. As usual, the anecdote remains unfinished, and we are not told what young Mr. John did.

J. T. SLUGG.

#### DEANSGATE SIXTY YEARS AGO.

[1063.] I was born next door but one to the Star Coach Office, Deansgate, now pulled down. The Star Inn was at one corner and the coach office at the other of a narrow street called Star Yard, just wide enough for one coach going down. Sixty years ago King-street was not opened to Deansgate, but stopped at Police-street. To go to King-street from the Star Inn you had to go either by Back King-street, by Joe Nadin's office in Police-street, or by a narrow passage called Hatters' Lane, now the end of the Bazaar; and where King-street is now there was an old black and white row of buildings. About the year 1817 or 1818 I saw the last two men flogged, for embezzlement, by one of Joe Nadin's runners, in the Market Place, opposite the old shambles.

WILLIAM MASKELL.

Staple Cross, Sussex.

#### A CURIOUS DERIVATION: "LURDAN."

[1064.] The word "lurdan" is familiar enough to most Scotch folks. What Scotch lass or lad has not been called "a lazy lurdan," "a muckle lurdan o' dirt," or some other equally forcible "name?" Miles, Friar

Bacon's man (in Greene's *Friar Bacon and Friar Bungay*) says:—

Salve! Dr. Burden  
This lubberly lurdan,  
Ill-shaped and ill-faced,  
Disdained and disgraced,  
What he tells unto vobis  
Mentitur de nobis.

In a note by E. K. (Edward Kirke) in the Glosse to Spenser's *Shepherd's Calendar* for July, the word is thus derived: "A loorde was wont among the old Britons to signify a lord. And therefore the Danes, that long time usurped their tyrannie here in Brytaine, were called for more dread than dignity Lord Danes. Being afterwards expelled, that name of Lurdane became so odious unto the people whom they had long oppressed, that even at this day they use to call, for more reproche, the Quartane ague the fever Lurdane."

Bailey alludes to a similar derivation, but points out that the French lourd (lordane), lubberly, awkward, lazy, is the more probable root of the word.

HITTITE.

#### BURIAL FOLK-LORE: PROPITIATING THE BEES.

[1065.] About a fortnight ago I attended a funeral eighty miles from here, and while there I witnessed one of those old-fashioned country customs which are fast dying out. The house of mourning was a small farm-house with a garden at the front where a good many bees were kept, and I noticed that the female attendants, before they waited on the relations and friends, took small quantities of wine and funeral biscuits to place before the bees. They then hung a piece of crape from the top of each hive, and the affair was considered complete. This ceremony I was curious to see, and when I inquired what it was for they replied they were putting the hives in mourning; and also stated that neglect of the proceeding had caused several people they named to lose their bees, which had all died off within twelve months. I, however, suggested that a cold wet summer or a very severe winter might have had something to do with it, and I should probably have said something more about the bees losing a good friend; but I saw by their looks that I had shocked their feelings, and that they considered me no Christian. At such a solemn time I felt sorry for having touched a jarring string. When I came home and told the story to my wife, she stated that the custom was quite common in the

neighbourhood where she was brought up, about fifty miles in another direction; so that it is not confined, as I thought, to one particular neighbourhood. Perhaps some of your other correspondents will be able to give more particulars. B. WOOD.  
Cheetham Hill.

### COMMENTS AND ANSWERS.

#### THE SHAMROCK.

(Nos. 1,009, 1,024, and 1,053.)

[1066.] The dispute in reference to this little plant appears to be perennial, and, as learned naturalists disagree, perhaps an outsider may say a word or two on the subject. About the middle of last year I saw, lying upon the table of a medical friend of mine, a few tufts of shamrock which had been sent to him in a letter by a relative who lives on the west coast of Ireland. As small portions of soil were attached to the plants—most assuredly a small three-leaved clover, the scientific name of which I do not know—my friend gave them to me, and they were planted under a bell-glass in the open air. They lived for many months, but to our regret they were promptly destroyed by the late fierce winter.

Many years ago I occupied for some hours, through the courtesy of Sir Thomas Bazley, a seat under the gallery of the House of Commons, and as the day happened to be that dedicated to St. Patrick, I noticed that each of the Irish members wore jauntily in the band of his hat a tuft of shamrock—the three-leaved clover, precisely similar to that above mentioned. In not a single instance was the wood-sorrel, oxalis acetosella, worn by an Irish member, and if the original shamrock should be superseded, another will be added to the long list of grievances under which “ould Ireland” lies prostrate.

STUDENT.

#### SEASIDE RESORT IN THE LAKE COUNTRY.

(Query No. 1,061, May 24.)

[1067.] Your correspondent J. KIRKHAM is in search of a good “seaside resort in the Lake District.” There are four excellent watering-places on the Cumberland coast which will admirably suit his purpose, if he is simply in search of bracing air, good sea-bathing, plain food, unostentatious lodgings, and economy. They are called Seascale, St. Bees, Allonby, and Silloth, and can easily be reached in a few hours from Manchester by branching off the main line at Carnforth on to the Furness Railway. Seascale has a grand coast, finer and more extensive than even

Blackpool. Ten years ago there were about a dozen lodging-houses and one inn. At the latter I stayed with my family about a week, which thoroughly braced us all up at the cost of an old song—good plain joints admirably cooked, without scarcity, and clean sweet apartments, good attendance, all—everything—for 6s. per day each. The host was also a postmaster, and only charged us a sovereign for a two-horse waggonette to Wastwater (twenty miles distant) and back. Surely sixpence a mile for a party of five, a little over a penny per head per mile, cannot be a very serious matter to the most limited exchequer “on pleasure bent.” I have also stayed at Allonby, which is equally reasonable. Thirty years ago a friend of mine used to board at the head inn for 3s. 6d. a day. Being a much larger village there is more accommodation than at Seascale. Small inns and lodging-houses now abound. Silloth and St. Bees are more crowded and fashionable and probably a little more expensive, but all along the Cumbrian coast there is good bathing, and the whole county of Cumberland is noted for its fresh, bracing air and its hearty, healthy population. Here are the watering-places of the future. Pure sea air, backed up by grand wild mountain scenery, bring renovation to the jaded body and pleasure to the wearied eye.

E. O. B.

Cliff Brow.

I have frequently visited Allonby during the last forty years, and found it bracing and healthy. There is a good sandy shore and pebbly beach of some miles extent, and there are delightful walks along the shore in the direction of Maryport and Silloth, and inland towards West Newton and the table lands of Hayton. Access is easy from Keswick by rail, *via* Cockermouth and Brigham, to Bullgill, without going round by Workington and Maryport. There are plenty of respectable private lodgings at reasonable rates; but few first-class apartments, such as are to be found at fashionable watering places. Allonby is a long scattered village, quiet and monotonous compared with some of the Lancashire seaside resorts.

B. G.

Ohedale.

#### THE OLDFIELD LANE DOCTOR.

(Nos. 1,015 and 1,054.)

[1068.] The first place occupied by grand old Edward Taylor, the Oldfield Lane doctor, was not the premises which he held for the greater part of his life—those at the top of Hampson-street, now occupied



by the Islington Conservative Club—but a ricketty-built fabric, with Yorkshire flags for roofing, situated about 150 yards nearer the Chapel-street end of Old-field Road, on a lower level than the road is now raised to, and which last served as a smithy. The Lancashire and Yorkshire Canal and Railway Company swept away this first laboratory of the renowned bone-setter, and laid their all-levelling roadway over the site.

W. HINDSEAW.

#### FIRST USE OF GAS FOR STREET LIGHTING.

(Query No. 1,057, May 24.)

[1069.] The first act for the establishment of a gas company was passed in 1810, and under its powers the London Chartered Gas Company began operations, in spite of the sneers of scientific men and the opposition of practical ones. It was not until the 31st December, 1813, that gas-lighting was employed on a large scale in streets, by the lighting of Westminster Bridge; and on April 1, 1814, the parish of St. Margaret's, Westminster, substituted gas for oil throughout their district. About the beginning of 1820 Paris imitated the example thus set; and subsequently to that period almost every city of importance in England and on the Continent has adopted the use of gas. These particulars are chiefly obtained from Knight's *Cyclopædia of Arts and Sciences*. X. L. C. B.

#### MANCHESTER BOOKSELLERS: OLD HOPPS.

(Nos. 956, 1,005, and 1,034.)

[1070.] References have been made to an incident in the life of the Rev. Mr. Gadsby connected with a bookseller named Hopps. The anecdote will be found, substantially as given in the *City News*, in the published life of Rev. Mr. Gadsby, under the name of Hopper. Whatever blame may be attributed to the error in the name belongs to me and not to Mr. JOHNSON, to whom, in the course of conversation, I happened to mention the fact, and mistook the name Hopps for Hopper. Of course there was no wish to wound the feelings of any person. It was only mentioned to illustrate the plain-speaking of the worthy minister of Rochdale Road, Manchester.

J. PICKSTONE.

Sale.

In Mr. JOSEPH JOHNSON'S recent note on Old Hopps the bookseller, he confounded Old Hopps with a contemporary bookseller named Hopper. The similarity between the two names at once explains and excuses the blunder. I assume that Old Hopps's

descendant, Mr. JOHN REYNOLDS, had never heard of Hopper when he wrote his angry vindication of his great-great-grandfather. The original version of the story told by Mr. JOHNSON is to be found in the memoir of William Gadsby which prefaces his works in two volumes, published in 1851 by John Gadsby of London. The passage will be found on pp. 93, vol. i., and concurs almost exactly with the narrative given in Mr. JOHNSON'S note. F.

#### PIERCEY'S FIELD, ANCOATS VALE, AND ARDWICK ISLAND.

(Query No. 1,041, May 17.)

[1071.] In reply to the inquiry of COTTONOPOLITAN about Piercey's Field and Ancoats Vale, I think I can give him a more correct account than anyone else. I was born at Ancoats, near to the present and old Ancoats Halls and opposite Every-street. It was at that time a nice shrubby walk, called Love Lane. Neither Pollard's nor Kennedy's factory was then built, and it was all fields opposite our house. The field COTTONOPOLITAN mentions was a large meadow of ten or twelve acres, and reached to the stepping-stones of the river. At that time it was occupied by a brewer named Braine, whose brewery was near my father's works; but I never heard it called "Piercey's Field," which must be a more recent name. We called it "Braine's Meadow." It is seventy-four years since my father, whose name was Robert Hallas, removed to the dyeworks he had built there, and I was then nine years of age. What is Palmerston-street now divided the field and Ancoats Vale. The back of our works was on the banks of the Medlock at the top of the weir, and opposite to us was a large house fronting the vale. I never heard it called "Ardwick Island" then, but I think it got the name from a sluice being made under the house which carried water from the river by lifting wooden gates up. I suppose it was for the mill, which was a pin and paper mill; and that and the house was then occupied by a Mr. Meredith. The approach to it was through Pin Mill Yard, or what is now Palmerston-street. My father's works are now kept by Messrs. Crabtree. ELLEN HIGGINBOTHAM.  
129, Everton Road, Chorlton-upon-Medlock.

#### A PROBLEM IN DYNAMICS.

(Nos. 1,035 and 1,055.)

[1072.] Of the three answers given, only that by Mr. BURY is correct; but what takes place in a rail-

way collision, or when coal trucks strike against springless buffers, is rather an illustration than a proof of the fact stated. Messrs. Hindshaw and J. G. H. will think again and get clearer and more definite notions of the case. With them, let us suppose the cart-wheels upon the summit of one of the rows of pavement. They move forward and slightly downwards till they come in contact with the next row, when a jolt takes place, and the bar—having acquired an impetus by, and in the same direction as, the motion of the cart—jumps forward. Of course the cart has a tendency to rebound, and would do if its speed downwards were greater than that of the dragging power forwards. But let us suppose rebound to take place; it would be in a smaller curve backwards than the motion had been forwards, and a portion, or all of it, would occur whilst the bar was thrown forwards—just as a stone dropped out of a carriage window in motion will move *onwards* at the same speed till it reaches the ground, so will the bar, by the same law of inertia, be in the same progressive motion when it touches the bottom of the cart again as it was when it left it. Thus will it move onwards till the next jolt, when the same action will be repeated, and consequently, under the conditions stated in the query, the bar will always move forward.

MORGAN BRIERLEY.

The bar of iron in the cart would move forward and not backward, because the forward motion of the cart is suddenly interrupted while the momentum is in a forward direction. The inertia of matter, as represented by the loose bar of iron, will let it follow in the direction of the momentum and would jerk forward, notwithstanding the earth's attraction of all densities to her centre. This attraction is constant and uniform, but lateral motion overcomes this attraction by the power of the horse drawing the cart. A ship running suddenly against a rock would cause the cargo, and passengers too, to go in the same direction as the ship. In putting a stall to a besom or a hammer by hitting the end of the stall opposite to the besom or hammer head, it will not fly off but come faster on. This action will be the same if you hold the hammer head down and the stall perpendicular, provided the concussion of the blow is sufficient to overcome the attraction.

The question, however, is not very clearly put. We are to suppose Corporation-street to be "perfectly level and uniformly paved with circular-headed

stones." Does that mean that the stones are round and flat, or spherical stones shaped like common balls? In any case, if paved with round stones there must be interstices, and then what does level mean? Independent of the stones the action of the horse is jerky and the bar would move forward.

FELSTOK.

"AWKWARD FOR THE COO."

(Query No. 1,059, May 24.)

[1073.] The authority for this anecdote will be found in the report and evidence of the Parliamentary Committee on the Liverpool and Manchester Railway, which sat in the month of March, 1825. The question was asked by a member of the committee, who appeared desirous of assisting the counsel opposing the bill. The incident is related in *Smiles' Life of Stephenson*.

FRANK S. COURT.

Nottingham.

DAVYHULME HALL.

(Nos. 996, 1,002, 1,016, 1,037, and 1,050.)

[1074.] Turning again to Baines's *History of Lancashire*, vol. iii., page 168, I find that the words "Lord of the Manor" refer to Urmston and not to Davyhulme. Thus: "In the last century John Allen, of Davyhulme, Esq., became the lord of Urmston, from whom Mr. Marsden bought the manor, and from him it was purchased by the uncle of G. L. Ridehalgh, the present lord of the manor." I beg to thank the inquirer for being the means of a correction of my mistake.

JAMES BURY.

#### QUERIES.

[1075.] THE NUTCRACKERS' CLUB.—Can any reader inform me whether this club is still in existence; what were its objects; how or by whom founded; its place of meeting; and the date of a humorous article on the association which appeared in one of the Manchester weekly periodicals? E. C.

Withnailow.

[1076.] STREET NAMES.—Princess-street now continues its course from Albert Square to the river Medlock; the former names, Bond-street, David-street, and Brook-street or Garratt Road being thus obliterated. Information as to origin and history of this nomenclature might advantageously be recorded in Notes and Queries. WHAT'S IN A NAME?

[1077.] "MIZZY" IN THE SADDLEWORTH DIALECT. In the Saddleworth dialect a quagmire, or bog, is called a "mizzy." The word occurs in Entick's Dictionary, 1790, but I do not remember having seen it elsewhere. Of course it is archaic, and it is worth while to ask if it has any connection in its origin with

a not very dissimilar word, "misr," used by the Egyptians to designate mud. Mr. J. A. Pictou, F.S.A., of Liverpool, and others of your learned correspondents can tell, I dare say.  
MORGAN BRIERLEY.

[1078.] THE FREEMASONS.—On Saturday last I went to see the foundation stone of the new St. George's Church at Mossley laid with masonic honours. One of the officials said that Freemasonry was of great antiquity, and that they could trace their order back to the time of King Solomon (nearly 3,000 years). Can any of your readers inform us how they trace it, and also if they can produce any reliable records of the existence of Freemasons 300 years old, or a tenth part of the time since King Solomon was initiated?  
J. SHAWCROSS.

Millbrook.

[1079.] PRONUNCIATION OF ANEMONE.—Before both the plant and the botanist's notice of it pass away with the spring, I would ask if there were any differences as to the pronunciation of this word amongst Field the Naturalists? The usual accent falls on the second syllable, but I am led to put the query because, when I sat fronting old John Lindley, whilst he lectured like an expert but dressed like a working gardener, I noticed that he always accented on the third syllable, driving the Ranunculaceo out of my head *pro tem.* for "Annie Laurie." It is a case of custom and euphony versus derivation and authority, and, as usual, the former win. ADAM CHESTER.

[1080.] JOANNA SOUTHCOTE AND HER FOLLOWERS.—This remarkably self-deceived woman or religious impostor died on December 27, 1814. Nearly sixty-five years have passed since the birth of the promised and expected Shiloh was looked for by her followers, and yet, notwithstanding the progress of intelligence since then, a few are now living who still believe in her mission, and accept with a credulity somewhat startling in this age her crude reveries and singular tenets. The handsome and costly cradle prepared for the "interesting event" referred to above may be seen in the museum at Peel Park, together with a portrait of Joanna from a plate—doubtless a labour of love—by the celebrated line engraver, William Sharp, who at the time she was living was one of her principal adherents. A stray disciple may occasionally be seen in the streets of Manchester, but more often in Ashton or its immediate neighbourhood. The men are known by their peculiar costume, a light brown coat of old-fashioned cut, with plain brass buttons, and they wear a low-crowned whity-brown beaver hat. They never, I believe, cut their hair or beard, the former being ingeniously twisted round the head. I shall feel obliged if any of your correspondents will answer the queries below. About how many of this society are there now? What is the name they call themselves? Was Ashton the field of labour of their high priestess; if not, why is the "remnant of her people" there? Any other information bearing on the subject will be appreciated by  
FRANCE LEE BOO.

Saturday, June 7, 1879

NOTES.

OLD LANCASHIRE WORDS.

[1081.] There are two words which were in use in Lancashire in the last century, probably now forgotten, but worth placing on record.

"Fetty" was the feather used for pointing to the letters in the Hornbook. This word was no doubt a corruption of the German and possibly Anglo-Saxon word "Fettich."

The other was the word "Skyburn." It was the name given to the channel or gutter which carried away the rainfall on each side of the street or down the middle of it, as the case might be. W. L.

WHITSUNTIDE IN MANCHESTER FIFTY YEARS AGO.

[1082.] Fifty years ago, Whitsuntide, the great Lancashire holiday of the year, did not fully begin until Wednesday, that day being the first day of the chief amusement of the week, the races on Kersal (or as it was vulgarly called Kasey) Moor. Then there were no railroads, omnibuses, or dashing hansom cabs, and but few public conveyances; so that race votaries had to wend their way on foot through country lanes and field paths to the scene of their pleasure. Vehicles from Manchester went by way of Greengate, Salford, and Broughton Road to the top of Higher Broughton, then by the skirt of Broughton Park, and so on to the Moor; whilst foot folk (as they were called) trudged along Strangeways to its termination at Broughton Lane end, then forded a stream which crossed the road at that junction, struck a foot road over Stoney Knolls, thence down a narrow lane knee-deep in sand (now hemmed in by high walls) directly on to the course. One of the pretty sights was Squire Trafford driving his four greys spiritedly along, with his well-appointed open carriage filled with his fair young daughters and his handsome stately wife. Then the well-known "Little Tommy Houldsworth" was a conspicuous figure, his racing colours, green and gold, being known far and wide, whilst the name of a successful horse of his, Vanish, was in everybody's mouth.

Then the "poor players" made a special appeal to the public, their bills and modest placards announcing

that Friday evening's performance would be under the patronage of the stewards of the races. In lieu of our Belle Vue, with its scenic battles, sieges, and storms, its dancing platform and grand pyrotechnic displays, we had a couple of tea-gardens, Tinker's and White House, the former in an old stone quarry at Collyhurst—the latter a field or two round the farmhouse which stood close to Moss Lane, near to the site of Platford's Hotel, Stretford New Road, not then cut. A twopenny Eccles cake, a biscuit and butter, with a bottle of pop, and an orange was the feast at Tinker's Gardens in return for the sixpence entrance fee. Kiss-in-the-ring, blindman's buff, and dropping the handkerchief were the amusements at both gardens. There were no Botanical Gardens, with their wonderful tropical plants, their military bands, and gay promenaders. Flora had then to display her charms in an upper room in our Exchange, and gladdened the eyes of a few of her poor worshippers who used outside anxiously to wait for a peep at her beauties when being reloaded homewards.

In place of tiresome, wearisome, lengthy railway trips, a voyage by the Old Quay packet from Bailey Bridge down the river Irwell, under the overhanging trees of Trafford Park, to Barton or Flixton, or by the Duke's Canal to Worsley, were our country trips, enlivened by the strains of a fiddle on board; or a walk and homely pic-nic, then called "something to eat," in Collyhurst, Boggart Hole, or Hough End Cloughs. Sunday-school children were then, as now, well cared for; but a walk in procession to the field of a farmer near at hand was the extent of the journey, the principal fun there being the tissue-paper balloon, with its burning sponge soaked in spirits of wine. Oh! the delight of seeing it catch fire, and vanish mid-air into smoke. Then, on return to school, to be crowded into a darkened room, sitting half in fear and mystified delight, to wonder over the glories of the magic-lantern.

A pleasure for our country neighbours was a stroll through Chetham College corridors to see the curiosities there, the greatest being "the cock which crowed when it smelled roast beef." To quiet, sober-minded people the gathering of the Sunday-school children of all denominations on Ardwick Green, filling both sides from end to end (on Friday), assembled to sing a few hymns and God Save the King, was a charming scene. Then "last scene of all was

gaping Saturday, when crowds of country lads and lasses thronged our principal streets to "gape" in at the shop windows.

Such were the pleasures of the fathers and grandfathers of our present, fast, rushing to-and-fro, sensational, and equivoal Whit-week pleasure-seekers.

JAMES BURY.

JONE O' GRINFELT.

[1083.] In the answers to correspondents of Saturday, May 31, I noticed an extract from Mr. Harland's *Ballads and Songs of Lancashire* which says that the original song of Jone o' Grinfelt was the joint production of Joseph Lees, a weaver, of Glodwick, near Oldham, and Joseph Coupe, a jack-of-all-trades, living in Oldham. Mr. Harland got his information from Bamford's *Walks in South Lancashire*. Mr. Bamford was in error, as there was no such thing as joint-authorship about the "original Jone," which has been clearly proved beyond a doubt. Mr. Bamford got his information from "Joss Ceaup," whose proper name was Joshua Coop (not Joseph Coupe), an eccentric character who also resided at Well Fold, Glodwick. Joss was a weaver, barber, and ballad-singer, and in the summer season he attended the various country wakes and fairs singing the songs of Jone o' Grinfelt, the production of Joseph Lees, weaver and schoolmaster of Glodwick, better known as "Joseph o' Rondalls." Lees lived in a cottage, which is still standing, belonging to a Mr. Beckett, of Beckett Fold, Glodwick, and the latter person used to treat his tenants annually to a Christmas supper at his own house. It was at one of these homely gatherings, which took place in the early part of the present century, that Joseph Lees sung the "original Jone" from manuscript, and he afterwards published it and sold them at his own house. The first verse was as follows:—

Sed Jone to his wofe on a whot summer's day,  
I'm resolv't i' Grinfelt no lurger to stay,  
For I'll go to Owdham as fast as I con,  
So fare the weel Grinfelt, an' fare the weel Nan  
For a souger I'll be, an' brave Owdham I'll see,  
An' I'll have a battle wi' th' French.

Lees was the author of several songs, some of which were not in the dialect. "Oldham Rushbearing," from his pen, was a very popular song, and is sung by some old people at the present day. I have a copy of the same in my possession, given to me by an acquaintance of Lees's. "Joss Ceaup" lived neighbour to Lees. He was a good singer, a humorous

story-teller, and was just in his element when sat behind a pint pot of beer, with eager listeners willing to replenish his cup. He had no lack of admirers, for he could keep a company together with his racy anecdotes, of which he had an inexhaustible budget. Amongst strangers he would pass himself off as the real Jone o' Grinfelt, the author of the songs describing his own exploits. Mr. Bamford was led astray by him in an alehouse in Ashton-under-Lyne, but he found out afterwards that he had been "sold" by Joss, and that Joseph Lees was the author of the "original Jone." Joss is said to have composed some verses in imitation of Lees's, but they were of inferior quality.

In those days Glodwick had an amateur dramatic club, of which William Butterworth, the "Glodwick Hermit," was an active member. Joseph Lees and Joshua Coop were also members, but Lees was chiefly employed in reading the parts and giving instruction in elocution to the amateurs. Coop being lame of a leg, and walking with a crutch or stick, took such parts only as would conceal his infirmity. Their performances took place in barns, garrets, and the large rooms of the various public-houses in the neighbourhood, and there are many humorous anecdotes still extant relative to the memorable performances of the Glodwick Amateurs. As a proof that I am right in stating that Joseph Lees was the author of the "original Jone," I will give an instance when the above amateurs played for his benefit in an old garret which is still standing at Glodwick. Lees had lost the use of his legs with paralysis, and it was out of respect for the man and the good service that he had rendered to the club that their sympathy was moved on his behalf. The following is a copy of a printed play-bill, which I will produce if necessary to verify my assertion, and I may further add that a particular friend of mine was an eyewitness to the performance, which took place in 1819. His relative, Mrs. Ann Green, and her companion, Mrs. Mally Wild, played the female parts in the afterpiece, which was *Love in a Village*.—

Theatre, Sugar Meadow, Glodwick.—The public are most respectfully informed that it is intended to have a performance for the benefit of

J. Lees, of Glodwick,

Author of the popular songs of "Jone o' Grinfelt," "Oldham Rushbearing," &c., who has been for some time past labouring from the effects of a severe paralytic

stroke, which there is every reason to believe will disqualify him from ever being able again to follow his employment. It is hoped that a generous public will show their sympathy in the sufferings of this meritorious individual by affording him their support on this occasion.

On Monday, March 29, 1819, will be presented Colman's comedy of the

HEIR AT LAW.

Lord Duberly .....	Mr. Fitton.
Dick Dowlas .....	Mr. Lees.
Henry Morland .....	Mr. Thomas.
Stedfast .....	Mr. Hardman.
Dr. Pangloss .....	Mr. R. Taylor.
Zekiel Homespun .....	Mr. Livesey.
Kenrich .....	Mr. Ridding.

Lady Duberly, Cicely Homespun, and Caroline.

End of the play, a comic song by Mr. R. Taylor; a song by Mr. Taylor; glee by Messrs. Hardman, Chadwick, and R. Taylor. The whole to conclude with the comic opera of

LOVE IN A VILLAGE.

Justice Woodcock .....	*Mr. Butterworth.
Sir William Meadows .....	Mr. Wolfenden.
Young Meadows.....	Mr. Taylor.
Hawthorn.....	Mr. R. Taylor.
Justice .....	Mr. Hardman.
Hodg' .....	Mr. Leech.

The female characters will be sustained by ladies in the neighbourhood.

Doors open at six o'clock in the evening, and the performance to begin precisely at seven. Admittance Front seats, 1s.; back seats, 6d. Care will be taken that the proprietors of front seats are not intruded on by those of the back. Tickets may be had at the house of Mr. Leech, Mr. Potter, Mr. Joseph Lees, Glodwick and Mr. J. Galloway, Mumps Brook.

Clarke, printer, Oldham.

About the time when Bamford published his *Walks in South Lancashire*, a copy of the same was put into the hands of the Mrs. Mally Wild before mentioned, who was then an old woman. She was keeping the Flower Pot Inn at Higginshaw, near Oldham, and was locally known as "Owd Mally at th' Fleawer Pot." After reading the account of "Joss Ceaup" being called a joint author of "Jone o' Grinfelt," she threw back her head with a "humph" and became very indignant at the erroneous statements. "It just favvers Joss," she exclaimed, "a lying owd good-for-nowt; an' it's a pity but Sam

\* The Glodwick Hermit.

Beamfurt had had summut else t' do nor write deawn his confounded lies. But if aw wur a bit yunger woman as aw am, I'd write to th' Manchester newspaper an' contradict it. Eh! Joss, Joss, its noan fist lie 'at thy tung has tow'd by mony a hundert for t' provide for th' bally."

It was amongst "Owd Mally's" papers that the above play-bill was found, and it was sent to me by her grandson, Abel Booth. Joseph Lees the author was her uncle.

JERRY LICHENMOSS.

Ousewood, May 26, 1879.

### COMMENTS AND ANSWERS.

LURDAN.

(Note No. 1,064, May 31.)

[1084.] I think the second of the two derivations suggested is the much more probable one. The word is used by Tennyson, evidently in the sense of lazy, idle, in *Pelleas and Ettarre*:—

Then was he ware of three pavilions rear'd  
Above the bushes, gilden peakt: in one,  
Red after revel, droned her *turdane* knights  
Slumbering.

W. H.

"AWKWARD FOR THE COO."

(Nos. 1,059 and 1,073.)

[1085.] Acting on Mr. COBET'S reply, I have gone over the entire evidence given by George Stephenson contained in the Parliamentary Blue Book on the evidence, &c., of the Liverpool and Manchester Railway Bill for 1825, and I fail to find any such answer as the above about "the coo" or "the cow." This looks awkward for Dr. Smiles as well as "the coo." The evidence of George Stephenson occupies from page 192 to page 286, and was given at the latter end of April.

O. C.

DAVYHULME HALL.

(Nos. 998, 1,002, 1,016, 1,037, 1,050, and 1,074.)

[1086.] Mr. JAMES BURY'S note on Davyhulme Hall (May 3) was altogether erroneous, as may be seen by referring to Mr. Grindon's *Manchester Banks and Bankers*. I may add here that Mr. Ridehalgh never possessed Davyhulme Hall. Davyhulme is a hamlet in the manor of Barton, which belongs to the De Trafford family. The authentic pedigree of the "Norreys" family will be found recorded in Gregson's *Fragments of the County Palatine*, and in Burke's *Landed Gentry*. The notice of this family in Baines' *History of Lancashire* is incorrect in many respects.

R. H. NORREYS.

Davyhulme Hall.

### THE SHAMROCK.

(Nos. 1,009, 1,024, 1,053, and 1,066.)

[1087.] There evidently exists some misconception of the true characteristics of this little plant. STUDENT says it is "most assuredly the three-leaved clover." Against his statement permit me to put that of an old Irish lady. I was in Ireland two summers since, and while in the country one day found two or three fine specimens of what I thought to be the "rale" thing. Proud of my "find," I showed them to a company, among whom was the lady mentioned. She drew her fingers over them and held them to the light; then declared them to be not the shamrock, but the three-leaved clover. She said the latter plant was frequently sold and worn on St. Patrick's Day for the shamrock; but it differed in the respect that shamrock has much thicker leaves, and each leaflet is distinctly marked by a dark mid-rib. Which is right—STUDENT or this old native?

H. KEMP.

### THE HERON AS A TROUT FISHER.

(Note No. 1,045, May 31.)

[1088.] There is no doubt that the Heron destroys not only a vast number of trout, but all kinds of fish yet in reality the injury it inflicts is much less than is commonly supposed, as it is only in very shallow water that injury at all is done, while from its feeding on water-rats and water-beetles (two great enemies of young fish) it is a positive benefactor. As to its manner of fishing, Mr. STIRUP quotes a Frenchman named Noury, who says it directs its bill down the river. My experience is that it is a matter of indifference to it whether it fishes up stream or down. I cannot offer any opinion upon the supposed attractiveness of the odour of the powder off the breast of the Heron mentioned by Noury, but it would be very easy, as he suggests, to put the breast of a Heron in a trout trap and await the result. I should certainly be surprised if his prophecy came true, for he says, no matter how large may be the trap, you may be certain it will be filled. Noury says this powder is shaken off by the Heron, descends the stream, and the trout seek the source thereof. Now, I think Noury tries to prove too much, for the Heron will naturally go where it can catch most fish, and the fact is, in this country at any rate, they seem, as far as I have observed, to prefer ponds, fish preserves, and the edges of meres, to running water, where, of course, the powder would be of very little use.

The Heron is by no means a scarce bird in suitable localities, and if Mr. STIRBUP will refer to the *City News* of November 14, 1874, he will find an article by me entitled "Hérons and Heronries in Cheshire," which shows that there are five Heronries in existence in Cheshire at the present time, and four have ceased to exist. In Lancashire there were in 1872 Heronries at Ashton Hall, near Lancaster (Mr. Starkie, M.P.), where the nests, about twelve or fourteen in number, were placed in lofty ash and beech trees, in a wood called Crane's Wood; Cloughton Hall, Garstang (Mr. Brookholes), on elms and sycamores; Biggs Wood, near Garstang (Mr. E. W. France); and Scarisbrick Hall, near Ormakirk (Lady Scarisbrick). The nests in this Heronry, about two dozen in number, were placed in high larch and birch trees. From this Mr. STIRBUP will see that he has no need to go so far as Lincolnshire or Wales to have a view of this fine bird. "Modern statistics would certainly seem to show that Heronries in Great Britain, instead of decreasing in number, as some have supposed, are steadily on the increase, and this in spite of the persecution which the birds are subjected to at the hands of fish preservers and prowling gunners. Many, doubtless, will be surprised to learn that within the limits of the British Islands the existence of more than two hundred Heronries has been lately established." FRANK NICHOLSON.

Bowdon.

#### TENT METHODISTS.

(Query No. 1,027, May 10.)

[1089.] The late Rev. John Pyer and another colleague brought with them, August 17, 1821, from Bristol to Manchester, a large tent, capable of holding 1,000 to 2,000 persons. In this tent, for some months, services were conducted almost every evening, and, on Sabbaths sometimes as often as three or four times. The services, which were very largely attended by the working classes, were of a most energetic and thoroughly evangelical character, and created a degree of interest and religious enthusiasm that has rarely been equalled in this country. The tent was first pitched in Brown's Fields, off Great Ancoats-street, and afterwards on a plot of land in Monday-street, off Pollard-street, where I well remember it. Though I think, at this time, not in communion with any branch of the Methodist family, they were much assisted by Wesleyan local preachers and other Christian men, and it will be interesting to

NONCON to read the full particulars of this religious body in the *Memoirs of the late Rev. John Pyer*, and to notice that so long ago as 1821 the honoured name of George Hadfield, recently deceased, was mentioned as taking a prominent part in supporting and encouraging these godly men. He also assisted them in erecting a chapel in Canal-street, Ancoats, which was opened December 23, 1821, as the "Poor Man's Chapel." On the front of the building a stone was inserted bearing the appropriate inscription, "To the poor the gospel is preached." After a number of years of arduous labour and eminent usefulness, on January 10, 1830, the Rev. J. Pyer preached farewell sermons and closed his labours in connection with this place, which, it would seem, was under some financial difficulties, but he enjoyed to the last the warm affection and esteem of his flock, and of a large circle of friends. The society, of which Mr. Pyer was the pastor and founder, was called "Tent Methodists," owing to their services being at first conducted under a tent, which was carried from place to place as required. I am not aware how long, after Mr. Pyer left them, the society maintained its distinctive name, but the chapel eventually passed into the hands of the Church of England, and is now known, I believe, as St. Jude's.

WILLIAM HILL.

Corporation-street, Manchester.

#### GRADELY.

(Query No. 1,056, May 24.)

[1090.] This is one of those expressive words which has been discarded because it has become vulgar. What should we do if all specimens of vulgarity were discarded? The word is from the Anglo-Saxon, and means level or even. A carpenter or mechanic used it to mean "true;" a carpenter used to say, in planing the edges of boards, they are now "gerade." A mechanic, when filing iron to fit, now says the filing is true. When we say he is a gradely fellow, we mean he is a true sort of man. The grammar says that under inflection the word becomes "gerädich," that is, the vowel a in the second syllable becomes a diphthong (æ), and the guttural termination "lich" we cannot pronounce, so we represent it by "ly." The pronunciation of the first letter of the alphabet causes the confusion, because we persist in calling it "eh" instead of "ah." A Lancashire man would say

"a gradely do," meaning a satisfactory feast or one truly enjoyable. If Pierce Egan had used the language, he would have said of a terrible fight that it was a gradely mill, and they had the struggle comfortably. Such is the elasticity of language. The word has a good old Saxon origin in "geraedlich," or truly level, and we make it to signify also true, proper, effective, really good, and whatever meaning as an adjective, adverb, or expletive we require.

FELSTOX.

The Lancashire expression "gradely" may be traced back to the word "grathely," used in the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries in and around that district. It originally meant "quickly, readily, or truly," as the sense required; *vide* the alliterative poem *Patience*, in the West-Midland dialect of the fourteenth century, line 240:

And graunted hym un-to be god and *grathly*, non  
other.

Also the *Troy Book*, line 229:

On gydo, a gome that *graidly* had soght,  
And wist all the werks by wegnes he hade.

"Graythely" and "graithe" are akin to the participle "graythed"=prepared, the Old Norse verb being "greitha," to make ready (north provincial English =graid).  
C. C. R.

As to the derivation of "gradely," I should be inclined to make a flying shot and to say that it comes from the German adjective "gerade" (commonly written "grade"), and which Flügel interprets in English, as straight (not deviating or crooked)—thus, "Ein gerader mann" means an honest, upright man; or (physically) "Gerade gewachsen seyn," *i.e.*, to have straight limbs. These look rather like the parents of some meanings I have heard attached to the Lancashire word "gradely," and it has always been my own idea of the derivation of the word, but of course for private consumption only.

J. F. T.

Reform Club, London.

#### DIALECTAL DERIVATIONS.

(Query No: 1,056, May 24.)

[1091.] Allow me to warn A. B. A. against running after those philological Will o' the Wispes "derivations," especially of dialectal words. Only those who, like Professor Skeat and Dr. Richard Morris, have made a study of English and the cognate languages, comparatively and historically, in all ages and stages, are to be trusted to derive. Let A. B. A. join the English Dialect Society. In the works published by them he will find occasional happy new derivations,

and in the prefaces he will read Professor Skeat's warm remarks about the wasted ingenuity that will assign some derivation to a word whether it is the right one or not, because it seems apt and plausible.

Suppose, for instance, one took the word "chums," which means "chamber-fellows at a college." Well, the oldest statutes of various Cambridge halls and colleges provide that in some cases two, in others four, students must occupy the same room. These were called "socii camerales," which two Latin words ("chamber companions") were familiarized into "chums." Or, again, take alms, blame, usher, apricot, consols, &c. and trace them through abbreviation and the effects of the wear and tear of the ages, up different languages, to their originals. Anyone will then see how absurd in these cases the guesses of the wildest ingenuity would be, and how impossible it would be without a knowledge of sound historical and comparative philology to get at the truth. In these very columns words have been derived from the French which were in existence in other tongues long before the French existed. "Punch and Judy" has gravely been derived from "Pontius [Pilate] cum Judæis," a supposed miracle play; and Tillotson's joke of hocus-pocus being a corruption of "hoc est corpus," is still gravely told as a probable derivation in the dictionaries.

A. B. A. will find one or two of the dialect glossaries published by the English Dialect Society accompanied by derivations, but many others besides himself will be glad to hear of trustworthy guides of the kind which he inquires about. The fact is, the dialectal words are only in course of collection. It will be time enough to trace their paternity to Celtic, Saxon, Anglian, French, Latin, or Greek words, and then to their Sanskrit, or even Aryan roots, when the words themselves are all duly marshalled.

I conclude with an instance. In Sheffield a knife that is thrown together anyhow without regard to congruity of materials, an irregular jumble, is called a "skowlibrowaed 'un" (I spell by sound). This note of mine is a thoroughly "skowlibrowaed 'un," I am much afraid. A mystic rich dish of "browis," "brose," or "brewis," is partaken of by the Cutlers in connection with the great ceremony of the Master Cutler's installation, or the Cutlers' Feast, I forget which. Whether this may be a clue towards the solution of the components of the word I should be sorry even to suggest. The important thing is,



there is the word, its ordinary meaning and its transferred meaning. The derivation, beside this, seems of little moment. Still it seems a word not unworthy even of Prof. Skeat's attention. It is not in Hunter's *Hallamshire Glossary*.

HITTITE.

THE NUTCRACKERS' CLUB.

(Query No. 1,075, May 31.)

[1092.] The Nutcrackers' Club does not now exist. Its objects were social. It met in the "Cavern" under the Stock Exchange, in the room previously used as a private dining club by several J.P.'s and prominent leaders of the Conservative party in Manchester.

The *City Lantern* of December 31, 1874, contained a facetious article on the club, which was founded by our fellow-townsmen, Mr. E. O. Bleackley, who invented the rules, pass-words, and ceremonies. It originated through a few gentlemen dining together once a week until they assumed the proportions of a club, and wished to lend dignity and exclusiveness to their proceedings by the introduction of rules and ceremonials.

The crest of the club was the squirrel, as the most ancient of nutcrackers, the arms a pyramid of nuts, and the motto "crackers, not crushers," indicative that

To crush was to destroy,  
But to crack to enjoy,

equally illustrative of nuts or conversation. Shaksperian quotations relevant to the objects of the club were frequently used, such as:—"Wilt quarrel with a man for cracking nuts, having no other reason but because thou hast hazel eyes." "There can be no kernel in this light nut." "'A were as good crack a fusty nut with no kernel." The president was designated "Marshal," the vice-president "General," and the secretary "Colonel," and the number of members was limited to twenty-one of the inner degree. The objects were mastication, imbibition, joke, nut-cracking, and all other practices belonging to this eccentric order. The use of even numbers was forbidden, and only odd figures were used.

The elections for "the outer degree" were by open proposal, and the candidate had to order a dish of nuts and a bottle of wine. Entire absence from the club for a month without permission of the marshal voided all the privileges of the club. When a candidate was inducted, all the Nutcrackers, on a sign from the general, simultaneously snapped their fingers and stood for the remainder of the ceremony with the

palms of their left hands on the crowns of their own heads until another signal was given, when they simultaneously cracked a nut each, and the marshal exchanged and ate a nut with the candidate as typical of the good-fellowship which binds all Nutcrackers. He then showed and explained several of the signs to the newly-made Nutcracker. The snapping of the fingers was typical that Nutcrackers were not easily overcome by trifles, but snapped their fingers at misfortune. The placing of the left hand on the crown of the head was intended to imply that a Nutcracker's brains were in the usual place, ready to conceive grand objects for the welfare of Nutcrackers in particular, and mankind in general. An exhortation was then pronounced, and something like the following was inculcated:—"In becoming one of us, I may inform you that there is nothing in our practices or principles that can shock the most delicate morality; in fact, they have rather a tendency to elevate and refine. We use ceremony, because it was invented by the founder of our ancient order to keep fools at a distance. Our pleasures are innocent, and delight equally in participation or reflection; like the eupper which Atticus gave to Cicero, pleasing in recollection. As a Nutcracker, the hands of Briarceus will defend you, and the eyes of Argus watch over you; but it would require the energy of Demosthenes, the judgment of Quintilian, and the flowing periods of Cicero to explain in detail the noble aspirations of the Ancient Order of Nutcrackers. Our order is based on semi-military forms, because Nutcrackers from time immemorial have always been in the van whenever the honour of their country was assailed. The use of even numbers is specially forbidden and eschewed by all good Nutcrackers, which probably is one reason why the uninitiated world has frequently mistaken us for Oddfellows. In compliance with this incontrovertible regulation our watchwords are seven, and comprise the noblest words in this or any other language, viz., Honour, Honesty, Good-nature, Truth, Secrecy, Silence, and Patience." Then followed a nutcrackatory explanation of these noble mottoes, accompanied by a private revelation of the mystic words crack—slap—snap, in conjunction with a peculiar entanglement of the fingers which no description can explain, and the passwords completed the ceremony.

Some of the happiest hours of my life were passed in the Nutcrackers' Club, and I am sorry that it came to an untimely end.

AN OLD MEMBER.

QUERIES.

[1093.] CUPID'S ALLEY.—From whence did the alley near Deansgate derive its name?

J. JOHNSON.

[1094.] OLD MARKET-STREET LANE.—Where was Beaumont's eating-house or cook-shop (restaurants were not known in those days) situate, and what became of the old man? I have heard that it was near the end of Spring Gardens.

J. G. M.

[1095.] LYME OR LYNE.—I see that the Manchester journals write of Newcastle-under-Lyme and Ashton-under-Lyne. Which is correct? I was taught at school that both towns were described as under-lyne, because they come nearly under the seventh meridian of west longitude.

DANDIE DINMONT.

[1096.] THE FENIANS.—Can any of your readers acquaint me with the derivation and meaning of the word Fenians as applied to the extreme Irish party? I put the question because I see that the word has cropped up again in connection with the Lever-street outrage. In the scene in Scott's *Antiquary*, in which Captain M'Intyre professes to translate some of the original verses of Ossian for the benefit of his uncle, and just before his memorable encounter with the phoca, he produces the two line:—

Do you compare your palms  
To the tales of the bare-armed Fenians?

Is the word of Celtic origin? Has the French phrase *Les Rois Feignant*, the mock kings, anything to do with it?

DANDIE DINMONT.

[1097.] "WITHOUT" AS A CONJUNCTION.—Can anyone explain satisfactorily the use of "without" by Tennyson in Lancelot's soliloquy at the close of *Elaine*: "Not without she wills it?" I have never met with any other instance of such a use in the works of any author of repute, and I can find no authority for it either from modern grammarians or in the ancient structure of the language. I do, however, frequently hear it, not only from the uneducated but from professional gentlemen and men of culture; and a no less personage than a noble lord is reported to have used it in the House of Commons a few nights ago. These instances would seem to point to one of two things—either that this use of "without" is not a mere vulgarism, or that by force of custom (to which grammarians must bow) it will soon cease to be so.

W. H.

Saturday, June 14, 1879.

NOTES

THE HAWTHORN, ALIAS "THE MAY." IS IT UNLUCKY?

[1,098.] In many parts of the South of England the hawthorn is said to be unlucky. People will not have it in their houses, and ladies, who are always so sweetly superstitious, decline to make it a foil to their own beauty by wearing it in their womanly bosoms. Why this tree, which not only beautifies the youth of Spring with its lush bloom but glorifies the age of autumn with the glow of its red berries, should be under the ban of "unluckiness" is a matter that I cannot understand. When once on a day I lived in a southern county, I used to keep a good large bunch of it in my bedroom grate while it lasted, and a lovelier temporary adornment for that black hideousness I do not know of. By the way, it was Edgar Allan Poe whose model drawing-room always had the grate made beautiful with flowers.

HITTITE.

REMINISCENCES OF MANCHESTER FIFTY YEARS AGO.

V. CALICO PRINTERS.

[1,099.] Fifty years ago all the ingenuity of a Chancellor of the Exchequer was employed, not in discovering how he could relieve the burden of taxation, but how many ways there were into the pocket of the British taxpayer. As a consequence we cannot be surprised that not only were newspapers and advertisements heavily taxed, but soap, leather, glass, and many other articles of general consumption, amongst them being printed calicoes, which paid a duty of 3½d. per square yard. I well remember how the tab ends of prints used to bear certain numbers and hieroglyphics which had been impressed on them by the exciseman. Of course there was a heavy penalty for either buying or selling a piece of print without such marks. Every printworks was under the supervision of an exciseman, who used to visit the place at certain times to levy the duty and impress the pieces with his stamp. Tales were rife as to excisemen visiting various printworks for this purpose, and sometimes being so well plied with liquor as to lose self-control, when their stamp would be borrowed for a short time, and used pretty freely in stamping hundreds of pieces, which were consequently admitted into the market duty-free.

I have mentioned that the second warehouse on the right-hand side of High-street was that of Butterworth and Brooks, calico printers, whose works were at Sunnyside, between Bury and Rawtenstall. When a boy, I accompanied my father over the works, and remember being allowed to enter a room which we were told very few persons were allowed to enter, inasmuch as a new process of engraving copper rollers was carried on in it. This was by working a small steel roller, which had the pattern engraved on it, on a large copper one, by means of a press, the hard steel cutting the pattern on the softer copper, and the process being many times repeated till the whole surface of the copper roller was covered with the pattern.

The second partner was the well-known John Brooks, whose residence was then in Lever-street, and who was the brother of Samuel Brooks, the banker. How different in some things were the two men. Both successful in business, the one took an active interest in public affairs, the other but little, if any. The banker's name would be occasionally found on a committee, but he seldom appeared on the platform, and I cannot remember him once making a speech on any public question. When Brunel, the great engineer and the builder of the Great Eastern, whilst playing with his children on one occasion, unfortunately swallowed half a sovereign, which stuck in the gullet, remaining there two or three days, during which there was considerable public excitement about it, it is said that John Brooks remarked to a friend, "They should send for our Sam, for if anybody can get it, he can." John Brooks was a great friend of Mr. Benjamin Braidley, the well-known Conservative, and though a Conservative himself, he came out nobly during the Anti-Corn Law agitation, distinguishing himself as well by his energetic opposition to the Corn Law as by his munificent support of the funds required to carry on the agitation. When the last supreme effort was made to effect a breach in the walls of Protection, and at a large and enthusiastic meeting of merchants and manufacturers held in the Town Hall it was resolved to raise a fund of £250,000, John Brooks, with twenty-two others, put down his name for £1,000. He was a worthy coadjutor for some years of Richard Cobden, John Bright, George Wilson, and other pioneers in the early days of the agitation. He made no pretensions to oratory. His speeches were

brief, quaint, witty, and sensible, interspersed with a few sentences in the Lancashire dialect, and always to the point. I have a vivid recollection of attending one of the earliest meetings of the Anti-Corn Law agitation, held in either the first or second Free-trade Hall (I am not sure which, the present one being the third), at which John Bright spoke before he was M.P., and John Brooks. The audience had to stand; there were no seats. The room was not more than half full, and the rain was dripping through the roof here and there. There was a little sympathy and a little enthusiasm—the tide was just beginning to turn; but I often contrast that meeting with the last occasion on which John Bright spoke on the same spot.

There were many large firms of calico printers which existed fifty years ago which exist no longer. Amongst these is that of Butterworth and Brooks, already mentioned, and another whose warehouse was also in High-street, but higher up on the opposite side. This was the firm of Fort Brothers, whose works were at Oakenshaw, near Accrington. Their principal manager at the warehouse was Mr. Fred. Brooks, a well-known musical man, living at Prestwich. He played the organ at Prestwich Church, and in consequence came a good deal into contact with the Earl of Wilton, who took considerable interest in him. Like many other musical men, he was careless as to his health, and was cut off in his prime. I well remember a short time before his death hearing him express his regret, and his determination to turn over a new leaf.

Another large firm no longer in existence was that of Ainsworth, Sykes, and Co., whose works were at Clitheroe, their warehouse being in Cannon-street. Some years after they took some works at Garratt, near to Brook-street. The firm of John Dugdale and Brothers, calico printers, have ceased to be such, but still carry on business as merchants. Their warehouse was in Cannon-street, and their works near Burnley. Mr. John Dugdale resided at Richmond Hill, Greengate. No one who passes along Greengate to Broughton Bridge to-day could suppose that two or three comfortable and respectable large detached houses existed on the left-hand side in that locality fifty years ago. Such, however, was the case, Mr. Lockett, the well-known engraver to calico printers, occupying the next house to Mr. Dugdale's. In 1835

the representation of Salford in Parliament, in opposition to Mr. Joseph Brotherton. During my apprenticeship Dentith sold his retail business to Horatio Miller, a gentleman from London, to whom I was turned over. Miller became intimate with Dugdale, and I was induced to join Mr. John Hadfield, a solicitor, in canvassing for Dugdale. Of course we were unsuccessful. I think this was my first and last time of undertaking such a disagreeable task. Is it not time that canvassing became a thing of the past? Some time during the election Dugdale, who was a blunt, plain-speaking Lancashire man, was chaffed by an elector as to his wealth, when he replied, "Aye, I fairly stink o' brass." For many years after he was known in Salford as "Owd Stink o' Brass." He afterwards left Richmond Hill, and went to reside at a pleasantly-situated house on the bank of the Irwell near to Eccles. In 1834 he purchased for £7,500 the old Union Clubhouse at the Infirmary end of Moaley-street, on the left-hand side going down, next to Mr. Daniel Grant's house. He was an intimate friend of Sam Brooks, the banker. Many are the tales which were told of the little friendly tricks they played on one another; as, for instance, that Sam Brooks, having a pony to sell, informed Dugdale that a pony was to be sold by auction at the Star Yard, and suggested to him that he should buy it. The latter, supposing he was to buy it for the banker, did so, paying a good price for it. On going to the bank and seeing Mr. Brooks, he said, "Well, Sam, I've bought thee that pony," when he was informed that he had misunderstood the suggestion, which was that he should buy it for himself, but that he (Brooks) knew the pony very well, it having once belonged to him, and he was sure that John Dugdale would be pleased with his bargain.

I suppose that everybody has heard of Hoyle's prints and Hoyle's printworks. Whether or not their prints were as popular fifty years ago as they have been more recently I cannot say. I find the firm has been in existence the greater part of a century, if not quite a century. In 1811 the works of Thomas Hoyle and Son were where they are to-day, the warehouse being in Watling-street, and Mr. Thomas Hoyle's residence at Ardwick. Fifty years ago the warehouse was in Friday-street, next door to Fletcher, Burd, and Wood's, and Mr. Hoyle's house at Mayfield, near the works, which one may easily

Mr. Dugdale was induced to become a candidate for imagine was a more airy and a pleasanter situation than at present.

Another well-known printworks was Barge's, at Broughton Bridge, the firm being John Barge and Co., and their warehouse being in Peel-street. Mr. Tom Barge, one of the partners, was well known, and resided in Roman-street, Stony Knolls, a street I cannot find in the present Directory. Mr. John Fildes, once M.P. for Grimsby, was a cashier in their service.

The works of Lomas and Bradbury were in the neighbourhood, the entrance to them being on the left-hand side of Strangeways, going towards Broughton. Mr. Lomas was the inventor of a method of printing calicoes on both sides alike.

J. T. SLUGG.

Permit me to say a word or two in connection with or correction of Mr. SLUGG's very valuable reminiscences with respect to two firms. Messrs. Wood and Westhead were located towards the top of Market-street, almost opposite to the end of High-street, or rather of Marsden Square, less than fifty years ago. Thence they removed to High-street, and thence to Piccadilly. Messrs. J. S. and J. Watts had a fine warehouse in New Brown-street when that street was opened out, and were there in 1842; thence they removed to Fountain-street, where they certainly were in 1846.

Messrs. Cooper converted a private house in Oldham-street (opposite to Mr. Faulkner the dentist's, and at the corner of Church-street) into a shop, with so much glass in the front as to astonish the old inhabitants. At first, like Jay's in Regent-street, London, mourning was the speciality; and then straw bonnets hid the pillars which supported the upper floor, making a wondrous show, a sort of awakening to sleepy traders. Then they extended their premises backwards, alongside Church-street, into which they opened out a narrow door, at first only for their employés. I know nothing of removal, or where "present premises" may be. ISABELLA BANKS.

My daughter, Mrs. L. W. Johnson, of the Woodland, Pendleton, has drawn my attention to an erroneous statement as to the occupant of the news and book business at the basement of the Carrier's office, between Marsden Square and High-street. After being in the same business about two years in Swan-

street I removed to the aforesaid premises in 1846, and continued with a good business till 1858, but my family continued the business till 1860; and I believe I had the greatest news business of any of the 150 members of the News Club (Wheeler and Eldershaw were not members of the club). I wonder at the mistake, as many thousands knew me so well.

JOHN LYNCH.

Ripon, Fond-du-Lac county, Wisconsin,  
May 24, 1879.

COMMENTS AND ANSWERS.

OLD HOPPS.

(Nos. 958, 1,005, 1,034, and 1,070.)

[1,100.] J. PICKSTONE and F. have anticipated the essential part of my reply to Mr. JOHN REYNOLDS. In my single-minded wish to contribute to the biography of the old Manchester booksellers in the columns of Notes and Queries, it has been seen that I repeated a story told to me with sufficient circumstantiality to absolve me from the charge of carelessness. Still, I made myself responsible for the story, and fairly exposed myself to the discourtesy of Mr. JOHN REYNOLDS. I should, however, in justice add that if Mr. REYNOLDS's manner is objectionable, if his personalities seem strangely rude and out of place in such a world of literary ease and amenity as your Notes and Queries columns, still the spirit which compelled him to shield the memory and good name of his great-great-grand sire is worthy of praise.

On the general subject of the personal or transmitted reminiscences of which unwritten biographies are made, if every incident or trait of character is to be excluded which does not redound to the credit of the individual it would be better to leave biography alone. Oliver Cromwell told the artist to paint him "warts and all." The "foot-prints" left on the "sands of time" serve to warn as well as to invite.

JOSEPH JOHNSON.

Isle of Man.

THE FREEMASONS.

(Query No. 1,078, May 31.)

[1,101.] The Royal Dictionary-Cyclopedia, compiled under the direction of Mr. Thomas Wright, M.A., F.S.A., says: "The Company of Masons was incorporated about the year 1419, and called the Freemasons, a fraternity that has long been held in high account." Again: "The origin of the Society of Free and Accepted Masons is involved in much obscurity. The only thing that is known about it with any certainty is that fraternities or guilds, so

called, were established during the Middle Ages in the various countries of Europe. . . . The history of the art during the Middle Ages is involved in such great obscurity that it can now be traced only by its monuments. Gradually, too, the original society declined till it became almost extinct. In this country, about the time of the Civil War, Freemasonry was again revived, but it was merely a semblance of the former society, being altogether different in object and character from what it had previously been."

FRANK S. COURT.

Nottingham.

In partial reply to J. SHAWCROSS, I may mention that the lodge Glasgow St. John, No. 3, of the Grand Lodge of Scotland, holds a charter which was granted by Malcolm Canmore. This monarch, who succeeded the usurper Macbeda—the Macbeth of Shakspeare and the murderer of Duncan—was crowned at Scone, near Perth, on the 25th of April, 1057, history now being precise enough as to that period to enable the date to be fixed. Malcolm died after a turbulent reign of forty-six years, and therefore the existence of this charter traces Freemasonry back for at least about 800 years. The parchment is highly prized by the officers of the lodge, and is carefully preserved in their most sacred archives; but I dare say they would gladly show it even to a "Cowen." I saw it myself in 1856, and regarded the record as thoroughly reliable.

DANDIE DINMONT.

According to the extravagant and whimsical hypothesis entertained by some who have written on this subject, it is an institution of almost incredible antiquity. We are told that it originated with the builders of the Tower of Babel, though others are content with tracing it no further back than the Temple of Solomon. If we are to believe them, the institution has been continued down in uninterrupted succession from that time to the present day, through all the changes of government, religion, civilization, and knowledge. Against this there exists one simple yet fatal argument, namely, that were this really the case, such an uninterrupted series of tradition must have kept alive and handed down to us much information that has, on the contrary, been totally lost. Instead of accumulated knowledge, we find that even a technical knowledge of architecture itself has not been preserved; else how are we to account for the ignorance which everywhere prevailed with respect to Gothic architecture and its principles almost as

soon as the style itself fell into disuse? That there may have been points of resemblance between the fraternities of Masons in the Middle Ages and such institutions as those of the Eleusinian Mysteries and the Corporation of Ionian Architects is not only possible but highly probable, because similarity of circumstance would almost necessarily lead to it. For a long time ecclesiastics were the chief patrons and also the chief possessors of the art of architecture; yet, as they had occasion for the assistance of practical artificers in various branches, they admitted them into fellowship with themselves, establishing a kind of order of a mixed character, just as the orders of chivalry combined at their origin the principles of military and religious discipline. Hence some have supposed Freemasonry to have been a branch of chivalry, and to have been established at the time of the Crusades. The more probable hypothesis is, perhaps, that they were related to each other only in emanating from the same source—from the influence of ecclesiastical power; and their being so derived would alone account for the mystery and secrecy which the guilds of Masons affected, and, together with their zeal in accumulating knowledge for themselves, their desire to confine it to their own body. In this country an act was passed against Masonry in the third year of Henry VI., at the instigation of the Bishop of Winchester. It was, however, never enforced. It was patronized by James I. of Scotland; but it was no longer indispensable to the Church, which accordingly withdrew its protection—an event that would otherwise have been occasioned by the Reformation.

Freemasonry revived in this country at the time of the Civil War, yet merely in semblance, being altogether different in object and character from what it had been, and becoming merely "speculative" or modern Masonry, an institution in no way connected with architectural practice. The probability is that, with all its mysticism, there is nothing either good or bad to conceal; that the mystery of Freemasonry is nothing more than an innocent mystification; and that its symbols and instruction, whatever meaning and purpose they may originally have had, are now become mere forms and signs retained by the brethren or "Free and Accepted Masons," for the purpose of conferring peculiar importance on their harmless social gatherings. It is believed that no Catholic can

be a Freemason. Freemasons were excommunicated by the Pope in 1738, and again condemned September 30, 1865.

X. L. C. R.

#### PRONUNCIATION OF ANEMONE.

(Query No. 1,073, May 31.)

[1,102.] ADAM CHESTER asks if there were any differences in the pronunciation of this name when the Field Naturalists were at Alderley Edge on May 17. Yes, as usual. Those of the party who used it as an English name pronounced it *anem'one*, and did quite right. Those who used it as a Latin name, coupling with it the specific appellation *nemorosa*, pronounced it, as in duty bound, as if written *Anniemo'në*. This pretty name is one of about half-a-dozen of the old classical plant-appellations which, having been adopted into our vernacular, have become subject, when used in ordinary converse, to English methods; retaining, of course, the pronunciation they have in the Greek and Latin poets when used as Latin or "botanical" names. Compare *Clematis*, in English pronounced *cleema'tis*; *Arbutus*, in English pronounced *arbutus*; *Jasione*, in English pronounced *jasione*. The subject of the pronunciation of Latin plant-names was treated exhaustively, by the writer of this note, in the *Gardeners' Chronicle* for January 29, 1876, and November 17 and 24, 1877. A copy of the *Gardeners' Chronicle* may be seen at the Free Library, King-street, Manchester.

LEO GRINDON.

#### PIERCEY'S FIELD, ANCOATS VALE, AND ARDWICK ISLAND.

(Nos. 1,041 and 1,071.)

[1,103.] Piercey's Field, I should say, is Peace's field, taking its name from Mr. Thomas Peace, steward to Sir Oswald Mosley, and who resided for many years in Pollard-street. I remember when a boy, and trespassing with others, the cry of "Peace is coming" was sure to send us off helter-skelter. Mr. Peace was an active, determined man, and I once saw him single-handed putting a stop to a fight, and endeavouring to disperse the crowd assembled to witness it. Perhaps it is not generally known that what is called Ardwick lime was formerly got in this neighbourhood, the underground excavations extending from the Medlock to Bradford-street, and the stone was extracted by means of various shafts sunk for the purpose. One was at the top of Bradford-street, near the Bridge Inn. Here, towards the latter end of the last century, a singular circumstance

occurred to one of the Holt Town apprentice girls. As she was going to the mill one dark morning she fell into the shaft, but, fortunately, the air gathering under her clothes in some measure buoyed her up, so that she escaped without material damage, and was rescued by the men when they came to their work. I recollect some forty-five years ago, seeing an iron pulley dug up at the top of Mitchell-street, opposite the Bank of England public-house, when excavating for building purposes, and which it was said had been used at a shaft somewhere near. Shortly after the gasometer at Holt Town bridge had been erected the water in the hold suddenly disappeared, and it was found, on examination, that the water had escaped into the old workings.

With regard to Ardwick Island, the following extract from the *Manchester Mercury* may give some little information, September, 1811:—"To be sold by auction, all that newly-erected and substantial building, four storeys high, used as a corn mill, and adjoining the river Medlock, at Ardwick Island, near Manchester aforesaid. Also the weir next above the said mill on the said river, the waterfall whereof is  $7\frac{1}{2}$  feet, with the goit and tunnel, the water-wheel, and the pit and crown wheels thereto adjoining and belonging, and now in the occupation of and in lease to Mr. Thomas Hatton for a term, of which nineteen years will be unexpired on the 29th day of September next, subject to an annual rent of £100 per annum."

It is probable, as Mrs. HIGGINBOTHAM thinks, that the name Ardwick Island was given to it by reason of the goit or sluice, but why was it called "Ardwick," seeing it is on the Ancoats side of the river, though the same may be said of Hulme Mill, which stood on the Manchester side of the Medlock? When the Pin Mill was erected I have no information, but an octogenarian friend, who has now been dead some years, remembered about the year 1800 seeing a board fixed up in the Pin Mill with the following lines:—

All you that come to see our art,  
Pray make us wet before we part;  
It is the custom of our trade,  
Before we came the law was made.

The above-mentioned Thomas Hatton I have some reason for supposing is the Thomas Hatton who previously occupied the corn mill at Bramhall, but having some difference with Squire Davenport, the

latter proceeded to eject him by dismantling the mill. For this Mr. Hatton brought an action and procured substantial damages, which enabled him in 1800 to build Adswood Mill.

J. OWEN.

The right name of Piercey's Field is Peace's. I was born in Manor House, where the present Tonman Mosley was born. My grandfather was agent to Sir Oswald Mosley, and laid out Every-street, which was called after Sir Oswald Mosley's sister. I have gathered lots of wild flowers at the back of Ancoats Hall. I knew Palmerston-street before it was built upon, and lots of people whom my grandfather fed on those Peace's fields, when it was green with grass. Many of the poor at that time were starving.

T. S. PEACE.

Bradford-street, Ancoats.

#### THE FIRST USE OF GAS.

(Nos. 1,057 and 1,069.)

[1,104.] Mr. Murdoch, of Soho, has the singular merit, according to Matthews, of being the person who first applied coal-gas to any economical purpose. In the year 1792 he used coal-gas for lighting his house and offices at Redruth, in Cornwall, and in 1797, for the same purpose, at Old Cumnock, in Ayrshire. At the peace, which took place in the spring of 1802, Mr. Murdoch illuminated the whole front of the very extensive premises of Messrs. Boulton and Watt, near Birmingham, using a great variety of devices to display the gaslight. This luminous spectacle was as novel as it was astonishing; and Birmingham poured forth its inhabitants to gaze at, and to admire, so wonderful a display of the combined efforts of science and art. In the year 1808 that gentleman communicated to the Royal Society a very interesting account of his successful application of coal-gas in lighting the extensive establishment of Messrs. Philips and Lee, of Salford. For this communication he had Count Rumford's gold medal presented to him.

Early in the year 1809 Mr. Samuel Clegg communicated to the Society of Arts his plan of an apparatus for lighting manufactories with gas, for which he received a silver medal. In this year he erected a gas apparatus in Mr. Harris's manufactory, at Coventry. The year 1809 is memorable as that in which the first application was made to Parliament for an act to incorporate a gas company. The London and Westminster Chartered Gas Light and Coke Company, capital £200,000, obtained an act,

and in the year 1812, April 30th, a charter was granted to the Gas Light and Coke Company for the term of twenty-one years.

Mr. Murdoch is undoubtedly entitled to the praise of having been the first person who applied coal-gas as a substitute for other modes of lighting private establishments on a large scale; but the merit of its first application to the illumination of a whole town appears to be due to Mr. Clegg.

Previous to the public experiments of Mr. Murdoch gas had been applied to similar purposes by M. le Bon, of Paris. This is related in a letter addressed to Soho, from which the late Dr. Henry, of Manchester, published the following extract:—"I do not know exactly at what time the first trials were made or published in France. The first notice we received of them here was in a letter from a friend at Paris, dated November 8, 1801, in which he desired me to inform Mr. Murdoch that a person had lighted up his house with gas obtained from wood and coal, and had it in contemplation to light up the city of Paris."

J. S.

Southport.

#### THE FENIANS.

(Query No. 1,096, June 7.)

[1,105.] The word Fenian means a hunter—Gaelic, "flanna," from "feadhach," a hunt. There was an Irish military organization or national militia, said by Keating to have been formed by King Sedna II. about 400 years B.C. This organization was called Fionna Eirinn, from the celebrated hero of innumerable Irish legends, Fionn MacCumhaill, the leader or head of the body, and father of the bard Ossian. It was formed on the model of a Roman legion. In times of peace it consisted of three bodies of 3,000 men; but in war it was capable of being made up to any strength. In winter it was maintained in quarters at the public cost; in summer the men had to maintain themselves by hunting and fishing. Applicants for enrolment were required to be of a honourable family, to be irreproachable in morals, and to bind themselves to observe the laws of justice and morality; they were required to be of a certain height, strong, supple, and vigorous of body, each having to go through an ordeal in which his powers of speed, strength, endurance, and courage were tested by trial with his future comrades. The organization lasted until the reign of Carbry, son of Cormac MacArt, by whom the body of Fionna Eirinn was disbanded, they having abused

their privileges and become the oppressors of the country of which they were the appointed guardians. The members of the body transferred their allegiance to Mocrb, King of Munster, and at the battle of Gabhra, 284 A.D. they were almost totally exterminated. The modern Fenians adopted the name of this ancient military association.

In the two lines quoted from *The Antiquary* by your correspondent, the word "palms" should be "psalms."

E. NIXON.

Hulton-street, Salford.

DANDIE DINMONT will find an account of the Fenians in a paper on the Ossianic Age, by Herbert Francis Hore, published in the sixth volume of the *Ulster Journal of Archaeology*. The paper is too long (more than twenty pages) to give even a resumé of it, but the conclusions to which the author arrives may be shortly stated as follows:—

That the age we call the Fenian, or Ossianic, closed in the fifth century; and that Goll M'Morna and Fionn M'Coole, the principal heroes of Fenian literature, were leaders of foreign mercenaries in Ireland. That the earliest of their order were Belgians, afterwards called Scots, under Goll M'Morna; and the last comers to have been Finns, of the tribe mentioned by Tacitus as inhabiting the southern shores of the Baltic. Though both tribes of these foreign forces were styled Fianna by the Irish, the former came to be called Oirghialla, that is Easterling foreigners; and the latter, introduced as hostile to them, and afterwards called Lochlannaigh, or Scandinavians proper, were the Fenians under the command of the famous Fionn MacCumhaill. In fact, that they appear to have been precursors of those other hired continental bands who, under the names of Anglo-Saxons, Anglo-Danes, and Normans, afterwards subjugated England, Ireland, and Normandy. The language of the Fianna betrays their foreign origin.

B. ST. J. B. JOULE.

Southport.

#### QUERIES.

[1,106.] THE TOWN HALL CARILLONS.—I shall be glad to learn from some of your readers the furthest distance at which they have heard the tunes played on our carillons at the Town Hall. I myself have heard "The Last Rose of Summer" distinctly at twelve o'clock in Heald Place, Rusholme.

JOHN WOOD.



[1,107.] WESTMORLAND AND DOLGELLY.—It would be interesting to ascertain the correct spelling of Westmorland and Dolgelly, which so often occur in the very interesting and instructive articles which appear from time to time in the *City News*. The various authorities, such as gazetteers and guides, are hopelessly in conflict. Thus Bradshaw gives "Dol-gelley," whilst Heywood gives "Dolgelly." The *Guardian* invariably gives "Westmorland," whilst the *City News* I have under my hand has it both as "Westmorland" and "Westmoreland." Perhaps some correspondent could throw light on the subject.  
J. WOODBURY CRAIG.

[1,108.] WARDLEY HALL SKULL.—We find in the *Athenaeum* for April 12, 1879, in a notice of two of the last volumes issued by the Camden Society, selected from the correspondence of the family of Hatton, which forms part of the Hatton-Fincks papers in the British Museum, the following local items:—"Lancashire antiquaries will find here the true version of the story of Roger Downes's death, whose skull, tradition says, was preserved at Wardley Hall till the present century, and furnished Roby with the subject of his romance, 'The Skull House.' Hitherto it has been said that Mr. Downes's head was sliced off by a watchman's bill in a drunken brawl in 1676. It turns out that Mr. Downes's head was not sliced off at all, but his 'skull was cleft' by a watchman with a 'sprittle staff.' Lord Rochester and his other boon companions ran away and left him, and while showing fight with his cleft skull he was run into the side with a half pike." Will an obliging member of the Camden Society favour us in the columns of Notes and Queries with the true version of the story of the Wardley Hall skull drawn from the Hatton correspondence?  
WILLIAM ANDREWS, F.R.H.S.

Colonial-street, Hull.

UNLUCKINESS OF MAY FOR MARRIAGES.—In Scotland May is considered an unlucky month to be married in, and the unreasoning when questioned will reply that May is a bad time to marry because the wedding of Mary Stuart to Bothwell—that last and most unfortunate union of hers—took place in May. But that warning, though it might hold good for Scotland, can hardly be believed to have much effect in England. And yet in May the marriages dwindled to a very small numbers; whereas June had hardly begun before the list again lengthened in a manner which was quite amusing as compared with its May brevity. Is it possible that the notion of the unluckiness of May for marriages can be a survival of any idea as to the month specially dedicated to Mary being one unsuited for marriages? What is it—a fashion, a superstition, or a survival of an old heathen belief—which makes May to be considered an unlucky month for marriages?—*Queen*.

Saturday, June 21, 1879.

## NOTES

### REMINISCENCES OF MANCHESTER FIFTY YEARS AGO.

#### VI.—CALICO PRINTERS (CONCLUDED).

[1,109.] I regret that in my last note I inadvertently stated that the firm of Butterworth and Brooks had ceased to exist. This was an error. In 1811 there was a John Butterworth, a calico printer, residing in Boardman-street, London Road; and sixty years since the firm had a warehouse in High-street—I believe the same they had in 1829. They still have their works at Sunnyside, whilst their warehouse has been removed to Charlotte-street. A friend reminds me also that their works at Sunnyside are not exactly between Bury and Rawtenstall. It is more than fifty years since I was there, but I remember walking from Rawtenstall to visit them. Perhaps it would have been more correct to speak of them as situated on the other side of Bury.

In 1829 the firm of Edmund and Robert Peel, calico printers, had their warehouse in Watling-street, at the corner of Friday-street. They were successors—though not the immediate successors—of the first Sir Robert Peel, who began business, Mr. Grindon tells us, about 1770, when only twenty years of age, and who married the daughter of Mr. Yates, who subsequently became his partner. In 1811 their warehouse was in Peel-street, the firm then being Peel, Yates, Halliwell and Co., the street being named no doubt after Mr. Peel; whilst the last-named partner gave the name to Halliwell Lane, Cheetham Hill, he having built the first two or three large houses on the right, in one of which he lived. In that year a Mr. Robert Peel, a calico printer, lived at Ordsall Hill (*sic*), Salford, but who he was I have not been able to ascertain. In 1819 Peel and Co. were carrying on business as calico printers, spinners, and manufacturers, at the old warehouse, whilst next door was the firm of Thomas Peel and Brars, calico printers. The Edmund and Robert Peel, who were carrying on business as calico printers in Watling-street fifty years ago, were cousins of the second Sir Robert Peel. More than forty-five years ago I learnt from an old gentleman, who was formerly a draper in Hull, that when he first came to Manchester to buy goods Peel's warehouse was approached by an avenue of trees. The cart was

in the habit of bringing a load of prints on three mornings a week—Tuesdays, Thursdays, and Saturdays—from the works. The warehouse doors were not opened till nine o'clock, by which time the prints were all arranged in the saleroom. A crowd of drapers was generally waiting for the doors to be opened, when they would rush up-stairs to the saleroom and a scramble for prints would ensue, each draper making a pile on the floor of such prints as he had chosen, and waiting for the entering clerk coming round to look them over and enter them. What a contrast with the state of things to-day! No wonder that the first Sir Robert Peel is said to have died worth £2,500,000, and that the firm of Peel, Yates, and Halliwell used to pay £40,000 annually to the excise for duty on printed goods.

Many firms entitled themselves calico printers who were not really such, but who either purchased patterns from a pattern designer or employed their own designer. They bought calico, had it bleached, and forwarded it to some printworks to be printed with their own design. Others, again, who both on their invoices and their signboards called themselves calico printers, were merely dealers in prints. I rather think the firm of Robert Turner, jun., and Co., who fifty years ago had a warehouse next to that of Wood and Westhead in High-street, and who were entitled calico printers, were amongst the first-named. I have mentioned that on the site of the Queen's Hotel there stood three or four large brick houses, in one of which Mr. Houldsworth, M.P. for Pontefract lived. The door of the corner house was in Piccadilly, and in it Mr. Robert Turner resided. He kept a stud of race-horses as well as Mr. Houldsworth, and was the brother of Mr. William Turner of Pat Shrigley, the father of the young lady who was abducted from school by Edward Gibbon of Wakefield, and is referred to in the *City News* of May 10 (No. 1,019). It was Robert Turner of Piccadilly who followed Wakefield and Miss Turner to France and brought her home again, and not her father as there stated. It was clearly proved on the trial that there had been no cohabitation. She afterwards became the wife of Mr. Legh of Lyme. Her father was reputed to be immensely wealthy, but at his death this was proved to be an error.

Four or five doors from Turner's warehouse was that of a very large and respectable firm of calico printers, whose works were at Rhodes, near Middle-

ton—that of Daniel Burton and Sons. They began business somewhere about the beginning of the present century, but have ceased to exist more than thirty years. Mr. Daniel Burton was the father of the late Dr. Burton, the founder and rector of All Saints' Church. With that exception the family were devoted Wesleyans.

The firm of Charles and Edmund Potter and Co. began business rather more than fifty years ago, their warehouse then being in Fountain-street and their works at Dinting, near Glossop. Though Charles has only been dead a few years the name of the firm was changed to that of Edmund Potter and Co. many years ago, and still exists at the present day. Edmund at that time lived with his mother in Oxford Road, a little this side of All Saints' Church, but on the opposite side and near to Dr. Burton the rector. As is well known, he was M.P. for Carlisle for some years previous to the last election.

Besides those printworks in the immediate vicinity of Manchester already named, may be mentioned those of Hedley, Atkinson, and Co., at Broughton Grove, behind the present Grove Inn, Higher Broughton, which was not then built. The works of Otho Hulme and Sons were at Spring Vale, their warehouse being at the lower end of Cannon, near to that of Potters and Norris.

Nearly opposite to it was the warehouse of William Grant and Brothers, I suppose the best-known firm of calico printers which Manchester ever produced. They were in business at the beginning of the century as merchants, but afterwards became calico printers, their works being at Ramsbottom. At one time William Grant resided in Lever-street, but afterwards lived near the works. Fifty years ago the firm consisted of William and Daniel, the latter residing in the fourth house on the left-hand side of Mosley-street going down. He went to live there about the year 1815 and resided in that street till his death, long after other residents had been driven away and wholesale places of business had taken almost entire possession of the street. In 1848 he was living lower down the street, having moved to another house a little past the warehouse occupied by the late firm of Carlton, Walker, and Co. In less than twenty years the character of the street had completely changed, so that Daniel Grant's house was the only private residence remaining in it, if we except those of two or three medical men at the lower end of the street,

and which of course cannot be spoken of as private residences. He died at a good old age; and, in addition to those I have already named, he affords another instance of the longevity enjoyed by many who have lived for many years in the very heart of Manchester.

I never saw William Grant but once; but as Mr. Miller had occasional business transactions with the firm, I sometimes saw and had opportunities of speaking to Daniel. It is said that Charles Dickens in his description of the Cheeryble Brothers in *Nicholas Nickleby*, has attempted to pourtray the members of the firm of William Grant and Brother. If so, as it regards their generosity, benevolence, and goodness of heart, I consider he has drawn a true picture, but all the rest is mere caricature. From what I remember of Daniel Grant I should say he was anything but loquacious, and was rather reserved and dignified in his manner, though condescending, considerate, and very kind to all he had to do with. I well remember how proud I was one morning when, my master having learnt that they were wanting concentrated lime juice at the works, he sent me to the warehouse to see Daniel Grant and make him an offer of some. To my delight he ordered about a hundred pounds worth. In giving me the order he wasted no words, and yet he did it so kindly that I have never forgotten the circumstance. In later years he used to arrive at his warehouse about ten or eleven o'clock, and usually came in his carriage. By the time of his arrival a number of poor people had gathered at the warehouse door awaiting his arrival. When his carriage drew up they would divide into two lines, forming an avenue from the carriage to the warehouse door through which he passed. If he did not distribute his alms to them himself he would send a clerk out to them, and I believe they seldom went away unrelieved.

The process of impressing cotton fabrics with a pattern in colours was not confined to calico, but was extended to cotton velvets. The material mostly used as a pigment was chrome yellow, of which I remember we used to sell a great deal to the firm of Jackson, Watson, and Greg, whose warehouse was in the neighbourhood of Watling-street. A large trade was done in these printed velvets, though what became of them, whether they were used for coats and waistcoats in the agricultural districts or were exported, I cannot say. At the time when the Anti-Corn-Law agitation

was at its height and a suspicion lurked in the minds of many, especially amongst the supporters of Protection, that Sir Robert Peel was undergoing a process of conversion and was about to bring in a measure of free trade in corn, and whilst the country was anxiously awaiting some sign from him, a printer of cotton velvets designed and printed a pattern consisting of an ear of corn with the stalk and a flowing blade or leaf. On this blade was printed the word "FREE." I do not remember the name of the printer, but think his works were near Accrington. He forwarded a piece of it to Sir Robert Peel, asking his acceptance of it as a piece of printed cotton velvet, but without drawing his attention particularly to the nature of the design. Sir Robert, of course, gracefully accepted it and thanked the donor. In a very short time a paragraph went the round of the papers describing the pattern and reporting Sir Robert's acceptance of it. Inferences were drawn, and the Protectionist party were up in arms, but the storm was instantly quelled by Peel's returning the piece to the donor with an explanatory note. I have in my possession a small portion of this piece of printed velvet which was the cause of so much commotion, which I had given to me at the time and have religiously preserved ever since. J. T. SLUGG.

WOOD AND WESTHEAD'S WAREHOUSE.—I assure Mrs. LINNÆUS BANKS (whom, unless I am misinformed, I remember when she was a young lady), that she is quite mistaken in saying that less than fifty years ago Wood and Westhead's warehouse was in Market-street. There is a gentleman still in the same house (now J. P. Westhead and Co.) who entered the service of the firm in 1825, and he states most positively that the warehouse was then in High-street, and I am equally certain, and can furnish proof, that it was there in 1832, and remained there till its removal to Piccadilly. J. T. S.

#### THE JACOBS' CLUB.

[1,110.] Several local and private clubs have been noted of late in these columns, and no harm will come of the emergence from well-merited obscurity if an increase in good-fellowship and brotherly feeling follows when the rise and progress of the Jacobs' Club is known. Some quarter of a century ago a good many promising lads were members of a cricket club which played on ground at Newton Heath, long since

covered either with dreary cottages or vile chemical works. Fortuitous circumstances brought six members into close intimacy. There were Ned, Frank, Will, Con, Charley, and Joe. One Saturday night, after losing a match, either through the dampness of the day or the absence of their best bowler, they decided to recruit their wavering energies by the desperate remedy of a visit to the Pomona Gardens. The place was as naughty then as any in the district, and they felt considerable fear for their precious selves as they entered the gates. None of them knew what might happen to the others, so it was resolved that in any case of separation and desperate emergency the cry of "Jacob" should rally all the faithful to the spot. A vow of fealty was sworn that they should all hang together, rather than anyone should suffer singly. Nothing happened, of course, but no opportunity was missed for uttering the rallying cry, and the crier was surrounded by hungry combatants as if he had been victuals at a soirée.

After this memorable night the six somehow clung together, and wisely spent their leisure in roaming about on leisure half-days and long nights, and got pretty familiar with every picturesque nook round our city. They added two more to their body, Ben and Wright; and then another Ned was admitted, which necessitated the former of that name to be called from then to now "Owd Ned," for all spoke in the vernacular, and to this day they use the second person "tha" even in polite society and letter-writing. Now they were nine, and for twenty years have remained so. The only formidable vow they made was that they'd never get wed, and though they were all of courting age, and were familiar with as pretty a lot of good girls as could be found anywhere, they kept this tremendous compact longer than could have been calculated. This covenant did not prevent them, far from it, from enjoying the society of the said girls on every possible occasion; and so at dances, pic-nics on fine and wet days, concerts, church, the play, or the rural excursion, the Jacobian moth was hovering around the lovely lights of those days, and no singeing of wings was noticeable till one fell Sunday evening early in April. As usual, the brethren gathered in a certain corner after church. They had had their chat with the charmers, and were about to start for the usual suburban spin, when, lo! they saw a brother slinking off with a certain fair one. That night marked an epoch, and but for the infraction of

the pact by Will the world's history would doubtless have been different. The ramble that night is not to be erased from their memories. Was he mad, what good were vows, how soon would he sicken, how long could he exist without the eight, must he be summarily expelled? were only a few of the questions asked, answered, settled and unsettled on that memorable night. The pipe of peace and regret was smoked in much silence that week over that erring brother. Another Sunday came and he was off again, and when it was finally heard that he was seen sneaking towards the fair one's house of a Saturday night his case was declared hopeless.

After the stupor caused by this renegade behaviour, and much cogitation on the sanctity of vows in general, and the proper obloquy demanded through the breaking of this particular one, the Jacobs went on their usual happy course for some months. A second shock was caused by Charley, celebrated for nothing but his diminutiveness, following Will's extraordinary example in the autumn of the same year. It now dawned on the seven faithful that the two recalcitrant brethren were less than any other remaining two by several inches. Was this to be compared to the boldness of the wren, the smallest of birds and the one that comes closest to humanity; or to the well-known superabundance of conceit inherent in all human organisms under four feet four inches and a half. And, by Jove, they had picked two of the prettiest of the girls! Leave them to their doom was the one cry of the seven, as they maundered further and further from petticoats.

Years rolled on. Will got married, and soon afterwards his fellow-sinner followed suit; and now, at this writing, it will scarce be believed, but all the Jacobs have succumbed to the charmer but one, and most of them have been blessed with children, who delight to call the other Jacobs uncle. Let it also be noted that the Jacobs still meet once a month, and no other engagement is allowed, save on very rare occasions, to interfere with the evening of the second Saturday in each month.

This is a curious and rare instance of continuity in such an association. There has been no death among the brotherhood and no squabble. They are all as fast friends and as hearty brethren as when they were boys together. They have an annual trip, when the trammels of work and the conventions of society are cast aside, and they are as young again as rising

middle-aged fellows can be. Long may they be spared to bless each other, and may their simple and hearty brotherliness find imitators, is the one wish of this imperfect chronicler. C. ROWLEY, JUN.

## COMMENTS AND ANSWERS.

## DIALECTAL DERIVATIONS.

(Nos. 1,056 and 1,091.)

[1,111.] HITTITE is quite right in deprecating guess-work when there is question about the derivation of words. It has been said that in judging as to the emendation of a corrupt passage in a Greek chorus, a more or less apparently obvious reading is to be doubted, because its apparent obviousness may have suggested it to the MS. copyist. Something of the same kind is true as to the derivation of words. Read Max Müller and other eminent writers on language and you will see how great the changes are which time, through various circumstances, works in words. It sometimes comes to pass that not more than one or two letters of the original word remain, and yet the history of the change can be traced and accounted for almost step by step. Those not versed in the science of languages guess at derivations which the letters of the word seem to suggest to them; and, being ignorant of the way to set to work, they stumble on altogether false interpretations.

C. H. C.

Wirksworth.

## THE BASS FLUTE.

(Query No. 884, February 22.)

[1,112.] The bass flute is an instrument whose pitch is a sixth lower than the ordinary concert flute, more largely bored, and longer. I have blown one at Miss Johnson's music shop in Peter-street, formerly played by her father in flute quartets, who will no doubt remember it, made by Key of London, a very old firm (now, I believe, extinct). Miss Johnson may still possess the instrument.

OLIVER GAGGS.

Alton House, Mount-street, Manchester.

## THE ODDFELLOWS.

(Query No. 1,060, May 24.)

[1,113.] I believe the Manchester Unity of Oddfellows to be the original, as they are the largest society of Oddfellows to-day. Their first lodge, the Abercrombie, was opened in Salford, October 10, 1810, and in May, 1814, they had increased to nine lodges. In 1845 over 17,000 left the Unity and formed the National Independent Order. I have no data when

the other orders named were subsequently formed. With regard to the name, it is a matter of speculation as to when or how it originated, some attempting to prove there were Oddfellows in the days of the Romans. JAMES PALIN.

## THE GEOLOGY OF MANCHESTER.

(Query No. 1,039, May 17.)

[1,114.] The most readable book on this subject is Taylor's *Geological Essays on the Neighbourhood of Manchester*, of which a new and cheap edition was recently, I believe, published by Messrs. A. Ireland and Co. The Geological Survey issue two exceptionally good memoirs—*The Geology of the Country around Oldham*, which includes Manchester and the eastern side; and *The Geology of the Country around Bolton*, which includes the western suburbs of Manchester. Both are from the pen of Mr. E. Hull, B.A., F.G.S., and, wonderful to relate, are both in print and to be had at a reasonable price. Mr. E. W. Binney, F.R.S., has published many very valuable papers in the Transactions of the Manchester Geological Society, including a detailed section of the Manchester Coal Field, which was published separately by the society.

If your correspondent means to include Derbyshire in his query, he will find excellent change for a shilling in the Rev. J. M. Mello's *Handbook of the Geology of Derbyshire*, published by Bembrose and Co. H. B.

## THE FREEMASONS.

(Nos. 1,078 and 1,101.)

[1,115.] Chambers' Encyclopedia says the real founders of modern Freemasonry were Elias Ashmole and some of his literary friends, who amused themselves by devising a set of symbols, borrowed in part from the Knights Templars and in part from the Rosicrucians. Ashmole was a somewhat notable personage in the seventeenth century. He was a lawyer, soldier, chemist, astrologer, antiquarian, man of letters, and founder of the Ashmolean Museum at Oxford, the curiosities of which originally belonged to two men, father and son, of the name of Tradescant. Ashmole claims to have received them from the son and his wife by deed of gift. The writer of the notice upon him in *Chambers'* seems, however, not to believe in any such gift, for he says Ashmole "exhibited a rather mean ambition to exclude the rightful owners of the cabinet of curiosities from participating in the honour of the gift" to the University; "and posterity has unfortunately gratified his wish" by giving

it his name. Ashmole and his friends shrouded their work in such an air of mystery that the antiquity claimed for the brotherhood was for a long time unquestioned. But considerable assurance is now needed for a man to get up and make such a statement as that which J. SHAWCROSS lately heard from the Moseley official. If it be something to them to astonish the groundlings, probably they are rewarded for their audacity; yet most men will smile at their pretension.

Of the older fraternities, *Chambers'* says the English date from an assemblage of masons held by St. Alban the proto-martyr, at York, in the year 926. From then to the year 1419, when the company was incorporated and first took the name of Freemasons, as mentioned last week by FRANK S. COURT, was an interval of 493 years. I presume that it would require an enthusiastic Freemason of strong imaginative powers to write the history of the brethren during that period, and another body quite as enthusiastic to believe it when written.

In Scotland the post of honour as the oldest Lodge of Masons has had two claimants—Kilwinning Lodge and the Lodge of the Chapel Ste. Mary—but the Grand Lodge has decided that the latter possessed the oldest charter. The Kilwinning brethren, dissatisfied with the judgment, withdrew from the control of the Grand Lodge and established "The Grand Chapter of the Royal Order of Kilwinning." They date only from the year 1150, when the foreign masons came to Scotland to build Kilwinning Abbey, and therefore are a modern body in comparison with the one owning the charter seen by DANDIE DINMONT in 1856.

Your third communication of last week, signed X. L. C. B., is all except the three last lines copied from the *Penny Cyclopaedia*. That article, referring to an act passed against "masonry" in the third year of Henry VI., says it was enacted at the instigation of the Bishop of Winchester, but never enforced. *Chambers'* says the same thing, but adds that "the jealousy of the Church was excited against the brethren in consequence of their assuming other functions besides those of mere builders. What the other functions were is not stated, but reference is often made to this act of 1424 as some proof of the antiquity of the Order, and also of its importance as showing that at so early a date its doings were deemed worthy of the special attention of Government. Evidently it is so regarded by the writer in *Chambers'*

and also by X. L. C. B., if he be the writer of the article in the *Penny Cyclopaedia*.

I have read the act, and also the petition asking for it, but in neither do I find one word to warrant the supposition that it was instigated by Beaufort, or any other Churchman or Churchmen, or even directed against Freemasons as a distinct body. To be sure it speaks of the "annual congregations and confederacies made by the Masons in their general chapters assembled." But one finds a similar document more than half a century before in which "totes alliances and covignes des maceons and carpenters and congregations, chapitres ordinances and serementz entre eux faites on affaires soient defore anientiz and anullez de tout, Issint qe chescun maceon and carpenter de quel condition qi il soit, soit arce par son mestre a qi il sert defaire chescun overaigne qe a lui appent affaire, ou de frawche pere on de grosse pere, et aussint chescun carpenter en son degre." If the terms usually considered peculiar to the brotherhood be held sufficient on the later date to fix the act as bearing exclusively upon Freemasons, would it not do the same on the earlier? But the quotation shows that all masons were then included, and even carpenters. The truth is that combinations were then very common among all classes of workmen to defeat the Labour Laws and for other purposes. Both these measures were directed against such combination, and although in the latest there is no mention of carpenters, it must be held to refer to the general body of masons without distinction.

*Chambers'* says "the epithet 'Free' was applied to the craft of Masons in consequence of their being exempted by several Papal bulls from laws which regulated common labourers, and exonerated from various burdens thrown on the working classes at large both in England and on the Continent." However things may have been on the Continent, I am quite sure such was not the case in England. Resistance to Papal encroachment had set in before the first Labour Law was enacted. From the date of that law bulls for the purpose mentioned could never have been enforced, and I have yet to learn that they could ever override the laws in temporal matters. The masons were workers of freestone, and the name was used to distinguish them from the workers of gross stone, who were called rough masons. As a higher class of workmen they were generally employed on ornamental work, and their usual earnings were about

twenty-five per cent more than the wages of the ordinary builders.

JOSEPH RAMSBOTTOM.

Daisy Bank, Moston.

Since I sent my query a month ago I have been searching for an answer to my question—How do Masons trace their history back 3,000 years? Having had access to a number of books formerly the property of a Freemason of high rank, I am quite convinced they cannot go back a tenth part of that time. After perusing Anderson's Constitutions of Free Masonry 1723 and 1738, Preston's Constitutions 1772, some of Dr. Oliver's works, and *The History of Freemasonry*, by J. G. Findel, second edition, 1874 (London: George Kenning), I conclude that modern speculative Freemasonry is now about 164 years old. I will tell you how it is done.

The fables of the introduction of Freemasonry into England by Albanus (St. Alban), a steward of the Emperor Coransius, about the close of the third century; and the charter granted by King Athelstan to Prince Edwin, A.D. 926; the act passed by Henry VI. in 1425, "that such chapters and congregations shall not hereafter be holden;" the attempt to break up a lodge by Queen Elizabeth in 1561, and other similar stories, have nothing at all to do with modern speculative Freemasonry.

Sir Christopher Wren was appointed Grand Master of Operative Freemasons or Stonemasons in 1685, and held the office up to the time of his death in 1723. It was during his time that it was thought expedient to abolish the old custom of studying geometry in the lodge, and some of the brethren made it appear that a good knife and fork in the hands of a dexterous brother, over proper materials, would give greater satisfaction and add more to the conviviality of the evening than the best square and compass in Europe. Lodges of free stonemasons have undoubtedly existed for hundreds of years, and in the Middle Ages their lodges are sometimes called guilds, some of which exist to the present day. During the latter part of Sir Christopher Wren's time, Freemasonry assumed a new garb in the form of speculative Masonry. Anderson, the oldest authority known, in his 1738 edition, says that on St. John's Day, June, 1716, four lodges met at the Apple Tree and constituted themselves a Grand Lodge, and resolved to hold an annual assembly and feast, and to choose a Grand Master from among themselves. He goes on to say that, "accordingly, on St. John the Baptist's Day, in the third year of

King George, A.D. 1717, the assembly and feast were held at the Goose and Gridiron, and Mr. Anthony Sayer was elected by a majority of hands Grand Master of Masons." Preston confirms this, except that he gives the number of lodges represented at the Apple Tree as six.

The Grand Lodges of Speculative Freemasons in other countries give the date of their origin some years after 1717. In France, for instance, they say they got their speculative Mason from England in 1734, and all other Grand Lodges admit that the art came from England. Observe that Sir C. Wren was Grand Master of Operative Freemasons at the same time that Mr. Anthony Sayer was Grand Master of Speculative Freemasons. Findel says: "The craft in its modern sense was founded by Brothers Payne, Desagulier, and Anderson, about the year 1717, and that to England is due the never-disputed merit of the decisive act which first called the craft into life. The institutions, customs, and doctrines of the operative guilds were very deficient, and yielded for the new creation in 1717 very few materials; aye, properly speaking, only the basis and some rough outlines. The history of the craft does not even fully coincide with that of the fraternity of the Stonemasons, but belongs to this domain only so far as those scanty elements and foundations extend, and as it is necessary for the understanding of the development of masonry towards the end of the seventeenth century down to 1717. Whoever attempts to trace the history of Freemasonry back ceases to stand on the ground of authenticated facts and documents and is removed into the region of fiction and legend."

X. L. C. R. says: "It is believed that no Catholic can be a Freemason." I know several Roman Catholics that are brethren of the mystic art. The late Pope Pius IX. was a Freemason, and belonged to a French lodge at Marseilles. The late Grand Master of England, the Marquis of Ripon, could have retained his office after he changed his faith had he thought fit.

J. SHAWCROSS.

Millbrook.

#### WESTMORLAND AND DOLGELLY.

(Query No. 1,107, June 14.)

[1,116.] The right way of spelling Westmoreland depends upon the meaning—*i.e.*, upon the derivation. If it signifies the land of moors in the west, it should be Westmoorland. If it means the land of meres (lakes) in the west, it should be Westmereland. If it denotes the land of mountains (*mor*) in the west, as

opposed to Cleve or Cliff-land in the east, then Westmorland is the correct form. In an old MS. poem, three centuries old, now in the British Museum, it is spelled Westmerland.

F. R. LEES.

Meanwood Lodge, Leeds.

Nicholson and Burns, in *The History and Antiquities of Westmorland and Cumberland*, give Westmorland as their mode of spelling; and in some foot-notes quoted by them from grants and charters in the reign of Richard the First, Westmerland frequently occurs.

WILLIAM FURNESS.

Temple Sowerby, Westmorland.

Not long after Ida and his hosts had taken possession of that part of England which subsequently became known to the Anglo-Saxons as the Kingdom of Northumbria, that county of which Appleby is at present the shire-town, was called "Westmorland," or the waste land in the west relatively to "Morland," a name they gave to a district in the west of Yorkshire. During the middle ages Westmorland, in accordance with the cacography of the times, was variously written "Westmorland," "Westmoreland," and Westmoorland," until at last, as our forefathers became convinced of the utility of a standard orthography, "Westmoreland" was regarded as the correct form of the name. We can only account for the revival of the Saxon "Westmorland" when we come to consider how Townsend has sometimes become Tunsende, Bagley Baguley, Sugden Suguden, Cooke Coke and Cock. It was evidently effected through the efforts of correct writers to restore as far as possible the Saxon form of spelling. With regard to Dolgelly, the antepenult of that name is undoubtedly an abbreviation of "dol-dir," a Celtic compound, which, in composition of Welsh local names, signifies a meadow; and the last two syllables are evidently a corruption of "gelli," a grove formerly devoted to the use of the Druids. Therefore the form "Dolgelly" is consistent with the etymology of the name. I have in my possession an old geographical lexicon wherein a description of this town appears under the heading "Dolgelhe or Dolgeth"—attempts to spell according to the sound.

COTTONOPOLITAN.

#### QUERIES.

[1,117.] ANGLING RESORTS NEAR MANCHESTER. I should be glad to learn the places nearest to Manchester where good trout, perch, and pike-fishing may be had, and any other information those interested may be willing to give.

A NOVICE.

[1,118.] DR. CLAY, OF ASHTON.—Can any correspondent give me any information about Dr. Clay, of Ashton, who about forty years ago published a *Geology of Ashton-under-Lyme*? The book is interestingly written, and contains a "reconciliation" of the Mosaic and geological records similar to that which afterwards became so popular under the graphic pen of Hugh Miller. Did he publish any other work?

H. B.

[1,119.] THE Q. C. CLUB.—Seeing in your Notes and Queries an account of the origin and history of the Nutcrackers' Club reminds me of a similar club at which I was some years ago a guest, and which I believe is still in existence. It is called the Q. C. Club, and is held bi-weekly at the Thatched House Hotel. Can any of your readers give the meaning of the title and also state if the date on their deed-chests (A.D. 1643 I think it is) is the correct date of its birth?

NEMO.

The *Biograph* for July contains a memoir of Mr. W. E. A. Axon of this city; and a sketch of the life and journalistic labours of Mr. Henry Duncckley, the "Verax" and Editor of the *Manchester Examiner and Times*. The writer intimates that Mr. Duncckley is a native of Warwick.

An illustrated catalogue of the collection of pictures by Mr. J. H. E. Partington at the Brazenose Club has been issued this week. It contains an interesting memoir of the painter, and twenty-four fac-simile lithographs of his principal works. Some of these, especially the single figures, are very effective transcripts, and the whole book forms a pleasant memorial of an attractive exhibition.

The council of the Manchester Literary Club have reprinted in pamphlet form, from their forthcoming volume of *Papers* (the fifth of the annual series), the bibliographical biography of John Ruskin, by Mr. W. E. A. Axon. It will be found a very serviceable guide to the voluminous and complicated writings of the great art critic. Mr. Ruskin seems to regard Mr. Axon's work of value, for he writes: "I am exceedingly obliged by the careful and courteous manner in which your lecture is conceived and arranged, and very grateful for the attention drawn therein to my books, which very honestly I can say I want to be read for others' sakes, not mine." For popular and even for students' use, this booklet is superior to the expensive bibliography of M. R. H. Shepherd.



Saturday, June 28, 1879.

NOTES

A RAIN BING.

[1,120.] Under this title, but not in the *City News* Note column, Arlunydd Glan Conway described an appearance I have often seen in Snowdonia, but which I should rather call a solar halo. I first saw it a little before sunset on May 10, 1867, and sketched it on a blank page of my constant Cambrian companion, Ramsay's *Old Glaciers*. In course of a walk amid showers and gloom from Carnarvon—no Llanberis Railway then—I had reached the twelve-milestone in the pass when a lucid interval caused me to look back. The upper sky had cleared, all but a slight haze; a few white mist-wreaths capped or collared the higher peaks, from seaward there gleamed out under a dark cloud-bed crested with glittering sunshine a patch of, by contrast, intense light; and above, from Llechog on the Snowdon to Esgairfelen on the Glyder side, the Pass was bridged by a beautiful arch of light, tinted as A. G. C. mentions; but its key-stone was a bright nebula or mock sun, from which to the position of the true sun behind the cloud descended a tapering wedge of light. The under face of the cloud glowed like some gorgeous ceiling with red and orange tints from light reflected *upward* from the sea. Next day was bright and hot as summer, as, in fact, had been the case for some weeks; so that the winter's snow, such as I had found in plenty on Helvellyn at the end of the month the previous year, was utterly gone, to my regret.

On the 12th, however, "Blackthorn winter" came, in *hot* haste as Paddy would say, to atone for past neglect. The mountains were, above the 2,000 feet line, thickly snow-clad; and on ascending Glyder-fach next day my trousers, wet through by the soaked heather of the lower slopes, clattered like boards as I trod, in dense mist and a roaring nor-easter, the snow on the heights, which creaked under foot as in the depth of winter. On the summit I fixed an Elliott's minimum thermometer, the index-reading of which has just been sent me by a friend. This was the sharp spell in which occurred Hermit's snowy Derby day.

I saw another solar halo some years after in course of descending Moel Siabod, while yet about 2,000 feet above sea-level. Its left limb rested on the top of

Crib-y-ddygyll, which just peered over the nearer Crib-goch; and its right on the top of Glyder-fawr, towards its south-east angle. The mock sun and its bright taproot were again to the fore, and the latter was visible nearly to its termination, the sun, which had but just dipped behind the end of Esgair-felen. The arch spanned Llanberis Pass, the entrance of which appeared blocked by Foel-berfedd. Snowdon with its Ordnance pile and the hideous huts rose sharp and clear to left; and again the back of one of Ramsay's woodcuts proved useful as a sketch block. This instance occurred in and was followed by fair weather.

Again September 21, 1873, I saw the phenomenon from the Bangor road, near Capel-curig. It was a magnificent Sunday afternoon, following a day of such heavy wet as seemed to end a week hydropathic to extreme even for Snowdonia, by washing the country clear of visitors. The coach loads of streaming umbrellas going stationwards were a sight to remember. The sun was high above Cefn-y-capel, so that most of the ring was visible; but those who flinch and blink at a bit of sunshine (as from so seldom seeing it—*vide* Kohl's *Travels*—many Manchester folk do) could not have observed the appearance. It was followed by ten days of glorious weather; Snowdon mostly cloudless, and the air so clear (as it frequently is after as well as before rain) that St. David's Head, Ireland, Isle of Man, and the Lake country showed up with a sharpness I have rarely, in nearly fifty ascents, seen equalled. The Saesneg host fled just a day too soon; and until the end of the month two or three of us had Ben-y-gwryd all to ourselves. Mr. Owen's rain-gauge caught, from September 1 to 20, more than thirteen inches of rain, but none in the concluding ten days. H. B. B.

Sale, Manchester.

REMINISCENCES OF MANCHESTER FIFTY YEARS AGO.

VII.—SOME OMISSIONS SUPPLIED.

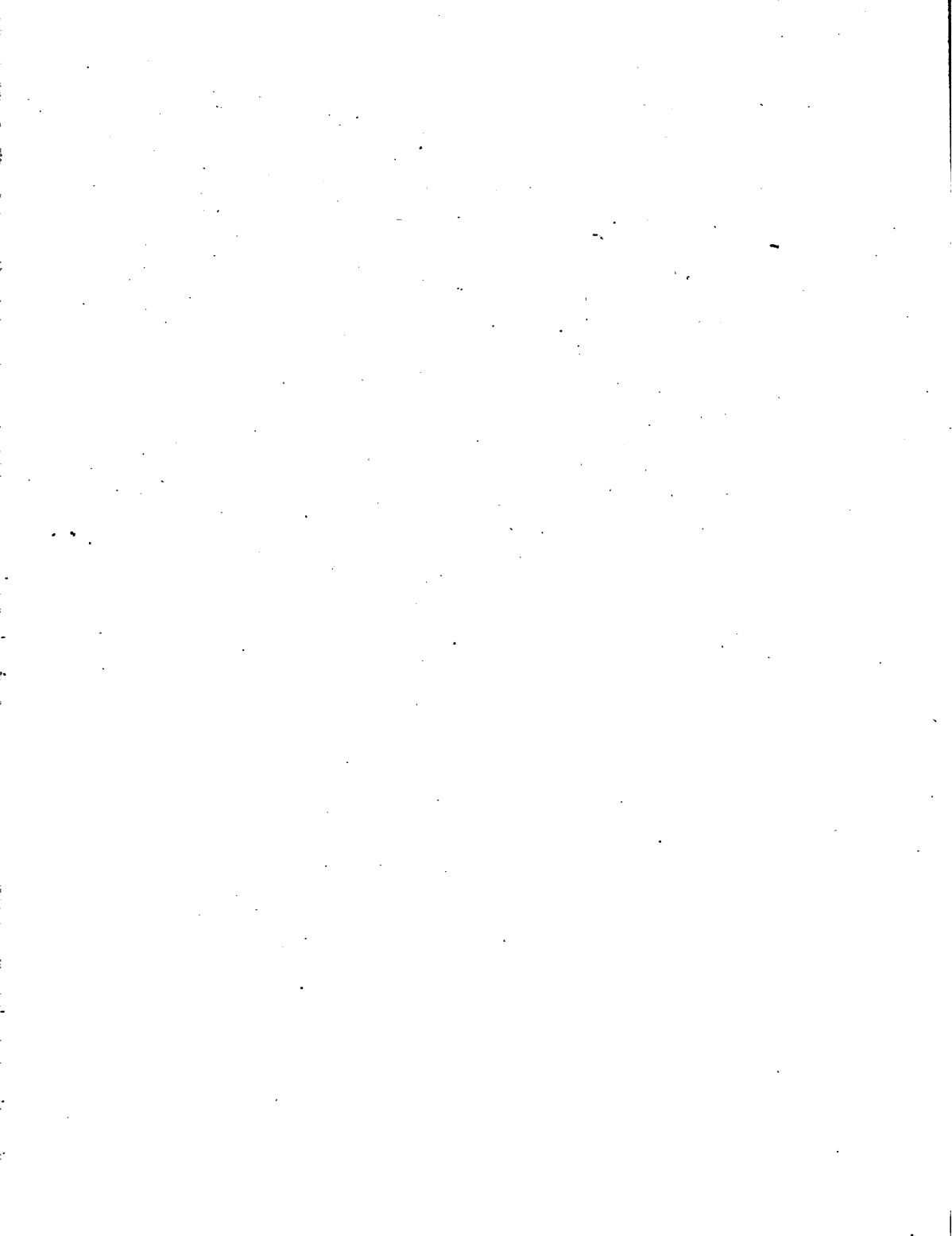
[1,121.] I have received a note from Mr. W. C. Daggett, 208, Warde-street, Hulme, saying "the velveteen with the ear of corn and the word FREE thereon was printed by Charles Ramsey, at his works, Ancoats Vale, from whence it was sent to the late Sir Robert Peel, and after a few days returned by him. I had a waistcoat made up from the same piece of cloth. Mr. Ramsey printed several pieces for the house I was with."

In travelling from Buxton to Manchester, after passing New Mills, a beautiful valley on the right opens out to view, and in it a cluster of white buildings is seen. These are the Strines Printworks. The Strines Printing Company have occupied a prominent position in Manchester for many years. Fifty years ago their warehouse was in Mulberry-street, Deansgate, which was then a very nondescript sort of street. The Roman Catholic Chapel was there, having since undergone considerable architectural improvement in its external appearance. Attached to it were the residences of the Revs. Henry Gillow, Daniel Hearne, and John Billington. The street was then as narrow as it is now, but nearly all the old buildings having been replaced by modern warehouses (one of which is the large handsome block erected by Mr. John Heywood) it has lost its dingy character and put on a brighter aspect. It then contained, besides the warehouse of the Strines Printing Company, five others, several private dwellings, and the tap of the Hope public-house. One of these houses was the residence of Mr. Addison, a silk mercer and haberdasher, of King-street; one was occupied by Mr. James Parry, a portrait painter; one by a tailor, and another by a dressmaker; whilst one or two, it was whispered, were houses of questionable repute.

In my last notice I mentioned the firm of Carlton, Walker and Co., one which I ought not to have omitted in a notice of wholesale firms. Fifty years ago Mr. James Carlton was in business alone as a muslin manufacturer, at 13, New High-street, his residence being then in Strangeways; but shortly afterwards he removed to Irwell House, Lower Broughton, where he continued to reside for many years. There has perhaps not been a Manchester merchant whose character for honour and integrity stood higher than James Carlton's. Very quiet and undemonstrative, he was the true Christian gentleman, and was a prominent member of the Congregationalist body. Shortly after the time referred to he left the warehouse in New High-street and founded the firm of Carlton, Walker, and Lewis, in whose service my only brother died, the new warehouse being in Mosley-street, and still in the occupation of George Walker and Co. In those days the small easy neckties now worn by gentlemen were unknown, and the neck was generally encased either in a deep stiff stock which buckled behind, or in a large silk handkerchief, inside which was a very deep stiffener, a

specimen of which may be seen in the portrait of Baron Stockmar given in the first volume of Theodore Martin's Life of the Prince Consort. One of the principal manufacturers of this class of goods was Frederick Ramsden, who first had a shop in Deansgate. His trade having greatly enlarged, shortly after New Brown-street was opened out he took a warehouse in it and entered into the general trade; when my brother (having served an apprenticeship with Mr. Peter Drummond, a large draper in Deansgate, and father of Dr. Drummond of Higher Broughton) entered Ramsden's service, and after a while travelled for him. After being with him six years he entered into an engagement with Carlton, Walker, and Lewis, and having travelled for them one year he came home to die at the early age of twenty-seven. There used to be a little tale told of one of their travellers, a Welshman, which as a good joke is worth repeating. There is a certain class of goods known as jaconets, and which I am told are glazed calicoes used for lining the sleeves of coats, &c., and were sent out on wooden rollers. When these goods were first introduced the firm in question did a large trade in them. The Welshman once visited a draper in the principality, and in describing the big trade his firm was doing in this class of goods, he gravely assured his customer that such was the demand for them that they had been obliged to buy a large forest in America in order to provide wood for the rollers.

Amongst packers and makers-up I may be allowed to mention the London firm of Wheelton, Brewer, and Buckland, which though not here fifty years ago, opened a branch in Manchester very shortly after the time of which I am writing, under the management of Mr. John Brewer. Their place of business was the New Market-hall, opposite the end of Strutt-street, near the *City News* office. Though an old building it had been substantially built and contained a large room on the ground floor, which was flagged as though it had once been a market-hall for the sale of some kind of Manchester goods. I see it is now replaced by a more modern structure. Mr. Wheelton was sheriff of London at the time of the collision between the Court of Queen's Bench and the House of Commons in connection with the trial of Stockdale v. Hansard. Stockdale was a publisher of a certain class of literature, and had been attacked by some member in his place in the House of Commons. His speech was in due course





PART VII.

PRICE ONE SHILLING AND THREEPENCE. JULY TO SEPTEMBER, 1879.

"I come by NOTE, to give and to receive."

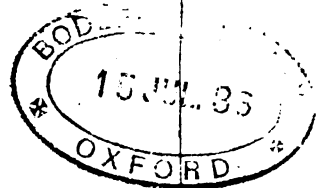
*Merchant of Venice*, act iii., scene 2.

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# City News Notes

and

# Queries.



[REPRINTED FROM THE "MANCHESTER CITY NEWS."]

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MANCHESTER.

CITY NEWS OFFICE, STRUTT STREET.

1879.



printed by Hansard, against whom Stockdale brought an action in the Queen's Bench for libel. It was decided that although the member was privileged in what he said, Hansard was not so in his publication of it, and Stockdale obtained a verdict. It was the sheriff's place to levy execution, which by his officers he did. Great excitement prevailed in the House because of this supposed infringement of the liberties of Parliament, and, after Wheelton had been summoned to the bar of the House to explain his conduct, Parliament avenged itself by lodging the poor sheriff in the Tower, where he remained for about a week, when he was liberated.

My next will have reference to bleachers, hookers-in and drysalters; and finish what I have to say about the Manchester trade and traders of fifty years ago.  
J. T. SLUGG.

#### BIRCH AND PLATT.

[1,122.] There is a quiet, homely, pretty little bit of country which, like its neighbour Platt, clings appealingly to the skirts of advancing Manchester, as if fearful of being down-trodden by the approaching columns of brick and mortar and a swelling population, the intrenchment of its own brook being incapable of resisting the invasion. The fields behind Birch Church, parsonage, hall, and farm (which are embowered in trees), retain much of their old charm, which years ago impressed itself upon our feelings and still attract groups of Saturday and Sunday country rambles. Birch must have been a truly sylvan retreat for the Manchester merchant, John Dickenson, who in 1744 purchased the estate and retired from his house in Market Sted Lane, afterwards noted as the Palace (from the Pretender Prince Charles Edward lodging a night in it), and then the Palace Inn. During the troubled times of Charles the First and his Parliament the quiet and then obscure nooks of Birch and Platt each sent forth a man who became famous in that struggle for pre-eminence. The family of Colonel Birch, a leading and successful defender of Manchester against the Royalists under Lord Strange (Earl of Derby), who besieged it, held Birch from 1318 till 1744. The descendants of Dickenson, now Anson, still possess it. A public-house sign, the "General Birch," on the Ashton Old Road, is named after the stirring Parliamentary colonel. From Platt went Charles Worsley, the second son of Ralph Worsley, of Manchester, yeoman, who purchased Platt

estate in 1625 from the local family De la Platt owners from 1288. Charles Worsley became an intimate and favourite friend of Oliver Cromwell and a Parliamentary general. He died in Westminster Palace in 1656, and was buried in Westminster Abbey, A plain slab of marble perpetuates his name. Shortly after his interment a Royalist cavalier secreted himself in the Abbey, and under the words "Here lieth the body of Charles Worsley," chiselled "and never a worse lay." There is at Platt Hall his portrait in oil, and there are now in Manchester obscure descendants of his.  
JAMES BURY.

#### COMMENTS AND ANSWERS.

DR. CLAY OF ASHTON-UNDER-LYNE.  
(Query No. 1,118, June 21.)

[1,123.] If your correspondent H. B. is desirous of obtaining authentic information, I would recommend him to call at the rooms of the worthy doctor, which are situated in Piccadilly, Manchester, and obtain an interview with the old gentleman.

J. H. BURTON.

THE NUTCRACKERS' CLUB.  
(Nos. 1,075 and 1,092.)

[1,124.] It may interest some readers of this column to know, as I can tell them without any very great breach of confidence, that the facetious article on this club which appeared in the *City Lantern* of December 31st, 1874, was written by Mr. W. S. Mackie, then chief reporter on the *Examiner and Times*, and now editor of the *Edinburgh Daily Review*. It was a clever, whimsical burlesque of the proceedings of the club as applied to certain questions which were then of public interest, and was entitled "Disendowment of the Royal Nutcrackers." It is well worthy of a re-perusal.  
DANDIE DINMONT.

THE TITAN CLUB.  
(Nos. 1,030 and 1,047.)

[1,125.] I read with much pleasure, and I am sure many others have also, the interesting sketch *JAQUES* gave of the meetings of the Titan Club. I well remember on one occasion being present at one of these meetings (my friend introduced me as "Hubert") when Mr. Henry Irving was asked to give a reading, and in complying he gave us "My Uncle," which, I thought at the time, was a very grim affair. In his rendering of this piece I recollect how he fumed and gasped, and finally, by his terrible earnestness (or

whatever else it may be called) we found he had worked his way underneath a table, and there he lay stretched in the agonies of all the surroundings of "My Uncle." Truly it was a painful performance; yet still Mr. J. L. Toole, in my hearing, said to Irving, "Harry, I shall live to see the day when your name will become famous!" How well the shadow of coming events were cast before the eyes of Toole I think has been amply proved. I could not have believed it possible, with such actors as poor Gus Brooke before me. It would be interesting to a large circle of your readers if JACQUES would contribute some more of his notes; more especially if he would give us the club's doings on Shakspeare's tercentenary commemoration.

PITTITE.

## THE TENT METHODISTS.

(Nos. 1,027 and 1,039.)

[1,126.] The Rev. John Pyer was a Wesleyan minister at Bristol, and he, with Mr. Pocock, conducted tent services in that city and neighbourhood for the purpose of reaching the masses. The district meeting ordered the services to be discontinued, but these gentlemen resigned their connection with Wesleyanism that they might continue the work which had been so successful. I do not know why they came to Manchester. Your correspondent WILLIAM HILL does not state any reason. I have never heard that they laboured in any towns except Bristol, Manchester, and Liverpool. When the Poor Man's Chapel was built in Manchester the tent was removed to Liverpool. Dr. Raffles preached at the opening services of the Poor Man's Chapel; in all probability through the influence of Mr. Rawlings, who was a Bristol man and a friend of Mr. Pyer. This Mr. Rawlings was a member of Dr. Raffles' church in Liverpool. The tent services were confined to the south end of Liverpool, in what was then the rural district of Toxteth Park. The fields where the tent was pitched are all covered with houses now. I know only one person who took part in those services, and that is Mr. John Cocking, who as a boy helped to pitch the tent on Sunday mornings or strike it when the day's worship was over. It would be the year 1824 when these Tent Methodists began in Liverpool. Messrs. Pyer and Pocock both took great interest in the work which was carried on, but the popular preacher was a young man of eighteen, who had come from Bristol. He looked like a country

boy, but he had power to gain the attention and win the admiration of his audiences. This youth was George Smith, afterwards Dr. George Smith, of Poplar, the well-known preacher, and secretary of the Congregational Union of England and Wales.

The tent was very well for summer time, but it did not serve very well in winter. So the Tent Methodists of Liverpool were constrained to imitate their Manchester brethren and seek a permanent building for their place of worship. They did not erect a chapel, but hired a school-room in what was then Heath-street, but is now called Hyslop-street. The room is still standing, though it has been altered. It is now a mission-room belonging to the Presbyterians. The people continued to use the tent in fine weather and the room when it was cold or stormy, and to keep their old name of Tent Methodists until October 27, 1827, when at a church meeting specially called for the purpose the members resolved themselves into a Congregational church. George Smith was ordained the minister in the following month. From that time the Tent Methodists as a denomination ceased in Liverpool, though the tent services were continued by the church which had become Congregational. As long as the tent would hold together it was used, even when Hanover Chapel had been built for the worshippers.

It may interest some of your readers to trace the history of the church. Hanover Chapel was built in 1829, and was burnt down in June, 1855. Berkley-street Chapel was opened in 1857. Berkley-street Church has descended from the Tent Methodists, though there is only one person in the congregation who was a Tent Methodist. The others are scattered or dead. I should like to know whether there is any other church which owes its origin to this movement. St. Jude's is not an instance. If I remember rightly, the site of the Poor Man's Church was simply purchased, and St. Jude's built upon it. There was a magazine published called the *Tent Methodist Magazine*. Do any of your readers know anything about it?

THOMAS KEYWORTH.

52, Selborne-street, Liverpool.

## THE GEOLOGY OF MANCHESTER.

(Nos. 1,039 and 1,114.)

[1,127.] It may probably interest your correspondents on this subject to know that last Saturday a few geological students began a series of geological rambles for the purpose of visiting the various sec-



tions named in the *Memoirs* mentioned by H. B., and published by the Geological Survey, both written by Professor Hull, viz., *The Geology of the Country around Bolton-le-Moors*, and *The Geology of the Country around Oldham*. Last Saturday they began with the Bolton-le-Moors memoir, and chose some sections in the neighbourhood of Bury showing the Millstone Grit and Lower Coal Measures, especially noting that one containing the feather-edge coal. Next Saturday they will take a portion of the Irwell Valley district, illustrating the Middle Coal Measures, particularly where the coal seams crop to the surface. It is proposed to eventually take the Upper Measures, the Permians, and such secondary rocks as may be found within the scope of this memoir, together with the superficial drifts, before entering upon the Oldham one. We should gladly welcome the company of your correspondents or others, and would highly appreciate any guidance and information they might give us. I enclose my address.

R. T. B.

Allow me to inform H. B., and others interested, that Taylor's *Geological Essays on the Neighbourhood of Manchester* is quite out of print. No new edition has been published as H. B. thinks, but the remainder of the edition was sold off at a cheap rate in 1875, since which time it has not been obtainable.

BIBLIOPOLE.

#### THE FREEMASONS.

(Nos. 1,178, 1,101, and 1,115.)

[1,128.] In connection with Mr. SHAWCROSS's instructive communication, and especially his reference to the first lodge of the new order of freemasons—i.e. the one at present in existence—it is worth noting that on Wednesday in this week, according to an account in the *Times*, "Prince Leopold was formally installed Master of the Lodge of Antiquity. The past masters form a large portion of this small and select lodge, and those among them who took part in the ceremony, in addition to such as fill some of the offices already named, were Dr. Wharton Hood, Mr. W. Fraser Rae, Mr. C. A. Swinburne (the poet), Professor Erasmus Wilson, and Mr. F. A. Philbrick, Q.C. What rendered the ceremony the more noteworthy was that the Prince now succeeds to the chair which was occupied from the year 1809 to 1843, by his great uncle, the Duke of Sussex, who instituted a royal medal, which is worn by members of the lodge in commemoration of his mastership.

The lodge is remarkable for being the oldest English lodge in the craft, if not the oldest authenticated lodge in the world. It possesses many rare and curious Masonic relics. The mallet used was that employed by Charles II. to lay the foundation-stone of St. Paul's Cathedral, and was presented to the lodge by its then Master—Sir Christopher Wren. This mallet is made out of a piece of wood of the cathedral which stood where the present one now stands. A piece of stone dug out when the foundations were laid, and belonging to the Roman temple which preceded the Christian Church, is another curiosity which the lodge obtained from Sir Christopher Wren. Some of the lodge furniture in exquisite taste was designed and presented to it by the great architect."

Freemasonry, therefore, in its modern and much-altered form, may now definitely be considered to be one hundred and sixty-three years old.

ERGO.

I think that if J. SHAWCROSS make enquiry of the Bishop of Salford, he will find that Roman Catholics remaining Freemasons, or members of secret societies, cannot receive absolution. I should like to have proof that Pius IX. was a Freemason. Of course Roman Catholics may have been, and may be now, Freemasons, but that proves nothing. The question is whether, if they presented themselves to the proper authority and declared themselves members of the order, they would be accepted. I think not; and doubtless the Marquis of Ripon was aware of this when, on becoming a Roman Catholic, he resigned office.

C. H. C.

Wirksworth.

#### QUERIES.

[1,129.] BRADFORD RATE BOOK.—Can any of your readers say where the Bradford (near Manchester) rate book for the years 1711 to 1813 can be seen? It measures eight inches by six.

ENQUIRER.

[1,130.] CHIEF RENTS.—I am told that chief rents are unknown in England except in the counties of Lancashire and Middlesex. Is this correct, and if so, how came it about that this form of land burden obtained here and nowhere else?

ACRE.

[1,131.] THE HOOKES' FAMILY, OF CONWAY.—The following inscription appears on a tombstone in the chancel of St. Mary's Church, Conway:—"Here lyeth y body of Nich. Hooke of Conway, Ge., who was the

forty-first child of his father, William Hookes, Esquire, by Alice his wife, and the father of twenty-seven children, who died the 20th day of March, 1637." I should be glad of further information about this family.  
Y.

[1,132.] CHANGE OF COLOUR IN GOLD FISH.—I have a large gold fish which I received about twelve months ago, and it was at that time a pure gold colour. At the beginning of this year I noticed it gradually became black in various parts of the body, the tail tipped black and also the fins. At the same time dark-coloured fish in the same aquarium have gradually changed lighter, not in patches but entirely. Can any correspondent tell the reason of this?  
W. A. D.

[1,133.] PORTRAITS OF CHRIST.—To what circumstance does Bunsen allude when he says:—"We know on the contrary that an artistic character was first given to the head of Christ in the fifth or sixth century at Byzantium: a fact now ascertained from the wonderful pictures in Justinian's Church of St. Sophia, which the King of Prussia ordered to be copied before they were again covered with white-wash." (*Egypt's Place in Universal History*, Lond., 1860. Vol. iv., p. 595.)

#### A MANCHESTER PYTHAGOREAN.

[1,134.] COWEN OR COWAN.—I might be supposed to know all about this word myself, seeing that I used it in an answer in reference to the Freemasons. Such, however, is not the case. I am aware that it is applied to those who know nothing of the bright hieroglyphic "which none but craftsmen ever saw," and that the duty of the tyler of a lodge is being armed with a drawn sword to keep off all cowens or intruders to Masonry. Beyond that I know nothing. Can any contributor or reader of Notes and Queries enlighten me as to the first application of the word in this symbolic sense, and also whence and where it was derived? I may add that it is indifferently spelled as given above.  
DANDIE DINMONT.

ENGLISH SCENERY.—It is in England alone that nature is helped to her true development. In our parks an endless variety of trees have space to grow to their true beauty. Our hedgerows, our hill-sides, our beds of gorse or broom, the banks in our western and other counties, are the traveller's garden everywhere, as well as shelter from sun, wind, and rain. Nowhere abroad can the botanist, the ornithologist, or the entomologist, make so many observations as in this country. He has only to stop anywhere and he can add to his collection and his knowledge as well. Nowhere else in the frequented parts of Europe can the cattle be seen at large in the fields enjoying themselves. Nowhere is rural life so diffused over the country, or each little valley or knoll so vivified or humanised. But the acme and flower of all this natural beauty is well-planned, well-planted, and well-kept pleasure ground.—*Times*.

Saturday, July 5, 1879.

#### NOTES.

#### PROPOSED UNIVERSITY AT MANCHESTER IN 1640-1.

[1,135.] The history of the Owens College, from the penning by John Owens of the far-sighted clause in his will by which a University education was put within the reach of the young men of Manchester, to the publication of the news just announced that a charter is to be bestowed, forms a wonderful chapter in modern educational annals. So far as I am aware, no reference has been made by the energetic and sagacious advocates of this measure to the fact that it is not a new project, but that it was before the same district, with Manchester for its centre, 239 years ago. It is due to the public-spirited gentlemen who then laboured to obtain a University for Manchester that the facts should now be called to mind. The review of the circumstances will present some suggestive parallels and points of interest not altogether unworthy of notice at the present moment.

At the time in question, the journey to Oxford or Cambridge from the northern parts of England, and particularly from Westmorland or Lancashire, was a formidable undertaking. In a recent volume of his *Recreations*, A.K.H.B. has related that even in his early days the journey was not lightly encountered. But in the time of Charles I. boys were sent to college from the age of fourteen and upwards; and parents wisely hesitated to commit their children to the perils of the roads, and to deprive them of personal oversight and the influences of home-life. The Northern Grammar Schools, excellent as many of them were, did not always make the best of the "hopeful wits" which were nurtured in them; and young men were often put into cures and other positions without sufficient qualifications. The expense of living at the southern universities was another serious hindrance to their use; and on this account many English parents sent their boys to one of the four Scotch Universities.

Considerations such as these influenced many private gentlemen in Lancashire and Yorkshire to endeavour to extend the influence of education by founding a northern university at Manchester. There were deliberations about it in the year 1640. At that time the grown-up male population of Manchester

and Salford proper was about 1,700 in number, and there were besides in the chapelries and townships of Manchester about the same number. One of the chief projectors of the measure was Lord Strange, better known as the martyr Earl of Derby. Canon Raines' memoir of this nobleman shows that he possessed considerable literary culture; and a few years before the date named he and his father had been interested in providing a library for the use of the parish of Manchester. Lord Strange, who was a frequent resident at Aldport, near Manchester, was the owner of the buildings now known as Chetham's College, which with rare judgment were pitched upon as the site of the new foundation. The scheme had likewise the support of the Fairfax family, of Denton and Nun Appleton, Yorkshire, which, representing the interest of that important county, was ready to subscribe amply to the endowment, and saw good reasons for the choice of the town of Manchester. The house of Fairfax had given a worthy name to English literature in the translator of *Jerusalem Delivered*; and another member of it was the generous patron of Dodsworth and the donor of that antiquary's MSS. to the Bodleian. It is to be regretted that the names of the Manchester gentlemen who advocated the establishment of the University are not recorded.

The following letters have been preserved amongst the correspondence of the Fairfax family in the seventeenth century. The first letter is from the pen of Henry Fairfax, born 1588, a younger son of Thomas, first Lord Fairfax, who died 1640. This gentleman was a very amiable person, and his tastes, like those of his uncle Edward, lay in the gentler avocations of life. He was fond of heraldry and antiquities, and corresponded with Daniel King. In Oley's preface to George Herbert's *Country Parson*, Henry Fairfax is called "a regular and sober fellow of Trinity College in Cambridge." His father gave him the living of Newton Kyme, in Yorkshire, which he left about 1623 to become the Rector of Ashton-under-Lyne, to which Sir George Booth presented him. In the Civil War his parsonage-house at Ashton was the resort of the persecuted; but from that home he was driven under somewhat brutal circumstances; and a former curate, John Harrison, took his place. Fairfax afterwards became Rector of Bolton Percy, in Yorkshire, and he died there 6th April, 1665. The letter referred to is addressed to his elder brother,

Ferdinand, who had then recently succeeded the first Lord Fairfax in the barony. He had been knighted in 1607; he was one of the M.P.'s for Yorkshire in the Long Parliament; and soon after the date of the present letter he was general of the northern forces for the Parliament. He died in 1649.

I. COPY OF A LETTER TO FERDINANDO, LORD FAIRFAX  
SENT MARCH 20TH, 1640-1.

May it please your Lordship,—I have here inclosed some propositions lately made at Manchester, in a public meeting there, concerning an university; which, if you please to consider what good it may bring to our whole North, and other parts; what glory to the Parliament to be the founder of that, and what honour to your lordship to be chief agent in it; posterity may bless you, and the work itself will speak that the like hath not been in England (if Cambridge be the last), not of two thousand years.—Your lordship's ever faithful and loving brother and servant,  
HENRY FAIRFAX.

II. THE PETITION TO THE LONG PARLIAMENT.

To the Right Honourable the High Court of Parliament, now assembled, the humble Petition of the Nobility, Gentry, Clergy, Freeholders, and other inhabitants of the northern parts of England,

Humbly sheweth,—That whereas the want of an university in the northern parts of this kingdom, both in this and former ages, hath been apprehended a great prejudice to the kingdom in general, but a greater misery and unhappiness to these countries in particular, many ripe and hopeful wits being utterly lost for want of education, some being unable, others unwilling, to commit their children of tender and unsettled age so far from their own eyes, to the sole care and tuition of strangers: We therefore humbly crave leave to offer unto your pious care and wise consideration the necessity of a third university, and the convenience of such a foundation in the town of Manchester, for the future advancement of piety and good learning amongst us.

First.—In all humility we submit unto your grave judgements the consideration of the great distance of both universities from us: many parts of the countries wherein the petitioners are inhabitants lying above two hundred miles from Oxford or Cambridge, few under one hundred, insomuch that divers gentlemen are induced to send their sons to foreign universities, or else to allow them only country breeding.

Secondly.—The great charges of the other universities, necessarily occasioned by the multitude of scholars; the dearth of provisions, the want of fuel and scarcity of lodgings forcing many men of indifferent and competent

estates, able enough to maintain their children in another convenient place of the kingdom, either to debar them of university breeding, to make them servitors, or, at best, to allow them only two or three years' maintenance, and then to provide them of a country cure, or which is worse, without any degrees, without university learning, to procure them holy orders, and so obtrude them upon the Church, which (we speak from sad experience) hath occasioned many ignorant and unlearned ministers amongst us.

Thirdly.—The great hopes we have that from hence might issue able and learned men, laborious pastors and teachers, to convince and discourage Papists, and other superstitious people, who, for want of able scholars, daily take growth, and increase to the great hindrance of piety and true religion.

Fourthly.—The charitable intentions of these countries in general, more especially of some private gentlemen therein, who intend to be liberal benefactors for the provision and bringing up of the poor scholars of these parts, which now are either lost or burdensome to the other universities. This, therefore, we apprehend, might be a great ease, and no dishonour to them; a blessing to us, and a benefit to the commonwealth, which otherwise will lose the gratuities of these gentlemen—they solely intending to bestow their munificence in this pious work, and no other.

Fifthly.—The honour that might hence arise to these parts of the kingdom, which, by reason of their distance from the Court and universities, have suffered a double eclipse of honour and learning.

Sixthly.—We crave leave to certify that we apprehend Manchester to be the fittest place for such a foundation, it being almost the centre of these northern parts, a town of great antiquity, formerly both a city and a sanctuary, and now of great fame and ability, by the happy traffic of its inhabitants, for its situation, provision of food, fuel, and buildings, as happy as any town in the northern parts of the kingdom. To all this we add the convenience of the college there already built, both large and ancient, and now, as we understand, intended to this purpose by the piety and munificence of the Right Honourable James Lord Strange, a noble encourager of this great work.

Upon these and what other grounds your greater wisdoms and judgments may dictate unto you, we humbly beseech you to take into consideration the necessity of this great and pious business.

The picture of Manchester presented by this petition is of exceeding interest. It retained its picturesqueness, according to old inhabitants, up to

the beginning of the present century. It was not forgotten by the petitioners that their town was once a city. Its right of sanctuary was abolished in the year 1541.

The claims of Manchester were contested by York. The inhabitants of that city and county drew up two petitions, which set forth the better advantages of York for the proposed foundation. These petitioners approved of the scheme on the same grounds as Manchester, and they deplored the want of higher education, attributing to its absence the more active spread of Popery in the north. York, they said, was a more central place; it was a very ancient and famous city, "supported by the strong pillars of commerce and trade from very many foreign kingdoms;" it had a college, the Bedon, already well endowed, with a large hall for readers and good convenient lodgings for the students; and, lastly, there was a library "sometime the most famous in Europe, but being burnt about the time the University of Paris was founded [1206], it may now again be made to flourish by the help of charitable persons." They omit not to point out that there was a printer already there.

Lord Fairfax's reply to his brother, dated from his lodgings at the Saracen's Head, King-street London, 22nd March, 1640-1, was as follows:—

III. TO MY VERY LOVING BROTHER, MR. HENRY FAIRFAX  
AT ASHTON-UNDER-LINE.

Good Brother,—I have received your letter, and in it a petition for an university to be erected at Manchester which cannot be done but by a bill in Parliament. The charge will be great—about one hundred marks [£66. 13s. 4d.], and the effecting what is desired will be very uncertain. Those well affected to the now universities (which include, indeed, every member of our House), will be in danger to oppose this. I should be most glad to have such a bill pass, as beneficial not only to that but all the northern counties. I shall advise with the knights and burgesses of that county, and go the way they shall think fittest; but I much fear a happy issue of it, especially now that the House has made an order to entertain no new matter till some of those great and many businesses we have grasped be ended, the chief whereof are my Lord Lieutenant's trial [E. of Stratford's] this day only entered into, which is like to hold one week; the next will be my Lord of Canterbury's trial [Laud's], and with that, Episcopacy and Church-government (I hope not the Liturgy, which many shoot at.

The last part of the letter, which is subscribed, "Your very affectionate brother, Fer. Fairfax," is devoted to other public and personal matters.

About a month later Henry Fairfax again urged the matter of the University upon his brother's notice, suggesting that the promoters would send a deputation to the Council. To this there was a reply addressed, 20 April, 1841, to "My very loving brother, Mr. Henry Fairfax, at Ashton-under-Lyne," in which Lord Fairfax stated that he had "advised with divers gentlemen of Lancashire and Chester concerning an University at Manchester, but find them hopeless of having it. I gave the writings concerning that business to Mr. [Ralph] Ashton, one of the Knights for that county, to confer with the rest, who has not yet given me any answer. The way to effect it must be by Bill, which will be a charge of 100 marks at least, too much to be hazarded on so great an uncertainty; and, therefore, I think it fittest to let that rest and let none come to solicit it in this troublesome time when all businesses of the commonweal are at a stay, my Lord of Stratford still keeping us in play."

The Civil War for a time put an end to the legislation for the cultivation of literature in the north of England. The idea was not, however, lost, but was carried out in a modified form and on a smaller scale by Cromwell, who instituted the University of Durham out of the sequestered revenues of the Dean and Chapter. That foundation was broken up at the Restoration, and the present University was founded in 1833, under the provisions of an Act of Parliament.

JOHN E. BAILLY.

Stratford, Manchester.

#### REMINISCENCES OF MANCHESTER FIFTY YEARS AGO.

##### VIII. BLEACHERS, HOOKERS-IN, AND DREYSALTERS.

[1,136.] There were several large bleachworks in the neighbourhood of Manchester, amongst which might be named those of the Bealeys at Radcliffe, near Bury, and the Ainsworths at Halliwell, Bolton. The ancient name for a bleacher was a "whitster," and the business seems to be as old as the cotton trade. There are not many firms, either manufacturing or otherwise, which are in full operation to-day, and can look back to an uninterrupted prosperous career of at least 130 years, through father, grandfather, great-grandfather, and great-great-grandfather. The large and flourishing

bleaching concern of Richard Bealey and Co. at Radcliffe, however, is in this proud position. The first lease of land and buildings for their bleachworks is dated May 28, 1750, and recites the previous occupation of the leasees. The conveyance is from James Marsden to William Bealey, Richard Bealey, and Joseph Bealey, since which time they or their descendants have constantly occupied the works as "whitsters." Joseph was the second son of William, and was the great-grandfather of the present head of the firm. Joseph's son Richard succeeded to the business in partnership with his brother Ralph, their warehouse being in Bank-street; and in accordance with a custom referred to previously, their inn was the White Horse, Hanging Ditch.

In 1811 Richard was in partnership with his son Adam, as Richard Bealey and Son, their warehouse being in New Cannon-street. Richard died in 1817, and was succeeded by Adam, who did not live many years after. He had married a Chester lady, whose sister became the wife of the Rev. Dr. Warren. She survived her husband many years, and carried on the business in her own name as "Mary Bealey." In 1829, the time these notices specially refer to, her warehouse was in Birchin Lane. Both she and her husband were strongly attached to the Wesleyan cause. Amongst that body few ladies have been as widely known and as deservedly respected, on account of her noble deeds and many virtues, as Mrs. Mary Bealey. Her daughter married the well-known Wesleyan lawyer, Mr. Percival Bunting, who retired from Manchester to London a few years ago. Her eldest son is now at the head of the firm, and is county magistrate. I believe there is a probability of the business being perpetuated in the family many years longer; and one cannot but wish for the family as long and as prosperous a career in the future as they have enjoyed in the past.

I know not whether the institution of "hooking-in" still exists, or whether, owing to the march of civilization, it has been abolished. Fifty years ago it was in a very flourishing condition. Hookers-in abounded at every street corner. In the days when there were no railways and men had to use the more tedious method of travelling by stage coach, a journey to Manchester and back was a more formidable affair. Country drapers from distant places could not then run over to Manchester, buy goods, and return in a day. Hence they came here seldomer, but stayed

longer and bought more largely at once. Living then in Market-street, I had opportunities of seeing the hookers-in swarm about the doors of the Thatched House Tavern, the White Bear, and similar inns every morning, besieging the head waiters, who were pretty well feed'd, with the view of ascertaining who had arrived over night. Many were the tales which were told of them. One was that an old and a young stager in different lines were talking together at the warehouse door of the latter, when a gentleman passed, on which the old stager said to the other: "That is Mr. So-and-so, from Leicester; he is a large buyer in your way." Away went the young one after the gentleman, and presenting his card, begged him to turn in and look round, with the assurance that they had some goods very cheap which would exactly suit him. He did his work so well that there was no resistance, and Mr. So-and-so followed to see the stock. Casting his eye round the first room, he quickly assured the salesman that there was nothing in that room in his line. So with the next, and so with the next. At last the question was put to him, "What line is yours?" "Oh," replied he, "I am David Bellhouse, the timber merchant." One well-known gentleman of this class was Mr. Joseph Scott, familiarly known as Joe Scott. He was a smart, well-dressed man, with a dash of the aristocrat in his appearance. I have heard it stated that he was once sent to London by his employers on a special mission, which only required his presence there for a day or so. He went to an ordinary inn and announced himself as "Lord —." Shortly after the waiter pointed him out to another gentleman as "Lord —," when he was much astonished by the reply, "That! —; why, that's Joe Scott of Manchester." It used to be said that the firm of William Grant and Brothers was the first to employ hookers-in and the first to give up the use of them.

At the time I speak of it was customary to lock up the warehouse during the dinner hour; keeping it open was the exception to, not the rule. Then the circumference was nearer, the centre Manchester had not spread itself out as it has done since, and the homes of the employes were nearer the scenes of their labour. There were few who did not go home to dinner, and hence there were hardly any restaurants such as now abound on every hand. There was no Saturday half-holiday, and both master and man made much longer hours than is now the practice. In busy

times it was no unusual thing to be at business till ten or eleven o'clock, and even twelve, on Saturday nights as well as other nights.

Having spoken of calico printers, it is not possible to avoid a passing glance at the Drysalters, the interests of the two being so united. They were an inactive and intelligent class. What a flutter they use to be in on Tuesday, Thursday, and Saturday mornings, when the printers' carts arrived each with a load of prints, and with requisitions for certain drugs and drysalteries wanted at the works, to be sent back in the carts. Like the busy bee gathering honey from every opening flower, they were quite as busy going from door to door of the print warehouses, showing samples, giving quotations, and gathering orders. The most prominent figure of that busy band was the late William Benjamin Watkins, afterwards Mr. Alderman Watkins, who with his robust frame was to be seen on these occasions trudging about with quick, firm step, dressed in buckskin knee breeches and top boots. By some of us juveniles (and I fear by others too) he was irreverently designated "Buckskin Billy," and also "Old Leather Breeches."

The author of *Gimcrackiana* has hit off what I have described:—

Dear drysalters! who on accustomed round  
Each Tuesday, Thursday, Saturday are found  
Skipping up warehouse steps with action smart  
"Good morning, sir! Pray have you had a cart?  
Is there aught wanting for the works to-day?  
Promptest attention shall our porters pay.  
Our drugs are excellent, and you well know  
That at this time they are extremely low."

J. T. SLUGG.

#### COMMENTS AND ANSWERS.

##### THE Q. C. CLUB.

(Query No. 1,119, June 21.)

[1,137.] I have been a frequent visitor at the Q. C. Club, and have been told that the origin of the said club, and also the meaning of the mysterious letters, are only made known to the members. They are imparted to them as a secret, and I understand have never yet been divulged.

VULCAN.

##### THE TITAN CLUB.

(Nos. 1,030, 1,047, and 1,125.)

[1,138.] Where are the archives of this club? I am sure a most interesting paper might be compiled from them. It was among the Titans that the

Davenport Brothers were first exposed. I forget my club cognomen, but cannot forget the pleasure I had in the company.

Prince's Theatre, Manchester.

PHILIP DAY.

CHIEF RENTS.

(Query No. 1,130, June 28.)

[1,139.] ACRE has been misinformed as to chief rents being unknown in England except in the counties of Lancashire and Middlesex. Immediately after seeing his query I turned to the "Sales by Private Contract" column of a Manchester daily, and there saw properties offered for sale situate at Alderley Edge, Sale, Knutsford, and Bowdon. Chief rents may be created in any county of England, and probably exist to a greater or less extent in most of them, if not all. Under the feudal system introduced by the Normans, lands were granted by the lords or barons to tenants who rendered therefor certain military duties, and the performance of these duties was equivalent to the payment of rent. I have no doubt chief rents have been paid in money for centuries. A small chief rent was made payable out of land in Ashton-under-Lyne by a deed dated 1681.

J. H., JUNR.

DR. CLAY OF ASHTON-UNDER-LYNE.

(Nos. 1,118 and 1,123.)

[1,140.] The query about Dr. Clay brought up very pleasant memories. Forty years ago I and many other boys were Dr. Clay's pupils in a chemistry class at the Ashton and Dukinfield Mechanics' Institution, and there I received my first lessons in chemical science. The doctor, our teacher, was a kind-hearted genial man, loving knowledge for its own sake, and teaching the class gratuitously. It seemed to be a positive delight to him to give instruction. Besides this instruction in chemistry, the doctor took us sometimes to a field, when he would give us interesting information about the formation of the coal measures, and we greatly enjoyed our rambles along the upper waters of the river Tame and up the hill-sides on the upper millstone grit. A few weeks ago I went with the Owens College Geological Class, under the guidance of Professor Boyd Dawkins, and our rambles at Miller's Dale forcibly reminded me of my boyish

rambles with our good teacher Dr. Clay, but among different strata. How true are the lines—

'Tis granted, for no plainer truth appears,  
The most important are our early years;  
The mind impressible and soft, with ease  
Imbibes and copies what she sees and hears;  
And through the rest of life holds fast the cue  
Which education gives her, false or true.

The lessons in Dr. Clay's class gave me a great love for science, and ever since those days I have delighted especially in chemistry and geology; and though both sciences have made great advances since then, yet the impressions received in the classroom of the old institution at Ashton have enabled me to read with zest the learned works of Lyell, Miller, Page Frankland, Roscoe, and others. Many years ago Dr. Clay removed from Ashton-under-Lyne to Manchester, and up till recently he resided in Piccadilly; but it is very long ago since I had the pleasure of seeing him. I do not know whether he ever wrote any other work than the one referred to.

G. H.

Erroll House School, Lytham.

QUERIES.

[1,141.] WILLIAM TAYLOR.—According to the *List of Lancashire Authors* William Taylor (author of *The Dreaming Girl* and other poems, published in 1841,) was born at Royton on the 1st March, 1786. I shall be glad of further information with respect to this writer.

Dor.

[1,142.] MOONRAKERS.—The natives of Middleton are, I believe, designated by the *soubriquet* of "moon-rakers." Can any of your correspondents supply the origin of the odd name. A fanciful legend is given for its origin to the effect that some Middletonians, returning from a boose, happened to see the moon reflected in a clear pond, and their powers of observation being thereby somewhat obfuscated, they mistook the reflection for a good-sized cheese, when they immediately commenced to rake the pond to obtain the coveted comestible. Of course this must be apocryphal. There is a Moonrakers' Inn in Chapel-street, Salford.

JAQUES.

[1,143.] ROYTON.—What is the etymology of the name of this village, which some few years back (and I hope still) was known amongst the neighbouring villages as the modern Athens from the number and vigorous life of its literary and scientific institutions. A not improbable derivation is *RYV* or *RYG* (Saxon a thorn) and *ton*--town, i.e., Thornton. A village of the latter name exists at no great distance from Royton. Harland (*Manxrestre*, p. 596) suggests "from Rige, Ryge (A) rye or Rih (A) hairy rough and tun." How is the name spelled in old charters? This might throw light upon the matter.

A MANCHESTER PYTHAGOREAN.

Saturday, July 12, 1879.

NOTES.

REMINISCENCES OF MANCHESTER FIFTY YEARS AGO.

IX. DOCTORS.

[1,144.] In 1829 there were twenty-two physicians practising in Manchester, and 104 surgeons, making a total of 126 medical men. It is not possible now to divide them into two distinct classes, as was the case formerly. Then, medical etiquette prohibited a physician performing a surgical operation, however trivial. The physician was quite distinct from the surgeon. At present there are in Manchester 270 medical men, many of whom, though possessing the title of M.D., are practising as surgeons. I calculate there are thirty gentlemen who are pure physicians, 158 who are pure surgeons, and 82 who, though they have the title of M.D., practise as surgeons. Four of the physicians of half a century ago were in practice at the latter end of the last century—viz., Dr. Banks, who then lived in Market-street, removing afterwards to George-street; Dr. Michael Ward, who resided in King-street and afterwards in Downing-street; Dr. Mitchell, living in Piccadilly; and Dr. S. A. Bardsley, uncle of the late Dr. James L. Bardsley. The former was residing in Chatham-street, Piccadilly, in 1794, and continued to do so till about 1827, when the nephew began practice; the elder Bardsley giving up the house in Chatham-street to him and retiring to Ardwick Green. The late Dr. J. S. Bardsley received the honour of knighthood about twenty-five years ago, and eventually went to reside in Greenheys, but retained the house in Chatham-street for consulting rooms to the time of his retirement. Who can reckon the number of bright-faced guineas and sovereigns which have been laid upon the table in one of those rooms in the course of eighty years?

At the beginning of the present century there was a Dawson-street, turning somewhere out of Mosley-street, but where I have not been able to ascertain. In it Dr. Hull then lived, who was in 1829 one of the leading physicians, he having removed into Mosley-street. In the same street was the residence of Dr. Davenport Hulme; and in King-street that of Dr. Edward Holme, both of them enjoying a large practice.

It is impossible to call to remembrance the medical men who were in practice in Manchester half a century since without being struck with the fact of the longevity of many of them, notwithstanding that they lived in the very heart of Manchester during a great part of their lives, as in the case of the late Mr. Turner, proving, as I think, that our good city is not the unhealthy place some people would represent it to be. The elder Bardsley lived to be a very old man I well remember him as a slender, tall, old gentleman, with his head bent forward in walking; whilst Sir James was far advanced in life when he was called away. The same observation is true with respect to the others I have named—Drs. Hull, Davenport Hulme, Holme, Banks, Mitchell, Ward, and to two other leading physicians of that day, Drs. Lyons and Jarrold. In a former notice I mentioned the case of Mr. Bloor, now of Southport, who lived seventy-two years in one house in Piccadilly. The next house but one to his was the residence of Mr. John Windsor, F.L.S., an old and much-respected surgeon. He began practice in the same house in 1815, and after living there fifty-three years, died in 1868, in his eighty-second year. He was a member of the Society of Friends, and lived highly esteemed not only by the members of that body but by others who knew him. Soon after he began practice he was appointed one of the surgeons to the Eye Institution, with Mr. Wilson and Mr. Barton, and was consulting surgeon to it at the time of his death. One of his sons is a member of the City Council, and another follows his father's profession. Our respected fellow-townsmen, Mr. J. C. Needham, married one of his daughters.

Another octogenarian who was practising fifty years ago is Dr. Radford, then living in King-street. He is now in his eighty-sixth year, and is to-day taking as active a part in the duties connected with St. Mary's Hospital, in which he has always taken the liveliest interest, as if he were a young man. He attended my brother in his last illness. Nor are these the only instances of such remarkable longevity in the medical men of half a century ago. Some time during the first decade of the present century Mr. John Johnson Boutflower began practice in Green-gate, Salford. About the year 1823 he took his son John into partnership, and both were practising fifty years ago. Mr. John Boutflower is still living, and though in his turn he has a son who has taken his place, yet I believe that he still sees a patient occa-



sionally. I know that up to a recent period he did. I am not aware of his exact age, but a surgeon who has been in practice at least fifty-six years must now be a very old man. Another instance is that of Dr. Harland, who fifty years ago lived in Salford; and having many patients in Manchester as well as in Oldham, Rochdale, and other towns, he used to meet them at 21, Market-street, where I was an apprentice, and where he called every day. He was then a bachelor and an intimate friend of Mr. John Dugdale, whose niece he eventually married. He retired from practice some years since, and is now, I think, a little over eighty years old, and enjoying a peaceful old age at his residence in Greenheys. His son is curate of Stretford. The late Mr. Robertson, who had a large practice, died a few years since at an advanced age. Fifty years ago he lived in King-street, which it will be seen was then very popular with medical men as a place of residence. The late Mr. R. T. Hunt, who also attained an advanced age and died a few years ago, lived in Gartside-street at the time we speak of. He was then assistant surgeon to the Eye Institution, and at the time of his retirement from Manchester to Disley, which took place a few years before his decease, he held the position of surgeon to it.

The late Mr. Joseph Jordan, who attained such eminence both as a surgeon and as a lecturer on anatomy, began practice about the year 1822, in partnership with Mr. Blundstone, at No. 4, Bridge-street, and was there in 1829. Mr. Jordan lived to a great age. The late Mr. Heath, who had a large practice, and who also lived to be an old man, was living in Cooper-street at the time. Mr. James Braid, who made a great stir at one time by his lectures on and practice of animal magnetism, was living in Piccadilly in the house which he continued to occupy for some time, but he afterwards removed to St. Peter's Square.

Amongst the leading surgeons were Messrs. John and Robert Thorpe, James Ainsworth, John A. Ransome, and W. J. Wilson. John Thorpe, the father of Robert, was then the oldest surgeon in Manchester, and was practising several years before the close of the last century. His house was then in Cock Gates, Withy Grove, a place we should now think very unfit for the residence of a surgeon. In 1829 he was living in King-street; whilst his son, who began practice somewhere about the year 1814, lived in Oldham-street. Robert (or, as he was familiarly called, Bob)

Thorpe I remember very well; as well as James Ainsworth, to whom my master once sent me with some slight accidental injury. The latter began practice about the year 1808, at the upper end of King-street, where he was residing in 1848, and where he continued, I believe, till his death. Mr. J. A. Ransome was practising in Princess-street in 1810, and after some years removed to St. Peter's Square, where he was eventually succeeded by either his son or nephew Joseph. There were at this time two members of the medical profession as well as two druggists members of the Society of Friends—Mr. Ransome and Mr. Windsor.

Another surgeon practising at this time in Manchester was Mr. Charles Greswell, living in Great Ducie-street, son of the Rev. W. P. Greswell, incumbent of Denton. The latter was a quaint-looking, little old gentleman, well known, I believe, as a very learned man, who had another son in the Church, the author of some important works. Mr. Samuel Barton, who afterwards rose to eminence, was then living in Mosley-street. He retired from the profession many years ago, and after an absence from Manchester for a time returned, residing at Bankfield, near the entrance to Manley Park, where he died a few years since. A little higher up Mosley-street, on the opposite side, was the residence of Mr. Thomas Ashton, who, though he never had a large practice, was well known amongst the literary and scientific circles of Manchester. He eventually took the degree of M.D., and retired some time ago from Manchester. A few years since I had the pleasure of meeting with him, and of finding him well. His father, who was the bread baker of the day at No. 3, Piccadilly, was a wealthy old gentleman, having made a considerable fortune in his business. Owing to the very superior quality of his bread, for which he got a higher price than any other baker, he had almost a monopoly. (I can't help saying in a parenthesis, that I do not find any bread like it now.) He will be remembered by many, no doubt, as a big and very old man, moving about very slowly, with the weight of years bowing him down, and his feet encased in a huge pair of shoes. At the close of the last century he had a shop in High-street.

I have mentioned the late Mr. Thomas Turner elsewhere, and the age to which he lived. His career was a remarkably successful one from the first. Fifty years ago his prescriptions coming to be dispensed

were neither few nor far between. I well remember his neat handwriting at that time, the style of which altered so little with advancing years. Independently of his ability, the secret of his success was not far to seek. He was remarkably genial and kindly in his manner, and always brought sunshine into a sick room. If a poor fellow was down, he would try to lift him up. If a patient thought it was all over with him, he would try to cause "hope eternal" to spring up in his breast. He preached the doctrine that it is not work which kills men, but worry. He acted on it and proved the truth of it, for he was never worried, worked to the last, and died at a very advanced age.

Anyone acquainted with the medical men of Manchester fifty years ago will not think a notice of them complete without some mention of Mr. Heurtley, who practised as a surgeon for nearly half a century, residing during that time first at the Infirmary, then in Spring Gardens, and afterwards in Oldham-street, where he died at an advanced age. At the beginning of the present century he was house apothecary at the Infirmary, and afterwards went into practice. He lived and died a bachelor, and was rather remarkable both in appearance and dress, wearing pantaloons made after the fashion adopted by the dandies of a former period—fitting tight round the calf, and finishing off above the ankle. He set himself up as a great wit, and was very fond of punning. If he said a good thing which took, he never rested till he had related it to all his friends to whom he could gain access, and to some of them more than once. Not only so, but he took a great delight in proclaiming to everybody that he was an unbeliever in the inspiration of the Bible and the truth of Christianity. The consequence was that his practice was very limited, though no doubt his ability was great. J. T. SLUGG.

#### COMMENTS AND ANSWERS.

##### BURIAL FOLK-LORE: PROPITIATING THE BEES.

(Note No. 1,065, May 31.)

[1,145.] I have just read Mr. R. WOOD'S communication. It may be interesting to your readers to know that the same custom obtains in America. Whittier, in his *New England Ballads*, has one, "Telling the Bees," in which are the following verses:—

Nothing changed but the hives of bees.

Before them, under the garden wall,  
Forward and back,  
Went drearly singing the chore-girl small  
Draping each hive with a shred of black.

Trembling I listened: the summer sun  
Had the chill of snow;  
For I knew she was telling the bees of one  
Gone on the journey we all must go.

But her dog whined low; on the doorway sill  
With his cane to his chin,  
The old man sat; and the chore-girl still  
Sung to the bees stealing out and in.

And the song she was singing ever since  
In my ears sounds on:—  
"Stay at home, pretty bees, fly not hence!  
Mistress May is dead and gone!"

And in *Scrivener's Magazine* for this last May, in an article on "The Pastoral Bees," the following sentence occurs:—"There is an old superstition still cherished in some parts of the country that in order to have luck with bees you must tell them of any death that occurs in the family. If you fail to do this they will go off or will perish in the hive. In the edge of the evening, after the bees are all in from the day's toil, if it be summer, the master or owner approaches the hive, raps gently upon it, and when the bees respond with their inquiring buzz, says softly, 'John (or Mary) is dead.' It is a roundabout recognition of the fact that unless you take a lively interest in your bees and become intimate with them and they with you, and have a good understanding on both sides, they will not prosper under your care."

I know this is the custom in some of the Eastern States, but have never seen or heard of it "out West," where I am sorry to say holidays and old customs are not as prevalent as "at home." JOSEPH GASKELL.  
Rock Island, Illinois, June 18.

#### THE TITAN CLUB.

(Nos. 1,120, 1,047, 1,125, and 1,138.)

[1,146.] The Titans invariably celebrated the birthday of Shakspeare in a formal manner, all of which were distinguished by a humble devotion and a lively admiration for "Fancy's sweetest child;" but it was reserved for the tercentenary anniversary to hold a celebration worthy (for our limited circle) of the solemnity of the event, the remembrance of which, even now, recalls associations of a very delightful character. The clubroom, which was always specially applied to our own use (what a quaint old wainscotted room!), was beautifully and appropriately decorated

for the occasion; the president's "throne" being blazoned with the arms of the bard in relief. In preparing for it, the idea was once seriously entertained of each member dressing for the event in the particular character from which he took his club cognomen; but, unfortunately, our brother "Puck" was of such extensive rotundity in the umbilical region it was found impossible, notwithstanding the great resources of the "Royal" wardrobe, to fit him with integuments suitable to his tricky prototype. Another, whose figure was not quite a match for the Apollo Belvidere, would perhaps not have shown up to advantage in a Venetian-shaped dress; and a few other corporeal eccentricities of a like nature existing, we were compelled to abandon the idea, much to the disgust of some of the more shapely of the "lay brothers," who were naturally desirous of strutting for one night at least in borrowed plumes.

The club assembled at half-past ten on the night of April 22, and sat down to a sumptuous banquet. By the time this was discussed midnight had arrived, and as the clock struck a solemn silence was observed for a few minutes, which ushered in the natal morn of the Great Titan. The President then rose and said: "To-night we hold a solemn supper, and here is our chief guest," at the same time placing a laurel wreath on the bust which stood at his side. The loving cup (presented by Walter Montgomery) was passed from the chair, each member drinking to "the immortal memory of William Shakspeare." The proceedings which followed partook wholly of a Shakspearean character, nothing else, in the way of speeches or otherwise, being introduced from first to last. It was truly a Shakspearean symposium! Each member in turn then read or recited an appropriate passage from his works, and it was notable at the time that a large number of the selected passages were taken from the Sonnets. An original ode was read by "Bottom," now a respected and able Town Councillor. "Nym" read a "cento," a connected poem made up solely of lines from Shakspeare's plays, a curious composition of last century, if I remember rightly; it was very effective. "Pistol" read another original ode; and it was followed by a "cento" of a most humorous description, also composed of lines from the plays, composed and read by "Adonis" (Harry Thompson). Shakspearean glees and songs were interspersed during the night. On the occasion two oil pictures (painted by one of the members), Shak-

speare's house and the church at Stratford-on-Avon, were presented to the club by the artist. They now hang on the parlour wall opposite me as I write. The frames were the present of Mr. Henry Irving. The visitors' book of the Red Horse Hotel at Stratford, where Washington Irving "took mine ease," extending over many years, and containing a large number of eminent names, was presented by "Christopher Sly" (Mr. Wybert Rousby). In looking over the pages of this book it is particularly interesting to note the very large proportion of names with U.S.A. attached, indicating very clearly the great veneration (or hero-worship) entertained for Shakspeare by our American cousins. From this hasty sketch your readers will readily draw the inference that our celebration was unique, most enjoyable, and perfect in its way.

It was while making arrangements for this celebration that Mr. Thomas Chambers promulgated the idea of giving a Shakspearean entertainment for the benefit of the Dramatic College School, which will not readily be forgotten by those who had the good fortune to witness it. It consisted of a short biographical sketch and readings from the plays by the late Mr. Charles Calvert. These readings were exquisitely illustrated by tableaux vivants represented by the ladies and gentlemen of the then Theatre Royal company; each tableau was accompanied by a Shakspearean song or glee. One of the pictures, Lawrence's celebrated painting of John Kemble in the character of Hamlet, was strikingly reproduced in the person of Mr. Irving. Said the *Guardian*, "Of the sixteen or eighteen tableaux, not one failed to call forth an encore. They were admirably selected and presented, and, notwithstanding their novelty, they were in every respect successful." They were given at the close of the play for the night and continued for about a fortnight, when they had unfortunately to be withdrawn owing to other engagements pending at the theatre.

The Manchester public are indebted to the Titan Club for the masterly *exposé* of the Davenport Brothers' imposture. Three of the members, Messrs. Chambers, H. Irving, and F. Maccabe, conceived the notion, and a séance was successfully performed at the Club. This burlesque séance was witnessed by a few gentlemen of the press, who suggested its publicity, which was done, first in the Lecture Hall of the Athenæum before a large audience invited by the Club. This remarkable performance was after-

wards given in the Free-trade Hall and other places by Mr. Irving as Dr. Ferguson, who introduced the performers à la Davenports, and Mr. Philip Day and Mr. F. Maccabe as the Brothers, the latter even out-doing the impostors in the supernatural (?) manifestations they exhibited. The Doctor's introductory speech was a masterpiece of burlesque oratory. I am sorely tempted to send it for insertion, but I fear I have already exhausted your space.

JACQUES (late hon. sec.)

Levenshulme.

DOLGELLY.

(Nos. 1,107 and 1,116.)

[1,147.] Bingley, one of the earliest and most accurate of writers on Wales, spells it Dolgelle, and translates it "the holme of the groves." There seems no need to lug in the "Celtic compound dol-dir," nor yet those mysterious, and as scholars begin to suspect, much-slandered fellows the Druids, inasmuch as dol, pure and simple, means a meadow, and celli (by mutation gelli) a grove. Dir, by mutation from tir (land), is superfluous. These mutations of initial consonants are a great stumbling-block to the English student. In South Wales are the fine mountains called the Brecon Beacons, or "Vans," but why the latter name? On the Ordnance map each peak is lettered "Y Fan" so and so; one of them being Y Fan-big, a name on which the dictionary, which gives only the radical forms of words, throws no light. But look for "Ban," and you will find it rendered "high or lofty;" while "Pig," the radical form of "big," means a point or pike; the name, in fact, signifying "the lofty peak." F, single, is the equivalent of the English v, and ff of our f.

The highest of these "Vans" (Fan) rises to the height of 2,910 feet—only 19 feet lower than Cader Idris. The Ordnance map, in giving this height, omits the name, which I was told was Cader Arthur. Few are aware of such heights in South Wales. The range affords magnificent natural sections of the old red sandstone.

WINKLE.

Sale, Manchester.

THE TENT METHODISTS.

(Nos. 1,027, 1,089, and 1,126)

[1,148.] Mr. THOMAS KEYWORTH says that if he remembers rightly the site of the Poor Man's Chapel in Manchester "was simply purchased, and St. Jude's built upon it." With your permission I will give a short account of the prominent facts connected with the matter,

The Tent Methodists pitched their tent in Mather-street, and after working some time felt themselves able to build a permanent place of worship. They purchased a plot of ground in Canal-street, at the opposite side of Great Ancoats-street to Mather-street, but near at hand. When it was determined to begin nearly the whole body of male worshippers assembled, set to work, and got out the foundations for their chapel. After the building had been in use some time as a place of worship, under the Rev. John Pyer, dissensions arose, and the building was advertised to be sold. The late Mr. Robert Gardner attended the sale in 1837 and bought the Poor Man's Chapel, and in conjunction with a few friends made it over to the Church of England. After various improvements and additions the church was consecrated by the Bishop of Chester in 1842. Upon the building showing signs of decay it was decided to build a new church in Mill-street, Great Ancoats, which being completed was consecrated by the Bishop of Manchester, April 14, 1866. The old church stood for two or three years afterwards, when it was pulled down and the area was flagged and asphalted, leaving a good open space and playground in front of the schools. I have a photograph of a print, which appears to be a sort of certificate of membership, representing the tent fixed with a flag flying, on which are the words "good will to men." Underneath the picture of the tent are the words, "'If this counsel or this work be of men, it will come to naught. But if it be of God ye cannot overthrow it, lest haply ye be found even to fight against God.' Acts v. 38. Gamaliel Sarah Baxter. Peter Annie, secretary." From the preceding it will be seen that the Tent Methodists not only bought the ground but built their chapel, which was afterwards used as St. Jude's Church.

W. PRESCOTT.

#### QUERIES.

[1,149.] WELCHER.—What is the origin and derivation of the sporting word "welcher," as applied to a man who lays the odds against horses, accepts the money of the backers, and then levants without paying the bets he has lost? It must be noted that the word alluded to is spelled with a "c" and not with an "s."

DANDIE DINMONT.

[1,150.] **THE WORSLEYS OF MANCHESTER.**— Referring to the Note on Birch and Platt in your last issue, would any of your readers kindly inform me if the Charles Worsley mentioned is an ancestor of John Worsley, dyer, of Ardwick, who died in 1807; and whether the woman Worsley, mentioned in the *Manchester Courier* February 23, 1833, confined in Manchester Workhouse as a lunatic, and who had bequeathed to her property valued about £15,000, and who died in 1835, is any relation or descendant of the aforesaid; and if the present tenant of Platt Hall is any descendant of any of the former persons? I would esteem it an inestimable favour for the information requested. AN INTERESTED PARTY.

[1,151.] **THE REV. JOHN JOHNSON, A.M.**— Was this clerical author connected with this district? He wrote "The Primitive Communicant; in Three Discourses on the Sacrament of the Eucharist; in which the Sacrifice of Christ and of the Church are fully explained. With Acts of Devotion upon the same subject. By the late Reverend John Johnson, A.M., Vicar of Cranbrook, in Kent." The second edition. Manchester: Printed for Mrs. Mary Johnson. MDCCXXXVIII. 8vo., pp. 151. If Mr. Johnson was not to the Lancashire manner born he travelled far in search of a printer.

A MANCHESTER PYTHAGOREAN.

[1,152.] **BRITISH CATTLE AND BLOODHOUNDS.** In *Walpoliana*, edition 1810, article xxxviii., the following passage occurs: "At Earl Ferrer's, Chartley, Staffordshire, the indigenal British cattle are still extant. In form they resemble a deer; and are white, except the ears and tail, which are black; a black list also runs down the back. In Neidwood Forest, in the same county, bloodhounds are still reared, about the size of a mastiff, blackish back, belly reddish brown." As Horace Walpole was born in 1717 and died in 1797, and the first edition of *Walpoliana* was printed in 1799, it would be nearly if not quite a century since these "indigenal British cattle" were known to be extant to Walpole at Chartley in Staffordshire, and since the bloodhounds of Neidwood Forest were "reared." It would be very interesting to know whether these breeds of cattle and bloodhounds are still known to exist, and where. It would also be very interesting to know of any other extant or even extinct "indigenal British" breeds of animals not already too well known. J. OGDEN.

Oxford-street.

Saturday, July 19, 1879.

NOTES.

TICK.

[1,153.] This word is used in Lancashire with the meaning of to touch, and chiefly in a children's game called Tick. It is a good old English word:—

Tyk not with hondis nor fette,  
Hit ys not a goodly syght;  
Shamfast schuld maydens be,  
And stronge witt all ther' myght.

From "The good wyfe wold a pylgremage" (about 1460), in Furnivall's *Book of Precedence*, published by the Early English Text Society.

A MANCHESTER PYTHAGOREAN.

AN OLD MANCHESTER MS.

[1,154.] It is sometimes interesting to trace the history of particular libraries and often useful to know where the remnants of those dispersed are to be found. It may be worth noting then that the Rawlinson MS., c. 317, formerly belonged to the Abbey of Cockersand. It is a small folio lettered *Theologia Varra*, and the contents have been added in a later hand under fifty-two heads. It is paged to fol. 162, and contains a letter from E. Umfraville giving the volume to Dr. Rawlinson. The writing appears to be that of the time of Edward I. or Henry III. This is believed to be the only known relic of this Lancashire monastic library.

A MANCHESTER PYTHAGOREAN.

COMMENTS AND ANSWERS.

WILLIAM TAYLOR.

(Query No. 1,141, July 5.)

[1,155.] Information respecting William Taylor, author of *The Dreaming Girl* and other poems, may be found in the *Festive Wreath*, a volume of original poems given in the "poets' corner," about 1844; edited by the late John Bolton Rogerson.

GEO. RICHARDSON.

THE WORSLEYS OF MANCHESTER.

(Query No. 1,150, July 12.)

[1,156.] There are two pedigrees of the Worsleys of Manchester and of Platt in Booker's *History of the Chapelry of Birch* (Chetham's Society's publications) in the Chetham and Free Reference Libraries, which may afford the querist some information.

JAMES BURY.

## BRITISH WILD CATTLE.

(Query No. 1,152, July 12.)

[1,157.] A herd of wild cattle still exists in the park of Chillingham Castle, county Northumberland, the seat of the Earl of Tankerville, one of which was sighted and shot by the Prince of Wales when he was on a visit at Chillingham a few years ago.

JAMES BURY.

## "BYEGONES."

(Query No. 1,026, May 10.)

[1,158.] *Byegones* is the title given to the reprint of antiquarian articles from the *Oswestry Advertiser*. The edition is limited to one hundred copies. There is a great deal of very valuable and interesting matter in these articles. I believe I am right in supposing that they are edited by Mr. Askew Roberts, the author of the capital gossiping guide to Wales. The subscription price is about half-a-crown a year.

A MANCHESTER PYTHAGOREAN.

## PROPITIATING THE BEES.

(Nos. 1,065 and 1,145.)

[1,159.] In the autumn of 1877 an old friend of mine observed the custom of "telling the bees" a few miles from Wimborne, Dorset. The owner, in this case the mistress, rapped gently on the hives and told the bees that the master was dead; and the hives were draped with the "shred of black," as described by Whittier; the cake and wine named in 1,065 were not produced.

E.

The custom of warning the bees when there is a death in the owner's household is, or was, observed in Craven, Yorkshire.

ISABELLA BANKS.

## BASHI-BAZOUK.

(Query No. 1,039, May 17.)

[1,160.] Since writing my query respecting the intrinsic meaning of this Turkish compound, I have become possessed of the information I required. It appears that the Turkish word "bazouk" is synonymous with the recently imported French word "chignon." As to "bashi," I think it corresponds in every respect with our participle "ruffled," so that the Turkish scamp, like the Pasha of many tails, derives his title from the peculiarity of his head-dress. This, I think, is a fact worth noting.

COTTONOPOLITAN.

## HOOKERS-IN.

(No. 1,136, July 5.)

[1,161.] My connection with the Manchester trade from 1831 to 1845 brought me frequently in contact with the "hookers-in," as they were familiarly called, and I know many of them personally. They were known to each other pretty generally by nicknames. One of the most successful of them was a Mr. Peel, who was known as Sir Robert Peel. Another, a Mr. Lewis, was reported to have made an attempt on his own life; he was named Sudden Death ever afterwards. Previous to this one of the hookers-in had obtained the name of Murder—I cannot remember why; and another the name of Battle; so that amongst this interesting fraternity there were "Battle, Murder, and Sudden Death."

The more successful of the hookers-in obtained excellent remuneration for their services. One of them was said to receive a thousand a year, and I am inclined to believe it. They were not a long-lived race, for the daily discharge of their duties brought them into continual connection with the hotels, where they had to treat their clients; and then, by a kind of commercial necessity, they were compelled to drink more than was good for them.

I have a lingering respect for the fraternity. Amongst them were many excellent fellows, but it is not to be regretted that railways and other changes in business life have caused the hookers-in (as I formerly knew them) to become things of the past.

T. BRITAIN.

## CALICO PRINTERS FIFTY YEARS AGO.

(Nos. 1,099, 1,109, and 1,11.)

[1,162.] It is a little surprising that Mr. SLUGG, in his notes on local calico printers, does not mention a leading firm which was contemporary with and scarcely secondary in position and wealth to the Peels and Grants—namely, John Whitehead and Sons, of Cannon-street, and Brightmet, near Bolton. Their warehouse was nearly opposite Grant's, and like it was one of the old family residences of which the street was then composed, and having only a few years before a row of trees facing the dwellings along each side of the street. John Whitehead was a crofter or bleacher at Levenshulme, but towards the close of the last century he began calico printing at Brightmet and lived at Ainsworth Hall. Early in the present century the business devolved on his three sons, John, James, and

Thomas. The latter lived at Bank House, Bolton; whilst James lived in Piccadilly, in one of the two houses now the Mosley Arms Hotel, Whitehead's doorway and hall being now Boyd's, the stationer's shop. A sister, Miss Mary Whitehead, lived in her own house in Mosley-street, at the corner of York-street, her neighbour at the other end of the row being Daniel Grant. Common report pictured these two for man and wife, a picture which it need hardly be said was never realized. The lady bought an estate at Burnage, and there built a mansion which she named Brook Flat. Subsequent to her death it was called Burnage Hall, and is now rented to Mr. Samuel Watts. Another daughter, Miss Sally Whitehead, married an attorney of Manchester named Redhead.

James Whitehead was the holder of original £100 shares in the Old Quay Company, which were, years after his death, sold for several times their original value. He was one of the directors of the company. One of the pleasures of the directors was to take a day's voyage down the river to Warrington, dining on board their own boat. There is still on the river a flat named "The Whitehead."

The firm was very successful and amassed great wealth, one pattern alone, called the "Bird's-eye," realizing upwards of thirty thousand pounds. It was a circle with two lines, one blue the other white, on a chocolate ground. It became as famous as Tommy Hoyle and Son's "lilacs," and there was scarcely a village dame in the kingdom who did not feel proud of her "bird's-eye" print gown. Of all the great wealth of this family of the Whiteheads only Burnage Hall Estate is held by a Whitehead, a widow, the remainder being taken by females to others or dissipated.

Another firm was Samuel Matley and Sons, whose warehouse was the first door in New High-street from Tib-street, now the entrance to Rylands and Sons. The family lived in Mosley-street, now John L. Kennedy and Co., No. 47. One of the sons, "Sam," was a Manchester "buck," a fine, handsome, gay young fellow.

Other firms might be named, but as the subject of Manchester calico printers is a speciality of Mr. SLUGG's, he is fully entitled to the full honour of having graphically described them.

JAMES BURY.

"AWKWARD FOR THE COO."

(Nos. 1,059, 1,073, and 1,085.)

[1,163.] The following letter has been received by me from the author of the *Life of Stephenson* :—

Pembroke Gardens, Kensington, 4th July, 1879.

Dear sir,—It is so long since I wrote the book you refer to that I remember very little about the source of the anecdotes contained in it. I think the story of the locomotive and the "coo" was told me by one of George Stephenson's greatest friends, James Kitson, Esq., locomotive manufacturer, Leeds; and you must know that many things are said in the committee rooms of the House of Commons that are not reported in the minutes and examinations of the witnesses.—I am, dear sir, yours truly,

S. SMILES.

Mr. F. S. Court.

I think Dr. Smiles' statement may be taken as sufficient evidence of the authenticity of the anecdote, and I hope your correspondent O. C. will be satisfied with it.

FRANK S. COURT.

Nottingham.

THE TITAN CLUB.

(Nos. 1,030, 1,047, 1,125, 1,138, and 1,146.)

[1,164.] The interesting communication of JAQUES induces regret that he did not favour the readers of the *City News* with Mr. Irving's "masterpiece of burlesque oratory" on the occasion of the *exposé* of the Davenport Brothers at the Free-trade Hall. I remember the occasion, and took a very humble part in the exhibition. At the seances of the Davenports questions were asked and very solemnly answered by the humbug, Dr. Ferguson, who accompanied the Davenports from America. It was thought that a few questions earnestly put by some one in the audience would add to the piquancy of the exposure. A list of these questions were submitted to the pseudo doctor before the performance, and were, when submitted, admirably answered by Mr. Irving, who "brought the house down" by his laughter-provoking replies. I shall never forget the astonishment of two ladies, between whom I sat in the reserved seats, on hearing their hitherto quiet neighbour put a question to the "doctor," whose performance was simply inimitable. The change from Mr. Irving to the nasal Yankee doctor was as perfect a piece of art as any of his celebrated theatrical assumptions which have become world-famed. I was specially amused with the immense drollery of the opening speech—the speech which JAQUES refers to—and of which I hope he may be induced to favour the readers of the *City News* with a report. Had Mr.

Irving gone into the monologue business there are few men, Maccabe not excepted, who would have excelled him in character exhibitions.

JOSEPH JOHNSON.

Isle of Man.

WELCHER.

(Query No. 1,149, July 12.)

[1,165.] Dr. Brewer, in his *Dictionary of Phrase and Fable*, says: "It means a Welchman, and is based upon the nursery rhyme 'Taffy was a Welshman, Taffy was a thief.'" I don't think this explanation is satisfactory. If that nursery rhyme had suggested a name for thieves the name would probably have been Taffy, or Welshman, and not Welcher. Then the word would have been synonymous with thief, and would not have been confined to a peculiar kind of fraud. The probability is that the origin of the word Welcher gave it the peculiar application with which we are familiar, and which is pointed out by your correspondent, Dandie Dinmont. I don't think much importance must be attached to the word Welcher being spelt with a "c" and not "s," as the word Welsh and cognate words are; because the dictionaries tell us that Welch is an old and unusual form of Welsh. We also know that the form Welch is nearer the original word than Welsh.

Welch or Welsh means a stranger, and might possibly have suggested the word Welcher; but that is not probable. My own opinion is that it is derived from the name of some person who was an eminent example of the kind of fraud implied by the name. The names Welsh and Walsh are very common in sporting records, and it is usual for the names of people to pass into the slang of sport. In Mr. Adam's recently published *Wykehamica* there is an interesting chapter on the slang which was prevalent at Winchester School; and he shows how a name would pass into the speech of the boys in consequence of the person owning the name being notorious for some peculiarity. He tells of Doctor Barter being a famous cricketer in his early days, and says that the balls which he could most severely punish were what are generally called half-volleys, and from that time a half-volley has been known at Winchester as a Barter.

I suggest, then, that Welcher is derived from the name of some person who made himself famous for failing to pay when he had lost. Whether this was one of the many Welshes who are mentioned in the

records of sport or not I cannot tell. But in the old days of cock-fighting we are told that a battle royal was also known as a Welch-main. Has this anything to do with the person who may have originated the word Welcher?

Liverpool.

THOMAS KEYWORTH.

DRYSALTERS AND DOCTORS.

(Nos. 1,136 and 1,144.)

[1,166.] May I be permitted to supplement Mr. Slugg's information on these two matters? My grandfather, James Varley (formerly of Bolton, a bleacher), the original discoverer of Cream of tartar and of chloride of lime (respecting which he had a Chancery suit with Messrs. Tennant), besides his chemical works at Higgenson Brow, Pendleton (afterwards named Willow Bank, from the trees he had planted by a brook side), had a drysaltry warehouse in Manchester which he turned over to two young men in his employ; and as "Walker and Bower" the firm carried on the business about fifty years ago, and I think it was in Brown-street. My own father, James Varley, succeeded to the business of his uncle, Robert Bracken, in drysaltery and other goods (canvas to wit), and his business was in Marriott's Court, Spring Gardens. William Keeling, the artist, was a boy in his warehouse, taught to draw and paint by my father, apprenticed by him to Vareys, the wood engravers, and introduced by him to Liversege and other artists. The business was lost through the inattention of those left in charge, who were spouting plays with the subs from the minor Theatre in the upper rooms when customers wanted attention below, during a two years' illness of my father when he lost an eye. Mother had to put a padlock on the warehouse door. My father had to pay demands for drysaltery hap-hazard out of her own smallware business in Oldham-street, into which W. K. was taken. Then amongst the old drysalters must be reckoned John Varley, my grandfather's brother, who lost large sums in the indigo trade, and who resided in the days of his prosperity at Strangers Hall, prior I think, to the tenancy of Colonel Hanson. The colonel was at that time engaged to one of the Miss Varleys, the last of whom died in Shakspeare-street about a year ago. To John Varley succeeded his son Nicholson Varley, whose chemical works were at Newton Heath and his drysaltery warehouse in Withy Grove or Shudehill—not far from Nicholas Croft—much later than fifty years ago. And about that time there was Ryder's drysaltery



warehouse at the Infirmary end of Oldham-street, next door to Robinson's, the cotton ballers. Mr. Ryder and his two sisters lived together at Collyhurst Hall and then at Fairfield.

When my father James Varley, then drysalter, lost his eye—it was partly through cold caught in a damp bed in Liverpool, and partly through the unskilfulness of a surgeon who thrust himself into the case—a Mr. Thornley of Oldham-street, whose surgery was near to the upper end, beyond the noted druggist's shop of Mrs. Thorpe (who had been assistant to her husband, and had afterwards a practice amongst women and children many a surgeon might have envied). In a week from the time Mr. Thornley put turnip-poultices on my father's eye, he had in attendance Mr. John Windsor, our family doctor, Mr. Heurtley, my father's doctor, Dr. Hull, Dr. Hardie, Mr. Turner, and a nurse from the Eye Institution, and a seton was run through one eye to save the other. Mr. Heurtley lived opposite to us in Oldham-street, three or four doors from the Wesleyan Chapel; Dr. Hull in Mosley-street; Dr. Hardie in Piccadilly; Mr. John Windsor, F.R.C.S., F.L.S., whose house, surrounded with iron palisades fifty years ago, was entered from Piccadilly, the surgery from Port-street; he was a native of Settle in Craven, Yorkshire, and the author of "Flora Cravoniensis," to which the *Athenaeum* referred complimentarily about three months back. His fame as an oculist was not confined to Manchester. I knew a gentleman in the city of Durham who travelled thence to consult him after an injury in a railway accident. Dr. Harland was a Yorkshireman also, I believe. I knew him well. He denounced snuff-taking, but took it nevertheless.

Respecting Messrs. Wood and Westhead's warehouse, I am hard to convince. I was sent to the warehouse to match some float-lace or orris-lace when I was thirteen or fourteen years old for my parents' business, and remember going up the stairs. If it was not Messrs. W. and W.'s warehouse whose was it? The sign was a large one crossing the building above the first or second floor. ISA. BANKS.

In Mr. J. T. SLUGG's notice of the doctors, there appear to be two errors deserving correction. He says that Dr. J. L. Bardsley began practice in 1827. This is incorrect, inasmuch as he attended me in a long illness in the year 1823. How long he had been in practice at that time I am not prepared to state, but I think that at the time stated he had succeeded

his uncle as one of the physicians to the Infirmary. Mr. SLUGG also states that Mr. Joseph Jordan began practice in 1822, at No. 4, Bridge-street, which is also incorrect. He was in business as before stated in 1815, and attended my mother in that year in a case of confinement, I being the messenger; but how long he had been in practice prior to the time mentioned I am not prepared to add, but I know that he had obtained some repute.

The Dawson-street to which Mr. SLUGG alludes as the one in which Dr. Hull resided at the time to which he refers, was a continuance of what is now known as Mosley-street, from Booth-street to St. Peter's Square. ROBERT WOOD.

Rusholme.

In my last notice I spoke of Dawson-street, Mosley-street, and stated that I could not ascertain where it was situated. I have received a note stating that the lower part of Mosley-street, from Bond-street, was originally called Dawson-street, deriving its name from Mr. William Dawson, who resided at the cottage which stood where the Concert Hall and Schunck's warehouse now stand. I remember the cottage. It was situated in a garden surrounded by a wall. I had frequently to deliver medicine there when an apprentice, for a Mrs. Mc'Connell, who then resided there. When Dr. Hull left his house in Dawson-street, afterwards called Mosley-street, it was occupied by Dr. Ashton. My anonymous informant goes on to say that at Dawson's death his property devolved on William Cooper, from whom Cooper-street derives its name. J. T. SLUGG.

QUERIES.

[1,167.] ELEMENTS OF ENGLISH GRAMMAR.—By John Dalton, 1801. Is this a literary curiosity? T. C.

[1,168.] THE FIRST MANCHESTER PENNY DAILY. What was the date of the publication of the first penny daily newspaper in Manchester? ENQUIRER.

[1,169.] BIRDS OF BAVARIA.—Was the bird described by E. L. the black redstart (*Phoenicurus Tythis*)? Though very rare in England it is a common bird in South Germany. T. C.

[1,170.] CAVALRY BARRACKS IN BYROM-STREET. Is there any foundation for the report that the old building at the junction of Byrom-street and Artillery-

street, Deansgate (now in course of demolition), was formerly used as a cavalry barracks? If so, when did it cease to be occupied as such?

T. A. B.

[1,171.] **THE MORMONS.**—Is it true that when the Latter-day Saints first came to England they opened their mission in Manchester? If so, can any of your correspondents, who positively seem to know everything, say where the first meetings were held, and if any respectable families were induced to become "saints"?  
ANTI-MORMON.

[1,172.] **DR. JAMES BRAID.**—In Mr. SLUGG'S "Reminiscences of Manchester fifty years ago" mention is made of Dr. Braid, "who made a great stir at one time by his lectures on and practice of animal magnetism." Can anyone say whether he believed the power was communicated by the operator, or it was merely the imagination, in action, of the patient?  
MEDICO.

[1,173.] **PIZE.**—What is the derivation of this exclamation or imprecation? Its usage is shown in this sentence: "Here's a noble gentleman dying of hunger in the land of plenty, whilst she, pize upon her! if she can but get to her cursed stitching, cares neither for my guests nor myself. This I take from a rare Lancashire book called *Ned of the Fells* (p. 10).  
A MANCHESTER PYTHAGOREAN.

[1,174.] **THE LANCASHIRE MILLER.**—There is a good humorous ballad with this title printed in Harland's Lancashire Ballads, where it is said to be a favourite song with the folk about Chipping near Clitheroe. I have recently seen a modern broadside edition, in which the text has been altered for the worse, and the title changed to "Owd Jeremy Briggs." To make the joke complete the word copyright is placed at the top. Is it still possible to learn the authorship of the genuine original ballad?  
A MANCHESTER PYTHAGOREAN.

[1,175.] **CUMBERLAND.**—The remarks which have been made in these columns as to the spelling of Westmorland have induced me to ask for information as to the meaning of Cumberland. Does it mean the land of the Cymri, and are the Cumbrians of Welsh extraction? Everybody knows that Northumberland merely means the land north of the Humber; and Westmorland the land west of the moors. It might be interesting to be enlightened as to the nomenclature of other counties. Lancaster is, of course, derived from a camp or castle on the Lune. In many other cases the derivation and meaning is self-evident. Bear witness Cambridge, Derbyshire, Essex, Sussex, and Middlesex, Suffolk and Norfolk, and all shires ending in "cester," for example; but what about Lincoln, York, and Kent? I am afraid I have exceeded the limits of a question in this case, but the fact must just be "computed to my ignorance."  
DANDIE DINMONT.

Saturday, July 26, 1879.

### NOTES.

#### REMINISCENCES OF MANCHESTER FIFTY YEARS AGO.

##### X.—MORE ABOUT DOCTORS: DENTISTS.

[1,176.] Before passing on I have to mention one or two names omitted in my last notice, and to add a few remarks on the medical treatment of fifty years ago. A well-known surgeon half a century ago was Mr. Benjamin Roberts, who began practice in Brazenose-street about the year 1812. He removed to Stevenson's Square, and then to a house at the corner of Lever-street and Back Piccadilly. He was the brother of Mr. John Roberts, the well-known stationer of Market-street. Their father was one of the early Methodist preachers sent out by John Weeley, beginning his labours in 1759, and was appointed one of the ministers of Oldham-street Chapel in the years 1774-5 and 1799. In the same street, also, lived another surgeon, who had a fair share of public confidence, Mr. Thomas Fawdington. He was one of the surgeons of what was then called "the Lying-in Hospital." In Salford, besides Mr. John Boutflower, Mr. Gardon and Mr. Thomas Brownbill enjoyed for many years extensive practices, and held the offices of surgeons to the Salford Dispensary. The father of the latter was a large brickmaker in Salford.

I must not omit to notice two men who, though they had not received a professional training, enjoyed a large share of public confidence—the one in the practice of physic, and the other in that of surgery. I refer to the Rev. James Scholefield, and Mr. Edmund Taylor, "the Oldfield Lane Doctor." The former was formerly the minister of the chapel known as Christ's Church, near the barracks, in Hulme, and at the time we speak of was the minister of a similar chapel in Every-street, Ancoats. Patients from all the country round used to apply to him, and he had the reputation of curing many people of their ailments who had been given up by the regular practitioner. He was very popular amongst the working classes, and took an active part in politics, being one of the leaders of the Radicals of that day and a coadjutor of Henry Hunt, to whom a monument is erected in the burial-ground attached to his chapel.

The Oldfield Lane Doctor came from Whitworth, near Rochdale, to Manchester sometime during the

first decade of this century, leaving either two or three brothers behind him known as the Whitworth doctors, who were as popular as Edmund Taylor afterwards became in Salford. He appears to have made a name for himself shortly after his settlement in Salford; for in the directory for 1811 his name is entered thus: "Taylor, Edmond, Oldfield Lane Doctor, Oldfield Road, Salford." It is said that the Whitworth doctors had been celebrated for two or three generations. The whole family seem to have had a gift in that line, the female as well as the male members of it. A sister of Edmund Taylor married Mr. Maden, a wealthy gentleman and a magistrate residing at Bacup, and she gratuitously practised the healing art amongst the poor to a late period of her life. I remember when a youth spending an evening at her house with my father and mother, when she gave them an account of her labours, stating that she devoted her mornings to this charitable work, having a dispensary fitted up for the purpose, and that the average cost of her drugs and medical appliances was £70 a year.

I used to be very fond of watching old Edmund Taylor's operations, and have spent many a hour in his surgery, frequently on a Sunday afternoon, for he was then always to be found at work. It was most interesting to watch the various cases of accident and forms of injury which presented themselves. The surgery, which had been a large kitchen, having a stone floor, a fireplace, and some benches round it, was at the back of the house and opened into a large yard. Anyone could go in or out as he pleased without any notice being taken, as the old gentleman attended to one thing at a time, and seldom noticed anybody or anything but the patient he had in hand or the one thing he was doing. He went through his work at one uniform pace, and was never hurried or excited by anything. A great many patients were generally waiting their turns, and occasionally there were spectators like myself, but I was always struck with the decorum and stillness which prevailed. Though the old doctor would sometimes crack a joke with a patient he seldom spoke in a loud voice, and there seemed to be a tacit understanding amongst those present to preserve quiet. Hanging up were several skins of leather, ready spread with a brown kind of plaster from which occasionally he cut long strips with which to bind up some broken arm, dislocated shoulder, or other injured part. On his shelf

were a number of stone bottles, about the size of ordinary medicine bottles, which were filled with a peculiar liniment for which he and his brothers were celebrated. It was known as the "Whitworth red bottle," and seemed designed for universal application. Of this they used to dispense large quantities. Spirits of turpentine was one of the ingredients, and I remember during my apprenticeship once sending Taylor a large puncheon of that drug. He was assisted at one time by a son who died of consumption; his place was taken by a sister, afterwards Mrs. Ridehalgh. Of the man himself, Mr. JAMES BURY has given a very excellent description in the *City News* of May 10.

The Pharmacopœia of fifty years ago contained the names of 444 drugs and their preparations, whilst that of to-day contains the names of no fewer than 802. The former did not contain the names of quinine, morphia, or iodine, three of the most commonly used drugs of the present day. In fact, so frequently are they prescribed in one form or another that one wonders how the doctors managed without the two latter. Quinine was in use to a certain extent, though it was not officially sanctioned; but where one grain was then used I believe a hundred are now. The system of treating many diseases has indeed been completely revolutionized. Speaking generally, the practice used to be to pull down the system; now it is to build it up by a freer use of quinine and other tonics. But in nothing is the change more striking than in regard to the then common habit of blood-letting, as it was called. I suppose that in the last century it was even more common than it was at the time we speak of, so that if a person fell down in the street from exhaustion he was sure to be bled. Though the practice was becoming more restricted, yet it was very prevalent fifty years ago. I well remember my brother suffering from rheumatic fever, and seeing Mr. Gardon, one of the best surgeons in Salford, draw a basin full of blood from his arm—a thing which no sane medical man would do in the present day. Not only was the lancet used in this way, but cupping and the application of leeches were continually resorted to in cases of inflammation, which it was supposed impossible otherwise to subdue. It is no wonder if the doctors prescribed such treatment that the public believed in its utility. It was no uncommon thing to be told by persons that they found it conducive to their health to be bled periodically, and that such treatment was necessary

for them. I remember a neighbour in Market-street, a thin, delicate-looking man, who used to believe in the necessity of periodical blood-letting, and who, if I asked him how he was, would sometimes reply that he had not been bled lately and did not feel very well. He would accordingly be bled. No wonder he died in the prime of life.

Fifty years ago the profession of dentistry was in its infancy. There was then no such thing as the painless extraction of a tooth; and not only so, but the fitting of new teeth into the mouth was a clumsy and often a painful operation, the teeth themselves being far from the capital imitation of natural ones now supplied. Then Manchester only contained six or seven dentists; to-day there are over 120. The three principal ones were Messrs. Richard Helsby, in George-street; John Faulkner, near the Wesleyan Chapel in Oldham-street; and Faulkner and Son, at the corner of Back Piccadilly, on the left-hand side of Lever-street.

In my next I propose to speak of another very useful class of the community—the druggists of a former generation.

J. T. SLUGG.

May I be allowed to say, in reference to Mr. JAMES BURY's remark as to my omission of the name of John Whitehead and Sons, calico printers, that I have made no pretensions to treat the subject matter of these reminiscences exhaustively? I have no recollection of the firm, and thank him for his communication. Mrs. BANKS' contribution on drysalters is also interesting. Mr. Walker, of Walker and Bower, whose warehouse was in Back Piccadilly, was afterwards a sleeping partner of Mr. Alderman Watkins', their warehouse being in Spring Gardens. He was a short man, and quite a buck in his way. I remember Mr. Nicholson Varley, Mrs. Banks' relative, very well, as we did business with him. His warehouse was in Sugar Lane. If Mr. ROBERT WOOD be correct as to the years in which Dr. J. L. Bardsley and Mr. Joseph Jordan begun practice, it is singular that Dr. Bardsley's name is not found in the list of physicians in the directory of 1824, whilst his uncle's name is; and that Mr. Jordan's name is not found in the list of surgeons in the directories of either 1815 or 1819.

J. T. S.

## COMMENTS AND ANSWERS.

TICK.

(Note No. 1,153, July 19.)

[1,177.] "Tig" is the usual form of the name of the game of "touch." At Southport the other day I heard the word used as a verb, to tig; and the strong preterite "tug," instead of "tiggered," which I used to hear at Lytham, where "tiggy touchwood" was the common name.

H. T. C.

In Sheffield and the neighbourhood this word is always pronounced "tig." My edition of Worcester's Dictionary does not contain the word "tick" (in the sense referred to by the Note of A MANCHESTER PYTHAGOREAN), but it has this word tig. It says: "Tig, a play in which children try to touch each other last. In the United States called tag." The Americans often preserve old forms of English which have been changed amongst us at home. I wonder whether this is an example. I don't know which is the older form, the one prevalent about Manchester or the one common in Sheffield. Worcester is of opinion that tag, a piece of metal at the end of a string, and tag the game, are from one root, the Norse "tagg," a thorn. Stormouth has the same derivation for tag, but he says nothing about the game, and does not mention tig or tick.

THOMAS KEYWORTH.

Liverpool.

MOONRAKERS.

(Query No. 1,142, July 5.)

[1,178.] Middleton is not the only place where the natives are termed Moonrakers. There are places even in the South of England which lay claim to the same appellation; but I know of no place where the natives contend more strongly for the honour of bearing this title than the inhabitants of a well-known village near Huddersfield, called Slaithwaite (pronounced Slawit). There the public gas company stamp all their official documents with a moon. The firm of soapmakers there use a half-moon as their trade-mark; and the natives in conversation often speak of that locality as the Half-moon country. If you point to the sky when the moon happens to be shining and ask any of the rustics what that is, he will at once say that it is the Slawit (Slaithwaite) moon. On one occasion I happened to be in Halifax during the fair time, when I heard several farmers and cattle dealers talking about those three very important places in Yorkshire, viz., Wibsey, Pudsey, and Slawit. One of the farmers declared it to be a fact

that he knew the man, Carter by name, who, when returning from the public-house along the canal side one moonlight night, actually attempted to rake out of the "cut" what he thought was a cheese, but which was really the shadow of the moon reflected in the water. There is a class of people who often chaff even their friends with having done things which they have neither done nor thought of doing, and my opinion is that this fable of the Moonrakers has arisen in this way.

LEWISHAM.

TRAF-FORD.

(Nos. 311, 353, 369, 384, and 437.)

[1,179.] The Celtic derivations of this name are too hypothetical to obtain much credence. Besides, the early insignificance of the village does not warrant the supposition of a pre-Saxon existence. One of Mr. Harland's suggestions is that the name might be a departure from Treowford; and this, in my opinion, is really the case, as I will attempt to prove. Every etymologist who has paid careful attention to the *modus operandi* of our forefathers in transforming Anglo-Saxon into modern English will admit that the Saxon letters "eo," among other corruptions, became changed into "a." Witness how Deorleah has become Darley, how Meoxfeld has become Maxfield, how Meosham has become Masham, and how Reodclif has become Radcliffe. Thus it will be seen that Treowford became Trawford, whence a transition to Trafford is almost inevitable. In the same manner Trawden (to which E. K. assigns such a complicated derivation), Treton, and Trevill are merely distortions of Treowdene or Treowdenu, Treowtun, and Treowville respectively, the "eo" being in the last two instances changed into "e" instead of "a." If I had had the happiness of being a reader of the *Manchester City News* when the controversy was on the *tapis* I would have taken the matter up and endeavoured, to the best of my ability, to throw a little light on the subject. Under the circumstances I feel sure the Editor will pardon my unearthing the topic after so long an interment.

COTTONOPOLITAN.

[The Anglo-Saxon "treow" meant a tree or a wood; hence Treowford would be the ford of or by the wood.—EDITOR.]

CUMBERLAND.

(Query No. 1,175, July 19.)

[1,180.] DANDIE DINMONT will find information respecting Cumberland in Chambers's Encyclopædia, in Sir Walter Scott's *Essay on Border Antiquities*, and

in Charles Knight's *History of England*. For the meanings of the names of the counties he should consult Taylor's *Words and Places*. Lest the last-named work should not be at hand it may be noted that Cumberland signifies "the land of the Cymry," Lincoln is a "hybrid of Celtic and Latin" (Lindum Colonia), and may signify a deep pool near the site of a Colonia (see Smith's Dictionary of Greek and Roman Antiquities). York is a contraction for Eureka. Kent (from the Gaelic cenn, a head) was the land of the Cantii (see article "Heptarchy" in Chambers's Encyclopædia).

F. M. J.

Cumberland was so named from its Keltic inhabitants, the Cumbri. Cumbric was for centuries an independent kingdom, and comprised all the western lowlands of Scotland as far as Dumbarton. Gradually the northern part became absorbed in the Scottish kingdom; and in 945 Cumberland was invaded by the English King Edmund, and granted by him to Malcolm King of Scots, "on condition that he should be his fellow-worker, as well by sea as by land." From that time Cumbria was held as an appanage of the English crown by some member of the royal family of Scotland, in later times by the heir to the crown of Scotland, with the title of Prince of Cumberland. The last prince was David, brother and heir of Alexander I. After David's accession to the throne in 1124 no more is heard of Cumberland as a principality, but the Scottish kings did not give up all claim to it till 1237. "The Welsh" of the district are frequently mentioned in the charters of the kings of Scotland.

Lincoln is from Llyn, a lake; and Collayne, a hill; because the old town was built upon a hill in the midst of the fen country.

York is Eureka, the town on the river Eureka, now the Ouse. Bailey gives it as Eureka, or Eureka, of Eureka, a wild boar, and pyc, a refuge—a retreat from the wild boars.

Kent, the country of the Cantii.

EDWARD NIXON.

Hulton-street, Salford.

THE MORMONS IN MANCHESTER.

(Query No. 1,171, July 19.)

[1,181.] The Mormons in Manchester for some time used the lecture theatre in the old Manchester Mechanics' Institution in Cooper-street, which was let to them by the Board of Directors. I, then on the board, opposed the resolution moved for the purpose,

but unsuccessfully. We had previously let the theatre to other religious bodies for temporary purposes, and it was, not unreasonably, contended that as we knew nothing of theological distinctions as a principle of management, we had no right to refuse to Mormons what we had allowed to other sects. As to the respectability of the people, I have a strong impression that there was not one family which would by general consent be called respectable connected with them. The people were mostly poor and bent upon emigration to improve their position.

THOMAS BRITTAIN.

The Mormon prophet, leader, and founder of that peculiar creed, Mr. Joseph Smith—better known to our American cousins as “Joe Smith”—began the prophet business in this country in the city of Manchester some time in the month of February, 1841. As at that time I came into contact with Smith on several occasions in some business matters, a short personal account of the now notorious “prophet” may interest your readers.

Coming to this country *via* New York and Liverpool, he made Manchester his headquarters, and sought, with considerable success, to make converts to his polygamous religion. Many of his pamphlets, which he had had printed in America, I made up and bound for him here, the said literature being no doubt to the Mormon mind extremely edifying. The premises occupied by Mr. and Mrs. Smith and family while here were then No. 37, Oxford-street, in Esdaille's Buildings, now a tobacconist's shop, next door to Duncan and Foster, bakers. The landlord accepted him as tenant for the unexpired portion of my tenancy, and to continue at about £30 per annum. He remained there either twelve months or two years, I forget which, and visited during that time almost all the towns in the neighbourhood of Manchester.

In appearance the Prophet was a man about five feet ten inches high, somewhat stout, and with a good appearance. He appeared to be fairly educated, but not in possession of any trade or handicraft. He seemed to be well off as far as this world's goods went, and to the best of my recollection did not leave his debts as a legacy to the unconverted.

I believe the meeting-house for the “Saints” and “Anxious Enquirers” was the lower portion of a house in a street immediately behind St. Michael's Church, in Angel Meadow.

We all know Smith's tragical fate, but the few details I am able to give are not perhaps so well known, and may be interesting not only to readers here but also in Salt Lake City, State of Utah, U.S.

JAMES WROE.

Oxford-street, Manchester.

#### QUERIES.

[1,182.] KULDJA.—Can any reader give me the latitude and longitude of Kuldja, the bone of contention between China and Russia?  
J. H.

[1,183.] THE HOUNSLOW FLOGGING CASE.—Can any reader say when what was spoken of as the “Hounslow case” occurred? If my memory does not mislead me, a soldier was flogged to death, or died from the flogging shortly after.  
M.

[1,184.] THE LIVE-OAK.—Chiefly in books of travel I have frequently met with references to the live-oak. I am now reading Mr. Bishop's *Voyage of the Paper Canoe*, and when passing through the water-courses of the Southern States of America he often mentions the tree, but, as usual, never describes it. Will any of our botanists kindly supply this description, and say to which species the live-oak belongs?  
STUDENT.

[1,185.] THE ORDEAL OF COMBAT.—In reading a leader in a London paper lately I noticed a reference made to a trial for murder “which took place a few years ago,” in which the accused demanded the ordeal of combat, which it was found was within his legal rights. By this means the accused escaped, but it of course led to an immediate amendment of the law. I should be much obliged if your readers could give me any information as to this trial, and the ingenious individual who thus revived this old obsolete custom so successfully.  
G. A. M.

[1,186.] SIMEON NEWTON AND GUN-STREET SUNDAY SCHOOL.—As we can ill spare the records of noble deeds, I venture to ask when, by what authority, and by whom the stone tablet bearing the name of the donor, and until recently affixed to the wall of the old Sunday school in Gun-street, Ancoats (the first Sunday school Manchester ever possessed), and which was given by Simeon Newton a century ago, has been removed? It would be also interesting to know whether the school is still the property and in the hands of the body to which, for the public good, it was originally entrusted. I am told there is a printed account of the life of Simeon Newton. Has it come under the notice of your readers? Information on this subject will be acceptable to many, and particularly to  
SAMO LUT REBOR.

[1,187.] OLD GRAVESTONES NEAR THE BOW STONE, LYME.—As you have correspondents who write you from Lyme, I shall be much obliged if some of them will kindly send me information on the following points. When Dr. Ormerod wrote his *History*

of *Chehire* in 1818, he stated that after removing the moss and dirt, "the two following inscriptions were copied from stones on the side of the hill below the Bow Stone:"—

(I.)

John Hampson and his wife  
and three children left this life  
1646.

(II.)

Think it not strange our bones ly here,  
Thine may ly thou knowest not where.

Elizabeth Hampson.

When visiting this district lately I made inquiry for these stones, but could hear nothing of them. The people at the adjacent farmhouse, however, showed me three other tombstones, relating to members of the Blackwell family, and also dated 1646, which I copied. I shall be glad to know whether the Hampson tombstones are known to any of your correspondents, and where they are situated, as I am desirous of mentioning them in my *History of East Chehire*. An early reply will much oblige. J. P. EARWAKER.

Withington, near Manchester.

[1,188.] OLD MANCHESTER PRINTERS, PUBLISHERS, AND ENGRAVERS.—Can Mr. Joseph Johnson, who seems to be the "Old Mortality" of the Manchester booksellers, printers, and publishers, and who has furnished many of our meditative elders with pleasant and quaint reminiscences of the local book trade, tell us something about the old Manchester printing firm of Sowler and Russell? I have before me a goodly tome, almost of the dimensions of a folio—perhaps it is a folio—bearing these names on the imprint. The book is none other than the one briefly and familiarly known as Hervey's *Meditations Among the Tombs*. It purports to have been printed in Manchester by Sowler and Russell, Deanagate, 1798. Opposite the title-page, by way of frontispiece, is an engraved portrait of the pious author, the artist being one "Pye." The inscription at the right-hand corner is "Pye, fct. Manchester." The good Hervey looks forth with a meek and placid, and indeed somewhat wooden countenance, set off with gown and wig and bands. Mr. Pye has put him in an oval frame, supported by a monumental pediment whereon is inscribed "Rev. James Hervey, A.M." At the top of the oval frame he has placed a couple of bodiless cherubs with the plumpiest of faces, suggestive of a pair of butcher's boys, with flowing hair, looking out from feathery collars meant for wings, and in a state of overfed celestial respectability. The heads and the collars repose on what Mr. Pye probably meant to be clouds. There is perceptible, too, an hour-glass and the fragment of a scythe, symbolic I suppose of Time and the old mower, with whom it is supposed to be always hay-time. The fact of so big a book being printed in 1798 by Sowler and Russell, of Manchester, says much for the then popularity of the *Meditations*, whose gorgeous and plethoric rhetoric so much dazzled, in their youth,

the sexagenarians of to-day. Mr. Joseph Johnson or some kindred spirit may be able to tell us something of the history of these old Manchester printers and publishers; as well as of Pye, of the engraved portrait and allegory. C. H.

Stretford.

Professor Jowett has completed his translation of Thucydides. It is expected to rival his Plato in excellence, and will be issued by the delegates of the Clarendon Press in four volumes, namely, the preface or introduction, two volumes of the translation, and a fourth volume of commentary and notes.

BRAIN AND INTELLECT.—The cranium of Descartes is often adduced as an exception to the general rule that a great mind requires a large brain. This statement seems to have rested on no exact measurement, and Dr. Le Bon resolved recently to test its accuracy. The result is that he finds the cubic capacity of Descartes' skull to be 1,700 centimètres, or 150 centimètres above the mean of Parisian crania of the present time. At the same time, Dr. Bordier has recently found the average capacity of the skulls of thirty-six guillotined murderers to be 1,547 cubic centimetres, the largest reaching the enormous figure of 2,076 cubic centimetres. Eliminating this, however, obviously abnormal, the average is reduced to 1,531 cubic centimetres. But even this figure is considerably higher than the average of any ordinary series of modern crania. In order to find skulls of equal capacity it is necessary to go back to prehistoric times; thus the capacity of Solutré skulls is 1,615, and that of the type from the cave of L'Homme Mort is 1,606.5 cubic centimetres. The development of the murderers' skull is not in the frontal, but in the parieto-occipital region; and it appears to indicate a low intellectual standard, with a strong tendency to powerful action.

To the Hamnet edition of Shakspeare Mr. Allan Park Paton has just added *Timon of Athens*. It is the fourth of the series. Mr. Paton, as we explained in noticing the Hamnet *Cymbeline*, is of opinion that the capital letters which appeared in the original folios were designed to indicate the emphasis to be placed upon certain words. Take the following passage from *Timon*:—

All. We are not Thieves, but men  
That much do want.

*Timon*. Your greatest want is, you want much of meat: Why should you want? Behold, the Earth hath Roots: Within this Mile break forth a hundred Springs: Th; Oaks bear Mast, the Briars Scarlet Hips, The bounteous Housewife Nature, on each bush, Lays her full Mess before you. Want? why Want?

Mr. Paton thinks he could not "produce a better example of the Emphasis-Capital than that which Shakspeare has here given to the concluding verb." Apart from his theory, Mr. Paton has shown great and most commendable industry in collating the four folios, and his work is an admirably printed and very handsome edition of the poet.

Saturday, August 2, 1879.

NOTE.

TENNYSON'S IN MEMORIAM.

[1,189.] Has it ever been noticed that the thought of one of the most famous passages in Tennyson's *In Memoriam* is repeated in the same poem?

XXVII.

I hold it true, what'er befall;  
I feel it, when I sorrow most;  
'Tis better to have loved and lost  
Than never to have loved at all.

LXXXV.

This truth came borne with bier and pall,  
I felt it when I sorrow'd most;  
'Tis better to have loved and lost  
Than never to have lov'd at all.

Is the repetition intentional?

A MANCHESTER PYTHAGOREAN.

COMMENTS AND ANSWERS.

THE FIRST MANCHESTER PENNY DAILY.

(Query No. 1,168, July 19.)

[1,190.] The first penny daily paper issued in Manchester was the *War Telegraph*, the title being changed to the *Daily Telegraph* at the close of the Crimean war. It started in 1854, and was printed by me during the early part of the following year in Cross-street, at the corner of Chapel Walks.

WILLIAM ALCOCK.

Corporation-street.

PROPITIATING THE BEES.

(Nos. 1,065, 1,145 and 1,159.)

[1,191.] On two several occasions of death in my family—the last occurring in 1868—the gardener told the bees of the event, put crape on the hives, and on the day of the funeral took them wine and cake. This is the regular custom in Derbyshire, the idea being that if it be not observed the bees will forsake the hives.

E. W.

BASHI-BAZOUK.

(Nos. 1,039 and 1,160.)

[1,192.] The word Bashi-bazouk, as far as I know, is almost exactly equivalent to our "rough-yed." The word "bash" is certainly head. The *i* is the formative particle used in Turkish, Persian, and Tatar. Of the exact meaning of the word "bazouk" I am not quite sure, not knowing the proper spelling and having no properly-arranged Turkish dictionary. But the meaning of the compound is almost certainly frizzly-head or rough-head.

LINCOLNIENSIS.

TICK.

(Nos. 1,153 and 1,177.)

[1,193.] In Lincolnshire this game is known as "tick;" to the north of the Humber it is known as "tig;" in Northamptonshire "tiggy." My own etymology, arrived at at school, was a supposed corruption of "tetigi," Latin for "I have touched," as we were accustomed to call out "tiggy!" on touching the person of whom we were in pursuit. Is there an Anglo-Saxon verb "ticgan?" I have not been able to find it. In Scotland, I believe, the game is called "tug."

LINCOLNIENSIS.

THE MORMONS IN MANCHESTER.

(Nos. 1,171 and 1,181.)

[1,194.] Is Mr. WBOE quite sure that Joseph Smith, the Mormon "prophet," who was shot while in custody in the State of Illinois about June, 1844, is identical with the Joseph Smith with whom he became acquainted at 37, Oxford-street, Manchester, in February of the year 1841? If so, can he speak positively to the said Smith having remained in this country at least twelve months after the date above given; and did he during that time, to Mr. WBOE's own knowledge, advocate publicly or privately the odious doctrine of polygamy?

ONE DEEPLY INTERESTED.

HARRIETT AND SOPHIA LEE.

(Query No. 1,043, May 17.)

[1,195.] The *Canterbury Tales*, and several other novels and some plays, were written by Harriett and Sophia Lee, daughters of John Lee, an actor and author, who died at Bath in 1781. They kept a school at Bath for many years. I do not know whether they had any connection with Manchester. Harriett Lee's tale of *Kreutzner* suggested to Lord Byron his tragedy of *Werner*. Sophia Lee died in 1824, while her younger sister survived till 1851, when she died in her ninety-fifth year. A notice of her will be found in the *Gentleman's Magazine* for September, 1851.

C. W. S.

THE FREEMASONS.

(Nos. 1,078, 1,101, 1,115, and 1,128.)

[1,196.] Some years ago I made considerable research into the origin and history of Freemasonry. The best account I met with was from the pen of De Quincey. The history of the Freemasons is very much confounded and mixed up with the history of the Knights Templars, the Rosicrucians, and the Handicraft Masons. The latter admitted none into their



guild who did not belong to their own craft. The new order of Freemasons was intended to include men of all ranks and conditions, provided that they were free men—viz., free to think and act for themselves. The first public meeting of Freemasons was held in the hall of the Handicraft Masons—viz., Masons' Hall, Masons' Alley, Basinghall-street, London, in the year of our Lord 1646, when the first lodge of Freemasons was founded. [It was into this lodge that Ashmole the antiquary was admitted. He was also a Rosicrucian. Private meetings (one at Warrington, Lancashire) had been held before the above date for the purpose of considering the name and insignia of the proposed Order; but it was in the year 1648, as De Quincey says, that "the name of a Freemasons' lodge, with all the insignia, attributes, and circumstances of a lodge, first came forward in the page of history. I think this fully answers Mr. Shawcross's query.

It may be here noted that the Handicraft Masons lent the use of their hall to the Freemasons, and for this act of kindness the Freemasons passed a resolution that the guild of Handicraft Masons as a body, and where they are not individually objectionable, shall enjoy the precedence of all orders of men in the right of admission, and only pay half fees.

MARTIN RAE.

Middleton Hall, near Edinburgh.

DR. BRAID AND ANIMAL MAGNETISM.

(Query No. 1,172, July 19.)

[1,197.] In reply to MEDICO's inquiry as to Dr. James Braid's belief in the benefit to patients of animal magnetism, I have good reason to reply in the positive sense. During the period of his greatest popularity Dr. Spencer Hall, who is still living and will doubtless remember the circumstance, called upon me in Manchester, and we together called on Dr. Braid, to whom I introduced him. Experiments were made upon one or more patients in our presence, and the subject was fully discussed betwixt the two professors, I being a patient listener. There is every reason to believe that both gentlemen were thoroughly honest in their declared opinions.

It may be interesting to your readers to know the somewhat strange circumstance which brought Dr. Braid to Manchester. He began practice in a village in Scotland where there was but little scope for the exercise of his talents. At that time a coach was upset not far from his house, and he was sent for to

attend the unfortunate passengers, many of whom were injured. Amongst them was a Manchester merchant, whose name was given to me, but I have forgotten it. A broken limb confined the merchant to his bed for many weeks. The doctor and the merchant in the end became personal friends, and at the recommendation of the merchant the doctor came to practise in Manchester, where he soon became very popular. I have my information of this Scotch incident from one of Dr. Braid's patients, an old lady.

T. BRITAIN.

Permit me to refer your MEDICO to Dr. Carpenter's work on *Mental Physiology*, published by H. S. King and Co., for a very full explanation of this interesting subject; but as it may be of general interest perhaps you will kindly give sufficient space to enable me to lay before your readers a brief outline.

Some thirty-five years ago the late Mr. Braid was led to make an important series of researches to account for certain mysterious mental phenomena, during which he discovered that in many persons a state might be induced artificially much resembling profound reverie, and called Electro-Biology or Induced Reverie. The subjects were certain susceptible or "sensitive" individuals, who were asked while awake to fix their attention for a few minutes upon some object, and sometimes even a few seconds were found sufficient for the purpose of inducing the state. When under influence the "sensitives" were found to be peculiarly subject to suggestions from the operator and could be made to feel hot or cold, pricking or burning sensations, or any other that he chose to impose upon them. All this he could do either with or without the use of any magnets whatever, by operating upon his patient's credulity. Dr. Carpenter is of opinion that Mr. Braid's researches have done more to throw light upon the reflex action of the cerebrum than any other investigations.

In close connection with the above subject is the kindred one of Hypnotism, or Induced Somnambulism, also investigated by Mr. Braid. It differs from Electro-Biology in being more intense and rendering the subject more capable of being operated upon. "The whole man seems given to such perception." He seems to be more highly sensitive, especially to emotional states, and can be more readily acted upon by mere suggestions, or even by the muscular sense, as when he is made to pray by being brought on his knees and having his hands placed in a devout

reverential attitude. If space had permitted I should have liked to quote extensively from Dr. Carpenter's valuable work on this most important subject.

JOHN HENRY JONES.

16, Stretford Road.

#### KULDJA.

(Query No. 1,182, July 26.)

[1,198.] Kuldja is situated on the Russo-Chinese frontier, in about longitude 44 degrees, latitude 98 degrees east. G. F.

Kuldja is a small place situated on the boundary of Russia and China, a little to the east of Turkestan and to the north of the Thian Shan Mountains. Its latitude is 45 degrees north, and its longitude 80 degrees east. S. SMITH.

#### HOYLE AND SON'S "LILACS."

(No. 1,182, July 19.)

[1,199.] It was in 1820 that I first became acquainted with these then popular printed calicoes; a long time ago, but I remember the circumstance well, for it was in that year that I began to get my own living by becoming an apprentice to a drapery establishment. The retail price was about sixteenpence a yard, and the quantity usually sold for a lady's dress varied from 5½ to 6½ yards. Dresses were what is called gored in those days, and there were not any long trains connected with them to sweep the streets. The six yards of 1820 is now, I believe, sixteen to twenty yards. Some will say, all the better for trade; but I may reply, perhaps not quite so well for poor husbands and fathers. One day, a year or two ago, I made a present of twelve yards of material for a dress with the idea that it was ample. When I presented my gift I was informed it was of no use, and I had to make amends for my ignorance by buying six more yards of the material. Such is the strange fashion of the present time.

THOMAS BRITAIN.

#### OLD GRAVESTONES NEAR BOW LANE, LYME.

(Query No. 1,187, July 26.)

[1,200.] I saw the Sampson gravestones mentioned by Mr. Earwaker, about three years ago. They are situated about two miles from Disley, in the corner of a field to the left of the old road from Higher Disley to Rainow, and are about 100 yards from the road. After passing the point where the road branches off on the left to Kettleshulme, the Rainow road must be followed about half a mile further, and

the field containing the gravestones lies in the angle between the two roads, the bow stone being a little further up the hill. The stones were much worn and grown over with grass, and I had some difficulty in deciphering the inscriptions, but the copy I took agrees exactly with the extract from Ormerod. I have not since that time seen the gravestone, as there is no footpath across the field, but for anything I know they are still in existence. Some time ago, whilst rambling in the same district, I went into a cottage undergoing repair, and noticed an old gravestone broken in two which had been doing duty as a sinkstone or bench, and was told it had been brought by a former occupant from the garden of an old house that once stood on the edge of the moor close by. The stone was much defaced and the letters scarcely legible. The name I have forgotten, but the date was, I believe, sometime in the seventeenth century.

A. W. L.

Marple.

#### THE HOUNSLOW FLOGGING CASE.

(Query No. 1,183, July 26.)

[1,201.] On 15th June, 1846, Private Frederick John White, Seventh Hussars, was flogged at Hounslow Barracks. He had been sentenced to 160 lashes for striking his sergeant across the chest with a poker, and the whole number was administered by two farriers, in presence of the men, and under the inspection of Dr. Warren, the surgeon of the regiment. At the conclusion White was able to walk to the hospital with a little assistance, but he got worse there, and expired on 11th July. A regimental post-mortem examination was made, and a certificate signed that death resulted from inflammation of the pleura, and was in no way connected with the corporal punishment to which he had been subjected. The coroner (Mr. Wakley) and Mr. Erasmus Wilson took a different view of the matter, the latter giving it as his opinion that, so far as appearances went, White might still have been alive but for the severe corporal punishment he had received. The coroner's jury returned a verdict to this effect, and urged upon the people the necessity of petitioning Parliament to put a stop to the cruel practice. White's comrades erected a stone in Helston Churchyard, as "a testimonial of their deep commiseration of his fate, and out of respect to his memory." See Irvine's *Annals of our Time* and the *Annual Register* 1846, p. 105.

F. M. J.

OLD MANCHESTER DOCTORS.  
(Nos. 1,144 and 1,176.)

[1,202.] I observe that the names of several notable characters in the medical profession, practising during the last half-century, are still omitted. For instance, there is Dr. Jessie, of Piccadilly, who afterwards removed to Downing-street, Ardwick, and attained to an extensive practice; Dr. Crowther, of Quay-street, a very celebrated surgeon; Dr. Gavin Hamilton, of Portland-street, who married Miss Ward the actress; Dr. Stephenson, of Mosley-street; and Dr. J. Kay, who practised here between the years 1830 and 1840. This gentleman attained considerable eminence both in his profession and as an author. He wrote the History of the Cholera in 1832, and in the following year a work on Asphyxia, as well as other works. He retired from practice to become president of the London Poor-law Board, and assumed the name of J. Kay-Shuttleworth, was made a baronet, and afterwards fulfilled the office of high sheriff for the county of Lancaster. The present Sir Ughtred Kay-Shuttleworth, M.P., is his son. There was also Dr. Franklin, another character, who has been in active practice more than half a century, and who, I am led to believe, has only very recently retired.

Mr. SLUGG seems to be rather sceptical as to my statement in reference to Dr. J. L. Bardsley and Mr. Joseph Jordan, as their names do not appear in the directories for the years referred to. They were not quite such reliable sources of information at that time as they are now. In the year 1823, which is the one to which I referred in reference to Dr. Bardsley, the Infirmary report was printed in the office in which I was serving the first year of my apprenticeship, and having occasion frequently to go to the institution on business, I became acquainted with the whole medical staff, whose forms, bearing the names of each medical officer, were also printed. This being so, and also the year in which my illness occurred, I cannot possibly be mistaken. With respect to Mr. Jordan, I am equally confident, as the date of the birth of my sister will testify, she being now in the sixty-fourth year of her age.

ROBERT WOOD.

Rusholme.

THE REV. JOHN JOHNSON, M.A.

(Query No. 1,151, July 12.)

[1,203.] It is probable that the only connection which this learned nonjuring clergyman had with this district was through his son, who was rector of

Standish in Lancashire from February, 1722, until his death in the following year. The *Primitive Communicant*, named by A MANCHESTER PYTHAGOREAN may however, have been a favourite book of devotion with the Deaconites and the clergy of the Collegiate Church, who were known to be partial to "primitive" ways; or, as we should now say, to ritualism. The Rev. John Johnson was the only son of Thomas Johnson, vicar of Frindsbury, near Rochester. He was born in 1662, and after receiving his education at the King's School in Canterbury, and Magdalen College, Cambridge, and holding several benefices in succession, he became vicar of Cranbrook in Kent, which cure he held for eighteen years. He died December 15, 1725. He was the author of several works, one of which, *The Unbloody Sacrifice*, was reprinted in 1847 as part of the Library of Anglo-Catholic Theology. The Rev. Thomas Brett wrote a life of him, which was published in 1748.

C. W. S.

CAMBRIDGE AND THE PORTS.

(No. 1,033, May 17.)

[1,204.] On reading HITTITE'S vindication of the poetical genius of Cambridge, it occurred to me to see to what extent her sons had sung the charms of their *Alma Mater*. Longfellow, in his *Poems of Places*, rightly gives the first place to Wordsworth, who is, indeed, the laureate of Cambridge. He it is who declared of her revered towers—

They dreamt not of a perishable home  
Who thus could build.

Tennyson has given his feelings when he revisited his old student haunts—

And heard once more in college fanes  
The storm their high-built organs make;  
And, thunder-music rolling, shake  
The prophets blazoned on the pane.

Mr. James Payn has celebrated the Backs in some verses which are pleasant, and not much more. Lord Houghton has written a sonnet on revisiting Trinity College—

I have a debt of my heart's own to thee,  
School of my soul! old lime and cloister shade  
Which I—strange suitor—should lament to see  
Fully acquitted and exactly paid.  
The first ripe task of manhood's best delight—  
Knowledge imbibed; while mind and heart agree  
In sweet belated talk on winter's nights,  
With friends whom growing time keeps dear to me;  
Such things I owe thee, and not only these:  
I owe thee the far-becoming memories

Of the young dead, who, having crossed the tide  
Of Life where it was narrow, deep, and clear,  
Now cast their brightness from the farther side,  
On the dark-flowing hours I breast in fear.

Of the connection between poetry and mathematics the *Laws of Verse* of Professor Sylvester might perhaps be suggestively cited. An enthusiastic Cantab would easily gather a tribute of homage from our poets to the city which has nurtured Wordsworth and Tennyson. Why is Kirke White styled an "inferior poet" whilst Quarles is entered amongst the great ones? The "emblems" altogether are not worth that grand hymn beginning—

When marshalled on the nightly plain.

A poem evidencing great though evidently immature power, and having Cambridge as its scene appeared about the year 1830. It was entitled "Granta." I had a copy once, but some friend borrowed and failed to return it. The plot would have done for a French novel, and therefore would not suit these pages.

A MANCHESTER PYTHAGOREAN.

#### BRITISH CATTLE.

(No. 1,152, July 12.)

[1,205.] Your correspondent, J. OGDEN, will find the history of British Cattle, told in a work just published by Cassell, Petter, and Galpin, entitled *The Wild White Cattle of Great Britain. An Account of their Origin, History, and Present State.* By the late Rev. John Storer, M.A., of Hellidon, Northamptonshire. Edited by his son, John Storer. In an appendix is given a list of localities where wild white cattle, or their domestic descendants, are proved to have existed. The following Lancashire and Cheshire localities are mentioned:—

Lyme Park, enclosed about 1280 or 1290, from the royal forest of Macclesfield, obtained its wild herds, still remaining, from the ancient wild cattle of that place.

Blakeley had wild bulls in days so early that even 350 years since they were spoken of [by Leland] as "times paste."

Hoghton Tower had, in olden times, a very ancient herd of wild cattle, which has probably been extinct 200 years or more.

Middleton Hall, the seat of the Asshetons, and close to Blakeley, had an old herd of wild cattle, described in 1700 [by Dr. Chas. Leigh, in his *Nat. Hist. of Lancashire, Cheshire, and Derbyshire*], and probably the descendants of the Blakeley bulls.

Bowland Forest is traditionally believed to have been the source from which many wild herds sprang.

Whalley Abbey had a park which certainly contained them, and they are traditionally believed to have been obtained from Bowland Forest, in the times of the Lord Abbots. If not, they were introduced by the impropritors, the Asshetons from Middleton. They came to an end about the year 1700.

Somerford Park, Sir C. W. Shakerley's, contains a herd which has been here for several hundred years. Derived undoubtedly from the wild herds of South Lancashire, it has been long domesticated, but strikingly preserves the ancient character of the breed.

There are a few domesticated descendants of the Middleton herd still in existence at Blickling and Woodbastwick, in Norfolk.

C. W. S.

OLD MANCHESTER PRINTERS, PUBLISHERS, AND ENGRAVERS.

(Query No. 1,183, July 26.)

[1,206.] I am sorry I cannot give C. H. any lengthy account of the firm of Sowler and Russell. I believe, however, I am correct in stating that the founder of the firm, Mr. Thomas Sowler, died in 1802. Prior to his death his son Thomas was in partnership with Mr. Russell, in premises situated in Deansgate, the firm being known by the name of Sowler and Russell. The partnership was ultimately dissolved, when Mr. Thomas Sowler began business in St. Ann's Square. In 1825 he started the *Courier* newspaper, under the editorship of Alaric A. Watts, who was then and subsequently well known in connection with annuals and what are termed table books. No doubt the Hervey's *Meditations* published by Sowler and Russell was issued in numbers—the usual mode at that day of publishing books. "Number men" were then as common as touters for coal orders are to-day. Mr. Ainsworth was for many years the head of the Lancashire number trade. His establishment, a private house, was next to the bridge in Ancoats-street, from whence tons of numbers were carried in convenient bags by the "canvassers" and "deliverers." A list of the titles of the books which were "taken in" at that day would be no mean contribution to the history of opinion of the Lancashire working classes. Mr. Ainsworth subsequently removed to a warehouse in Back Piccadilly, where, I believe, the business was carried on till very recently.

The book, which is in the possesson of C. H. Hervey's *Meditations*, was, at the beginning of the century, a safe publishing speculation. It formed one of the books issued in numbers by Mr. Joseph Gleave, a well-known Manchester publisher, who died in 1827, in his fifty-fifth year. Amongst the books carried by the canvassers from his shop were *The House of Starley, Criminal Portraitsures*, Bennet's *Christian Oratory*, and several editions of Bibles and Prayer-books. After his death his son opened a shop in Market-street, near to Mr. Hyam's present premises. He was not successful, however, the inevitable auctioneer ultimately ending the business. Another edition of the *Meditations* was published by R. and W. Dean, who occupied premises at the corner of Brown-street. This was a small edition, 12mo, of which immense quantities were sold. The stereotype plates from which the book was printed are now, I believe, in the possession of the extensive Halifax publishers, Milner and Sowerby, who have sent large quantities of the book to the colonies, as well as circulating it largely in the United Kingdom, the books of the firm going everywhere.

I am sorry that I have no knowledge of "Pye, fct. Manchester." Information anent this engraver will no doubt be furnished by Mr. Morton, whose taste as well as interest has led him along many literary by-ways, and to store art incidents in a retentive memory.  
JOSEPH JOHNSON.  
Isle of Man.

JOANNA SOUTHCOTE AND HER FOLLOWERS.

(Query No. 1,080, June 7.)

[1,207.] Among the followers of the Prophetess as among the followers of the Prophet, there are varieties. Those who cling to the belief as it was thought to be in Joanna Southcote are described in Maurice Davies' *Heterodox London*. The bulk, however, of those who followed Southcote afterwards accepted the guidance of another claimant to prophetic powers. This was John Wroe, the founder of the sect of Christian Israelites who chiefly abound at Ashton-under-Lyne, but have also synagogues at Gravesend, at Melbourne in Australia, and probably other places. There is a biographical notice of Wroe in Baring-Gould's *Yorkshire Oddities*, but it is only fair to the "Joannas" to say that they do not regard it as a fair statement of the facts of their founder's life. The official biography, still incomplete and

never likely to be completed, is "The Life and Journal of John Wroe, with Divine Communications revealed to him." This was printed at Gravesend in 1859, in two volumes. A third was also printed, but is esoteric. I was instrumental, some years ago, in this work and others on the same subject being added to the Manchester Free Library. I have, as might be conjectured from my signature, very little sympathy with the theology of the Christian Israelites, but their lives as a rule put orthodoxy to the blush. John Wroe's prophetic visions are such stuff as dreams are made of; but his followers are proverbially true, honest, and straightforward in their dealings.

A MANCHESTER PYTHAGOREAN.

TRAF-FORD.

(No. 1,179, July 26.)

[1,208.] The assertion that the Treeford or the Woodford is the true meaning of the word Traford, now written Trafford, may be admitted as a reasonable one, especially as such a definition accords with the theory of my argument, realizing the old description of the locality—a wooded ridge through which the road to the ford ran. This wood formed part of that which surrounded Trafford Old Hall (its park, in fact) before that section of the high road lying between the Cornbrook, Hulme, and the turn to Throstle Nest was (in comparatively recent times) cut. The old road to Chester turned at Cornbrook down past the present Pomona Gardens, across the meadows bordering the Irwell, and at Throstle Nest bent through the wood to the high road. Often in my boyhood have I gone to Trafford Park by that road (then superseded as a high road), the wood-clothed slope then overlooking the meadows; and frequently in the wood at Throstle Nest corner was the mail coach to Chester in olden times stopped by highwaymen and the passengers robbed. There has never been a "village" at Trafford either of pre or sub-Saxon existence, Stretford being the nearest one. It is not by the dogmas of word-twisting etymologists, but by the features of the places named, that we must seek for the elucidation of the titles given by our Saxon ancestors, which both for persons and localities were descriptive ones. For instance, see how they used personal peculiarities—Armstrong, Rufus, Longshanks, Redhead, Whitehead. The meaning of the word Trafford may be now considered as defined.  
JAMES BURY.

I am not aware of any instance of Anglo-Saxon "eow" being changed into a, and must demur to the statement made by COTTONOPOLITAN. The nearest approach I know of is the change of deer into dear, but eow has always been changed into an o, u, or at most y sound; never to a. Deorby is now sometimes pronounced Darby, and COTTONOPOLITAN gives some more examples of place-names undergoing this change, the correctness of which I am unable to verify; but I should like to know how it is this peculiar permutation has been confined to names of places.

LINCOLNIENSIS.

#### QUERIES.

[1,209.] SHEMIDA, A CHRISTIAN NAME.—What can be the origin of this very unusual Christian name? It is now borne by a tradesman at a northern watering place.

A MANCHESTER PYTHAGOREAN.

[1,210.] THE WOODEN COAL SCUTTLE.—Was not this in general use after the introduction of the black mineral to replace wood as domestic fuel; and when was it driven out by the common metal one? Are there any districts or institutions where the wooden coal scuttle is still in use?

DELTA.

[1,211.] NORSE.—Mr. KEYWORTH, in his note on "Tick," speaks of certain words being derived from "the Norse." Will he kindly explain what he means by "the Norse?" Is it Danish, Swedish, Icelandic, or what, and whose dictionary is his authority? It is quite time that all people who deal with philology should pursue the study upon scientific principles, and write so that others can prove what they say.

WEST MORLAND.

[1,212.] PETERLOO.—In Mr. Spencer Walpole's *History of England from the Conclusion of the Great War in 1815*, he says that the place where the famous gathering in Manchester took place was called St. Peter's Field or Peterloo (vol. x. p. 506). Is not this a mistake? I always understood that the name Peterloo was given after the meeting, and referred to the event—the battle—and was an ironical comparison of this struggle with that at Waterloo. Was the place ever called Peterloo before the meeting in July, 1819?

THOMAS KEYWORTH.

[1,213.] "GIVE IT BEST."—It is well to register the birth of idioms. Our colonial cousins are constantly making additions to the family of phrases; and unless they are noticed at once these new comers are prone to bewilder those who would trace their origin. Mr. Francis H. Grundy, who I suppose is really a Manchester man, has just written a very interesting book called *Pictures of the Past*. About half the book refers to Australia, and there are several expressions in that part which are evidently peculiar

to the English of the southern world. I have seen explanations of most of those new terms, understand what is meant by "shouting," being "stuck up," and others, but in this book I find the words "give it best" used several times in a peculiar manner. When a man is dead beat he "gives it best." I will quote a sentence where the phrase occurs. Page 335: The writer is telling of a man who persevered at the gold diggings in spite of bad fortune, though he was once nearly giving up. "I know one case, at least, told me by the man himself, where he was 'dead beat,' home and hope both being gone. He told his wife he would 'give it best,' leave the place, and begin the world again somewhere else." The idea seems to be that the person who is hard pressed will acknowledge evil fate or ill fortune to be the better man. But whence this form of speech? It is new to me.

THOMAS KEYWORTH.

Liverpool.

According to the values obtained from the observations of Mars, by Mr. David Gill, the solar parallax comes out as 8.78 degrees, which would make the mean distance of the earth from the sun 93,101,000 miles.

From the annual volume on the British Rainfall, compiled by Mr. G. J. Symons, F.R.S., from the reports of his company of his volunteer observers, it appears that in 1878 the heaviest fall of rain in England was as usual at the Stye, Cumberland, 149.0 in., and the least at Keadby, in Lincolnshire, 17.35 in.

The first number of *Local Gleanings*, "an archaeological and historical magazine, chiefly relating to Lancashire and Cheshire," has been issued this week. It is edited by Mr. J. P. Earwaker, F.S.A., the historian of East Cheshire, who was the editor of the "Local Gleanings," which, until recently, appeared once a week in the *Manchester Courier*, and were discontinued in April last. He here resumes the work in the form of a monthly magazine. The chief article in this July number is a biographical sketch (with portrait) of Dr. John Dee, some time Warden of Manchester, by Mr. J. Eglington Bailey, F.S.A., and it is intended as an introduction to a projected reprint of the Manchester portion of Dr. Dee's *Diary*. An account of a lightning catastrophe at Church Lawton, Cheshire, in 1652, follows, and there are some original documents, notes and queries, notices of new books, and local antiquarian intelligence. Altogether the magazine, which is well printed, makes a very promising start. The price is to be eightpence monthly, and the year's numbers will make a volume of nearly 500 pages.

Saturday, August 9, 1879.

NOTES.

REMINISCENCES OF MANCHESTER FIFTY YEARS AGO.

XI.—DRUGGISTS: PART THE FIRST.

[1,214.] Fifty years ago there were only sixty druggists in Manchester and Salford; to-day their number exceeds 260. So that whilst the doctors have increased in that time a little more than 100 per cent, the druggists have increased about 330 per cent. Not one of the sixty who were in business then as druggists is so now; whilst, so far as I can ascertain, only two out of the whole number are living. These are Mr. Eli Atkin, of Newton Heath, and Mr. William Hyde Lamb. Mr. Atkin was an apprentice in the same shop as myself, but had completed his apprenticeship before I began mine, and was then in business in partnership with Mr. Dale as Dale and Atkin, in Swan-street. He afterwards relinquished the retail business and became a dry-salter and manufacturing chemist. Mr. Lamb was then a druggist in Shudehill, but shortly after removed to the corner of Lower Moaley-street and Windmill-street, and for some years was a member of the Town Council. He is now an estate and property agent, having an office near his old shop, but on the opposite side of the street.

The oldest member of the trade at that time was Mr. Daniel Lynch, who about the year 1790 began business in Market-street, near what is now the end of Corporation-street, but which of course did not then exist. He afterwards removed to the opposite side higher up, next door to the Commercial Hotel, where he was in 1829. I have before stated that he held the chief office in the fraternity of Freemasons. There was another druggist who was in business in the last century, and whose name was retained in the firm of Atkinson and Barker, though he had retired from it before 1829. Mr. John Atkinson was in business in 1790 in St. Mary's Gate, and afterwards went into partnership with Mr. Robert Barker, occupying the shop at the corner of the Market Place and St. Mary's Gate, which was pulled down a few years ago to make way for the splendid pile now occupying that and the adjacent ground, and was at the time in the possession of Messrs. Mottershead and Co. Mr. Atkinson was the inventor of that well-known mother's friend, "Infants' Preservative," which

we are informed has received the patronage of royalty. When I first knew the shop the firm had two assistants, who eventually went into partnership and opened a shop in Market-street, the firm being Ingham and Westmacott. They afterwards dissolved partnership, and both have since passed away. Mr. Westmacott was a relative (nephew, I believe) of the sculptor of that name, and had a taste for the art himself. At the time of his death his shop was at the corner of Market-street and Corporation-street, where he left a son as his successor, who also had artistic tastes.

Next door to Atkinson and Barker's, in the Market Place, was the shop of Mottershead and Brown. About the year 1790 Thomas Staines was carrying on business as a druggist in the Market Place, his house being at White Cross Bank, Salford. In 1815 he was in partnership with Mr. Mottershead, the firm being Staines and Mottershead, which was succeeded in a few years by that of Mottershead and Brown, and which existed fifty years ago. At that time Mr. Brown was dead, and shortly after the business was carried on in the name of John Mottershead. I often had occasion to go to the shop, and remember Mr. Mottershead very well. He was a plain and homely man both in his dress and manner, and, being a bachelor and living on the premises, he had an ancient-looking housekeeper who used occasionally to come limping into the shop to see how its occupants were getting on. I heard it stated that she was the first person in Manchester who made fermented ginger beer in bottles. Mr. Mottershead had at that time two apprentices, one of whom, Thomas H. Taylor, afterwards began business in St. Ann's Square, where he continued many years. A few years since he relinquished it for another branch of business. The other apprentice was a nephew of Mr. Mottershead's, Thomas Roberts, who was afterwards taken into partnership, the firm being Mottershead and Roberts, and the business was continued by Mr. Roberts after Mottershead's death. More than thirty years ago Barker, the successor of Atkinson and Barker, relinquished the retail business, when the corner shop, which was a larger and more convenient one than Mottershead's, was taken by them. The business was carried on by Mr. Roberts till the premises were pulled down, when it was disposed of to the two gentlemen who had so ably managed it for him, and who removed it to premises under the Exchange, Mr. Roberts having become the senior

partner in the firm of Roberts, Dale, and Co., manufacturing chemists, Cornbrook. I well remember both Mr. Taylor and Mr. Roberts when they were youths behind Mottershead's counter.

The names of several of the druggists of that day are still perpetuated; viz., Lynch, Mottershead, Jewsbury, Bullock, and Goadsby, though the men themselves have been dead some time and have no descendants now in the business. Mr. Francis Goadsby, father of the late Alderman Goadsby, was then a druggist in Chapel-street, his shop being on the Manchester side between New Bailey-street and Blackfriars' Bridge. Another venerable Salford druggist of that day was Mr. William Brearey, whose shop was then at Pendleton. He had a shop previously in Market-street, and afterwards removed from Pendleton to Upper Brook-street. Contemporary with the elder Goadsby and Brearey was Mr. James Brereton, who evidently believed, as well as his successors, "that a rolling stone gathers no moss;" for about the year 1810 we find him keeping a shop at the corner of Cateaton-street and Smithy Door, where I knew him in 1829, and which he continued to keep for many years. He was succeeded by his son, who in his turn was succeeded by Mr. Hughes, the present occupant. So that the old shop has only changed owners twice in about seventy years. Another druggist who began business about the same time was Mr. John Cook; his shop was in King-street, a little lower down than the old Exchange entry, on the same side. I remember it in 1829, as it presented a rather old-fashioned appearance, having bow-windows with small squares of glass. There was also another druggist's shop then in King-street on the same side three doors from Deansgate, and next to Townsend's the music seller, occupied by Mr. Daniel Bullock. So that King-street then contained two druggists, though there is not one there now.

Oxford Road had only one, Mr. Thomas Sigley; whilst there was only one in the whole of Hulme. That happy individual was Mr. Robert Middleton, of Chester Road. Of course the Stretford Road was not then constructed. There were four in the Market Place. Besides Atkinson and Barker and Mottershead, there were Mr. George Vaughan, who was also a seedsman and began business at the beginning of the century, his shop being in the corner next to the Blue Boar court. Nearer to Market-street was Mr. Gilbert Blackberd, also a druggist and seedsman, in

the shop now occupied by Mr. Henry Watkinson, the seedsman. Mr. Thomas Watkinson, an elder brother, succeeded Mr. Blackberd, and after some time gave up selling drugs, confining his trade to the other branch. He died several years since and was succeeded by his younger brother.

Market-street at that time possessed four druggists' shops, their owners being Stocks and Dentith, Daniel Lynch, Robert Halstead Hargreaves, and Jewsbury and Whitlow. The most popular street with druggists was Piccadilly, which then contained six, two of the number being sons of Wesleyan ministers. The first shop, which was so long occupied by Mr. Standing, and which has only just been pulled down to widen the entrance to Tib-street, was then occupied by Mr. John Williams Gaulter. His father was the Rev. John Gaulter, who in the early part of his career was a contemporary of Wesley, at which time his name used to be spelt Gaultier. In my early days he resided for a time in Manchester, and I remember his tall and handsome figure and venerable appearance, dressed in the costume of the day with knee breeches, black stockings, and silver knee-buckles. His son was a very gentlemanly man, and began business about the year 1812. When I first knew him his assistant was Mr. L. Simpson, who afterwards began business in Princess-street, his shop being the first opened in that street. It was thought at the time to be rather a rash undertaking, but it succeeded. He retired many years ago, when he disposed of his business to Messrs. Ransome and Co.

Previous to this Gaulter had two apprentices named Jewsbury and Whitlow, who ultimately went into partnership, beginning business about the year 1825, in the shop over the door of which the name of one of the partners is still retained. It was one of three or four which had just been rebuilt, and were then called "Egyptian Buildings." Mr. Jewsbury's father was a yarn agent, and also agent for the West of England Insurance Company, and was the father of the two authoresses, Miss Jewsbury (afterwards Mrs. Fletcher), who died in India, and the still living Miss Geraldine Jewsbury, the novelist. Jewsbury married his partner's sister, whose mother kept the George and Dragon Inn, at the corner of York-street and Fountain-street. The house was sold some time after her death, and the premises taken for the South Lancashire Bank, long since defunct.

J. T. SLUGG.



Allow me to state, for the satisfaction of Mrs. LINNÆUS BANKS and others, that the place of business of Wood and Westhead in the year 1818 was at 55, High-street. This information I cull from an old directory, published by James Pigot, for the years 1818, 19, and 20. I may also state that 55 in the year 1818 would be on the right-hand going from Market-street. In those days it was not the custom to put odds on one side of the street and even on the other.

A.

Hulme.

WATER WHEELS.

[1,215.] Mr. ROBINSON (*City News*, August 2) does well to direct the attention of your readers to water wheels. Large or small they are of great interest, the cheapest as the most obvious source of motor power, and when other sources fail or become too expensive, it will be available. It is the nearest approach ever made to perpetual motion in machinery. Given an eligible position, built of good material, and regulated by a pendulum governor, a water wheel will go on for fifty or more years without repair, expense, or attention of any kind beyond the application of a little oil to the pivots and gearing. Without a doubt it is the most ancient system of applied mechanics. The Persians seem to have been the inventors of it, as all over the East it is known as the Persian Wheel, both when used for raising water for irrigation and for turning millstones. Under the ruins of the Hospice and Temple of the Knights of St. John at Jerusalem, I have seen the most ingenious and best built wheel-races in the world. Near Capernaum, at the head of the lake of Tiberias, there is a corn mill turned by water, evidently of very old times. There is another at a place called Mellahah near the waters of Merome, where the race is hewn out of the solid rock. So primitive and devoid of constructive skill is it, you might fancy it is the work of the giants of Beshan. Two or three over-shot wheels fed with stone aqueducts are used on the little stream which flows through Sychem to the Mediterranean. These are of modern construction. To me they were amongst the most interesting objects in Palestine. I ventured to suggest to a fine old gentleman, superintendent of the American Missions in Syria, that if they would build a cotton or a woollen mill, or what is better both, upon the Jordan, where there is abundance and a constant supply of water, they would do more to christianize the natives in

twelve months than they do now in twelve years. I dare say he has thought of it many times since, but I do not think it will be done for a long time yet. The most successful and the least ostentatious missionaries in the world, the Jesuits, invariably work upon this line. Not one is ever sent out that is not master of many handicrafts. The Master himself stuck to his carpentering work till he was thirty years of age.

True naturalists see as much or more to marvel at in the achievements of human genius, as shown in the construction of machinery, as they do in the mighty mechanism of the heavens or the beautiful developments of the Calla lily and the Drosera. Those who have not stood by a ponderous water wheel when in motion, such as that at Diggle, can hardly comprehend the sense of power and majesty, yea almost sublimity, with which it impresses the spectator. I do not know if this wheel be the largest in England. The late Sir William Fairburn made several of fifty-horse power. He made one 65 feet in diameter and six feet wide. The one at Laxey is 72 feet diameter and eight feet wide. It is said to be of 240-horse power; but effective power is affected by the capacity of the buckets and the velocity of the wheel. There is one at Greenock in Scotland over 70 feet diameter and of 192-horse power. This, I dare say, is the largest water wheel in the world. Theoretically it is of 256-horse power.

M. Poncelet, a French scientist, has laboured to show that the Fourneyon Turbine is capable of a greater maximum power with a given height and quantity of water than any other wheel. It is sufficient reply to him that the element of friction alone invalidates his argument.

As showing how much more strongly the authorities in France encourage inventors than our own, I may mention that M. Fourneyon received 6,000 francs for his invention from the Society for the Encouragement of Arts.

MORGAN BRIERLEY.

Denshaw House.

COMMENTS AND ANSWERS.

THE ORDEAL OF COMBAT.

(Query No. 1,185, July 28.)

[1,216.] If a prisoner on a trial for felony was acquitted the prosecutor might sue out a writ of appeal, and on the hearing of the appeal the defendant might claim his ordeal of combat or wager of battel.

The battle or battel was then fought between the prosecutor (appellant) and the defendant (appellee), and if the appellee was vanquished he was (unless killed in battle) immediately hanged; but if the appellant was vanquished, or pronounced the word "craven," or (not being a woman, a priest, an infant, or of the age of sixty years, or lame, or blind), declined the combat, he became infamous, and the appellee was immediately discharged.

Trial by wager of battel was pretty common in the Middle Ages. The last case in this country was in 1818. A girl named Mary Ashford was found one morning drowned in a pool. One Abraham Thornton had been with her late the previous evening. He was tried at the assizes for her murder, but although there was very strong circumstantial evidence against him he was acquitted. Whereupon Mary's brother, William Ashford, sued out his writ of appeal, and upon the case coming on for hearing in the Court of King's Bench, Thornton claimed his wager of battel and threw down his glove on the floor of the court. Ashford declined the combat and Thornton was immediately discharged. The case is fully reported in the first volume of Barnewall and Alderson's Reports.

Trial by wager of battel was abolished the following year by the statute of 59 Geo. III. c. 46.

CHARLES BUCKLEY.

Oldham.

In Dugdale's *England and Wales Delineated*, under the name of the town Erdington, Warwickshire, is an interesting account of the trial alluded to [by G. A. M. As many of your readers may not have the book, I copy the article *in extenso*.

This place [Erdington], of itself insignificant, became the scene of much public interest in 1817. Mary Ashford, a very beautiful young woman, the daughter of a cottager at Erdington, left her home to attend a dance at a neighbouring village. She was accompanied part of the way back by some female companions, who at a short distance from her father's cottage turned off to their respective homes, leaving her in company with Abraham Thornton, a bricklayer, then living in the neighbourhood. On the following morning this unfortunate young woman was found dead in a well, and to all appearance murdered with circumstances of great atrocity. Thornton, being the last person seen in her company, was apprehended and tried at Warwick for the murder; and after a trial which lasted twelve hours and a half the jury

returned a verdict of not guilty. So strong, however, was the presumption of his guilt in the minds of the unfortunate girl's relatives, as well as the public in general, that this verdict was received with the greatest dissatisfaction; and William Ashford, the elder brother of the deceased, under the influence and advice of some persons of high consideration, had recourse to the ancient statute, by which he appealed Thornton of the murder of his sister. To this charge Thornton pleaded that he was not guilty, and that he was ready to defend the same by his body, and then threw down his glove in open court, according to the ancient form as a gage of battle.

Most intense interest was of course excited as to whether the judges would allow of this barbarous mode of "trial by battle," and the following curious document was published at the time, as the form in which such trial must be conducted: "If the appellant accepts the challenge of the defendant and takes up his glove, the parties must be put to their oaths; and first, the defendant laying his right hand upon the gospels, and taking hold of the appellant's right hand with his left, will swear to this effect: 'Hear this, O man whom I hold by the hand, who callest thyself William by the name of baptism, that I, who who call myself Abraham by the name of baptism, did not feloniously murder thy sister, Mary by name, so help me God; (and then he shall kiss the book and say) and this I will defend against thee by my body as this court shall award.' Then the appellant, laying his right hand upon the book, and the defendant's right with his left, will swear to this effect: 'Hear this, O man, whom I hold by the hand, who callest thyself Abraham by the name of baptism, that thou art perjured, and therefore because thou feloniously didst murder my sister, Mary by name, so help me God; (and then he shall kiss the book and say) and this I will prove against thee by my body, as this court shall award.' The court must then appoint a day and place for the combat, and the lists must be prepared by enclosing a piece of ground sixty feet square, the sides to be due north, south, east, and west. Places just without side the lists to be provided for the judges and also for the bar. On the day fixed the court is at sunrise to proceed to the spot from Westminster Hall, the judges being in their full robes; and when they are seated proclamation is made for the combatants, who appear with bare heads, arms, and legs, each led by a person carrying

his baton of an ell long, tipped with iron; and preceded by another carrying his target, made of double leather, and square. Each, on entering the lists, make congées to the several persons present, and before they engage they respectively take an oath against witchcraft and sorcery to this effect: 'Hear this, ye justices, that I (Abraham Thornton or William Ashford) have this day neither eat nor drunk, nor have upon me bone, stone, or grass, nor have done anything, or any others for me, whereby the law of God may be depressed and the law of the devil be exalted, so help me God.' And then, after proclamation of silence, under pain of imprisonment for a year and a day, the combat is to begin and to continue until the stars appear in the evening, if it so need. If the appellant is defeated he is subject to a year's imprisonment and a fine, and besides must make restitution in damages; but if he turns 'craven,' that is gives up the battle from cowardice, he becomes infamous and loses the privileges of a freeman. On the other hand, if the defendant is defeated, he is to be executed instantly, nor can the king pardon him; but if he is victorious, or can maintain the fight till the evening, he is to be honourably acquitted."

The proceedings in this case, however, after having long occupied the public mind, were dropped, and the "appeal of murder and trial by battle" was soon after, by our legislators, rescinded from the statutes of England. It remains only to be said that Thornton, pursued by suspicion and universal obloquy, quitted England and died in America.

J. M. P.

[We are also indebted for replies to Mr. Thomas Keyworth and Falcon.—EDITOR.]

THE FIRST MANCHESTER PENNY DAILY.

(Nos. 1,168 and 1,190.)

[1,217.] Mr. ALCOCK will find, on inquiry, that he is in error in saying that the *War Telegraph* was "the first penny daily paper issued in Manchester." The first penny daily was the *War Express*, and was published some little time ere the *Telegraph* was started. I am inclined to think that the editor of the *City News Notes and Queries* can corroborate what I here assert.

AN OLD PRESSMAN.

London.

I can confirm Mr. ALCOCK's account as to the *War Telegraph* being the first daily paper published in Manchester. I would now like to know whether Liverpool or Manchester was the first to issue a daily

newspaper, and the date of publication if Liverpool was first.

R. LANGTON.

WILLIAM TAYLOR.

(Nos. 1,141 and 1,155.)

[1,218.] With regard to the answer by GEORGE RICHARDSON about William Taylor the Manchester poet, I can say that no information is to be found in the *Festive Wreath*, although he contributed a poem called "Enigma," a poem founded upon charity. The book in question was the offshoot of a meeting of literary gentlemen held at the Sun Inn, Long Millgate, on March 24, 1842, and to which Miss Isabella Varley (now Mrs. Banks) contributed a piece called "Love's Faith." The book is in my possession.

HENRY CAMPBELL.

Morton-street, Longsight.

SHEMIDA.

(Query No. 1,209, August 2.)

[1,219.] A MANCHESTER PYTHAGOREAN will find his query answered in the twenty-sixth chapter of the Book of Numbers, where it is stated that Gilead was the founder of the Gileadites. The thirtieth verse begins: "These are the sons of Gilead," and one of the number is Shemida, the founder of the Shemedirites. By reading on he will find that Gilead had a grandson, who had no sons but several daughters, one of which was called Noah; so that in Scripture, it appears, this name was given to both sexes. Shemida seems to have signified an astronomer in ancient days.

FELSTOX.

KENT.

(Nos. 1,175 and 1,180.)

[1,220.] Kent does not mean "land of the Kantii," nor is the word from the Gaelic Cenn, a head. The Britons called the place "Caint," an aggregate noun from "cain," fair, open, or clear, as being descriptive of a country abounding with fair, clear, or open downs, the general characteristic of the county. Its Celtic inhabitants called themselves the "Ceinti," which the Romans subsequently Latinized into "Cantii." In King Alfred's time the shire was known to the Anglo-Saxons as "Cant-guar-land," or the satrapia of the people inhabiting "Cantium," but in the Domesday Survey we find "Chenth," an orthography not satisfactorily accounted for.

COTTONOPOLITAN.

PETERLOO.

(Query No. 1,212, August 2.)

[1,221.] I cannot find in the many authorities I have had an opportunity of referring to any mention

of Peterloo before the memorable meeting on the 16th August, 1819. Before this event all the great open-air meetings were spoken of as taking place on St. Peter's Field; therefore I think your querist is correct in his conclusions about the name Peterloo. To support this I give the following extract from the *Life of Lord Palmerston*:—"In August (1819) an enormous meeting was held at Manchester, the numbers attending being variously estimated at from sixty to a hundred thousand persons. It was held in a square or open space known as St. Peter's Field; in which now stands the Manchester Free-trade Hall, the arena in later times of encounters quite as animated but a thousandfold more beneficial and less bloodless than that which caused the bitterly ironical change of the designation from St. Peter's Field to Peterloo, in mock allusion to the then recent victory of Wellington."

J. R. LANCASHIRE.

#### THE MORMONS IN MANCHESTER.

(Nos. 1,171, 1,181, and 1,194.)

[1,222.] JAMES WROE purports to give details of missionary and other operations, in Manchester, of the Prophet Joseph Smith, beginning in February, 1841. No wonder the "few details" Mr. WROE is "able to give are not perhaps so well known." Mr. Joseph Smith never, during the whole of his eventful life, visited this country at all; therefore the details of his doings here are not likely to be "so well known." It is a matter of history that during the year 1841 Mr. Smith was a resident of Nauvoo, Hancock County, Illinois, U.S.A.

However, being unwilling to believe that your correspondent wilfully and deliberately made so direct a misstatement, charity leads me to the supposition that it is an instance of mistaken identity on his part. On or about the date mentioned by him, Brigham Young, Heber C. Kimball, Orson Hyde, P. P. Pratt, Orson Pratt, Willard Richards, Wilford Woodruff, John Taylor, and George A. Smith, members of the Quorum of the Twelve Apostles of the "Mormon" Church, were in Manchester, being then on preaching missions to this country, from America. But the only one of those persons that Mr. WROE could possibly have mistaken for Mr. Smith was Parley P. Pratt, as all but the latter and Orson Hyde sailed from Liverpool, in the ship Rochester, on the 20th of April, 1841, on their return to America. Mr. Pratt

remained in this country for some time, while Mr. Hyde proceeded on a mission to Jerusalem. Mr. WROE states that Joseph Smith remained one or two years in Manchester from February, 1841, so that he could not have mistaken George A. Smith (who was a relative of the prophet) for him.

Although I am slow to believe that your correspondent fabricated the statement about Joseph Smith having been in Manchester, it is difficult to see how he could be so egregiously mistaken.

JOHN NICHOLSON.

42, Lillington, Liverpool.

#### OLD MANCHESTER DOCTORS.

(Nos. 1,144, 1,176, and 1,202.)

[1,223.] With respect to the little dispute between Mr. SLUGG and Mr. ROBERT WOOD as to the number of years the late Mr. Joseph Jordan was in practice as a surgeon in Manchester, I wish to observe that although Mr. Jordan's name is omitted in the list of surgeons in Pigot and Dean's Manchester and Salford Directory for 1815, as stated by Mr. SLUGG, it may be found in the alphabetical list thus:—"Jordan, Joseph, surgeon, 69, Bridge-street." I may also add that my father, "who was born in the last century," and is now almost an octogenarian, distinctly remembers Mr. Jordan as a surgeon in Bridge-street in the memorable winter of 1813-14. A word or two, also, respecting the late Dr. J. L. Bardaley. It is remarkable that his name does not occur in the alphabetical list or under the classification of "physicians" in the Directory for 1824, but in another part of the same Directory—the list of officers of the Infirmary—his name appears as junior physician.

G. H. S.

Heaton Moor.

Mr. Jordan, the surgeon. In reference to the period of his commencing practice I may be permitted to relate that about a dozen or fifteen years ago, when he presided on one occasion at the distribution of prizes to the students of the Medical School, where I was then lecturer on botany, the vote of thanks to him was moved by the late much-honoured Mr. R. T. Hunt. Mr. Hunt, in the course of his little speech, said that he had come to Manchester in 1818, when "he found Mr. Jordan already celebrated." Mr. Jordan, replying, said he would rather Mr. Hunt had not quoted these long-distant days, as he was not yet married, and it might spoil his chance with the young ladies!

LEO. GRINDON.

QUERIES.

[1,224.] TENNYSON'S IDYLLS OF THE KING.—I believe the *Idylls of the King* were published separately and at different times. Can any correspondent say at what dates and in what order they appeared, and where—in a magazine or otherwise?

T. C. P.

[1,225.] ROMAN CATHOLIC MARTYR.—In Mr. Worsley's History of the Parish Church of St. Mary at Leigh, he says: "These were troublous times for the country," and the bishop is described by a Roman priest, whom he caused to be put to death at Lancaster for his religious opinions, as a "Calvinist, and a false and cruel bishop." Who was this priest, and when was he executed?

A MANCHESTER PYTHAGOREAN.

CAVES OF PREHISTORIC MAN IN MORAVIA.—Respecting the discoveries which have just been made in certain caves in Moravia, some interesting details are published in the Augsburg *Allgemeine Zeitung*. For some months past excavations have been going on upon the Kotoutsch Hill, near Stramberg, which have already brought to light a large number of remains of the highest scientific interest. The work has been carried on under the direction of Herr J. Maschka, a master at the Realschule of Neutitschen, who has conducted the operations in the most systematic and careful manner. The spots where the most important discoveries have been made are the two caves of Schipka and Tchertova Dira (or the Dwarf's Cave). The objects which have been found and the position in which they were discovered, proves in the clearest possible manner that both the caves mentioned were inhabited by man in prehistoric ages. The cave of Schipka, the roof of which has partly fallen in, was, it is shown, occupied by human beings in the oldest stone age, or palaeolithic period, while the occupants of the Dwarf's Cave lived at a later era, when man was already, to some extent, acquainted with the use of metals. It is further evident that the caves were occupied by man at a period contemporary with the existence of the mammoth and cave bear, as at a depth of one metre, among the remains of these animals there were found bones which had been burnt and others which had been artificially fashioned. By the result of the excavations we have above described the series of discoveries in reference to the original human inhabitants of central Europe has been considerably extended. The nearest spots in middle Europe where discoveries have been made similar to these in Moravia are in the south-west of Germany, thus leaving a wide interval in which nothing of the kind has up to the present time been found.

Saturday, August 16, 1879.

NOTES.

INACCURACY IN QUOTATION.

[1,226.] Twice within the last two years Bishop Fraser has intentionally misquoted a couplet of Pope's, making it—

The thing itself is neither rich nor rare;  
The wonder is however it got there.

Instead of, of course, in the last line—

The wonder's how the devil it got there.

Some years ago Mr. Bright quoted the same lines, but he was less squeamish than the Bishop, and gave them correctly. It seems to me rather unfair to the devil

to avoid him in this marked way, when he is, probably quite against his own will, made to play a part in the Bishop's own system of theology. But this intentional misquotation of the Bishop's leads me to ask how the innumerable unintentional misquotations which we daily hear and see in print have crept into the language? I give two or three examples of inaccuracies of this kind, and should like some well-read purist to give us a whole list. We say—

Small by degrees and beautifully less.

Prior's line is—

Fine by degrees and beautifully less.

We say—

A man convinced against his will,  
Is of the same opinion still.

Butler's original is—

He who complies against his will,  
Is of the same opinion still.

We say—

Fresh fields and pastures new.

Milton wrote—

Fresh woods and pastures new.

Milton was far too clear-headed a poet to use two words so indistinguishable as fields and pastures in this connection. We say—

When Greek meets Greek then comes the tug of war.  
The original line, in Lee's *Alexander*, is—

When Greek met Greek, then was the tug of war.

Kindred to this subject is another, but a rarer form of misquotation. It has not the same excuse as the first kind. I mean the transposition of words, and often of sense, which arises from carelessness or ignorance. Not long ago a Lancashire editor turned Campbell's line—

And Freedom shrieked when Kosciusko fell,

Into—

And Kosciusko shrieked when Freedom fell.

Again, it is a common thing for quotations to be attributed to the wrong authors. Parsons habitually quote "The Lord tempers the wind to the shorn lamb," under the impression that it is in the Bible. I own myself as liable as most people who ought to know better to inaccurate quotation, and I think that a good list of corrections would surprise and instruct a good many of us. F.

#### REMINISCENCES OF MANCHESTER FIFTY YEARS AGO.

##### XII. DRUGGISTS: PART SECOND.

[1,227.] About the year 1824 there was a hosier's shop at the corner of Swan Court in Market-street occupied by Mr. James Townsend. During some extensive alterations which were being executed at the next shop, some injury was done to the foundation of Townsend's shop. One Saturday afternoon a man going past was startled by the falling of bricks, and he shouted to Townsend warning him of danger. The latter had just time to escape with his bag of money in his hand when the building fell. Fortunately just at this time the shop (now numbered 27) which had been occupied by Mr. Bentham, a bookseller who had removed to the Market Place, was at liberty, and to this Townsend removed. After carrying on business some years longer he retired and disposed of it to a Scotchman named Brown, who had resided in Manchester for some years. Mr. Brown had several children, and amongst them a bright, bonny-faced boy, called William Scott, whom he was ambitious should become a druggist. Accordingly, when William was old enough he was sent to Mr John Lessey's in Piccadilly, but did not remain long there, and was bound an apprentice to Messrs. Jewsbury and Whitlow. After some time they dissolved partnership, Whitlow going to Liverpool and Jewsbury retaining the business. For many years before Jewsbury's death, owing to some spinal injury, he lost the use of the lower extremities and could not attend to business. He wisely took into partnership his former apprentice, then an assistant, who still survives to render service to his fellow townsmen in various public capacities.

I mentioned in a notice of Market-street that in 1829 the alterations connected with the widening of the street were not complete, and that there was still standing on the left-hand going up, an old pile of buildings, the footpath in front of which was much

higher than the carriage way. One of the shops in this old pile was that of Mr. Hargreaves, already mentioned, who began business there in 1796. He was also a drysalter and had been a chemical manufacturer, in which he had made a large fortune. I was often sent to him to inquire what he would charge us for some article which we had not in stock. As sure as I did so the old gentleman would seize a duster and commence a polishing operation on his counter-top. Whilst doing this he would mutter a complaint that my master was spoiling the trade (referring to the drysaltry) by cutting down the profits and underselling him. Then, after another rub or two, he would gruffly give me the information I sought. In due time the old buildings came down and were replaced by the present ones, which stand on the site. Mr. Hargreaves retired from the business about 1844, and was succeeded by the late Mr. James Woolley. Three doors from Gaulter's in Piccadilly was the shop of Mr. Samuel Dean, a druggist; and when I came to Manchester Mr. James Woolley was just completing his apprenticeship with Dean. I remember him calling to see the assistant in the shop where I was one Sunday afternoon about that time. He eventually opened a shop in King-street, near to the one now occupied by Messrs. Wilson and Co., the ironmongers. When Mr. Hargreaves retired Mr. James Woolley purchased his business. He was for some years a member of the Town Council, and greatly respected by all who knew him. He did not live to be an old man, and his business is carried on by three of his sons, who have greatly extended the wholesale branch of it, as well as the premises occupied by their father.

The remaining firm of Market-street druggists I must reserve to a future notice.

There were two druggists then in Manchester who were quakers. One of them was Mr. W. Ansell, whose shop was in St. Mary's Gate. He was a clean, pleasant-looking little man, very precise and methodical in his manner, and just the sort of man to inspire you with confidence in his accuracy. His was the only place then in the town where chemical apparatus could be purchased. He was succeeded by Mr. Dale, now of the firm of Roberts, Dale, and Co.

The other Quaker druggist was Mr. George Danson, in Piccadilly, his shop being between the houses of Mr. Bloor the pawnbroker and Mr. John Windsor the surgeon. A little lower down, and three doors from

the Albion, was the shop then occupied by the late Mr. Thomas Standing, who afterwards removed to that which had been Gaultier's, and which has been so recently pulled down. It may be interesting here to state that fifty years ago the late owner of the site gave £3,500 for it, and has recently sold it to the Corporation for £22,500.

I have mentioned the name of Mr. John Lessey in Piccadilly, to whom young William Scott Brown was first sent to learn the mysteries of a druggist's shop. He was the son of the Rev. Theophilus Lessey, one of the early Wesleyan ministers, and had a brother Theophilus, also a Wesleyan minister, known as one of the most eloquent preachers of the day. Next door to John lived another brother, a surgeon. The sixth druggist in this street was Mr. R. Woodall.

I have left the mention of one or two ladies to the close of this notice. Not only was there a noted surgeon named Robert Thorpe in Oldham-street fifty years ago, but there was also in the same street a noted druggist named Ellen Thorp, who was quite as popular in doctoring women and children. In 1794 there were two lady druggists in Manchester, one being "Ann Cooke, druggist and seedsman, (*sic*), 27, Market Place;" and the other Ann Thorp, apothecary, 45, Oldham-street. Whether she was a widow, having had a husband who had carried on the business first, as I should think was the case, there being then no law to prevent such a thing, I cannot find out. She had a son Issachar, who acquired a knowledge of the business when a young man, and who afterwards became a calico printer, having a warehouse in Fountain-street; and who, on the death of his mother, took her business. For a few years he had both businesses on his hands, and I doubt not that his wife Ellen assisted him at this time in the shop and so became sufficiently acquainted with its duties to be enabled to follow them up after his death. The shop of Ann Thorp in 1794 was a black and white half-timbered old house. In 1815 Mr. John Stocks (of whom I shall have more to say in a future notice) had a druggist's shop at the corner of Oldham-street and Thomas-street. About the year 1822 he removed to Market-street, and Issachar Thorp removed to his shop. Eventually Ellen Thorp, who on his death continued the business, removed to the opposite side of the street to the shop which she occupied in 1829, and which she continued to occupy till her death. It is still carried on by her successor. J. T. SLUGG.

SUPERSTITIONS IN ENGLAND: PIGEONS AND SICK OR DYING PEOPLE.

[1,228.] There is still a good deal of superstition lingering in the country of which townspeople have no idea, and it would be well if some of your country correspondents would collect all the information they can on that subject for the benefit of your readers. As a beginning I have written the following trifle. Samuel Pepys wrote his interesting Diary in the early part of Charles the Second's reign, and he there states that the Queen was exceedingly ill, almost past all hopes of recovery. Consequently the priests had administered the extreme unction and then put pigeons to her feet; but still she was no better. She did recover, however, and lived many years after, so that the pigeons would no doubt get part of the credit. Some years later Pepys mentions a similar case, but I don't remember whether the patient recovered or not. It appears to me that when the doctors had pronounced the case of their patient to be past all hope of recovery, the female friends of the family would resort to these pigeons as a last resource, and probably the warm pigeons in some cases would do good in helping the circulation; but what they depended on most was some mysterious virtue communicated by them which nothing else could confer. In many parts of the country there is still an idea that no one can die on a bed in which there are pigeon feathers; and when a patient dies hardly and lingers a long time in apparent pain and misery, the friends about will at once say that that is the cause. They will then, out of a feeling of real kindness, take and lift him or her up by the sheets so as to clear the bed, and then, as I have frequently heard it said, they die immediately. I have never seen this done myself, but it was quite a common occurrence when I was young in the neighbourhood where I was brought up, and where I believe it is still practised, but not to the same extent.

ROBERT WOOD.

Cheetham Hill.

COMMENTS AND ANSWERS.

NORSE.

(Query No. 1,211, August 2.)

[1,229.] WEST MORLAND implies four things in his note, three of which I will prove to be wrong; the fourth is a matter of opinion, and in that also I think he is wrong. First, he implies that in my note on "tick" I was giving my opinion about the origin of the word "tag," whereas I simply stated what

Worcester says about it, and added that this is confirmed by Stormonth. Second, he implies that I did not mention the dictionaries from which I had obtained my information; but the truth is that I mentioned them both—Worcester and Stormonth. Third, he implies that the word “Norse” is not admissible as the name of a language from which English words are derived. I will show that it is used by recognized authorities on the English language, just as it is used in the reference which I made to Worcester. The fourth point is in reference to the desirability or otherwise of attempting to trace every word through some modern language to the ancient one from which it is derived. WEST MORLAND is indignant that I said “Norse,” and asks: “Is it Danish, Swedish, Icelandic, or what?” He takes for granted that if it is Norse it must be one of these, and if it is one it cannot be another. Does he not know that many words are common to all the languages he mentions, and that inscriptions in old Danish may almost be said to read like modern Icelandic, in consequence of the latter language having changed so little since the Norsemen went to Iceland and settled there? The plan which WEST MORLAND suggests is the one which has done more harm to philology than any one can estimate. People are in a hurry to point out the exact branch of a language from which a word is derived, and the result is that they give us guesses without evidence. It is well to remember that science has not suffered so much from the caution of those who have simply given the genus when they might perhaps have given the species, as from the precipitancy of those who have given the species when they were only in a position to give the genus.

I will show that I have fairly represented the testimony of the writers I mentioned with reference to the word “tag,” and that I was justified in repeating the word “Norse” as the name of a source of English words. For, though I simply quoted what Worcester says, yet if the word had been a misnomer I should have felt it my duty to say so.

The Worcester’s Dictionary I mentioned is “compiled from the materials of Noah Webster, LL.D., by Joseph E. Worcester.” It is published by Henry G. Bohn, London, 1863. The derivation of “tag” is given thus: *tagg, Su. Goth.* Turning to the table of abbreviations at the beginning of the dictionary I find that Su. Goth. is explained as meaning Suio-Gothic or Norse. I might have put Su. Goth., and it would

not have been very clear to most readers; or I might have put Suio-Gothic, and that would have been very little better; but the authority whom I was quoting gave me a choice of terms and I took the one which is best known. The Stormonth’s Dictionary I mentioned is the fifth edition. I referred to this because it is a very recent one and has been received with remarkable approval by the reviewers. It is published by William Blackwood and Sons. Stormonth also derives “tag” from *tagg*. I might have gone into details and said that he suggests two words, the Swedish *tagg* and Low-German *takke*, and leaves the student to make his choice. The only reasons why I did not do so are that the word “tag” was one of only secondary importance in the note I wrote, and I was referring to a book which is easily obtained by any one who wishes to investigate the matter. Had I been quoting a rare book, or an author who is little known, I should have given the reference in full; but as I was referring to a dictionary which has had a marvellous sale during the last three or four years I thought I said enough.

Now I will show that “Norse” is used by writers who are acknowledged authorities on the English language, and that they use it just as Worcester does in his dictionary.

The first book I shall refer to is *The Handbook of the English Tongue*, by Dr. Angus. On page 20 he says: “The Danish or Norse element in our language was introduced in part by the frequent visits to the north coasts of Britain, especially by the Norsemen, and in part by the influence of Canute and his companions.” Then again: “By is Norse for town, as it is also Saxon.” He also says: “The termination *son* appended to names is Norse.” The next book I shall refer to is *The Old and Middle English*, by T. L. Kington-Oliphant, M.A. It was published by Macmillan and Co. in 1878. On page 14 the author compares the word wolf in Old English, Gothic, Old High German, and Old Norse. On page 93 he says: “We also remark the Norse *eurun* for *sumus, estis, sunt.*” On page 210 he derives Huge from the “Norse *ugga*, to frighten.” On page 328 he speaks of “Gnaist (*gnash*), from the Norse *gnista.*” On page 463 there is this passage: “Cunning (*scientia*), from the Norse *kunnandi.*” These are not nearly all the passages in the book where “Norse” is used as a sufficient name to express the source of English words, but it is not necessary to multiply instances.



I will refer to only one more authority, though it would be easy to give many. The text book in the English classes at Owens College was some time ago, and I suppose is now, *The Elements of the English Language*, by Ernest Adams, Ph.D. London: Bell and Daldy. My copy is dated 1868. On page 3 Dr. Adams gives a list of the branches into which languages of the Teutonic stock are divided. One branch is Scandinavian; under this head he gives two languages which are no longer spoken and five which are their modern representatives. Those no longer spoken are Old Norse and Pictish. The modern representatives are Icelandic, Swedish, Norwegian, Danish, and Faroic.

It is well known that many mistakes are made in philology by those who think that English words are always derived from other languages which happen to have similar words in them. The mistake is frequently made with respect to Latin and Greek. Sometimes these languages simply present collateral forms of words found in other languages. The Latin or Greek and some other language have derived the words from a language which is older than any of them. But some people will persist in saying that these words are derived from Latin or Greek, as the case may be. We may make the same mistake with the languages which are the representatives of Old Norse. We may ask of an English word, is it Danish, Swedish, or Icelandic? when perhaps it is none of them, but was derived immediately from their parent the Norse.

THOMAS KEYWORTH.

Liverpool.

DR. BRAID.

(Nos. 1,172 and 1,197.)

[1,230.] By the bye he was not Dr. Braid. That fact was impressed upon me by hearing his countryman, Dr. Crighton of Salford, impressively deliver a message, cautioning the messenger to correctness in these terms: "Dr. Crighton presents his compliments to Mr. Braid." I was of his audience often when he enthusiastically developed what he first called neurhypnology, the doctrine of nervous sleep. I believe him to have been utterly incapable of humbug or imposture or any kind. Enthusiasts deceive themselves first before unwittingly deceiving others. But there was not the semblance of deception about Mr. Braid's performances. His *modus operandi* at the Cooper-street Mechanics' Institution in inducing mesmeric absorption in the face of an audience, was to

place six or eight volunteers in a row on the platform. Then, holding a small something about the size of a pocket-knife above each person's eyes in turn for not more than a minute, they became transfixed, and with closed eyes they swung like inverted pendulums, while he faced the audience and gave his explanation of the phenomena. One fact which he constantly asserted and appeared to demonstrate, was that under hypnotism the senses were preternaturally acute; and after some exercitation under his hand one man, who was hopelessly deaf, had gone morning after morning to hear the chimes of the Old Church bells. He held converse successively with all the human pendulums, who seemed to know more with their eyes shut than we did who were wide-awake. He waked his clients from their reverie by pressing the balls of his thumbs into their eyes. Like many others, I was woefully bewildered and unable to deny facts. I fell back upon the theory that the Almighty, for some purposes, occasionally let loose deceiving spirits to entrap the credulous into the reception of demonstrated absurdity in order that they might return to the pure and spiritual recognition of Him who can only be worshipped in spirit and in truth.

W. HINDSEAW.

THE LIVE OAK.

(Query No. 1,184, August 2.)

[1,231.] STUDENT asks what is the "live oak" of the southern United States? Although our native British oak is deciduous, and although most of the many exotic species of this noble genus cast their leaves in autumn, there are several decided evergreens. Very familiar among the European evergreen species are the *Ilex* or Holm-oak, and the Cork-oak; and in curious gardens we may sometime see the Kermes or berry-bearing oak, and two or three others of purely botanical interest. None of these European evergreen oaks appear to exist in our Manchester collections of trees and shrubs. The hardiest of them, the common *Ilex*, though so extremely plentiful and well-grown in the south of England (and nowhere more conspicuously ornamental and more cheerful at mid-winter than at Clevedon, Somersetshire, and at Bath and Clifton), does not seem able to stand our South Lancashire climate. A row of this species of oak, planted some fifteen or twenty years ago at Rusholme, has long since entirely disappeared; and at this moment I cannot call to mind a single example anywhere in the immediate district, though possibly the tree may exist in some of the sheltered grounds at Alderley.

None of these European evergreen oaks bear the slightest resemblance, either in figure or form of leaf, to the immemorial tree of old England. The Kermes is more like a holly bush, and the Ilex has an image in the olive tree. They are determined to be oaks—say, rather, species of *Quercus*—by their flowers and acorns. In botany, as in morals, the good old underlying rule, applicable everywhere and never failing, is “by their fruits ye shall know them.” In North America there are many species of deciduous oak, several of which are common in English pleasure-grounds, that glorious tree the *Quercus rubra*, with its variety the coccinea, or scarlet oak, having the well-deserved preference. Like Cæsar, gathering his purple around him so as to die royally, this splendid tree with the approach of winter assumes the most brilliant crimson hue, beginning to change with the first touch of cold. The normal *rubra* is generally of a rather dull red instead of scarlet or crimson, but still very beautiful. This one we have here and there near Manchester. In addition to the deciduous species, North America possesses the evergreen *Quercus virens*, or Live Oak; and perhaps another, distinguished sometimes under the name of *cinerea*. It inhabits, by birthright, all the maritime parts of the Southern States, and in the southernmost is one of the most valuable of the indigenous timber-trees. Towards the north it gradually dwindles, and at last becomes a mere shrub, then presenting a remarkable contrast to the accustomed stature in the south of thirty to forty feet. It is not so ornamental a tree in general aspect as many other oaks. It mingles, nevertheless, very usefully as an ingredient of the picturesque with trees to which Nature has been more kind. In the landscape, as in human society, it is not alone the comeliest thing that is invariably the worthiest.

The leaves of the Live Oak are oval or oblong, leathery, dark-green above, whitish underneath; the margin is usually entire, varying with the time of life of the tree; they have hardly any point. New ones, a few, come out every spring, but the successive generations endure for several years. The acorns are of an elongated oval shape; their pretty embossed cups have stalks about an inch in length. In late autumn the acorns fall to the ground, like those of our English oak, the cups remaining on the branch; as in the evening the toys from the hand of a little child, tired with its busy play, and letting go unconsciously, so charming is the echo in unsophisticated nature of

ways and deeds as well as of structures and organizations. The Live Oak was first planted in England in 1739. It is not much cared for, though it might be advantageously introduced into localities near the coast, where other trees are apt to suffer. Near Manchester it is scarcely known. I am not sure that I know of even a single example. Further information may be found in Michaux and in Pursh, but where in Manchester these books can be seen I cannot say.

LEO GRINDON.

#### QUERIES.

[1,232.] COMMERCIAL CLERKS.—In Pigot and Son's Directory of Manchester and Salford for 1838 there is mention of a Commercial Clerks' Society, having its office in Layland's Court, No. 3, St. Mary's Gate, and as its secretary Mr. Samuel E. Cottam, accountant, of 28, Brazennose-street. Can any of your readers tell what were the objects of the society and what became of it? S. M.

Miss Betham-Edwards, the novelist, has sent to the *Athenæum* an account of a discovery which reads very like a bit of fiction, but may be true for all that. She offers it as a solution of the great coal and fuel question. M. Bourbonnel, of Dijon, the celebrated lion and panther slayer, lighted upon the discovery by hazard, and after six years' persistent investigation brought it to entire workable perfection. He discovered, by means of two natural substances, inexhaustible in nature, the means of lighting and maintaining a fire without wood or coal; a fire instantaneously lighted and extinguished; a fire causing no dust, smoke, or trouble; a fire costing one-tenth at least of ordinary fuel; and what is more wonderful still, a fire the portion of which answering to our fuel is everlasting, that is to say, would last a lifetime. M. Bourbonnel's invention comprehends both stove and fuel. The fires could be on the minutest scale or on the largest. They would be used for heating a baby's food or for roasting an ox. Being lighted instantaneously, they will be a great economy of time. M. Bourbonnel at once patented his invention, and a body of engineers and savants from Paris visited him and pronounced his discovery one of the most remarkable of the age. Such is Miss Betham-Edwards' statement. She adds: “I have seen these fires and stoves. There is no mistake about the matter. It is as clear as possible that here we have a perpetual and economical source of fuel.”

Saturday, August 23, 1879.

NOTES.

TULLOCHGORUM.

[1,233.] Burns pronounced Tullochgorum to be the first of songs. It is well known, over the border at least, to be the production of the Rev. John Skinner, resident near the town of Peterhead, on the north-east coast of Scotland, so famous for its unrivalled red granite. The descendant of Skinner was for many years Episcopal Bishop in the city of Aberdeen, but never attained to the distinction of the author of Tullochgorum.

In the year 1866 two small volumes of Scottish Song were published by Messrs. Blackie and Son, of Glasgow. This song occupies the first place. What I complain of as a grievance and an outrage is that some sacrilegious hand has ventured on alterations of the original text. In the very first stanza there is an alteration which impairs the flow of the rhyme:—

Let Whig and Tory all agree,  
should be

Let Whig and Tory a' agree.

To drop their "Whig migmorum" should be "Whig magorum;" "And ony sump that keeps up spite," should be "sumph." Then, instead of "Silly souls themselves distress," it is set down "silly sots." Nobody ever heard of a "silly sot" keeping up decorum. It is the "wardly minds," as the text says, that distress themselves wi' keepin' up decorum. But the greatest outrage upon the pith and spirit of the song occurs in the last stanza. The fifth has blessings for the honest fellow; and the last stanza deals with another character, the tool of the oppressor, which I quote in full:—

But for the dirty fawnin' fool,  
Wha wants to be oppression's tool,  
May envy gnaw his rotten soul  
And discontent devour him.  
May dool and sorrow be his chance,  
Dool and sorrow, dool and sorrow,  
May dool and sorrow be his chance.

Interpolation: And nane say wae me for him.  
Skinner's text: And honest souls abhor him.

May dool and sorrow be his chance,  
An' a' the ills that come frae France,  
Wha ere he be that winna dance  
The reel of Tullochgorum.

I wonder what the worthy old gentleman, who died at the age of eighty-six, would say to the disfigurement of his best work if he could witness such a climax of ignorance and presumption?

WILLIAM MACDONALD.

COMMENTS AND ANSWERS.

TENNYSON'S IDYLLS OF THE KING.

(Query No. 1,224, August 9.)

[1,234.] These poems were not (with one exception) published in any magazine originally. In his second volume of poems, published in 1832, the first attempt at these stories is found. The volume of poems published in 1842 contains "Morte D'Arthur," "Sir Galahad," and "Sir Launcelot and Queen Guinevere." But the Idyll of Enid appears to have been published privately in 1857 by the title of "Enid and Nimue, or the True and the False." In 1859 was given to the world the first actual series of the *Idylls of the King*, and a new edition in 1862 with the splendid dedication to the Prince Consort. In 1869 was published another volume of Idylls by the title of *Holy Grail and other Poems*, containing four new Idylls—"The Coming of Arthur," "The Holy Grail," "Pelleas and Ettarre, and "The Passing of Arthur." Tennyson has contributed to most of the high-class magazines and newspapers at various times, but only one of the series of Idylls was so published, viz., "The Last Tournament." It is to be found in the *Contemporary Review* for December, 1871, and was published along with "Gareth and Lynette" in 1872.

T. C. A.

The first complete edition of Tennyson's poems in which the Idylls were arranged in proper order was the Cabinet Edition, published in 1874, and they were first gathered in one volume (the third) in the Author's Edition in 1875. Can any one say whether the references in "The Epic" to the burning of the twelve books about King Arthur indicate the poet's own feelings at the time, and any discouragement he then felt and which led him to leave the plan in abeyance for so many years? Did he intend to produce twelve books; and, if so, is the intention abandoned?

W. H.

THE MORMONS IN MANCHESTER.

(Nos. 1,171, 1,181, 1,194, and 1,222.)

[1,235.] The Mormons must have been in Manchester before 1841. I believe the first preaching place occupied by them was in a cellar in Oldham Road, where I heard them when quite a lad; and, at the close of one of the meetings, put some questions to the Latter-day Saint, who was, so it was understood, a missionary from Nauvoo. Their first converts were made from amongst the Primitive Methodists, several of whom emigrated to the settlement of the saints.

They were for a long time very successful in obtaining converts in and around Manchester, Carpenter's Hall at times being crowded with delegates attending the conferences. At one of these conferences, at which I believe P. P. Pratt was present, an attempt was made to work a miracle. Much preparation and much greater anticipation preceded the attempt. A little lame girl was commanded very solemnly to rise up and walk. The effort resulted in the poor girl falling on the platform! The failure, of course, was attributed to the want of faith in the girl! They were not, however, all poor ignorant people who joined the saints. I was acquainted with a most respectable family named Brotherton, connected I believe with the Wesleyan Methodist Association, that emigrated to the promised land; and, so it is understood, soon had their eyes opened by the humbugs who professed to be saints. I remember a recreant Mormon elder named Hyde delivering two lectures in the Corn Exchange. As he was a stranger in Manchester I was requested to take the chair. I did so upon the condition that discussion should be allowed. The lectures were clever exposures of the theology of the saints. The lecturer had evidently supposed that the people of Manchester were concerned anent what the saints believed. The very few people who attended the lectures must have inconveniently convinced the lecturer that what the Mormons believed was their concern, but was regarded as the idle wind by the dwellers in Manchester. At the close of the lectures two portraits painted at the Salt Lake, one of Brigham Young and the other I believe of Taylor or Orson Pratt, were exhibited. When Hyde found that lectures on Mormonism would draw money out of his pocket but little or none out of the pockets of the public, he resolved to sell the portraits. I offered them several times in my auction room in Newall's Buildings, but, as might have been anticipated, without finding a purchaser. Thinking that the saints themselves might be interested in the paintings, I wrote to the Mormon depôt in Liverpool in the hope that some wealthy saint might be tempted to become the owner of the heads of the Latter-day Saint business. A few days afterwards I was astonished by the appearance of six or seven well-dressed men, who produced my note and requested to look at the portraits. They were all Mormon elders, one or two of them having been at the Salt Lake. The portraits were acknowledged to be faithful likenesses, and the

price, after a little bargaining, I believe £4. 10s., was agreed to. After making out and receipting a bill I thought it only civil to ask them if "the cause" was succeeding to the extent of their desires, intimating at the same time that I had been present at one of the first meetings of the saints in Manchester. I was informed that the people were gathering in large numbers preparatory to departing to the promised land, and that all the faithful amongst the worn-out sects would speedily take their departure for Utah. One of the elders then entered into a long statement in proof of the verity of the Mormon revelations, which I at length interrupted by asking if the address had any personal reference, and if specially intended for my benefit. To my astonishment I was told that it had been revealed to them that I was a chosen vessel, and that I should not only join the only true church, the church of the Latter-day Saints, but become an apostle and a "revelator"—whatever that might mean. All the brothers echoed the statement—asserting that each had received an independent revelation that I should become a Mormon elder! I interrupted the pious chorus by asking permission to relate an anecdote. I had, I said, a friend in London who prided himself upon being a specially wide-awake Cockney. One day walking with him through the Strand he was accosted by one of the land-sharks who haunt seaports, with an intimation that he had just landed from his ship in the East India Dock, and that he had brought ashore some cigars and handkerchiefs. My friend, as soon as he could command himself, being literally struck all-of-a-heap with astonishment at being taken, as he said, for a country yokel, gasped out, "Who the d—! do you take me for?" At the conclusion of the anecdote the Mormons, without so much as saying "good-bye," took their departure, convinced probably that the revelation concerning myself had been made by a lying spirit. It is certainly true, however, that I have become an elder—in years, but having preserved a grain or two of sanity have been enabled to eechew the Mormon humbug. JOSEPH JOHNSON.

Isle of Man.

LANCASHIRE COMMERCIAL CLERKS' SOCIETY.

(Query No. 1,232 August 16.)

[1,236.] If the querist S. M. had looked in the latest edition of Slater's Directory he would have found this society still to be in existence, with myself

for secretary. It has been closed to the public for a long time, no new members having been admitted for at least thirty-five years. SAMUEL COTTAM.

## THE HOUNSLOW FLOGGING CASE.

(Nos. 1,183 and 1,201.)

[1,237.] F. M. J. seems to have been led astray when searching for information on the above subject. I have a very vivid recollection of the circumstance, which was as follows:—Frederick White, a trooper in the Seventh Hussars, was engaged one Sunday morning in the year 1846 making ready the oven for cooking, when he heard some one enter the room. Thinking it was one of his comrades, and being too busy to look up, he gave expression to the word "Hello!" The intruder turned out to be an officer of the regiment, who, considering he had been treated with great incivility, reported the incident to his superior. The colonel of the regiment, Lord Cardigan, ordered White 150 lashes, which he received on the same day, Sunday though it was. The punishment was too much for poor White, however, and he died from its effects. The country was roused at the enormity of the sentence, and the *Illustrated London News* showed the portrait of the victim taken before the incident, a fine, stalwart young man; and also his likeness as he lay in his coffin. Lord Cardigan was arraigned before the House of Lords, but whether he was cashiered I am not quite sure; at all events he no longer commanded the regiment. I have a good memory and am not often mistaken; and I think F. M. J. will find, upon further research, that what I have stated is not far from the mark.

JAMES BREAKELL.

Middleton Junction.

## THE FREEMASONS.

(Nos. 1,078, 1,101, 1,115, 1,128, and 1,196.)

[1,238.] Permit me to thank Mr. MARTIN RÆ for his note, which, if taken from a reliable record, fully answers my query. Anderson, the oldest Masonic authority, says that in 1716 there were four lodges, but as three of these would spring from the original one I do not consider that 1646, the date given by Mr. RÆ as the foundation of the first lodge, at all unreasonable, when the age and its requirements are considered.

Mr. RÆ says that "the history of the Freemasons is very much confounded and mixed up with the history of the Knights Templar, the Rosicrucians, and the Handicraft Masons." This statement is an error

by his own showing, for if speculative Freemasonry originated in the seventeenth century, Knight Templarism at that time had been extinct about 300 years. I fear Mr. RÆ is confounding Knights Templar with Masonic Knights Templar. If so, I may say that one is no more connected with the other than is Good Templarism with either.

Rosicrucianism is a German institution, and was originated about the date of the decline of Knights Templarism, and for a very different purpose. The Emperors of Germany tried to stamp it out, but it has existed and still does exist, but its objects are difficult to define.

As regards the admission of Handicraft Masons into Speculative Masonic lodges at half fees, "The Constitutions of the Ancient Fraternity of Free and Accepted Masons," by William Gray Clarke, 1867, page 86, says: "No person shall be made a Mason for less than three guineas, nor shall a lodge on any pretence remit or defer the payment of any part of this sum.

J. SHAWCROSS.

Millbrook.

## TRAF-FORD.

(Nos. 1,179 and 1,208.)

[1,239.] LINCOLNIENSIS is very logical; because he is not aware of any Anglo-Saxon "eow" being changed into "a" he demurs to mystatement respecting the mutation of "eo" into "a." Then he goes on to say that the nearest approach (to the contraction of "eo" into "a"?) which he knows of is the change of "deor" into "dear" (a confession of ignorance somewhat astonishing seeing that he professes to know something of the language of which he writes); "but," he adds, "eow has always been changed into an o, u, or at most y sound," a circumstance with which I was perfectly well acquainted when I wrote my letter, and which accounts for the designation of the cottages at Stratford. If LINCOLNIENSIS is versed in Anglo-Saxon he must know that "treou" was also written "treo." So, presuming the Anglo-Saxons called the place "Treofoord," the name would become "Traford," whence a transition to "Trafford" would be much easier than from "Trawford." LINCOLNIENSIS concludes his remarks by asking "how it is this peculiar permutation is confined to names of places?" If by "this peculiar permutation" I am to understand the change of "eo" into "a," I must express my surprise at his apparent carelessness. It is not probable that he would come on the field as an

etymologist and not understand how "heart" has become "hart," how "ceorl" has become "carl," how "eorm" has become "arm," how "steorra" has become "star," how "strecu" has become "straw," and how "deorc" has become "dark." From "fleo-gan," to fly, we have "flag," a standard or banner. From "hweorfan," to turn, we have "wharf," a quay. From "hweorpan," to throw or cast, we have "warp," the longitudinal threads of a woven fabric; and I could cite many more instances of "eo" becoming "a." At the same time I would remind LINCOLN-  
IENSIENSIS that modern English is little better than a corruption of Anglo-Saxon, so that "tree" has no more right to represent "treou" than the first syllables in Trawden, Trevill, Tryford, and Trafford.

COTTONOPOLITAN.

OLD WEATHERLEY.

(No. 919, March 22.)

[1,240.] In your paper of March 22, 1879, there are some remarks by Mr. JOSEPH JOHNSON upon the late Mr. James Weatherley, and also upon Mr. Ardrey, which are not, I think, just. I was well acquainted for many years with the late Mr. Weatherley and also with Mr. Ardrey, and I consequently know something about each of the well-known booksellers. I am afraid that Mr. JOHNSON'S recollection of events is not very good, for he opens his remarks upon Old Weatherley by saying: "I knew Old Weatherley when I was a lad, nearly fifty years ago, before Market-street Lane was widened." If Mr. JOHNSON will be at the trouble of making inquiry he will find that it is more than "nearly fifty years ago" since Market-street Lane was widened. If my memory serve me right I think that there is, or was, a stone built in the wall of a shop in Market-street, near to Corporation-street, which says that the widening of the street was begun in 1822. The last building taken down to widen Market-street was near to the Palace Inn. It was taken down, I think, in 1827.

The Palace Inn brings to my recollection a circumstance which occurred in 1827 or in 1828. The level of High-street was being lowered, and the men whilst lowering it found a silver box—a snuff-box apparently; it was finely engraved or figured, and on the lid there was a lion rampant. When Prince Charles entered Manchester with the rebels in 1745 he stayed at the Palace Inn—it was not an inn then, but the residence of Mr. Dickenson—and the gardens of

the house extended to High-street. When the silver snuff-box was found it was believed to have belonged to one of the attendants of Prince Charles, and to have been lost by him in the garden. The snuff-box became the property of Mr. Watson, hair dresser and jeweller, whose shop was next door to Mr. Roberts, stationer, Market-street.

It is about forty-nine years since I became acquainted with Old Weatherley, so that I know a little about him. Mr. Weatherley was not so illiterate as to be "scarcely able to write his name," and as a proof of what I say I refer you to the article of XIPHIAS at the head of Mr. JOHNSON'S article, where XIPHIAS tells about Mr. Proctor giving some amusing extracts from Weatherley's "diary." It is not usual for a man that is "scarcely able to write his name" to keep a "diary." I know that Weatherley had had nothing like a proper education, but he knew sufficient to make him quite competent to manage his business as a bookseller; and this I dare affirm without any fear of contradiction, that he had a better knowledge of old and scarce books than any other bookseller in Manchester excepting Mr. Ford, senior. He also knew music sufficiently well to read it, and the organ sufficiently well to play it at the chapel. Weatherley knew more about books, both as to their market value and their contents, than those who did not know much of him were aware of.

When I read Mr. JOSEPH JOHNSON'S remarks upon Weatherley's "cave," "a strange subterraneous passage, of which various exploring expeditions failed to determine the use or extent, but which, according to Weatherley, had been used to connect the Old Church and some private residence," I could not help thinking that Weatherley knew that Mr. JOSEPH JOHNSON was fond of the marvellous. I can fancy seeing Weatherley laughing under the brim of his hat as he was telling Mr. JOSEPH JOHNSON about this wonderful cave or subterraneous passage. This was just like Weatherley. I remember during the Chartist agitation a well-known surgeon of Bury, writing and having published a medical work for the people; at the end of his name on the title-page of the book he had, as he was entitled to have, "M.R.C.S." I heard Weatherley speaking in his shop to a customer about this medical gentleman and his book; and he said to the customer, I wonder what he has put M.R.C.S. to the end of his name for? The customer told him the meaning of the letters, and then Weatherley said:

"I'll tell you what I thought they were meant for—Mad Radical of Cobbett's School." Weatherley knew well enough the meaning of M.R.C.S., but he let the customer go away with the belief that he was ignorant of the meaning of the four letters. Now I believe Weatherley must have been in a similar vein when he was telling Mr. JOSEPH JOHNSON about the "strange subterraneous passage connecting the Old Church with some private residence." Old Weatherley was rather too "old" to believe in such stuff. Weatherley had some dry quaint humour in him, and some sarcasm. It was a pity that he was so fond of strong drink. When he had had too much intoxicating drink it was not pleasing to be in his company; at other times all his customers liked his company.

James Weatherley was the son of Mr. Henry Weatherley, watchmaker, Manchester. James Weatherley's son, Roger, had a small bookshop of his own, and also attended the towns for many miles around Manchester on market days, as a "handseller" of books, for years before Mr. Ardrey had his large book van made. James Weatherley had two sons and two daughters. One son, Henry, went to sea; one daughter, the eldest, died; the other daughter married Mr. Taylor, printer and old bookseller.

I knew Mr. Ardrey for many years, and I never saw him the worse for liquor; nor did I ever hear any one say that he had been seen the worse for liquor. If his misfortunes in trade were caused by his fondness for drink, I am both sorry and surprised.

J. H. HACKNEY.

Buckburragu, New South Wales, May 31.

WATER-WHEELS.

(Note No. 1,215.)

[1,241.] Whaley Bridge and Taxal Mills on the borders of Derbyshire were erected in the last century, and both worked by water power, the hands being chiefly taken from the Manchester and Warrington workhouses, mostly as apprentices. A near relation of my mother founded both.

At Darley Abbey Cotton Mills, near Derby, are three immense water-wheels, of about 200 horse-power the three. The roar of the water which has about nine feet fall, and the dash of the Leviathan wheels as they go round and round under cover, make the unaccustomed spectators traversing the railed gallery or platform above them—which serves as a communication between two sections of the manufactory—feel somewhat timid and "creepy." I, who stood

there some five-and-twenty years back, felt at once fascinated and awed. Certainly I have always the same feeling when I witness a mass of water, whether on a rocky coast or utilized by a huge mill-wheel. Messrs. Evans have an additional wheel of about fifty horse-power at their paper mill a little down the stream, worked from the same head.

ISABELLA BANKS.

Mr. J. R. Jones, of Llanberis, having noticed the interesting descriptions of water-wheels given in your paper, sends me the following particulars of the water-wheel used in connection with the machinery department of the Dinorwic quarries, and which may be of interest to some of your readers. He thinks it is the largest water-wheel in Wales:—

Diameter of wheel..... 55 feet.

Width " ..... 5 feet 6 inches.

100 horse-power.

The supply water is carried through 24-inch iron pipes from the waterfalls, a mile distant. H. R.

INACCURACY IN QUOTATION.

(Note No. 1,226.)

[1,242.] It is to be regretted that F., in correcting others, has fallen into error himself. I refer to his first instance. The proper wording is—

The things, we know, are neither rich nor rare,  
But wonder how the devil they got there.

The last line, it will be seen, differs from F.'s erroneous version. The quotation is from Pope's Epistle to Arbuthnot. F. goes on to correct "inaccuracies," and in quoting from Butler's *Hudibras* says the proper wording of the well-known lines is—

He who complies against his will  
Is of the same opinion still.

This is not "Butler's original," which is—

He that complies against his will  
Is of his own opinion still.

Again, F. says the famous line by Nat. Lees is—

When Greek met Greek then was the tug of war.

Here again he is wrong. The correct wording is—

When Greeks join'd Greeks then was the tug of war.

Yet again, the line from Campbell is—

Freedom shriek'd as Kosciusco fell,

not *when*, as given by F. Finally, Sterne does not say, as F. gives it—

The Lord tempers the wind to the shorn lamb,  
but "God tempers." It is to be regretted that before correcting others F. had not referred to a book of quotations. Their name is legion. By the bye this

is a familiar quotation for F., the proper wording, however, being "my name is legion." G.  
London.

It is rather amusing that F., in his anxiety to correct Dr. Fraser's intentional "misquotation" of Pope's couplet, should have unintentionally quoted it equally incorrectly himself. The lines are not—

The thing itself is neither rich nor rare,  
The wonder's how the devil it got there;

but—

The things we know are neither rich nor rare,  
But wonder how the devil they got there.

Indeed, Dr. Fraser was perhaps more accurate than F., for in early editions the lines ran—

Not that the things are either rich or rare,  
But all the wonder is how they got there.

Heaton Mersey.

A. H. R.

#### QUERIES.

[1,243.] WHY MORMONS?—Why are the Latter-day Saints called Mormons? X. L. C. R.

[1,244.] YAHOO.—What is the meaning and origin of the word "Yahoo"? It is referred to in the *Saturday Review* in its sketch of "Arny."

X. L. C. R.

[1,245.] MEANING OF SNAPE HEY.—I should be obliged if any contributor could inform me respecting the meaning and derivation of Snape Hey, which is the name of a farm in Mellor, near Marple, where I have recently been staying. Is Snape a corruption of snipe, and does Hey mean field or meadow?

F. R.

**THE LAST OF HAWORTH CHURCH.**—A correspondent writes:—Being in Yorkshire last week, I took the opportunity of visiting the scenes amid which the Brontë family passed their life, and particularly the church where their father officiated, and where the majority of them lie buried. I do not write for the purpose of reviving a controversy which has already received its share of public attention, but merely to remind your readers that the next few days will afford the last chance of seeing Haworth old church in its integrity. The alterations which are to give to its interior an entirely new character will be commenced in a fortnight's time. So I learnt on the spot. Doubtless much is to be said in favour of these alterations, but one thing is inevitable—that their progress should involve the destruction of many features that now connect the church with the ministry of its two memorable pastors, the Rev. William Grimshaw and the Rev. Patrick Brontë. Haworth is reached in a few minutes by railway from Keighley, and there is suitable accommodation in the village for tourists. I will only add, as my apology for troubling you with this letter, that the visitor's book in the vestry of the church affords evidence of the wide interest in all that concerns this place which is felt, not in England alone, but in America and in the continent of Europe.

Saturday, August 30, 1879.

#### NOTES.

REMINISCENCES OF MANCHESTER FIFTY YEARS AGO.

#### XIII.—DRUGGISTS: CONCLUSION.

[1,246.] I have mentioned that about the year 1822 Mr. John Stocks, who had a shop previously at the corner of Thomas-street and Oldham-street, removed to Market-street. The shop to which he removed is now No. 41, but owing to a different method of numbering the streets, was then 21, and is the shop in which I served my apprenticeship. At the time Mr. Stocks removed to it Mr. Eli Atkin was his apprentice, and Mr. Atkin informs me that there was at that time a tradition in the place that it was the oldest druggist's shop in Manchester. I have no means of tracing its history further back than 1794, at which time its occupant was George Buxton Brown. Soon after the beginning of the present century the business was transferred to William Wilson, who retained it till John Stocks became its possessor. Stocks took into partnership William Dentith, who had been a traveller for David Taylor and Sons, and the firm became Stocks and Dentith, but had not existed long before Stocks died. When I was an apprentice the premises belonged to a Mr. G. B. Brown, of Halifax, I presume a son of George Buxton Brown, who was there in 1794.

After the death of Mr. Stocks his widow retained an interest in the business for a while, when the partnership was dissolved and she retired from it. I entered the establishment as an apprentice a little before the dissolution took place, and was to have remained a month on trial. As my father was to pay £100 as a premium with me, and the dissolution had not taken place when the month was up, Dentith requested my father to allow me to remain on trial till after that event, with the understanding that the extra six weeks which transpired should be allowed at the end of the five years which I was to serve. Accordingly I was bound to the new firm of William Dentith and Co., into which that of Stocks and Dentith merged. Mrs. Stocks, who was the sister of our almost octogenarian friend Mr. Benjamin Rawson, of Ardwick Green, afterwards married Mr. Heap, a stonemason. He built the steeple of St. Peter's Church, which was some years ago without one; and also Knutsford Gaol, which was reckoned at the time



a capital piece of workmanship, but by which he unfortunately lost a considerable amount of money.

Dentith had two other apprentices when I entered his service. The elder of the two was the son of the late Rev. Dr. Warren, and brother to Mr. Samuel Warren, Q.C., the author of *Ten Thousand a Year*. He afterwards entered the service of Pole and Co., merchants, of London, who had a house at the Isthmus of Darien, to which he was sent, and where he died shortly after. The second was Henry Blaine, the son of a retired draper at Hull. After I had been rather more than two years with Dentith he sold his retail business and went altogether into the wholesale, taking Blaine with him and leaving me with his successor. Shortly after my apprenticeship terminated Blaine made overtures to me to go out with him to the Cape of Good Hope. I went to consult my father, who was at the time attending the Wesleyan Conference at Birmingham, travelling all night by the Red Rover coach. He in his turn (unwisely, as I thought) consulted a missionary named Kay, who had just returned from the Cape. The result of a five minutes' conversation with him was, that Blaine went without me, founded the house of Blaine Brothers, and became the Hon. Henry Blaine, member of the Upper House of Legislature at the Cape.

A druggist's apprentice in those days was treated very differently from the way in which he is now treated, and frequently had to work from seven o'clock in the morning till eleven at night. After seeing my father pay down my premium in the office of Atkinson and Birch, I returned to my situation, and for more than two years was consigned literally to a state of slavery. There were then only three makers of soda water in Manchester—Gaulter in Piccadilly, Thompstone in Cupid's Alley, and my master. It is well known that soda water is made by compressing carbonic acid gas into a solution of soda by means of a very powerful pump, for which purpose now-a-days steam power is almost invariably used. Instead of this, at Dentith's, manual labour was employed, and that labour was supplied by youths whose parents had paid a handsome premium for them to learn the business of a chemist and druggist. The pump was of the very worst construction and required great strength to work it; and for days together Blaine and I were employed in a dark damp cellar at this laborious work of making and bottling soda water. Were any parish apprentice to be now treated as we were the

master would be summoned before a magistrate. In the shop was a soda water fountain, from which soda water was drawn by means of a strong glass globe, the mouth of which fitted tightly on to a nipple, and out of which it was poured into a tumbler ready for drinking. On one occasion Blaine was drawing a glass for a customer when the globe burst and laid open his cheek, thereby slightly disfiguring him for life.

After I had been with Dentith between two and three years he sold his retail business to Mr. Horatio Miller, of London, to whom I was bound over. This was a fortunate event for me, as for the future I was treated with more consideration and justice. Miller had been for some years an assistant with Godfrey and Cooke, of London, who were at that time the principal West End chemists, and had most of the aristocracy as customers. He afterwards went one or two voyages on board of a whaleship as medical attendant, which would be illegal in the present day. He had seen much of life, having mixed a great deal with London society, and was not long in Manchester before he made the acquaintance of a number of the professional and literary men of that day, with others of congenial tastes, whom he gathered around him. He was a believer in the fact that your grand stately "spreads" do not always yield the most pleasure, and preferred snug and less ostentatious social gatherings. Moreover, being a bachelor, he had no fear of the consequences if sometimes he brought in a friend to partake of a little "plain family dinner" without notice. After a while he seemed to become rather partial to me, used to read Shakspeare and other authors to me after business hours, and often permitted me to be present when entertaining one or two of his friends whose society I used greatly to enjoy.

Chief among these was Mr. Henry B. Peacock, the elder, better known as Harry Peacock, who was, I believe, one of the founders of the Prince's Theatre. Fifty years ago he had a tailor's shop in King-street, but had removed at the time I knew him into St. Ann's Square. I used to delight in his company, as his conversation abounded in wit, humour, and anecdote. In a diary I then kept for a short time I find his name frequently mentioned. Another frequent visitor was Charles Swain, the poet, whose dark lustrous eyes and intellectual conversation I well remember. Charles Wilkins, the barrister, occasionally dined with us. He was a splendid talker, but used

sometimes to say comical things in a semi-pious and unctuous sort of style, so as greatly to astonish me; in fact I afterwards suspected that, believing I was rather green, he did it purposely that he might witness my innocent look of wonder. Though he afterwards became Serjeant Wilkins he did not attain to great eminence at the bar, and died after a somewhat brief career. He was known to his friends as anything but an affluent man. His forte was in addressing juries. To hear him was a rich treat, as he told them that it was now his "turn, under the direction and correction of the learned judge, to place the facts of the case before them," rolling his words out with delightful smoothness and distinctness.

Mr. Miller was also on intimate terms with Charles Calvert and William Bradley, the artists. I mentioned some time since in the *City News* that on one occasion Miller had promised to take a young lady to the flower show at the Town Hall, and that being prevented doing so he requested me to supply his place. She was Calvert's daughter and became Bradley's wife, but at the time of my writing I had forgotten in what relation she stood to Bradley. After my reference to her in the *City News* she wrote me a kind letter, from which I may be allowed to give the following extract:—"I was the young girl you so kindly escorted to the flower show, and Mr. Miller of Market-street was a very kind friend of my father's, and visited at our house in Princess-street. The time of going to the flower show was prior to my marriage. I afterwards visited along with my father Mr. Miller's house, taking tea and spending the evening there admiring the flowers he so prided himself in arranging in vases; and the circumstance is impressed on my memory in consequence of Mr. Miller so much admiring a gold chain I wore for the first time, being the first present from Mr. Bradley, and which he put round my neck just before I set out for Mr. Miller's house." Those who have felt any interest in the notices of William Bradley which have appeared in the *City News* will not be sorry to read another extract from the same letter. The writer says:—"Long years have passed since I saw you. I have been eleven years in Sydney, N.S.W., with my present husband, my two daughters, and my eldest son; and having acquired a comfortable competency after all the tossings of fortune, or rather misfortune, I am now settled down in this place" (naming a small town on the banks of the Thames).

Other visitors at Miller's house were Mr. Lot Gardner, of High-street; Mr. Joe Marland, cotton merchant, of Cockpit Hill; Mr. Edward Saul, of the the firm of Gardner, Harter, and Co., drysalers; Mr. William Hatton, iron merchant, Blackfriars-street; and Mr. George Condy, the barrister. The latter was the son of an Irish Wesleyan minister. He had very little practice at the bar, but was one of the commissioners in bankruptcy, and for some years was editor of the *Manchester and Salford Advertiser*, at the time Mrs. Leresche was its proprietor, and its office was at the corner of Spring Gardens and Market-street.

Mr. Miller having resided so long in London, and having as I have said mixed a good deal in London society, had become acquainted with many of the leading actors of the day. Accordingly when any of them came to Manchester he found them out and invited them to visit him. I kept a diary at that time, which contains references to several such visits, extracts from which I may possibly place at the Editor's disposal. I have a distinct remembrance of once dining with Charles Kemble, and of the pleasure I felt in assisting him to vegetables.

Macready was also a visitor at Miller's house when he came to Manchester. I have a vivid recollection of his coming in one morning, having in passing a newly-painted lamp-post daubed the sleeve of his coat. It was a single-breasted brown overcoat, and I had the pleasure of helping him out of his difficulty. The manner of his thanking me was most polite and courteous, and the tone of his voice so striking that I used to think that if I heard the same words again uttered by the same voice, blindfolded, I should recognize it.

Dowton was another visitor. I suppose he was the finest representative of Falstaff of all who ever attempted the character. He was, in the early part of his career, a contemporary and a colleague of Mrs. Jordan, the intimate friend at one time of William IV. I have preserved a note written by Mr. Clarke, the manager of the Theatre Royal, to Condy, the barrister, which I presume had been handed to Mr. Miller in explanation of Clarke's absence. There is no date to the note, but it will be seen the dinner party was on a Sunday. The following is a copy of the note:—

My dear sir,—I am on the doctor's list, and cannot leave house to-day. Will you have the kindness to make my apology to Mr. Miller, with whom I was to dine, and say that I very much regret not being able to

meet him? Downton relies upon your good offices to show him the way to the dinner table; he is domiciled at No. 70, Falkner-street; Andrews on door.—Yours very truly,  
 RT. CLARKE.

Sunday morning.

—Condy, Esq.

Andrews was a performer at the Theatre Royal and took the characters of old men. He was the father of Mr. Andrews, of the firm of Ward and Andrews, professors of music.

Horatio Miller afterwards relinquished the drug business and went into partnership with Mr. Robert Hindley, the brewer, in Miller's Lane, Salford, sometimes known as Bob Hindley and sometimes as Captain Hindley, from his having held the rank of captain in the Volunteers of a former period. Afterwards Miller went to Fleetwood and then to Southampton as agent for one or two steampacket companies. The last I heard of him was that he was connected with the exhibition of the great Globe in Leicester Square, during the Great Exhibition of 1851, and that he had a trial with Mr. Wyld concerning it and had lost his case. He occasionally indulged in writing poetry, of which I retain several specimens, and was somewhat of an adept at sketching and modelling. I have in my possession a caricature pen and ink sketch which he made of Dentith's head, which is a capital likeness. After finishing my apprenticeship I remained with him at his request as an assistant for two or three years, when we went into partnership together as soda water makers, the business being carried on in my name.

Altogether my old master was not an ordinary man, and in looking back I think of him with the liveliest interest.  
 J. T. SLUGG.

I think Mr. SLUGG is in error when he states that Ellen Thorp, on her husband's death in 1829, removed to the shop now numbered 46, Oldham-street. I hold a lease entered into by Issachar Thorp (her husband), signed by him and the then owner of the property, dated December 1, 1821, for a fourteen years' occupancy. The list of fixtures attached to that document corresponded with those on the premises when I took the business from the hands of her executors in April, 1860.

THOMAS FODEN.

46, Oldham-street.

COMMENTS AND ANSWERS.

WATER-WHEELS.

(Nos. 1,215 and 1,241.)

[1,247.] As the "Lillie" water-wheel at the mills of Messrs. George Andrew and Sons, Compstall, is one of the largest in the country, a description of it may possibly be of interest. It was erected in June, 1838. Nominal horse-power, 276; diameter, 50 feet; width of buckets, 18 feet; breadth of water flowing on to the wheel, 15 feet 7 inches; depth, 12 inches; quantity of water used, 56'49 cubic feet per second, or 21,280 gallons per minute; fall, 43 feet; revolutions, 2'44 per minute; weight of the water-wheel, 150 tons. The same firm have another water-wheel of 187 nominal horse-power, 30 feet in diameter, and 20 feet wide.  
 F. HOOD.

WHY THE LATTER-DAY DAY SAINTS ARE CALLED MORMONS.

(Query No. 1,243, August 23.)

[1,248.] Simply because Joseph Smith professed to have found a number of gold plates upon which the *Book of Mormon* was inscribed. A transcript of the professed plates was examined by Professor Anthon, a celebrated linguist of New York, who represented the character of the transcript submitted to him as a singular medley of "Greek, Hebrew, and all sorts of letters, more or less distorted either through unskilfulness or design, and intermingled with sundry delineations of half-moons, stars, and other natural objects, the whole ending in a rude representation of the Mexican zodiac." The *Book of Mormon* was published in 1830. It is asserted that it is taken from a religious novel, written in Scripture phraseology by one Jonathan Spaulding, a minister fallen into ill-health, and who amused himself by writing the book.

JOSEPH JOHNSON.

Isle of Man.

In a pamphlet written by Edward Brotherton, and published in this city about thirty years ago, entitled *Mormonism; its Rise and Progress, and the Prophet Joseph Smith*, page 31 contains the following:—"We now come to examine a matter which the Latter-day Saints consider to be of great importance, viz., the supposed origin of the book of Mormon and the purpose it is intended to accomplish. They pretend to say that the scriptures of the Old and New Testament speak of the Book of Mormon and the dispensation connected with it in many places. Their account of

it is to the effect that it is a record of the descendants of Ephraim. They say some of the descendants of Ephraim emigrated to America by divine direction about six hundred years before Christ, and multiplied amazingly there until about four hundred years after Christ, when one branch of them (the Nephites) was entirely cut off, and the rest (called the Lamanites) 'dwindled in unbelief.' They state that Nephi, Jacob, Alma, Helaman, Mormon, Moroni, and others, the writers in the supposed Book of Mormon, were the prophets and inspired men of these descendants of Ephraim, and that the writings of all these were condensed and written or engraved over again by Mormon whence its name—*The Book of Mormon.*"

The author also states that the Latter-day Saints first came to England in 1837. W. J. B.

If it would serve any useful purpose one might reverse the question put by X. L. C. R. and ask—Why are Mormons called Latter-day Saints? For I find in a biographical notice of Joseph Smith, the founder of the sect, that they were first called Mormons, no doubt because they believed in a revelation which he published in 1830, under the title of *The Book of Mormon*. In the same year the first Mormon church, or as the founders called it that of the Latter-day Saints, was established in the town of Manchester, Ontario, previous to which the term Latter-day Saints does not appear to have been applied to the followers of Smith.

OBSERVER.

#### INACCURACY IN QUOTATION.

(Nos. 1,226 and 1,242.)

[1,249.] When I wrote the note on this subject I had no idea that I was so beautifully illustrating the prevailing inaccuracy. I do not feel at all humiliated at the corrections of your two correspondents. It is true that I might have searched the original authors before I wrote the note, but surely one of the great and genuine advantages of your Notes and Queries is that they afford that intercommunication which lessens labour and gives us the benefit of the specialist's knowledge.

As to the suggestion of G. that I might have consulted a book of quotations, I have, I am afraid, an intolerant objection to this class of books. Used legitimately they are, of course, valuable as all books of reference are valuable, because they save time. But books of quotation are not used legitimately. Writers and others keep them by them for unnece-

sary reference, for "getting" quotations instead of for simply correcting them; and ever since, about twenty years ago, I was presented with Mr. Genl's *Book of Familiar Quotations*, I have had an invincible objection to the whole series.

Last week, in reviewing a wretched novel full of ignorant pretension, by a popular lady novelist, the *Saturday Review*, pointed out that such a display of ignorance would have been impossible ten years ago. She wrote familiarly of Plato, Mirabeau, Empedocles, Plautus, Darius, Lucian, Seneca, and dozens of other writers only thoroughly known to men and women of letters, but not to fast female novelists. It was very well pointed out that ten years ago this foolish woman could not even have betrayed her ignorance without immense labour. But in these days of Manuals, of Ancient Classics and Foreign Classics series, one need only have simply none of the enthusiasm and sincerity of culture to acquire a sufficient smattering of learning to impose upon the unread. If culture means anything, it means assimilating knowledge in such a natural way that it ceases to be something outside you and becomes a part of yourself. A good illustration of the difference between knowledge and culture may be made out of the late Professor Clifford's illustration between the internal and the external order of feelings. If you hear bad news you have a feeling of sorrow, or if anybody pronounces the word "dog" you have a perception of many different dogs. To these I should like to add a third illustration—I think from Herbert Spencer—that it is impossible to think of "motion" without thinking of something moving. The mind cannot realize "motion" in the abstract. On the other hand, there are the external order of feelings. If you see a man fall off the roof of a house you have a momentary feeling that you are falling too. The sympathetic, corresponding to the cultivated man, has the inexhaustible fund of pity which enables him to respond to every appeal to his feelings, no matter how subjectively it is made. The people who only know Shakspeare from a Book of Quotations are like people who are only moved by visible fatalities.

But perhaps this is rather obscure. It has been said that no one can be a thorough fool unless he knows Latin. I think that no one can be a thoroughly bad writer unless he is so familiar with the poets that he can and does quote

them at every turn. Quotations should only be used when they express more aptly or more epigrammatically than the writer is able to do himself some idea or image incident to a natural train or continuity of thought. Even then they should be sparingly used, or writing becomes a mere mosaic of other people's thoughts, a mere analogy of the poets and dramatists. One of the features of the *City News* is the excellent descriptive writing of tourists and travellers to which it opens its columns. It is curious that it is the fashion of these writers, whether they are describing London life, Scottish scenery, or German socialism, to burst into poetic quotation about six times in every column. It is not every reader of prose who can enter spontaneously into the spirit of a passage from Tickell, Kirke White or Wordsworth. In any case, incontinent quotation suggests to me the idea of poverty of thought, and De Quincey occurs to me at the moment as the only great writer who used quotation frequently and, worse still, generally in the Latin and Greek tongues.

To return to the immediate question of the corruption of so many of the most popular quotations, I decline to consider myself on my defence. I simply pointed out the prevailing inaccuracy, and I happily illustrated it in my own case. If I were a writer I should try to express myself so clearly that I should be independent of quotation. As it is I am sure that your correspondents will pardon me if I do not feel crushed, and allow me to hope that they and others will give us more examples of inaccuracy and, if possible, tell us how they originated.

F.

Misquotation is not altogether the result of carelessness, ignorance, or wilful perversion. It would be possible to devise a scheme which might be called the Philoosophy of Misquotation. There are influences at work, some of them natural and beneficial, which gradually work changes in the select passages of various authors, and ultimately circulate them in an altered and perhaps amended form. I am not referring to such absurd renderings as—

A man convinced against his will  
Is of the same opinion still.

Or such absurd mutilations as—

The exception proves the rule.

And I have nothing to say in favour of the persistent blundering which continues to state that the late

Thomas Binney wrote a book on *How to Make the Best of Both Worlds*. Mr. Binney tried to correct this misconception until he was tired. The title he gave his book was: *Is it possible to Make the Best of Both Worlds?* I have known writers and speakers refer to the book as if it was full of worldly casuistry and contained counsel which would be likely to produce a whole tribe of Peckaniffs. This has all arisen from a mis-reading of the title and a non-reading of the book.

There is another disgraceful misrepresentation which seems likely to continue for ever. People will make Dr. Watts say—

Let dogs delight to bark and bite  
For God hath made them so,  
Let bears and lions growl and fight  
For 'tis their nature to.

Watts wrote the last line—

For 'tis their nature too.

Misquotations of this kind are unjust and mischievous; but there are others against which neither of these charges can be laid. A passage often occurs in a place which gives it a local and temporary signification. There is no harm in making the passage of wider or universal application, if it would continue to be true, even if some of the words have to be changed. The passage from Sterne which is mentioned by your correspondents "F." and "G.," has been modified to suit it for quotation. In Sterne's *Sentimental Journey* it reads, "God tempers the wind, said Maria, to the shorn lamb." No one feels that he is doing violence to Sterne by leaving out the words, "said Maria." If a change or omission is justifiable in that case it is justifiable in others. Take the passage from Nat Lee's *Alexander the Great*—

When Greeks join'd Greeks, then was the tug of war.  
Clytus is telling Alexander that Philip met and conquered mightier foes than Alexander had met. Clytus necessarily puts the statement in the past tense. But this historical statement which Clytus intended to be received literally is now used metaphorically, and is better given in the present tense. I also think that the word "meets" conveys the idea more correctly than the word "joins" or "join'd."

Many passages from Shakspeare have been altered in the same way to make them applicable to things in general. One or two instances will suffice:—

But I will wear my heart upon my sleeve  
For daws to peck at.

This is often altered thus:—

He wears his heart upon his sleeve.

Hamlet says—

As if increase of appetite had grown  
By what it fed on.

This is often made into a universal statement—

Appetite grows by what it feeds on.

Macbeth says—

I'll make assurance double sure.

This is generalized thus—

To make assurance doubly sure.

Macbeth also says—

We have scotch'd the snake not kill'd it.

It is often necessary to alter it thus—

The snake is scotch'd not kill'd.

King Henry IV. says—

Thy wish was father, Harry, to that thought.

This becomes—

The wish was father to the thought.

There is also a tendency to colloquialize quotations by pruning them of redundant words and making them into proverbs. So the well-known definition of a proverb is sometimes reversed; it is not the wit of one and the wisdom of many, but the wisdom of one and the wit of many. Sometimes a mere transposition of words is made. Shakspeare's—

The better part of valour is discretion,  
is changed into—

Discretion is the better part of valour.

But generally some words are left out. Lord Brooke said—

And out of mind as soon as out of sight.

This becomes a proverb—

Out of sight out of mind.

Shakspeare said—

Though this be madness, yet there's method in it.

We generally say—

There's method in his madness.

Lord Bacon said—

For words are wise men's counters: they do but reckon by them; but they are the money of fools.

This becomes—

Words are wise men's counters and the money of fools.

John Selden said—

Take a straw and throw it up into the air; you may see by that which way the wind is.

This becomes—

A straw will show which way the wind is.

There are other influences at work to make alteration in passages from our best authors. Archaisms which are now ungrammatical, obscure, or of questionable taste, are brought into conformity with modern rules and notions. In these cases the changes are an improvement. I have no desire to encourage ignorance, carelessness, or wilful perversion, but to point out that there are intelligible laws at work which have the tendency to produce misquotation.

When a passage is given as a quotation it should, if possible, be given as the author wrote it. But when we simply weave into our speech the ideas which have made themselves the familiar knowledge of the world, it seems natural to adopt that rendering which the friction of generations has produced. The chief words will be those of the original author, but the exact form of the sentences will have been given by the unconscious moulding of the multitude.

THOMAS KEYWORTH.

YAHOO.

(Query No. 1,244, August 23.)

[1,250.] If X. L. C. B. will turn to *Gulliver's Travels* he will find that Dean Swift applied the word Yahoo as a term of opprobrium to human beings, in contradistinction to the more decent and irreproachable nation of Houyhnhms or horses, to whom the said Yahoos were but servants and menials. I. B.

The interesting travels of that eminent discoverer, Mr. Lemuel Gulliver, are not much read now-a-days, unfortunately; but your correspondent X. L. C. B. may find a copy on some old bookstall or in the Free Library, the perusal of which will make him acquainted with many strange peoples, the Yahoos among the number. S.

If X. L. C. B. will refer to Ogilvie's *Comprehensive English Dictionary* he will find the following definition of this word, which appears to fully justify the use made of it by the writer of the article on "Arry" in the *Saturday Review*:—"A name given by Swift in one of his imaginary voyages to a race of brutes having the form and all the degrading passions of man. They are set in contrast with the Houyhnhms or horses endowed with reason, and the whole is designed as a satire on our race." OBSERVER.

#### QUERIES.

[1,251.] BOOKS ON THE TRADE DEPRESSION.—What books have been published on the present depression in trade and its causes? COED.

[1,252.] STEEL PENS.—When were steel pens first brought into use? A friend tells me that in the the Paston Letters a steel pen is stated to be superior to a glass one. This would carry the use of steel pens back to an early date. HITTITE.

[1,253.] A LA ORIENTALE.—No accent on the A, and the a in la not elided. Is this phrase as it stands a phrase which appeared in the London correspondence of the *Evening News* a day or two ago, and defines

some dish at a dinner, strictly correct? I quite understand that the word mode is omitted.

## AUTOLYCUS.

[1,254.] **JERRY BUILDING.**—At Blackpool, that Babylon-by-the-Sea, I lately heard a tripper from the country remark that a certain hotel was a "Tom and Jerry" building. Can any one tell me if this is the derivation of the word jerry-building? If it is (1) Pierce Egan has raised for himself a monument more perennial than bronze and increasing daily; (2) jerry-buildings must be classed in the "Corinthian" order of architecture; (3) an example will be furnished of the curious manner in which a derivation of a common word may be stumbled on by accident. **HITITE.**

[1,255.] **THE GAME OF WHIST.**—Four gentlemen whom I will call A, B, C, D, cut for partners; and A and B having cut together, consent to play a double rubber against C and D. The first rubber is won by A and B, and the second by C and D. Is what is known as a "double" rubber therefore at an end; or is it necessary that a third rubber should be played, in order that A and B or C and D may be considered winners of the double rubber? In short, what constitutes a "double" rubber at whist, or of what number of single rubbers does a double rubber consist? Perhaps some of your numerous readers can answer this question. **CAOUTCHOUC.**

Paul Heyse, the Danish poet and novelist, died at Copenhagen yesterday week, at the age of forty-nine.

Dr. John A. Carlyle, a younger brother of Mr. Thomas Carlyle, has died this week at Dumfries. He was the author of perhaps the finest English prose translation of Dante.

**A PROBLEM FOR MR. DARWIN.**—Mr. Tremlett, the British consul at Saigon, in his report this year, mentions as a remarkable peculiarity of the natives of the country that they have the great toe of each foot separated from the others, like the thumb of the hand, and it can be used in much the same manner, though not to the same extent. This peculiarity is the meaning of the native name for the Annamite race.

**TOURISTS IN SWITZERLAND.**—Switzerland has been visited this year by 1,400,000 strangers, a number which exceeds by several thousands the average of the last four years. Of this total one-fifth are said to be English, Germans, and Austrians, five-tenths Russians, one-twentieth French and Danes, three-twentieths Americans, and other nationalities one-tenth. German visitors have increased, but the English have diminished, on the other hand, one-half. The former, 350,000, stayed only a very short time, and it is believed spent no more than 50s. each. The remainder are supposed to have spent at least 200s. each, which makes a total of £9,100,000 left in the country this year by foreign tourists. The part of England in this voluntary tribute, according to the foregoing computation, is £1,820,000.

Saturday, September 6, 1879.

## NOTES.

## CUNNING.

[1,256.] Hugh Oldham's Grammar School at Manchester was instituted because (in the words of the statutes of the school) "the children in the same country, having pregnant wit, have been most part brought up rudely and idilly, and not in vertue, connyng, erudition, littature [*sic*], and in good manners." This is an interesting example of the use of the word "cunning" in its ancient and good sense, in which it is used by Wycliffe Lydgate, the author of *Piers Plowman*, and (though rarely) in the Authorized Version, as in the phrase, "Let not my right hand forget its cunning."

## A MANCHESTER PYTHAGOREAN.

## AN ECCENTRIC HATTER.

[1,257.] "As mad as a hatter" is an old saying, and whether it originated with the subject of my story I cannot say, but about sixty years ago there resided in Exchange-street a noted and peculiarly eccentric individual named Samuel Ogden, hatter, familiarly known as "Mad Sam." On the visit of the Emperor of Russia to this country about 1814, Sam was struck by a bright idea. He made a special and valuable hat, took it to London, obtained an audience of the Emperor, and presented the hat, which was gracefully accepted by the great potentate. On his return to Manchester, Sam announced by a large signboard over his shop door that he was by royal appointment "Hatter to the Emperor of All the Russias." I believe Sam was an officer in one of the Manchester Volunteer corps, and on one occasion he gave a brother officer the lie. In consequence of this he received a challenge to mortal combat. Sam, having no desire to face a deadly weapon, refused to accept the challenge. As a matter of course, he had to leave the corps. Being some time afterwards twitted by a friend on his cowardice, he replied, "Do you think I was going to risk my valuable life with a poltroon like him, a single man, whilst I have a wife and family to consider." Perhaps some of your readers could give some information as to his death, and where buried.

JAMES MORRIS.

West Gorton.

## SUPERSTITIONS IN ENGLAND.

[1,258.] Let me cap Mr. WOOD's story of the treatment of Charles the Second's Queen by the application of pigeons to her extremities by referring him to similar treatment in the case of the mortal illness of Prince Henry, James the First's son, a young man of great promise, and whose life and premature death find their parallel in the late Prince Imperial. After much vain treatment, including a cordial from the retorts of Raleigh then in the Tower, a live cock was cleft in twain and applied to the soles of the feet. It was a last despairing resource, and failed. Let me at the same time differ from Mr. WOOD in that neither his instance nor mine comes rightly under the head of the superstitious. At first sight, and in our time, the older means used may appear absurd, but the rationale of the treatment is correct enough, nay more correct in the first instance, where a continuous supply of vital heat is the desideratum, than in the more modern use of the pediluvium or foot-bath, the application of sinapisms, or the wrapping of the body in the warm fleece of a sheep newly flayed, said to have been adopted by Baron Larrey, a surgeon, on the battle-field; and more recently in the case of our own Prince when in extremes from typhoid. Whatever the means employed, the *modus operandi* is the same, viz, by derivation or revulsion, and consequent equalization of the circulation. In the case of the difficulty of dying whilst laid on pigeon feathers, I know that there is a very wide-spread belief in the difficulty of dying on any feathers at all. It certainly is not restricted to pigeon feathers. I have frequently met with this much-credited superstition. Another item belonging to the same, but more in country districts, is that the windows must be open.

ADAM CHESTER.

## COMMENTS AND ANSWERS.

## INACCURACY IN QUOTATION.

(Nos. 1,228, 1,242, and 1,249.)

[1,259.] It would be a difficult matter to say which of "F.'s" two epistles is the most amusing. His coolness in taking down the Bishop, and bravado in telling us that he "does not feel at all humiliated at the corrections of your two correspondents," are fine specimens of their respective classes. In his last note especially there are many statements to which I should like to refer briefly, but I am afraid "F." is

one of those who will not confine himself to his own corner and defend it. However, I will take it upon myself to advise your readers to procure a good book of quotations for the very reason "F." would seem to oppose the purchase of one—"because they save time." But there is another and a better reason; they are great helps to young readers and writers, and notwithstanding "F.'s" disparaging remarks about such books being for "unnecessary reference," I am inclined to think that he often takes down that twenty years ago present, Gent's *Book of Familiar Quotations*, to aid his memory. It was a pity that he did not do so before venturing on his first Note.

Although I advise the purchase of books of quotations, I ought to say that though their "name is legion" they are not all equally reliable. I have several books of that character, and in my last purchase I consider myself thoroughly taken in, and, worst of all, by a parson too. I was rather taken up with the dedication of the book, which is by "Alan B. Cheales, M.A., some time scholar of Ch. Col. Cam. and Travelling Bachel. of that University; Vicar of Brockham, Surrey, and Chaplain to the Rt. Hon. and Rev. Lord Dynevor." The title was as taking as its dedication—*Epigrams and Epigraphs*. It may be some consolation for "F.'s" wounded vanity to know that he is not the only one who has set out to teach before he had been taught, or, having been taught, forgotten all he knew—the more so, that it is also from off "F.'s" favourite hobby-horse, "quotations," that the parson fell. Pope thus:—

Pretty! in amber to observe the forms  
Of hairs, or straws, or dirt, or grubs, or worms!  
The things, we know, are neither rich nor rare,  
But wonder how the devil they got there!

Now mark how the rev. gentleman misquotes him:—

Pretty! in amber to behold the forms  
Of hairs, or straws, or dust, or grubs, or worms!  
The things, we know, are neither rich nor rare,  
But wonder how they ever could come there.

The Earl of Rochester wrote and hung on King Charles the Second's bedroom door—

Here lies our sovereign lord the King,  
Whose word no man relies on;  
He never says a foolish thing,  
Nor never did a wise one.

I should like to know why the Rev. Cheales attempted to improve upon it in the following manner:—



Here lies our *mutton-eating* King,  
Whose word no man relies on;  
*Who never said* a foolish thing,  
*And never did* a wise one.

Mr. Morgan Brierley, in your issue of August 23, quotes Shenstone's lines on the "Inn at Henley" correctly thus:—

Who'er has travell'd life's dull round,  
Where'er his stages may have been,  
May sigh to think he still has found  
The warmest welcome at an inn!

The great authority on quotations, the Rev. Cheales, however, gives it with the following variations, which, according to my notions, do not improve it:—

Who that has travelled life's dull round  
Whate'er its stages may have been,  
But sighs to think he still has found  
His warmest welcome at an inn!

The rev. gentleman's perversity in misquoting Pope is again illustrated in the following lines:—

No! let a handsome chintz and Brussels lace  
Shroud my cold limbs and wrap my lifeless face;  
One would not, sure, look ugly when one's dead,  
So, Betty, give this cheek a little red!—

While Pope, whom he so abominably imitates, wrote:

No, let a charming chintz and Brussels lace  
Wrap my cold limbs and shade my lifeless face;  
One would not, sure, be frightful when one's dead,  
And, Betty, give this Cheek a little Red!—

Although I have advised the purchase of books of quotation, I would add that they are not really valuable but to those who have first obtained some knowledge of our best writers. "F.'s" last letter is full of inconsistencies. He first acknowledges that "one of the great and genuine advantages of your Notes and Queries is that they afford that intercommunication which lessens labour and gives us the benefit of the specialist's knowledge," yet he afterwards condemns the use of quotations, which has the effect of saving a writer's time and the reader's patience, besides giving a clearer and better explanation of what you desired to have understood than you could have done in your own language. The first sentence in his fourth paragraph so fully conveys my own notion of all that precedes it that I will not offend him by making it into a quotation, yet I have no other language in which I could better express my opinion. Perhaps some of your readers may consider most of what

follows equally obscure, and his advice misapplied. I venture to say that quotations are rarely misapplied, for the simple reason that writers who are at all conversant with the expressions of the poets are just the very best judges of how to make the best use of them. "F." concludes by asking for "more examples of inaccuracy," and for some one to tell him "how they originated." I have supplied some of the former, and I think "F." is the most likely person to answer his own query. S. W. Oldham.

The illustrations borrowed by "F." are almost unintelligible, but with the purport of his remarks most people will agree. The wholesale way some, otherwise pleasing, writers quote verse appropriate and inappropriate is distressing. But this is a venial sin compared to the interpolation of schoolboy French or Latin words and phrases every dozen lines, even where English would better express the meaning. This appearance of sham culture is only affected by weak but pretentious writers. I cannot refrain from alluding here to the clumsy attempts of one of your contributors to imitate Carlyle. Surely efforts were never more futile. Double words—"cloud-compellers," "world-old," and others—may sound like Carlyle, but when connected with ideas beneath common-place the effect is grotesque. But what shall we say of "rugosities" or "chartularies!" Alas! what can we say! We can only let them go and say nothing. A. L.

COWAN.

(Query No. 1,134, June 28.)

[1,260.] I am surprised that none of your Masonic readers have answered this query, but I find a many of the fraternity are ignorant of the origin of their ritual. Cowan is an obsolete word, and, like some others met with in Masonic ceremonies, is used to give the institution a flavour of antiquity. Cowan means eavesdropper. The duty of the tyler, or outer guard, is to keep off all cowans, or eavesdroppers, or listeners, and to prevent any person entering the lodge room unless duly qualified. There is another word, Hele (pronounced hail), used by Freemasons, which means to hide. J. SEAWCROSS.

A DOUBLE RUBBER AT WHIST.

(Query No. 1,255, August 30.)

[1,261.] CAOUTCHOUC asks what is a double rubber at whist. He puts the case of A B being partners

against C D. In reply, I have to say, such being the case, if A and B win two games they win the rubber. If they win a first game, and C D the second, the rubber must be decided in favour of the winners of a third game. In other words, the word rubber means a victory of two games out of three. In order to prevent the frequent cutting in for partners it is frequently agreed that the partnership shall last until two ordinary rubbers have been played. This would be called cutting for a double rubber—that is two rubbers out of three—an ordinary rubber being, as is well known, two games out of three.

THOMAS BRITAIN.

JOHN DALTON'S ENGLISH GRAMMAR.

(Query No. 1,167, July 19.)

[1,262.] T. C. asks if *Elements of English Grammar*, by John Dalton, 1801, is a literary curiosity. Is the inquiry whether it is a curiosity as a literary production, or a curiosity from there not being many copies in the market? If the latter be the inquiry, I may say that I have rarely met with it. As regards the origin of the work, the late Rev. William Harrison, Unitarian minister, of Blackley, informed me that Dr. Dalton told him that he had a daughter of Baron Cuvier, the great naturalist, as a pupil, and that he composed this grammar for the purpose of instructing her. The book has some pretensions to be regarded as a literary curiosity, for at p. 12 it is stated that "We have three ways of distinguishing the sexes in the English language:—1. By different words, as man, woman; father, mother. 2. By a change of termination, as prince, princess; poet, poetess; executor, executrix; phenomenon, phenomena, &c." So that phenomena meant a female phenomenon.

THOMAS BAKER.

MR. LEE, A LANCASHIRE ENGINEER.

(Query No. 1,043, May 17.)

[1,263.] A Mr. Lee, C.E., about fourteen years ago resided near Macclesfield. He was, I am told, clever in his profession, and originally came from Lancashire. Miss Jennie Lee, the famous "Poor Jo" of the stage, is a daughter of his; his other daughter, Lætetia Egan Lee, showing rare ability as a Shakspearean reader in a public reading she once gave at the Macclesfield Town Hall. Mr. Lee had for some time been residing at or near London, and little was known of him when he first came to Macclesfield, a certain mysterious air of respectability and undoubted gentle-

manly manner leading people to believe that he had been well-to-do but unfortunate. This may or may not be the Mr. Lee referred to by your unanswered querist; but, having broken the ice, I shall await with interest the verification or otherwise of my speculative surmise.

J. D.

Lower Broughton.

THE HOUNSLOW FLOGGING CASE.

(Nos. 1,183, 1,201, and 1,237.)

[1,264.] Must not your correspondent, JAMES BREAKELL's memory deceive him? Lord Cardigan could not have been cashiered for his treatment of White, or very severely punished, for was not his Lordship in command in the Crimea, not many years after 1846? Was it for this treatment of White that his Lordship was arraigned before the House of Lords?

CHARLES H. COLLYNS.

Wirksworth.

[The *Companion to the Almanac* for 1847, in its Chronicle of Occurrences, records as follows under the date of August 3, 1846:—"At the inquest on the body of Frederick John White, a private in the Seventh Hussars, who had been flogged at Hounslow Barracks on the 15th June, and had died on the 11th July, the jury returned a verdict ascribing his death to the 'mortal effects of a severe and cruel flogging.' This matter was taken up by the public with so much earnestness that ultimately the Commander-in-Chief issued orders that no soldiers should, under any circumstances, receive more than fifty lashes." In the Chronicle of the Session of Parliament of 1846, in the same volume, is the following: "Commons, August 7. Lord John Russell (then premier) stated on the subject of flogging in the army that the maximum punishment had been fixed by the Commander-in-Chief at fifty lashes. Dr. Bowring moved the immediate abolition of flogging in the army. The motion was negatived by 90 to 37. Mr. Bernal Osborne moved that it be unlawful to flog soldiers, save for offences committed on a line of march, which was negatived by 81 to 25." There is no mention of the arraignment and cashiering of Lord Cardigan.—EDITOR.]

JAMES BREAKELL is completely at sea in his account of what took place at Hounslow. He says he has a vivid recollection of these events, but he is all wrong in every particular.

Frederick John White, for striking his sergeant with a poker, received 150 lashes on Monday (not Sunday) the 15th June, 1846. From the effects of this

punishment he died on the 11th of July following. Blackbottle Cardigan had nothing to do with the case, and was colonel of the 10th Hussars; while White was a private of the 7th (or Queen's Own) Hussars.

This case caused a great stir at the time, as may be seen in any of the daily papers for July, 1846. The man would have been buried and nothing said about the matter but for the clergyman of Heston (the parish in which Hounslow Barracks are situated), who, not being satisfied with the certificate of death—which stated that deceased died of heart disease, and was signed by the regimental surgeon, Dr. Warren—communicated with Mr. Wakley, M.P., the coroner of the district, and he ordered a post-mortem, and the whole of the revolting facts came out in evidence. During the half-hour's torture to which this poor young fellow was subjected ten privates of the regiment fainted, four dropping down at once, two of them being old soldiers. After the punishment was over, Colonel Whyte addressed the men, and spoke of the culprit as "this brutish fellow." "You may tell him," said he, "when he comes out of hospital, that he shall be served the same every time he repeats his offence." The *Times*, in a leader (July 23), said, "Honour to Colonel Whyte for his disgust at brutish conduct. He has put down brutality by thongs eighteen inches long." The verdict of the coroner's jury was as follows:—"The jury do say that Frederick John White died on the 11th of July, 1846, from the mortal effects of the severe and cruel flogging which he received on the 15th June in the Cavalry Barracks, Hounslow;" and added an expression of disgust and horror at the state of the law which allowed such cruelty. Soon after this date the number of lashes was reduced to fifty, and now, thanks mainly to Mr. John Bright, the Government has given way, and twenty-five is the limit of torture to be allowed by law.

R. L.

PIZE.

(Query No. 1,173.)

[1,265.] A MANCHESTER PYTHAGOREAN quotes the expression "pize upon her." I heard a many years ago a somewhat similar imprecation or exclamation addressed by an old lady residing near Parkgate, Cheeshire, to a noisy chanticleer. She used to say "pize on that cock," and when she held bad cards at whist, "pize on these cards," in a very emphatic tone of voice; and I have always considered "pize-on" a

corruption of "poison." I think it possible that in M. P.'s quotation "upon" may have been substituted for "on." D. Y. N.

TULLOCHGORUM.

(Note No. 1,233.)

[1,266.] I quite join with Mr. MACDONALD in his remarks anent the marring of Tullochgorum. Wealey speaks very strongly of the manner in which some of his hymns were "improved." Skinner wrote a poetical address to Burns on the publication of his works, expressive of sorrow for not having had an interview with him on his Highland tour, and brimming with warm praise. I possess a copy of it. It is written in the Aberdeenshire dialect, and contains many expressive words and phrases. Burns, strange to say, has not given us a reply to it. It would have been interesting to read an address from the perfervid youthful poet to the aged author of so good a song as Tullochgorum.

HITITE.

MANCHESTER DRUGGISTS.

(Nos. 1,227 and 1,246.)

[1,267.] Your correspondent, THOMAS FODEN, is correct. Mr. SLUGG is in error when he states that Ellen Thorp, on her husband's death in 1829, removed to the shop now numbered 46, Oldham-street. I was a resident in Manchester in the year 1822, and I know perfectly well that Issachar Thorp, the druggist, was then in the said shop, and he remained there until his death. After his death his widow, Ellen Thorp, who was a persevering and industrious person, continued the business, and she was wonderfully supported by the public for a great number of years, and made herself famous for doctoring women and children, but more especially the latter. The shop is now in the occupation of Mr. Foden.

THO. SWINDELLS, Sen.

Heston Moor.

CAMBRIDGE AND THE POETS.

(Nos. 1,033 and 1,204.)

[1,268.] If I classed Quarles among what I may be allowed to call the "Celestials," it was inadvertently. In spite of several short pieces which savour of genius, I certainly do not consider Kirke White other than a very inferior poet. Byron in a generous mood, strangely overrated him. Of course I do not mean to lay down the law, but simply to record my own opinion, based on a perusal of his works. While on this subject perhaps I may be permitted to express a regret that I unwittingly omitted the name of

Herrick from the list of Cambridge poets, and only gave the name of one of the immortal literary firm of Beaumont and Fletcher as a son of Camus. I ought to have given both. At the same time I must thank A MANCHESTER PYTHAGOREAN for his note, and rejoice that, in spite of his *nom de plume*, he does not belong to the assemblies of the silent. HITTITE.

#### OLD MANCHESTER DOCTORS.

(Nos. 1,144, 1,176, 1,202, and 1,223.)

[1,269.] A little more verbal accuracy would much enhance the value of some of the matter addressed to you. Mr. SLUGG says a well-known surgeon, Mr. B. Brown removed from Brazenose-street to Stevenson Square and thence into Lever-street at the corner of Back Piccadilly, and in the same street lived also Mr. Fawdington. Now, if there be one house in that street which I have known better than another it is the very house above alluded to at the corner of Lever-street and Back Piccadilly where Mr. Fawdington then resided, and in whose surgery I've spent many a bad quarter of an hour. I know not where Mr. Roberts lived. Mr. Fawdington was a man of much repute and had many very excellent pupils. Among them were Mr. Charles Withington, afterwards a cotton spinner; and Mr. Robert Heywood M'Keand, of Eye Hospital fame. Both these gentlemen are living still, and so also is, I believe, the widow of Mr. Fawdington himself, unless she has died quite recently. Mr. F. had one of the finest anatomical specimens that I remember to have seen, a splendidly-articulated skeleton of a large ophidian of some kind, a cobra I think. I wonder what became of it.

Speaking of medical men and their pupils, how is it that the practice of young men serving their time to others established in the profession has so fallen into disuse, to my mind so much to the disadvantage of the profession? Now-a-days a new man produces testimonials from the heads of hospitals, but is seldom able to produce the best evidence of all—viz., his having been a pupil of So-and-so.

Brazenose-street itself would afford a rich mine of notes and queries. Another surgeon of eminence besides Mr. Gardom (not Gardon as printed) who lived in that street prior to removing to Salford, was Mr. Thomas Ollier, who was surgeon to the New Bailey Prison. One of his pupils was the late Mr. Charles Rickes of Cheetham Hill, who died only a few years ago, and whose untimely death is much to be

deplored. Then in Brazenose-street was Dr. Carbutt, a gentleman of some peculiarity, resembling in dress and manners a French emigré of the last century. I should like to hear more of him. Mrs. Gardom died a year or two since; and perhaps her daughters, who live at Baguley, could give some information. Then there was Dr. Hull who, I think, preceded my late father in the occupancy of 28, Brazenose-street; and Mr. James Miller, who lived at No. 26. I wish some other old inhabitants of Brazenose-street would vouchsafe further information. I ought not to forget Mr. George Daniels, who lived at No. 26 after Mr. Miller removed to Higher Broughton; and Dr. Peatson, the surgeon to the Lock Hospital. I think Dr. Walker Golland and Dr. T. G. Richmond lived also some time in the same street. Of other inhabitants to be remembered is Yearsley the hairdresser, whose shop I was often sent to when a boy to be operated upon. His proclivities were mostly of a Shaksperean character. He would often strike an attitude during his tonsorial proceedings and astonish his victim with some incongruous exclamation, as when, with curling-irons in one hand and scissors in the other, he would inquire, "Is this a dagger that I see before me?" I have no doubt he had some reminiscence of Shylock in his mind when once he drew blood from my ear with his scissors. It was his last chance. I think he became either imbecile or insane after that, but the man with his velvet coat and vest are still before me.

SAMUEL COTTAM.

#### QUERIES.

[1,270.] YORK MINSTER.—Can any correspondent give the name of the architect of York Minster, and about what time the building was begun?

A YORKSHIREMAN.

[1,271.] WORK, WAGES, AND INNS IN GERMANY. What is considered an average wage in Germany of a journeyman workman, such as a joiner, mechanic, and stonemason? What are the usual charges for hotel accommodation in Germany at middle-class commercial hotels? How much per English mile is charged for travelling in the various classes of carriage on a railway in Germany? Is the German language spoken to any great extent in Holland?

WANDERER.

[1,272.] OLD MANCHESTER PRIVATE RESIDENCES.—In Brown-street, No. 37, next door to the King's Arms, and now in the occupation of Messrs.

John Edmunds and Sons and other merchants, there is a fine old house, evidently in the bye-gones, the abode of some distinguished Manchester family. It is entered, as was usual in the private houses of a century ago, by a railed flight of steps. Who formerly lived here? What is known of the history of this house and its original tenants? The same question as to No. 43, Long Millgate, now chiefly in the occupation of Messrs. R. and W. Sugars, a fine old private residence, which I fancy may have been the house of the Rev. John Brooks. And, while writing, can anyone say who was the builder and original occupier of the capital residence at Withington, the very last in the township, on the left hand before entering Didsbury, and only a few yards from the entrance to Long Lane. It stands sideways to the high road, and the stables are conspicuously dated 1706. Forty years ago I believe it was occupied by a Mr. Price.

ARCHÆOLOGIST.

The cause of Milton's sudden divorce from his first wife, Mary Powell, within three months of the marriage, has always been a perplexing mystery, but Mr. Edward Scott appears at length to have got a clue to it. In a letter to the *Athenæum* he states that he has come across a letter amongst the correspondence of Sir Edward Nicholas, Secretary of State to Charles the First, which throws a light upon the subject. Briefly, it may be stated that Milton married into a Royalist family, and he very shortly found out that, to use his own words, "the Philistines plowed with his heifer," that is, the Royalists gained information of the movements of their opponents, the Parliamentarians, through the brothers of Mary Powell, and she was the conveyer of the intelligence. Mr. Scott cites a letter in support of this statement, and also several confirmatory passages from *Samson Agonistes*. Thus in l. 382:—

Did not she

Of Timna first betray me, and reveal  
The secret wrested from me in her highth  
Of nuptial love professed, carrying it straight  
To them who had corrupted her, my spies  
And rivals.

And again, in line 773, Delilah herself says, what perhaps Mary Powell urged as her excuse:—

First granting, as I do, it was a weakness  
In me, but incident to all our sex,  
Curiosity, inquisitive, impertune  
Of secrets, then with like infirmity  
To publish them—both common female faults.  
But I to enemies revealed, and should not.

Saturday, September 13, 1879.

REMINISCENCES OF MANCHESTER FIFTY YEARS AGO.

XIV.—SUNDRY TRADERS AND PROFESSIONAL MEN

[1,273.] Before passing on to the remaining topics of these notices, I propose to glance at a few traders and others who were in business here fifty years ago, besides those which have been already alluded to. One or two references have been made to the fact that the names of many firms which existed then exist at the present day, although their owners are no more. Not only so, but in several instances these old firms are carrying on business in the same premises as they were half a century and more since. John Rose and Co., china and earthenware dealers, and Edward Goodall and Co., carpet dealers, were then occupying the same premises in King-street as now. Mr. Edward Goodall died only recently. Satterfield and Co. were also in business in the same premises in St. Ann's Square as were occupied by them up to a recent date, and which are still occupied by their successors. At the time the firm ceased to exist I believe it was the oldest retail firm in Manchester. In what year Mr. John Satterfield began business I cannot ascertain, but it is certain he was in business as a linen draper on the same site in 1794, and as there is a brass plate on one of the pews of St. Mary's Church bearing the inscription, "John Satterfield, 1788," we may take it for granted that he was in business in the Square before that date. Another old firm of linen drapers which were in business in 1829, and are still occupying the same premises in Old Millgate, is that of Smith, Hill, and Co. I cannot learn that they were in business before the early part of this century, but in 1810 William Smith and Co. were carrying on business as drapers there, and continued to do so till about the year 1826, when William and John Hill were taken into partnership. I well remember them, having reason to remember John especially; for my master, Horatio Miller, having gone to London for a week, on his return informed me that Mr. John Hill, who was a customer, had noticed my conduct during his absence, and had told him how very attentive to business I had been, and he presented me with a copy of Shakspeare as a token of his pleasure. Mr. William Hill was a leading man in Salford, of which he was boroughreeve on one or two occasions.

There was also at the time referred to a draper's shop in Chapel-street, Salford, between the old bridge and Blackfriars, which is deserving of notice, inasmuch as its owner some years afterwards became Mayor of Manchester, and received the honour of knighthood. The late Sir Elkanah Armitage first began business in the shop I allude to, as a draper, about the year 1817, and some ten years afterwards began to manufacture bedticks and nankeens, having a warehouse in Bank Buildings, Cannon-street. In a few years the Salford business was given up, and his warehouse was removed to Cromford Court.

Fifty years ago Messrs. Hime and Hargreaves, music-sellers—now Hime and Addison—were in St. Ann's Square; Mr. Henry Whaite was in Bridge-street; Mr. Charles Meredith, the law stationer, was in Ridgfield; Mr. William Broome, the accountant, was in Essex-street; Messrs. Sharp, Roberts, and Co., the machine makers, had their works in Falkner-street; and Mr. Joseph Cockshoot, whose business has been merged in the Cockshoot Conveyance Company, was then a well-known hackney coach proprietor.

I have met with one instance of a trader who was in business half a century ago who is still carrying on the same business, and that is the case of Mr. Joseph Kidson, who in 1829 was in business as a tailor and draper in Piccadilly, in the same shop which he now occupies.

Mr. William Gibb, who will ever be remembered in Manchester in connection with the efforts he successfully made to obtain the privilege of having bonded warehouses here, and whose name is still perpetuated in the firm of Smith and Gibb, was then a wine and spirit merchant in Spring Gardens.

Another well-known firm in business here fifty years ago was that of Binyons and Co., who had then two shops, one in St. Ann's Square, the same as now occupied by them, and one on the right-hand side of Oldham-street. The firm then consisted of two brothers, Thomas and Edward, who began business in 1817. Tradition says their grandfather having married Ruth Wakefield, whose father was a rich banker at Kendal, provided the capital with which Richard Arkwright began the cotton trade. His eldest son Thomas was a cotton manufacturer, and the inventor of a cloth made from a mixture of silk and wool. He was the father of the Binyons engaged in the tea trade, whilst his brother Benjamin was the father of

Alfred Binyon, who in 1829 was a calenderer and a coal agent, but having married Lucy Hoyle, afterwards became a partner in the firm of Thomas Hoyle and Sons, calico printers. Thomas and Edward had a brother and two or three sisters, who were also engaged in business here at the time we speak of. The brother, Benjamin, was a partner in the firm of Binyon and Taylor, twine manufacturers, Peter Taylor looking after the manufacturing part of the business at Hollinwood, and Benjamin Binyon being the salesman and lodging with his sister Deborah, who kept a ready-made linen shop in Piccadilly. Two other sisters, Hannah and Ann, were tea dealers nearly opposite the end of Portland-street. I should have said that Thomas Binyon served an apprenticeship to a druggist at Newcastle-on-Tyne, but not liking the business went to Liverpool and learnt the tea trade. It is well known that the Binyons were all Quakers, and possessed in an eminent degree the virtues for which the members of the Society of Friends are remarkable. The business is now carried on in greatly extended premises by George Henry Fryer, a nephew of the late Thomas Binyon, and our friend Thomas Harrison, whose scientific status is well known in Manchester. Several members of another well-known Quaker family, the Labreys, were carrying on the tea business in Manchester at that time.

Besides Samuel Prince and William Newall, already named, the principal grocers whom I remember were George Southam, father of the late Mr. Southam, the surgeon of Salford; Richardson and Roebuck, both of the Market Place; and James and Thomas Fildes, in Shudehill, where they carried on a large wholesale business in addition to the retail. They had also a shop at the corner of Travis-street, London Road, which had been carried on by their father, Thomas Fildes, who took an active part in the establishment of the first Sunday school in Manchester. Near to his shop was a cellar, inhabited by a poor shoemaker named John Lancaster, who in 1785 came to Manchester from Halifax, and almost immediately started a Sunday school in his cellar. Both he and his neighbour were Methodists, and Mr. Fildes, learning what he had done, joined him in the effort. The cellar was made warm and comfortable, and soon another cellar was added. Shortly afterwards Thomas Fildes erected some cottages, over which was a large room, behind his residence in Worsley-street, to which the children

were transferred. His grandson, Mr. James Fildes, of Spring Gardens, informs me that so far as can be ascertained, this was the first Sunday school erected in Manchester, which would be about the year 1787. Mr. James Fildes the elder, as a trustee of Oldham-street Chapel, was one of the principal defendants in the Chancery suit instituted by the Rev. Dr. Warren, and which being decided by Lord Lyndhurst against the doctor, led to what is known amongst Wesleyans as the Warrenite division. During the hearing of the case Sir Charles Wetherell, Dr. Warren's counsel, used to cause a smile by his persistently speaking of the defendant as "James Fil-dees."

Fifty years ago several respectable Italians were in business here, as carvers and gilders, looking-glass makers, and print sellers. In 1810 Vincent Zanetti carried on business as a carver and gilder at Wright's Court, Market-street, and his brother Vittore at a shop a little higher up Market-street. About the year 1817 Vittore Zanetti joined the late Mr. Agnew, the firm being Zanetti and Agnew. At the time I came to Manchester Mr. Vittore Zanetti had retired in favour of his son, when the firm became Agnew and Zanetti, having removed to the premises still occupied by Messrs. Agnew in Exchange-street. Messrs. Grundy and Fox, print sellers, were at the time in business in St. Ann's Square, but shortly removed to the premises in Exchange-street occupied so long by Messrs. Grundy. Mr. Joseph Merone commenced business as a carver and gilder at the beginning of this century in Market-street, in the shop now occupied by the Milner Safe Company. I remember him there in 1829 as an old man. Mr. Dominic Bolongaro began business as a carver and gilder about the year 1818 in Old Mill-gate, where he continued till he removed to the premises in Market-street now occupied by his son, which was shortly after I took up my abode on the opposite side of the street. At this time there were two looking-glass makers named Peduzzi in separate shops in Oldham-street. Anthony commenced business as a picture dealer in Spear-street during the first decade of this century, and after settling in Tib-street for a few years took a shop in Oldham street. James Peduzzi, who I believe was Anthony's son, began business about 1822. I remember we had them both as customers for quicksilver. Joshua Ronchetti was a noted maker of barometers, thermometers, and

especially of hydrometers, of the latter of which he had a large sale, on which at that time handsome profits were made. His first place of business was his house in Balloon-street, Withy Grove. He afterwards removed to Cateaton-street, and shortly after I came to Market-street, he became our neighbour. His son-in-law, Mr. Casartelli, succeeded him, and still occupies the same premises. Another of these Italians whom I knew well fifty years ago was John Bianchi, in Tib-street. He was a maker of plaster of Paris, with which he used to supply those of his poorer countrymen, who were often seen carrying all the kings of Europe on their heads. Bianchi afterwards entered the police force, and proved himself to be a very intelligent and useful officer.

At present there are nearly 120 brewers in Manchester, whilst in 1829 there were only 28, the largest of whom was Mr. Benjamin Joule, of Salford, the father of Mr. Benjamin St. John Baptist Joule, J.P., of Southport, the accomplished organist and musician, and Mr. James Prescott Joule, D.C.L., L.L.D., F.R.S., so well known in scientific circles for several important discoveries, but chiefly for that of the mechanical equivalent of heat.

The late Alderman Bake was then a saddler in Port-street, whence he removed to keep the Bull's Head Inn in Barnes-street, which thenceforward was generally known as "Jim Bake's." The late George Pilkington, the giver of the statue of Humphrey Chetham now in the Cathedral, was then a cashier and manager in the service of Mr. Ellis Duckworth, the distiller, in New Cannon-street. As we obtained the spirits of wine used in the business from thence, and being a neighbour, I knew him intimately. On Mr. Duckworth's retirement, George Pilkington succeeded him. A little lower down Market-street, not very far from the present site of the Omnibus Office, was the shop of Mr. James Varley, smallware dealer, and father of Mrs. Linnaeus Banks. Mrs. Varley used to attend to the business as well as her husband. Being neighbours, I knew them very well, the impression left on my mind of Mrs. Varley being that she was a very agreeable, chatty, and intelligent lady.

I must defer till next week the subject of solicitors, booksellers, and printers.

J. T. SLUGG.

## COMMENTS AND ANSWERS.

## YEARSLEY, THE THEATRICAL BARBER.

(No. 1,269.)

[1,274.] Yearsley, the barber, at the corner of Deanagate and Brazenose-street, mentioned by Mr. COTTAM, was both in appearance and manners an oddity. The latter were precise, pedantic, peouliar, and very polite; the former that of a polished or refined retired member of the prize ring, with a vulgar-looking visage, owing to some ailment or accident having spoiled what might once have been an aquiline nose. His speech had a nasal twang. He was artificially got up, had a weak, slow, measured walk, and wore a wig. He prided himself on being *the* gentleman of his profession. To his customers he was sauvity itself, but to his son and his apprentices a stern and strict disciplinarian, but withal honourable and upright. Like many of his calling, he was a lover of theatricals. The temple of Thespis in which he worshipped was the Queen's, then in Spring Gardens, during the managements of Henry Beverley, Egerton, and John Sloan. He was full of admiring chat about young Madame Celeste, Mrs. Stirling, Madame Leclercq (then members of the stock company), and others long since passed away; as he himself eventually quietly shuffled off the scene and out of notice.

JAMES BURY.

## SUPERSTITIONS IN ENGLAND.

(Note No. 1,258, September 6.)

[1,275.] In *Celebrated Crimes*, by Alexander Dumas the elder, there is an account of a somewhat curious remedy for poisoning. Pope Alexander VI. (otherwise Roderic Lenzuolo Borgia) and his notorious son Cæsar, at one of their Cardinal-poisoning banquets, were themselves inadvertently poisoned. The Pope, after lingering eight weeks, died; but his son Cæsar, through using the following remedy, lived:—"Four posts were erected in his room, firmly fixed on the floor and ceiling, similar to the machine used for shoeing horses; every day a bull was brought in, thrown upon its back, tied by its limbs to the posts, an incision about one foot and a half in length made in its stomach, through which the intestines were extracted; and Cæsar then entering, while the body yet palpitated with life, enjoyed a bath of blood." I am informed that such a practice was formerly prevalent in this country, but my informant cannot give me any references. Some of your readers, perhaps,

can. Such a practice, as suggested by Mr. ADAM CHESTER in relation to a kindred one, should not be too hastily condemned as "superstitious."

SIDNEY SMITH.

In reply to Mr. ADAM CHESTER's note of last Saturday respecting pigeons and pigeon feathers, I can only say that in the district with which I am best acquainted, about a hundred miles across, the prejudice against using pigeon feathers in beds is almost universal. And I believe that there are hundreds of farmers' wives at the present day who would scorn to mix pigeon feathers with those of domestic fowls, as not only dishonest but positively cruel. Consequently they are usually either burned or thrown into the ashpit or given to the winds. If this prejudice existed against either sleeping or dying on feather beds in general, and not those of pigeon feathers as he asserts, it seems to be rather singular that feather beds have gradually become more common. There was a time when even kings were lodged on straw; and even as late as the days of "Good King Hal" there were by-laws posted in the Court for the regulation of his household, and among the fines was one of a groat to be inflicted on any "gentleman caught stealing straw from the king's bed." I believe that in some parts of Shropshire there is a prejudice against the use of the feathers of any kind of wild-fowls, the same as those of pigeons in other places, but I think it is only partial.

R. WOOD.

Cheetham Hill.

## "WITHOUT" AS A CONJUNCTION.

(Query No. 1,097, June 7.)

[1,276.] In the passage quoted by W. H. from Tennyson—"Not without she wills it"—"without" is used in the sense of "unless" or "except." This is certainly an unusual meaning to attach to the word, but I don't think it is a modern corruption. In Worcester's edition of Webster's Dictionary, which I have referred to in former letters, the word is said to have been thus employed by Sidney. The dictionary says: "Without, conjunction—unless, except. Sidney. (Not in good use)." Stormonth gives the same meaning, amongst others, and makes no remark about its being unusual or undesirable. Roget, in his *Thesaurus*, gives six meanings to the word "without," and one of them is "unless."

I am not acquainted with any grammarian who places "without" in the list of conjunctions, but



some of them take for granted that "without" may be used as an equivalent of "unless" or "except." Dr. Ernest Adams, on page 229 of his grammar, is showing that "but" is not only a conjunction but an adverb, a preposition, and a relative. He quotes these lines:—

Can I not view a Highland brand  
But it must match the Douglas hand.

Then he adds in explanation of the "but," "i.e., without its matching, except its match." The word "except" there is similar to the word "without" in Tennyson's passage. Dr. Adams seems to say that "without" may be synonymous with "except." Mason, on page 75 of his grammar, says that "but" may be equal to "without" or "except," and he speaks as though these two words have sometimes the same meaning. I take it for granted that he is referring to the conjunction "except," not to the preposition.

"Without" is generally used in the same sense as the Latin *sine*. That is what we mean when we talk of being "without" anything. But this is not the old use of the word. Before the Norman Conquest "without" was equivalent to the Latin *extra*, and this meaning clung to the language very tenaciously. In old writers "without" takes the place of our word "outside." "Within and without" form the old antithesis, not "with and without." Though the usual meaning of *extra* is "outside," yet it has a rarer meaning of "except" or "unless." Here we have an analogy between the Latin *extra* and the English "without." The words mean the same, and they both, under certain circumstances, mean "unless;" though that is not the fundamental meaning. I cannot say whether Latin influence caused the variation in old English, or whether the two incidents may be taken as an illustration of the linguistic tendencies of the human mind in a certain direction.

But we must remember that the use of a preposition as a conjunction is not unusual. In Old English the greatest freedom prevailed amongst writers, on this very point. Prepositions were used as conjunctions, and conjunctions as prepositions. Dr. Angus says at the end of his list of conjunctions, page 237 of the *Handbook*, "Several of the words here given as conjunctions are used in Old English as prepositions, and in that case are followed by "that" the demonstrative." Oliphant in his *Old and Middle English*, at

page 232, speaks of the conjunctions which were formed from prepositions.

I have shown that it is not probable that this use of "without" for "unless" is a recent corruption. I have also shown that many writers recognize that the word has this meaning, and I have suggested several causes which may account for it—a tendency of the mind, the influence of the Latin, or the common exchange of conjunctions and prepositions in Old English.

I do not like the word as it stands in Tennyson. "Unless" would have done just as well as far as the rhythm is concerned, and would have done better to convey the sense. "Unless" has only one meaning; and when we can use a word which has only one meaning, I think it is a pity to use another which has to serve many purposes. "Without" is overburdened with significations, and it is a pity to laden it with the duty which can be well performed by a good, though perhaps modern word, like "unless."

THOMAS KEYWORTH.

Liverpool.

#### A DOUBLE RUBBER OF WHIST.

(Nos. 1,255 and 1,261.)

[1,277.] I don't know what authority Mr. THOMAS BRITAIN may be on whist, but by the positive and indisputable tone in which he lays down the law on double rubbers he must, I presume, be of high standing. I may state that Cavendish (who is not entirely unknown to fame) gives it as his opinion, in the *Field*, that a "double rubber" means, as its name plainly implies, "two" rubbers, though he modestly confesses that it is a term unrecognized in the Rules of Whist. The rubber assumed by Mr. BRITAIN would be more appropriately and clearly entitled a "grand rubber." Game and game, or a return game, is a constant practice in most sports; and a double rubber should, *prima facie*, only imply a return rubber.

GUTTA PERCHA.

#### BOOKS ON THE TRADE DEPRESSION.

(Query No. 1,251, August 30.)

[1,278.] There have been several attempts to describe, explain, and philosophize upon the existing trade depression. I name a few, but am unable to estimate their value respectively. (1.) *The Present Bad Trade: its Causes and Remedies*. By an Observer. Pp. 16; price one penny. Published by John Heywood. (2.) *Agricultural Depression: its Causes and Remedies*. By Gilbert Murray. Pp.

16; price sixpence. Pub. by Bemrose. (3.) What are the Causes of the Prolonged Depression of Trade? By a Scotch Banker. Pp. 22; price one shilling. Pub. Simpkin. (4.) The Decline of Prosperity: its Insidious Causes and Obvious Remedy. By Ernest Seyd. Folio, pp. 112; price five shillings. Pub. Stanford. Probably the most valuable work will be one that is as yet only announced as about to appear, viz., Foreign Work and English Wages, considered with reference to the Depression of Trade. By Thomas Brassey, M.P. To be published by Longmans.

POL. ECON.

YORK MINSTER.

(Query No. 1,270, September 6.)

[1,279.] I have compiled the following data in reply to YORKSHIREMAN by collation of several histories:—

South transept, begun by Archbishop Grey, anno 1227	
North transept, finished by John Le Romaine...	1260
Nave, begun by Archbishop Le Romaine .....	1291
Nave, finished by Archbishop Wm. de Melton...	1330
(The Chapter House is supposed to have been built about this period.)	
Choir, begun by Archbishop Thoresby .....	1361
Choir, finished about .....	1406
Lantern tower, begun by Walter Skirlaw, bishop of Durham .....	1370
Lantern tower, finished.....	1412

It will be observed that the time occupied in building the Cathedral was 185 years. Twice within the present century the Minster has suffered by fire. An incendiary in 1829 caused the destruction of the roof and all the carved work of the choir; while the negligence of a person repairing the clock in the south-west tower in 1840 caused the destruction of the roof of the nave. I possess a curious pair of candlesticks made from the oak and bell-metal of the Minster, the relics of the fire of 1840, which I should have pleasure in showing to your correspondent.

J. F. KELLAS JOHNSTONE.

OLD MANCHESTER DOCTORS.

(No. 1,269, September 6.)

[1,280.] Mr. COTTAM complains of verbal inaccuracy in my having stated that Mr. Benjamin Roberts, the surgeon, lived in Lever-street, at the corner of Back Piccadilly, and that Mr. Fawdington lived in the same street. I regret Mr. COTTAM has not pointed out in what the inaccuracy consists.

There is none; for I have a most distinct recollection of Mr. Roberts's house, from the fact that I was once invited to an evening party there—he being a friend of my father's—on which occasion I attempted to dance for the only time in my life, and on leaving, a frost having set in and the flags being slippery, of which I was not aware, I had a nasty fall. I may say that Mr. Fawdington's house was at the opposite corner of Lever-street, on the right going from Piccadilly, and Mr. Roberts's on the left.

J. T. SLUGG.

Although Mr. SLUGG may have been betrayed into a few verbal inaccuracies, he has yet furnished us with a great amount of interesting and reliable information respecting Manchester druggists and medical men of a past and passing generation. Brazenose-street appears to have been at one time a sort of medico-classic ground, but its fame in that respect has now almost, if not entirely, vanished. One worthy, I may mention, has been overlooked—an old bachelor surgeon of the name of Tomlinson, who was an especial favourite with the ladies, and a practitioner of general good repute. Dr. Carbutt died from an attack of paralysis about 1833; he was clever, eccentric, and sarcastic. Speaking once of the increasing number of lecturers, he said he could not expectorate out of his window without spitting upon one of that fraternity. He was associated and on intimate terms with John Dalton, Peter Clare, John Davies, Andrew Buchan, and others of the philosophic school, but his companionship did not tend to his equanimity of temper. On one occasion, being at the same dinner-table with the late Sir James Kay-Shuttleworth, then Dr. J. P. Kay, the latter being summoned to attend a distant patient, Dr. Carbutt, as soon as the door was closed, rose from his seat, and striking the table violently, exclaimed, "Confound it, I quite forgot to tell my servant to send for me."

It is, I think, to be regretted that the five years' apprenticeship to a medical practitioner was abolished for various and substantial reasons, which might easily be assigned. The pupil of Mr. Ollier, to whom Mr. COTTAM refers, was Mr. Charles Jukes, not Rickees as printed. Mr. Richmond, an old pupil of Mr. Windsor's, never resided in Brazenose-street; he settled down to practice in Straford Road, then a new neighbourhood, after waiting some time

in Gartside-street, on the departure of Mr. Hunt to join Dr. Radford, in Ridgefield. Mr. Richmond's able and exhaustive report on the sanitary condition of Hulme in 1849, with those of Mr. Hatton for Chorlton, and Mr. Kirkman for Ardwick, which followed, was the first to attract public attention to the hygienic condition of the masses, and led to, if indeed it was not the direct cause, of the formation of the present Sanitary Association. The report of the first-named gentleman made after the fever and choleraic visitations of 1847 and 1849, and presented to the chairman of the Chorlton Board of Guardians, I have read, and do not find it much if at all improved upon by more recent sanitary investigations. It contains much valuable information as to the condition of the township, and with the statistical tables and chart accompanying shows clearly where the fever nests lay, and the physical and social influences that so greatly affected the mortality in particular localities. The late Mr. Walker Golland at one time lived in Brazenose-street, and Dr. Roberts (Robertson?) resided in Lever-street, nearly opposite Mr. Fawdington's house.

MANCUNIENSIS, F.S.A.

#### QUERIES.

[1,281.] **PHONOGRAPHY.**—Which is the best work to consult to obtain a knowledge of phonography?  
ALPHA.

[1,282.] **KEY TO A WOMAN'S HEART.**—Can any reader inform me in which of Dickens' works a description is given of the "key to a woman's heart"?  
ALPHA.

[1,283.] **ABBAY HRY, GORTON.**—Can anyone say if an abbey ever stood upon that portion of Gorton known as Abbey Hey? It is thought that at a very early period the land belonged to one of the monasteries.  
GORTON.

[1,284.] **LARGE RAILWAY STATIONS.**—The new Central Station in course of construction in Manchester for the Cheshire Lines Company is, I believe, after the same style as St. Pancras, London, and St. Enoch's, Glasgow. Can any correspondent give the dimensions of each, showing how the Manchester station compares with the other two?  
J. B.

[1,285.] **SALE PRIORY.**—Can anyone give information respecting the legend connected with an old dwelling at Sale called the Priory? It has, I am told, a romantic history, with which is associated the late Miss Beswick, who was embalmed and kept for a number of years in the Peter-street Museum. I have

inquired from many of the oldest inhabitants of Sale, but none appear to know the correct history of this antiquated place.  
FRIAR.

[1,286.] **THE BOROUGH BUILDINGS LOTTERY.**—Many years ago, I think about 1848 or 1850, the large pile in London Road, Manchester, known as the Borough Buildings, and situate just by the railway arch over the street, was disposed of by lottery. There were so many shares of, I believe, £1 each, and the drawing took place in the Corn Exchange. Can any one tell us the story of this singular incident, and say who was the winner, and whether he or his descendants still own the property?  
ANTIQUARY.

[1,287.] **OLD MANCHESTER RESIDENCES.**—The query of **ARCHÆOLOGIST** reminds me of another house about which it would be interesting to know something. It stands in Spring Gardens, at the corner of Marble-street, and facing the big open space which, at some apparently remote date, the Government are going to occupy with the much-needed new Post Office. The ceiling of the room (now an office) on the right-hand side is a splendid specimen of old-fashioned and elaborate decoration.  
ANTIQUARY.

The German Medical Congress at Eisenach has declared vivisection necessary in the interests of science in general and of medicine in particular.

Professor Nordenakiold, the adventurous Swede who has just accomplished the North-east passage, was fortunate enough during the voyage to capture the large and rare marine mammal, *Rytina stelleri*, supposed to be extinct.

The Royal Academy of Music, it is now understood, will decline the proposal of the new Musical Corporation to unite with the National Training School of Music. The Academy is self-supporting, has a prestige that the Training School will never gain unless a great change takes place in the management, and, above all, dislikes being patronized.

M. Viollet-Leduc, the distinguished French architect and art critic, died of apoplexy at his summer retreat at Lausanne on Wednesday. He was in his sixty-fifty year. Viollet-Leduc shared with Lassus in the work of the restoration of Notre Dame, and afterwards he carried out many similar and important works of restoration throughout France, including Chalons Church, Laon Cathedral, the Castle of Pierrefonds, Amiens Cathedral, and Sens. His literary works, all bearing on architecture, are too numerous to mention. His admiration of mediæval structures permeates all his writings. His brother Alexander was a landscape painter, and another member of the family was a painter in water-colours.

Saturday, September 20, 1879.

NOTES.

REMINISCENCES OF MANCHESTER FIFTY YEARS AGO.

XV.—SOME TRADERS, ENGINEERS, PROFESSIONAL MEN, AND NOTABILITIES.

[1.288.] Before touching on the subjects of book-sellers and solicitors, I must ask leave to say something about certain traders and others not already referred to.

Fifty years ago there was a confectioner's shop a few doors past the end of Bridge-street, in Deansgate, kept by Mary Harrison and Co. Though the shop was small the business done in it was large. It would be interesting to know how many wedding breakfasts have been adorned by bridescakes which have been sent out from this establishment; for it used to bear a high character for the quality of these important elements of festivity. This old-fashioned shop with its small panes of glass has retained its original simplicity, resisting most resolutely to the present day the tendencies of the times towards glare and grandeur. At last, I understand, it is to follow the fate of so many other mementoes of a bygone age, and in another week or two will be demolished. The business was established at the beginning of this century by Mrs. Sarah Harrison, who lived at the back of the Dog Inn, Deansgate, near to Quay-street, her house being approached by an entry, where she carried on the business of a poulterer as well as that of confectioner.

The name of Micah Furniss, silversmith and toy dealer, whose shop I well remember fifty years ago at the corner of St. Ann's Square and St. Ann's-street, should not be omitted. It has been suggested to me that he was one of the very oldest traders in Manchester, but there is no evidence that he was in business in the last century. He was occupying the same shop, however, about the year 1810.

The most fashionable tailors fifty years ago were Scarr, Petty, and Swain, next door to Mr. Furniss, and John S. Stubbs, near to Binyons in St. Ann's Square; whilst on the opposite side was the shop of Jonathan Wimpory, who was largely patronized as a boot and shoemaker. The gentleman who reigned supreme as a hairdresser was William Stoby, of St. Ann's Place, whose charge for simply cutting the hair

was a shilling. He began business at the beginning of this century in Queen-street, certainly not a street in which we should now expect to see carriages draw up at a hairdresser's door. The auctioneer who enjoyed the largest share of public confidence was William Morris, whose rooms were in King-street, near Four Yards. If any gentleman wished to adorn himself in a pair of leather breeches, he would assuredly make his way to Old Millgate, to the house of either old George Perkins or John Goodall.

Since my former reference to various Italians in business here fifty years ago, I have ascertained that in 1790 there was a "weather-glass maker" named Baptist Ronchetti carrying on business in High-street, who was the father of Joshua Ronchetti, already alluded to. Besides those who were carvers and gilders already mentioned, Joseph Gale carried on that business, two doors from Mr. Merone's shop in Market-street. He was well known as a comical gentleman, having a great deal of quaint humour, which manifested itself occasionally in sly tricks played not only on friends but on casual acquaintances, and betrayed itself also in the expression of his countenance.

The most noted engineers of that day were Peel, Williams, and Peel, of the Soho Foundry, Ancoats, and Galloway, Bowman, and Glasgow, of Great Bridgewater-street. These two firms began business soon after the commencement of the present century, the latter of the two consisting at first of Galloway and Bowman only, who then designated themselves millwrights. There were then three organ builders in Manchester: Robert Bradbury in Piccadilly, Joseph Richardson in Bloom-street, and Renn and Boston in Dickenson-street—the latter being the most noted and most largely patronized.

The late Mr. John Brogden, the father of Mr. Alexander Brogden, M.P. for Wednesbury, at this time was a dealer in horses in Every-street, Ancoats. This led to a considerable intimacy with the late Mr. Samuel Brooks, who always had a great fancy for horses. Mr. Brogden relinquished this business, and became a contractor for cleansing the streets of the town, occupying the town's yard, which now forms part of the site of the new Town Hall. After this he became a contractor for the construction of railways, being best known for the construction of the Furness Railway, which crosses the sands at Ulverston. I well remember him and his good-looking wife, as I

used to see them in the gallery of Oldham-street Chapel every Sunday morning.

I have a vivid recollection of the figure of an elderly gentleman whom I used to notice fifty years ago, as he tracked his way through the streets. It was impossible to see him without being struck by his appearance. He was a large-boned man though not corpulent, was beginning to stoop a little, walked with rather a quick step, the expression of his face indicating that he was very much in earnest about something, and was most respectably dressed in black, wearing the usual knee-breeches of the period, with silver knee-buckle and black stockings, and having on a pair of gold spectacles. To those who knew him I think I need not say that this was Mr. Thomas Fleming, who for many years took such a lively interest in the improvement of the town. To him, in connection with Mr. George William Wood, formerly M.P. for the southern division of the county, is principally ascribed the merit of originating the gas works of Manchester and placing them on their original basis, which has been so beneficial to the town. At the beginning of the century, where is now the Blackfriars bridge, Salford was approached by means of a wooden bridge four feet wide, the descent to which on the Manchester side was by means of forty steps, and which was only intended of course for foot passengers. Mr. Fleming was the means of forming a company and raising the capital in shares for the erection of the present structure, for passing over which a toll was paid for many years. The speculation did not pay, and ultimately Mr. Fleming bought up all the shares. The foundation stone was laid by him on the 4th of January, 1819, and the bridge was formally opened by him on August 1st, 1820. It has now been free from toll several years. It was owing to his energy, too, that the widening of Market-street was originated and brought to a successful completion. He was a large manufacturer of archil in Water-street, having begun that business about the year 1790 in the same premises which he occupied in 1829.

At the time we speak of, Dr. Henry, the eminent chemist, was residing in Princess-street, Hulme. Though he possessed the degree of M.D. he did not practise as a physician. He contributed to the transactions of the Royal Society as well as to the Manchester Literary and Philosophical Society, and was the friend and associate of Brougham, of

Jeffrey, of Macintosh, and other celebrated men. His scientific knowledge was made available for the public benefit by the invention of that useful medicine known as "Henry's Calcined Magnesia," which was prepared by himself and his brother Thomas at No. 2, East-street, Lower Moaley-street. The latter was an apothecary in King-street, and a Fellow of the Royal Society. The magnesia has been manufactured in the same premises in East-street since the year 1812, and is so to this day. I remember often being sent there for some when an apprentice.

To come down to a less important matter, amongst the best-known teachers of dancing at that time were Mr. Frederick Cooper, in Falkner-street, who lived there for some years, and was succeeded by his son; Mr. Prosper Paris, in Brazennose-street; Mr. James W. Pitt, in Falkner-street; and Mr. Thomas Palmer, in George-street. A very popular teacher of French was M. Alexander Mordacque, in George-street, whom I remember well as a little, sharp, elderly gentleman. His son I remember, too, as a Grammar School lad. He subsequently entered the Church, and obtained his first curacy at Haalingden, or at some place near it. Other teachers of French were M. Eugene Vembergue, in Falkner-street, and M. Louis Amand Beruvoisin, in Clarence-street.

The principal teachers of music whom I remember were Mr. Richard Cudmore in George-street, Mr. Moses Hughes, in the same street, Mr. James Hyde, in David-street, Mr. William Sudlow, in Hanging Ditch, and Messrs. Ward and Andrews, in Spring Gardens. The latter taught what was called the "Logerian system of music," their rooms being at the corner of Spring Gardens and Marble-street, on the site now occupied by the Liverpool and Manchester district bank. Mr. Andrew Ward, at the age of eighteen was leader of the band of the Theatre Royal, and died in 1838 at the age of forty-nine. Mr. Andrews was the son of a popular comedian at the same theatre. At the time we are speaking of Mr. Ward's nephew, Mr. David Ward Banks, was apprenticed to them. I became acquainted with him during his and my apprenticeship, and remember seeing him frequently riding down Market-street on horseback, early in the morning, on his way to the country, once a week travelling as far as Bury and Haalingden, to give lessons in music at various schools and private families. He afterwards became very eminent in Manchester as a teacher, an organist,

and as a musical conductor. On the occasion of the Queen's first visit to our city, 80,000 Sunday scholars were gathered in Peel Park; they were to sing "God save the Queen," in her presence as she drove round the park, and Mr. Banks was selected as the conductor. Rehearsals had taken place in every Sunday school to be represented on the occasion, for weeks beforehand, and every precaution was taken to prevent failure and ensure success. When, however, the crucial moment came, through no fault of the conductor's, the first verse was hardly got through when the whole thing collapsed. I was present amongst the children as a teacher, and noticed that when the Queen's carriage drew up in front of the platform on which we stood, the children became so much excited, being seized with such a desire to have a good look at Her Majesty, with her gay surroundings of ladies and gentlemen, liveried servants, horses and carriages, that they forgot all about the object for which they were assembled, and ceased to sing. Poor Banks continued to beat the air with his baton, in his elevated stand, with all the violent energy of which he was capable, but it was of no use, and the affair ended with a loud shout of delight on the part of the singers, and a good laugh on the part of the Queen. The labour needed to organize such a gathering, and the arrangement of multitudinous details beforehand, formed an herculean task which was voluntarily undertaken principally by Mr. Robert Needham, the brother of our friend Mr. J. C. Needham. His death occurred shortly after, producing the impression on the minds of many of his friends that it had been hastened if not caused by the anxieties and toils he had lately passed through.

There are several other well-known characters of that day whom I am wishful to mention, but must defer doing so to some future occasion.

J. T. SLUGG.

THE REV. JOSHUA BROOKS.

[1,289.] Many of the sayings and doings of the old Manchester parson, Joshua Brooks, are well known, but the following will be fresh to the public.

When my grandfather was a young fellow he was one day passing down Cockpit Hill, on his way to the Old Church, when he saw Mr. Brooks standing with his hands clasped behind his back (a favourite attitude of his) reading a placard posted against a wall which announced a sale at Bethany.

"Bethany, Bethany, where's Bethany?" muttered the parson to himself, but loud enough to catch my grandfather's ear, who at once called out, "fifteen furlongs from Jerusalem, Joshua." "Right, Tom, right," said Joshua.

Cockpit Hill! How the name reminds one of those savoury veal pies which for more than thirty years bore that name, and attracted hungry and tasty appetites down the narrow entry to the famous shop where they were dispensed. It is now the Fatted Calf Tavern, a most appropriate name. Those pies were a feast for an epicure, though squab, unshapely, and homely in appearance, something like a medium-sized flat-iron, minus the handle.

In those days the morning and afternoon daily prayers at the Old Church were much more fully attended than now, there being many resident neighbours; whilst the nave and body of the church was something like "Paul's Walk," so numerous were the strolling visitors. The wholesale weddings attracted a goodly muster. One day when Mr. Brooks was arranging the couples he spied out my grandfather amongst the lookers-on, and calling to him by name said, "I'm not going to have thee coming here looking into th' women's faces;" to which my graceless grandsire replied, "What's it matter, Joshua, what's it matter, when I've sweethearted most of 'em?"

JAMES BURY.

#### COMMENTS AND ANSWERS.

OBSCURE PASSAGE IN TENNYSON'S IDYLLS: THE

"OPAL WARM'D."

(Query No. 968, April 12.)

[1,290.] The pale blood of the wizard at her touch  
Took gayer colours, like an opal warm'd.

It is always a pity when an illustration is the most difficult part of a passage. It is as strange as for a window to be the darkest part of a room. There is nothing in these two lines from *Merlin and Vivien* which contains any statement about the subject of the poem which may not be easily understood; but it has a side reference to a precious stone, and speaks of that stone in a manner which draws our attention from the main topic, and makes us ask, "Is it true what he says about the opal?"

We know what is meant by the pale blood of the wizard taking gayer colours. Merlin was old and calm, but there was that within him which was

capable of being stirred to amorous interest. We are told in another part of the poem, that in answer to the pretended devotion of Vivien—

The old man,  
Tho' doubtful, felt the flattery, and at times  
Would flatter his own wish in age for love.

Then when Merlin is telling Vivien about the circumstances under which his mysterious secret was first used, he begins:—

There lived a king in the most eastern East,  
Less old than I, yet older; for my blood  
Hath earnest in it of far springs to be.

That is a very natural touch for an old man who would insist that he is not so old in nature as in years. Tennyson differs from most poets in ascribing paleness to the wizard's blood, when what is generally denoted by coldness or thinness is meant. Byron says:—

The cold in clime are cold in blood,  
Their love can scarce deserve the name.

T. K. Hervey says:—

The hairs on his brow were silver white,  
And his blood was thin and old.

There are many passages in Shakspeare referring to the same subject, in which heat of blood is associated with love. There is a passage in the *Merchant of Venice*:—

Why should a man whose blood is warm within,  
Sit like his grandsire cut in alabaster?

And again in *Hamlet*:—

I do know  
When the blood burns, how prodigal the soul  
Finds the tongue vows.

But it is a beautiful poetic conceit to ascribe to the colour what is generally associated with the heat. The poet, however, in comparing the gayer tints of the blood with those of an opal, seems to say that the colours of the stone are dependent upon heat.

Took gayer colours like an opal warm'd.

Of course it is possible that Tennyson thought that the beautiful changes which take place in an opal are affected by temperature. It may be, however, that he used that well-known figure which is called metonymy, by which one word stands for another when the words are associated in meaning. Light produces the changes in the opal, and light is closely associated with heat. Tennyson may have said "warm'd" when he meant that the opal was affected by rays of light. I only suggest this, for we know that poets do take strange liberties with facts; but if we accept the statement that poets express things as

they seem to be and not as they are, we must not be surprised.

The poets frequently speak about precious stones in a manner which we do not subject to strict scientific examination. Milton says:—

Now glowed the firmament  
With living sapphires.

And Dryden says—

What silent drops are those  
Which silently each o' hers track pursue  
Bright as young diamonds in their infant dew?

Anyone who wishes to satisfy himself that the changing hues of the opal are not dependent upon temperature but on light, will find the subject discussed in a recent volume of the International Scientific Series. The book is *Modern Chromatics*, by Ogden N. Rood, and is published by C. Kegan Paul and Co. The subject of the fifth chapter is "On the colours of opalescent media." The writer gives some curious experiments to show that a mixture of milk and water will produce the effects of the opal. An alcoholic solution of resin in water will also produce the effects. I will not enter into details about the experiments, but will just say, that when a little milk was put in the water the reflected rays of light were bluish, but the transmitted rays were yellowish. When more milk was added, the bluish tint in the reflected rays was overcome by the white, and the transmitted rays became orange. When more milk still was added, the transmitted rays became red. Perhaps it is not necessary to explain that the reflected rays are those which strike off from the surface of the mixture, and the transmitted ones those which strike through it.

Mr. Rood explains the probable cause of the phenomena, and suggests that the beautiful tints of the opal are probably in consequence of particles of substance being in the body of the stone, and causing the waves of light to vary in length and abundance.

It seems a shame to drag science into the discussion of poetry. But if poets use figures which are at variance with scientific facts, we are compelled to do so. I think Tennyson associated rays of light with warmth, and used the word "warm'd," not because he thought that the opal varies with the temperature, but because this was a convenient word to put at the end of the sentence. It is difficult to see how he could have used any other term without entering upon a long simile which would have inter-

ferred with the rapid progress of the poem at that point. His meaning was—as an opal, which seems bluish white, takes gayer tints when the rays of the sun fall upon it, so the cool, quiet blood of Merlin was thrilled with amorous excitement at Vivien's touch.

THOMAS KEYWORTH.

Liverpool.

#### PHONOGRAPHY.

(Query No. 1,281, September 13.)

[1,291.] The "best work to consult to obtain a knowledge of phonography" is the *Phonographic Teacher*, price sixpence.

PHONO.

#### A LA ORIENTALE.

(Query No. 1,253, August 30.)

[1,292.] The expression "à la Orientale" cannot be considered strictly correct. No Frenchman would think of writing it otherwise than à l'orientale. If the menu in question were written out in French the error would be a glaring one; if in English, the non-elision of the vowel would be pardonable, but the accent should scarcely be omitted. The expression is so very convenient that it is practically naturalized in the culinary department, where we do not wish to be too critical as to orthography so long as our palates are duly tickled.

LINCOLNIENSIS.

#### TENNYSON'S USE OF "WITHOUT" AS A CONJUNCTION.

(Nos. 1,097 and 1,276.)

[1,293.] The use of the word "without" in the manner referred to (viz., in place of "except" or "unless") may or may not be a modern corruption—this I leave to abler and wiser heads to decide. But I do know that it is a local provincialism very common in the town in which Tennyson was at school (of which town I am a native); and though Tennyson never acquired correctly the dialect of his native district (as witness "The Northern Farmer," which is not written in the pure north Lincoln dialect), yet it would have been strange indeed if he had been quite unaffected by some of the peculiar *usus loquendi* current amongst the people of his native county.

LINCOLNIENSIS.

#### NORSE.

(Nos. 1,211 and 1,229.)

[1,294.] Mr. THOMAS KEYWORTH'S answer to my inquiries, beside being rather ill-natured, was almost entirely beside the mark. The questions I put concern philology as a science, and it is unnecessary to import personal feeling into the discussion.

Mr. KEYWORTH says his authorities for the statements he made were the English dictionaries of Dr. Noah Worcester and Mr. Stormouth. My query had reference to the dictionaries of the original language, not to second-hand authorities. Worcester and Stormouth profess, according to Mr. KEYWORTH, to derive certain words from the Norse. I want to know: Firstly, what they mean by Norse; and, secondly, the title of the dictionary of the Norse language by a reference to which the accuracy of their assertions can be tested.

Dr. Richard Morris, in his *Historical Outlines of English Accidence*, says "the Teutonic dialects may be arranged in three groups or sub-divisions—the Low German, the Scandinavian, the High German." Then he says that "to the Scandinavian division belong the following tongues: Icelandic, Norwegian, Swedish, Danish. The Icelandic is the purest and oldest of the Scandinavian dialects. The Old Icelandic, from the eleventh to the thirteenth century, is often called Old Norse, a term that properly applies only to Old Norwegian." Here we have something clear and decisive. Old Norse is Old Norwegian. Among the authorities cited by Mr. KEYWORTH, Mr. T. L. Kingston-Oliphant and Dr. Ernest Adams use the term Old Norse rightly, and evidently know what they are writing about, but the loose way in which Worcester and Stormouth use the word Norse (not the distinctive term Old Norse) goes far to deprive their references of any value.

Mr. KEYWORTH, referring to Worcester's derivation of "tag," viz., tagg, Su-Goth., says: "Turning to the table of abbreviations at the beginning of the dictionary I find that Su. Goth. is explained as meaning Suio-Gothic or Norse. I might have put Su. Goth., and it would not have been very clear to most readers; or I might have put Suio-Gothic, and that would have been very little better; but the authority whom I was quoting gave me a choice of terms and I took the one which is best known." Here, again, there is the vagueness which is opposed to true scientific accuracy. Professor Skeat tells us, in his introduction to the *Specimens of English Literature*, that Suio-Gothic is Old Swedish, and refers us to Ihre's Dictionary of that language, so that we can trace his references for ourselves. Permit me to put in a plea for the same lucidity and precision on the part of all who discuss philological questions in these columns.

WEST MORLAND.



QUERIES.

[1,295.] THE CORNCRAKE.—What becomes of the landrail or corncrake after summer? J. B.

[1,296.] A PHRASE.—Is "of the first importance" or "of the last importance" the more correct phrase? HITTITE.

[1,297.] MODE OF CALCULATING PERCENTAGE. It is said there are two ways of calculating profit, viz.: If a man purchases an article for 20s. and sell for 25s., he is said to gain 25 per cent by some and only 20 per cent by others. I believe that most of the mercantile houses accept the latter system, by which it is impossible to make 100 per cent profit. Which is correct? E. R. R.

[1,298.] DR. COWLING.—In reference to your interesting reminiscences of Manchester in days gone by, allow me to ask if some sixty or seventy years ago there was not a Dr. Cowling who practised as a physician or surgeon in Manchester; and what is known about him? I believe he had a brother who was a physician in Wigan. G. E. M.

[1,299.] AUTHORSHIP OF LINES—Where are the following lines to be found?—

It is good to be merry and wise,  
It is good to be happy and true;  
It is best to be off with the old love  
Before you are on with the new.

Burns has something like it in his song "Here's a health to them that's awa'." My impression is that it is a parody of Burns's song, probably by Mr. Kingsley, although I have failed to discover it in his works. ALFRED O. LEGGE.

[1,300.] ABDWICK GREEN FIFTY YEARS AGO.—Will the kind friend who has been giving the very interesting papers on Manchester fifty years ago take a walk round the "Green?" One is often attracted by the little old-fashioned places hereabouts (notably a small alehouse next door to the church), and after a fruitless hunt through Proctor, Reilly, and Abel Heywood and Son's *Manchester as it is*, 1839, we turn from them all unsatisfied and fly to Notes and Queries as the best means of gaining news of the old places. IVY.

Saturday, September 27, 1879.

TENNYSON ANTICIPATED.

[1,301.] In Congreve's *Way of the World*, act ii. scene i., a Mrs. Marwood says: "But say what you will, 'tis better to have been left than never to have been loved." This, I suppose, is the lady's view of the case, as Tennyson's is the man's. HITTITE.

AUTHORSHIP OF TITUS ANDRONICUS.

[1,302.] I was struck the other day by the similarity of a passage in this reputed play of Shakspeare's to a passage in an undoubted play of his, namely, *Richard the Third*. In *Richard the Third* we have:  
Was ever woman in this humour wooed?  
Was ever woman in this humour won?

And in *Titus Andronicus*:

She is a woman, therefore may be wooed,  
She is a woman, therefore may be won.

I would fain hope that Shakspeare had nothing to do with this horrid production, and that the similarity to which I have alluded is the result of a plagiarism from Shakspeare by some unknown writer. C. B. Oldham.

MATHEW ARNOLD'S PHILISTINE.

[1,303.] Many months ago there was an inquiry in these columns as to the origin of the word "Philistine" in the Mathew Arnoldian sense. I have just lighted on the following, which I fancy is the source whence the scornful poet got his idea. It is in Menzel's *German Literature*, article "Poetical Philistinism," and whether it answers the query or not it is worth quoting:—

The moderns must be divided into three classes. The Philistines, who knew nothing that was nobler than their domestic life, their family happiness; the Sentimentalists, who, looking upon modern life only on its mournful side, and unable or unwilling to rid themselves of its fetters, commonly poured forth the tears of rapture and effeminacy for they could not feel any exalted sorrow; the Frivolists, who on the contrary looked upon the cheerful side of the every-day world of the Philistines, and allowed themselves every licence which might assist in dissipating their tedium.

CHARLES BOWLEY, JUN.

CLERICAL SORE THROAT.

[1,304.] How is it that there is no such thing as barrister sore throat, concert hall sore throat, histrionic sore throat? Let me try to answer my own query. Taking the barrister as sufficiently typical of all the others and regarding only him and the

parson in the comparison, the chief reason seems to be that the former addresses his superiors and pleads with them, the other talks to his inferiors and in ex-cathedra fashion instructs them. To speak more to the point, the barrister looks up to his auditors, and has his head erect and his voice pipe straight. The clergyman looks down from his elevated rostrum and his wind-pipe is bent, whether he is extemporizing or boring over a manuscript. His play upon that perfect instrument is therefore carried on under unnatural circumstances, and requires an exertion which injures it: hence the disorder. The remedy in the case of a clergyman who has a gallery in his church would be to preach only to the gods and never mind the groundlings; in that of one who has only a basement storey, to put himself on a level with his hearers.

WILLIAM HINDSHAW.

#### COCKPIT HILL.

[1,305.] Cockpit Hill is a remembrance of a once famous cockpit, which during part of the last century stood on the spot. It was well frequented by lovers of the sport, numbering amongst them the Earl of Derby and Sir Henry Hoghton, rival cock-fighters, whose birds were often pitted there. From an early period cockfighting was a favourite sport with Lancashire people. "Connected with the tithes of Eccles there is a singular tradition, to the effect that in the reign of Henry Eighth or that of his successor (Edward Sixth) these tithes became the subject of a bet on a cockfight and were won from Brandon, Duke of Suffolk, by Sir — Anderton of Ince (more properly of Lydiate), in county Lancaster. According to this tradition the tithes were granted to the duke by his royal master, Henry Eighth. Sometime subsequently a cockfight took place in Westminster, when Sir — Anderton is said to have produced the first duck-wing cock that was ever fought at a main, with the vaunting challenge:—

There is the jewel of England,  
For a hundred in hand  
And a hundred in land  
I'll fight him against any cock in England.

The Duke of Suffolk, on finding that Anderton was able to make good his bet, produced another cock and bet the tithes of Eccles parish as his share of the wager. Anderton won the battle, and thus became possessed of the tithes. So much currency has this story obtained that duck-winged cocks are still called Anderton's Jewels in Lancashire."

There is, however, a true story of an eccentric parson of a parish in the Fylde country, who one Sunday morning on his way to the church espied a group of his parishioners in a close behind the village inn indulging in the sport. His sudden appearance threw dismay amongst them and they expected a reprimand, which instead of giving he leaned over the gate, and became so interested in the battle that at length he shouted out, "hafa a crown on 'th red un." Another sport of which chanticleer was the victim existed at our Grammar School. A contribution of a penny was laid on each lad, called "cock penny," for the purchase of a cock for Shrove Tuesday, at which the lads threw sticks, as it was tethered to a peg in the ground. This sport was the rough precursor of trapped pigeon shooting.

JAMES BUBY.

#### MR. D. W. BANKS AND THE MONDAY EVENING CONCERTS.

[1,306.] I have been much pleased with the reminiscences given by Mr. J. T. SLUGG, particularly the one given on September 20th, about Mr. D. W. Banks. I have often wondered how it could be, that a man who had attained to so much eminence as a musical conductor in Manchester could be so completely forgotten, especially by the musical contributors to the *City News* Notes and Queries. D. W. Banks was a great favourite of mine, and, I believed, at one time there was no one equal to him as a musician and conductor of concerts such as those I well remember him conducting at the popular Monday evening concerts in the Old Free Trade Hall, under what I consider now to have been very great difficulties, for he had to be conductor and accompanist both in one—sometimes on the organ and some pieces on the pianoforte, according to the nature of the piece to be performed. There was no band then, the prices of admission being so low that a band was out of the question. The best seats were only one shilling; the second seats or gallery sixpence; and all the rest threepence—truly working class prices. Programmes were printed every week with the whole of the words of the pieces, and were sold at a penny. I have a small number of them now in my possession, including four Oratorios, the *Messiah*, the *Creation*, *Elijah*, and *Israel in Egypt*. I can spend an hour very agreeably now and then looking over these old programmes, and calling to mind who sang such and such pieces and the impressions I had at the time about each of them.

Mr. Banks encouraged and brought out as much as he possibly could at these concerts the local talent, which he was quick to discern, and when found he put to the fore. He did not entirely depend on local talent, however, but had help sometimes from the neighbouring county of Yorkshire, such as Mrs. Sunderland and others. I think it need not be recounted the number of Christmas days that Mr. D. W. Banks produced Handel's masterpiece, the *Messiah*, which practice is worthily continued by an able successor, Mr. de Jong. I fully believe that the late D. W. Banks and the popular Menday Evening Concerts at the Old Free Trade Hall effectually prepared the way for Mr. Charles Hallé and the now famous Thursday Evening Concerts at the new Free Trade Hall, and that it is a misfortune for the working classes of Manchester and Salford that the opportunity for hearing really good music at a working-class rate is lost to them through the want of a sufficiently large room at little cost and another talented and energetic conductor like Mr. David Ward Banks.

An incident came under my own observation when Mr. Banks was organist at St. Thomas's Church, Pendleton. When he first went to St. Thomas's, the churchwardens had only a small hired organ with six stops, which, as may be supposed, did not quite satisfy the rising ambitions of Mr. D. W. B., nor the churchwardens either, one of whom was the late Jeremiah Boyle, a warm supporter of music in Manchester, and a friend of the late John Isherwood and Mr. Wilkinson, the organist, both connected with St. Peter's choir, Manchester, at the time. Efforts were accordingly made, and a new organ obtained, I think from Wren and Boston, and it was set up and announced to be opened by placard on a certain day, and that the then leading organist of the day would preside—Mr. Wilkinson. This did not suit Mr. Banks, who was now a rising young man, so he rebelled, and a new arrangement had to be made, fresh placards printed and posted, which said that the new organ would be opened on such a day, and that Mr. David Ward Banks would preside—and he did, Mr. Wilkinson coming a short time afterwards to test the instrument. On the opening day several singers came from Manchester to assist the regular choir, which consisted of a family from Pendlebury—father, son, daughter, and nephew. Miss Cordwell, the daughter, was a beautiful singer, and Mr. B. was proud of her. In the evening more assistants came,

and one or two of them pushed past Miss Cordwell (who was very dimirutive) to the place of honour next to the organist. Mr. B. ordered them away and Miss C. to come to her own place.

Possibly some day soon somebody may see their way to adding to the attractions of the at present popular organ recitals at the New Town Hall by adding to them singing, and so utilize the local talent which Manchester possesses, and thus cultivate a better taste for the fine old glees and part-songs which are so little known by the masses.

J. HULME.

St. Stephen's-street, Salford.

### COMMENTS AND ANSWERS.

#### DOCTORS AND DRUGGISTS.

(Nos. 1,214, 1,227, and 1,246.)

[1,307.] May I add a few words by way of addenda to Mr. SLUGG's very copious and valuable reminiscences? He remarks that Horatio Miller of Market-street "was no common man," and he is quite right in so saying. He was a man of scholarly attainments and fastidious refinement, a perfect gentleman in manner and bearing; somewhat caustic and cynical, his sarcasm was withering. But he was far from unkindly, as I know, for he overlooked and advised upon my *Ivy Leaves* before the volume went to press, though his own versification was woefully wanting in poetry; one more proof that criticism is a distinctive faculty.

Mr. SLUGG, perhaps, was not aware that Mr. H. Miller had gone out with either Captain Parry or Sir John Ross (or both) on one of their early Arctic expeditions. He had been, as a youth, offered an appointment as "page" to George the Fourth, and rejected the offer as *infra dig.* At one time I think he wrote the dramatic critiques for the *Advertiser*. At all events, he was a frequenter of the theatres. He was in the stage box of the old Theatre Royal the night when, during the performance of *The Tempest*, the wires by which Ariel (Miss Gardner) was suspended gave way, and she fell from a considerable height face downwards on the stage; Prospero (Mr. Butler) being too inebriated to stand steadily, much less rush to her assistance. Had he been sober he might have broken her fall, caught her in fact, as I from the upper boxes saw first one wire snap and then the second with the extra strain. As it was, Mr. Miller disappearing from the stage box was one of the first to reach her, there being a door communi-

cating with the stage close to the stage box, and, having some medical knowledge, was of use. He told us the next morning she was more frightened than hurt. I and my friends thought she must be half killed.

At the last Manchester Musical Festival (during which Malibran died) there was a magnificent fancy ball to wind-up with, theatre, assembly rooms, portico, all being pressed into the service, and connected with temporary galleries, and a refreshment room built over Charlotte-street. Mr. Miller for that occasion assumed the character of a jester (probably Touchetone), having had a model of his own head and face taken for his gilt bauble. His dress was rich and appropriate—two shades of amber trimmed with gold. He looked the cynical, not to say sardonic jester to a T, and was fully capable of sustaining the character.

To Mr. SLUGG's list of druggists let me add the father of an old playmate whose name was Wood, and whose father's or stepfather's shop was, fifty years ago, in Ancots Lane, almost opposite to the end of Oldham-street, the first or second shop after the corner "vaults." There were iron rails in front, and a flight of steps to the door between two small-paned windows. I name him, having a notion he was a naturalist as well as a druggist, the shop being crammed like a museum with cases of stuffed birds.

There being some question about the abode of Mr. Benjamin Roberts (not Robertson), permit me to say that he lived in Oldham-street at the corner of Back Piccadilly (left hand side up from Infirmary), thence he removed to Lever-street, to the corresponding house, at the corner of Back Piccadilly on the left hand. His children—daughter and sons—went to school along with me to Miss Spray, and later, the eldest boy, Ben. Roberts, was for years under the care of the Rev John Wheeldon, in his school at the upper end of George-street, where I also was a pupil. Poor Ben Roberts! tall and thin, I think I see him now, stammering and boggling over lessons he could not drive into his round red head.

ISABELLA BANKS.

I can attest that Mr. Benjamin Roberts the surgeon did, as Mr. SLUGG has affirmed, once reside in Lever-street, Piccadilly, and that his house was next but

one to my eldest brother's. He was my first family doctor after my marriage in 1834.

H. H. HADFIELD.

Eccles Old Road, Pendleton.

ARDWICK GREEN.

(Query No. 1,300, September 20.)

[1,308.] The year 1829 was the latter part of George the Fourth's reign, when that monarch was passing his time in seclusion at the Pavilion at Brighton, no doubt in wretched health. On the 23rd of April in each year all who could went to Ardwick Green to see the display of military. Soldiers from both barracks went to do honour to the birthday of the "first gentleman in Europe," and after a sort of review a "feu de joie" was fired. Shortly afterwards George the Fourth died and medals were struck (of which I have one) on which he is stated to have died on such a date, "beloved, admired, lamented." The Green had—but this was before my time—been the scene of a brilliant gathering, July 19, 1821, on the occasion of the coronation of that monarch.

I cannot give the required history of the small beerhouse next to St. Thomas's Church, but as the beerhouses of the present day were only introduced after Brougham was Lord Chancellor, most likely that was a private house in 1829. The Rev. N. W. Gibson, now Canon of Manchester, was, in 1832 at any rate and perhaps before, incumbent of the church. He would possibly be able to answer this inquiry.

St. Thomas's Church, or Ardwick Chapel as it was called, built 1741, is the oldest church of the Establishment in Manchester, except three—the Cathedral, St. Ann's, and Trinity, Salford—the last re-built 1752. In 1829 the congregation was wealthy and fashionable, and the inhabitants of the houses round the inclosure generally occupied a high position. To begin with, Ardwick Hall, at the extreme south-east end had finer foliage round it, but was not much different from what it now is. Mr. John Kennedy, with his uncommonly fine family of six daughters and one son (the present occupant), lived there. Mr. Kennedy was one of the band of Scotchmen who came to Manchester at the end of the last century from Scotland to make their fortunes here, and most of whom succeeded. Dr. Samuel Argent Bardaley, the uncle of his more eminent nephew, Sir James Lomax Bardaley, M.D., lived in the house now so dilapidated at the corner of Brunswick-street. In the house now Mr. Worsley's, surgeon, lived Mr. Alexander Henry, the

great American merchant, afterwards M.P. for South Lancashire, the father of John Snowdon Henry, late M.P., and Mitchell Henry, M.P. From that house Miss Henry was married to another eminent American merchant, Mr. George Wildes.

A little nearer town was Mr. George Fraser's, of the well-known firm of J. Fraser, Son, and Co., succeeded by his son James William Fraser; also Mr. Henry Houldsworth, nephew of Thomas Houldsworth, M.P. in 1829 for Newton, and father of Mr. W. H. Houldsworth, the possible future member for Manchester. Then there were Mr. Mawson, Mr. Rawson, and Mr. Dawson. Mr. Charles Mawson's house, Allerton Mount, stands much as it did, and is occupied now, I believe, by Lieutenant-Colonel W. W. Mawson. Of Mr. John Rawson I do not remember much, except that his daughter afterwards married George Wilson of Anti-Corn-Law fame; but Mr. Jonathan Dawson's house, a handsome old house at the extreme north-west end of the Green, is better remembered. In a room upstairs was a grand old picture, a triptych by an eminent old Italian painter, which hundrede of visitors to Manchester were invited, indeed almost expected, to go to see. It was one of the well-known lions to be visited on the same day as Hoyle's print works and Wood and Westhead's smallware factory. I do not now remember the subject—it was not one to interest a child—but I remember it almost filled the room it occupied.

On the north-east or Ardwick side of the Green were many good houses, occupied by Mr. John Barlow, Mr. Robert Christie, Mrs. Ffarington, Mr. Isaac Crewdson, the Rev. William Gaskell before his marriage, and others. I well remember accompanying a relative, possibly in the very year 1829, to canvass Mr. Crewdson for some charity, when he took down a book from a shelf which he presented to me. It was Baxter's *Everlasting Saints' Rest*. It stands on a shelf in my library now. It is perfectly clear and not in the least thumb-marked.

The population of the two townships which most affected the traffic past Ardwick Green was in 1821: Ardwick 3,545, and Gorton 1,604. Now Gorton alone contains nearly 40,000, very many of whom pass once a day. The Bellevue Gardens did not exist in 1829, so it may be seen how immense the difference in traffic must be in the fifty years. On the other hand, one lively source of interest has passed away. There were a dozen London coaches daily passing each way

in 1829, with their splendid four-in-hands, besides others bound for Sheffield, Nottingham, and Buxton. Many a time have I run out to see the Red Rover, the Defiance, the Telegraph, or the Peveril of the Peak dash past. In the last case there was a chance of hearing a spirited tune on the guard's bugle, a sort of rehearsal of what he would play a few hours afterwards to awaken the echoes of Haddon Hall. The Bellevue omnibuses are rather a come down from the Highflyer or the Royal Mail, but the coaches had a short reign. In 1829 the Liverpool and Manchester Railway was making progress over Chat Moss.

F. W. H.

#### QUERIES.

[1,309.] BURNLEY CROSSES.—In the neighbourhood of Burnley several stone crosses are known to have been in existence. The Duke's Cross and the Maiden's Cross have disappeared, but Stump's Cross and Stiperden Cross remain. The latter consists of a pillar of millstone grit surmounted by a wheel-cross of Maltese pattern. I am desirous of obtaining further information respecting these crosses, especially as regards the original object in their erection.

R. R. R.

[1,310.] SPECIMENS FOR THE MICROSCOPE.—In the *City News* of the 7th instant was an account of the meeting of the Lower Mosley-street Natural History Society, at which some diatoms, vorticellæ, and other specimens obtained from an old pond near to Marple Hall, were exhibited. I should like to know if the pond mentioned is open to all comers, or is permission requisite to visit it? I should also like to know at what other places, either within easy distance of Manchester or in its suburbs, can similar specimens or other living things for the microscope be obtained?

MICROSCOPIST.

In the will of the late Mr. John Jeffries Stone, of Llantrisant, Monmouthshire, and Ashton Villa, Deptford, whose personal estate was sworn under £120,000, special provision is made that the option of purchasing the portrait-drawing of himself by the late William Mulready, R.A., being his first attempt in that style of drawing, and which afterwards led to the production of the numerous beautiful Academy figures by him, and also the two female Academy figures left to him (the testator) by Mr. Mulready at his death, and considered his finest productions in that style of drawing, be first given to the Royal Academy, the National Gallery, or the South Kensington Museum.

Saturday, October 4, 1879.

REMINISCENCES OF MANCHESTER FIFTY YEARS  
AGO.

XVI.—LAWYERS AND MAGISTRATES.

[1,311.] There were in 1829 five barristers who had offices in Manchester, viz., Mr. Robert Brandt, whose house was at Pendleton; Mr. John Frederick Foster, the police magistrate, his house being in Mosley-street; Mr. Edward Jeremiah Lloyd, whose rooms were in King-street; Mr. James Norris, chairman of the Quarter Sessions, his rooms being in St. James's Square; and Mr. John Walker, who resided in the Crescent, Salford. Mr. George Condy, who, it will be remembered, became a friend of Horatio Miller's, came to Manchester about a year afterwards. He became editor and joint proprietor of the *Manchester and Salford Advertiser*, and a Commissioner in Bankruptcy. It was said of him at the time of his death that he was an accomplished scholar; that there was hardly a branch of literature or art which he did not appear to have studied; and that, as a critic of music, painting, or drama, he had few equals.

One firm of solicitors in business in 1829 was Eccles, Crie, and Slater, to whom the late Mr. Stephen Heelis was articulated. In 1810 the firm was Sharpe, Eccles, and Crie, in King-street. They then removed to Redcross-street, and about 1822 Mr. Sharpe retired and Mr. Slater was received as a partner. Mr. Edward Bent was then in practice in King-street. Thomas and Joseph Nadin were also in practice in offices adjoining the Queen's Theatre. They were sons of Joe Nadin, the former deputy constable, and were the chief shareholders in the theatre.

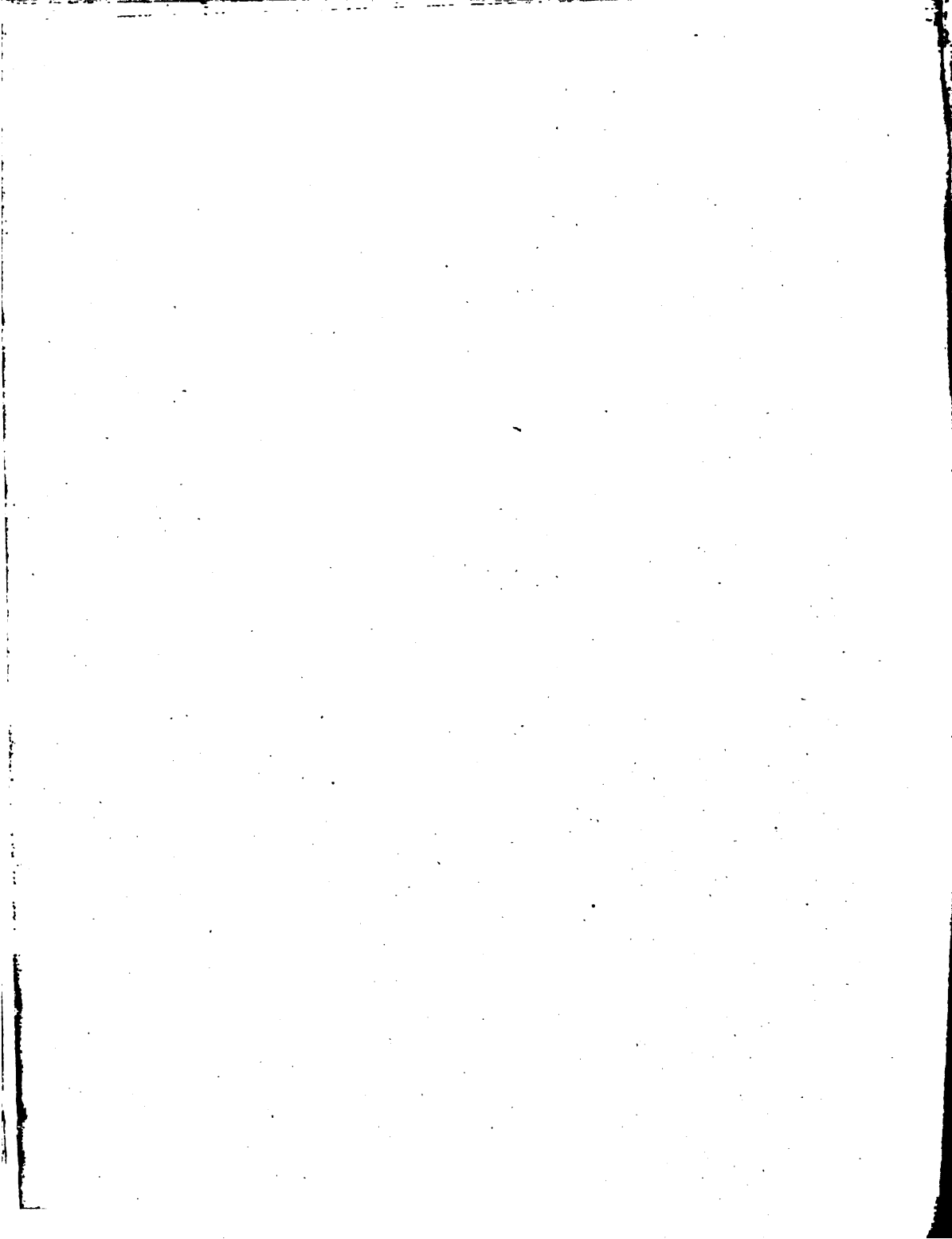
The principal town's business was conducted by the firm of Sergeant, Milne, and Sargeant, in St. James's Square. Mr. Oswald Milne being clerk to the magistrates acting for the division of Manchester, and sitting at the New Bailey. John Frederick Foster was the stipendiary, but designated the "police magistrate," and was assisted by six other magistrates, viz., Mr. James Brierley, of Ardwick; Mr. R. Fielden, of Widsbury; Mr. Ralph Wright, of Flixton; the Rev. E. W. Ethelstone, of Smedley; Mr. John Greaves, of Pendlebury; and Mr. Isaac Blackburne, the distributor of stamps in Brown-street. Mr. Wright was the same gentleman of whom it was said that having engaged a coachman, with whom he had agreed that

he should be allowed to take vegetables, he found him once taking home some potatoes, and had him apprehended, contending that they were not vegetables. I am not sure if there was any relationship between the Sergeants and Oswald Milne, but the son of William Sargeant, the senior partner in the firm of attorneys who was in practice before 1810, was named Oswald, and entered the Church in 1829, possessing the curacy of St. Philip's Church, Salford. He was afterwards transferred to be one of the fellows at the Old Church. Mr. Oswald Milne's brother John at that time was coroner for the hundred of Salford. William Smalley Rutter, who became coroner at the death of Mr. John Milne, was previously employed as clerk to Oswald Milne at the New Bailey. Mr. Alfred Milne, who was the late chairman of the Quarter Sessions, was the son of Oswald Milne.

Our venerable and respected fellow-townsmen Mr. James Crossley, shortly before the time we are speaking of, became a member of the firm of Ainsworth, Crossley, and Sudlow, in Essex-street, his house being in Cheetwood. Mr. John P. Aston, of this city, served the latter part of his time to Mr. Crossley, whilst his brother Mr. Edward Aston served his time with Mr. James Barrett. The first time I saw Mr. James Crossley, was at a meeting called one forenoon at eleven o'clock in the large room behind the old York Hotel, next to the Town Hall, in King-street. The object of the meeting was to organize an opposition to the incorporation of the town, and Mr. Crossley being called upon to speak, said that you might as well on meeting a strong, robust-looking individual in King-street lay your hand on his shoulder, look him in the face, and say to him, "My good fellow, you look very ill; let me advise you to send for your doctor," as talk of incorporating the town.

Mr. James Chapman, the first borough coroner, was then practising as a solicitor in Fountain-street, having been in practice for ten or twelve years. For some time we had two coroners and two inquests for the borough, Mr. Chapman holding one in virtue of his appointment under the Corporation, and Mr. Rutter holding a second under his appointment as coroner for the county, in the belief that Mr. Chapman's appointment was illegal. On one occasion Mr. Chapman summoned Mr. Rutter before the magistrates on a charge of assault in connection with a







"I come by NOTE, to give and to receive."

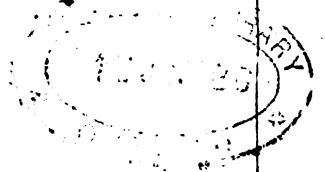
*Merchant of Venice*, act iii., scene 2.

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# City News Notes

and

# Queries.



[REPRINTED FROM THE "MANCHESTER CITY NEWS."]

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MANCHESTER.

CITY NEWS OFFICE, STRUTT STREET.

1879.



inquest, the latter being held to bail to answer the charge at the sessions. The year following the validity of the charter of incorporation was confirmed by the judges.

Mr. George Hadfield, the solicitor, afterwards M.P. for Sheffield, was in partnership with Mr. Grave, the firm being Hadfield and Grave, their office being next door but one to Mr. Chapman's. Mr. Hadfield began practice prior to 1815. Mr. Alexander Kay, afterwards Mayor of Manchester, was then in practice as a solicitor in Brown-street, having had his office previously in Exchange-street. He resided with his father, Alexander Kay, a cotton merchant in St. John's-street, where he had resided since he begun practice about the year 1813.

Mr. John Makinson, the father of the present Salford stipendiary, had his office then in Brown-street, but in 1830 removed to Market-street near to the end of Pall Mall, where he remained many years. He married the daughter of the Rev. Jonathan Crowther, one of Wesley's later coadjutors. Mr. Crowther's eldest son was connected with the press, and became reporting agent for the *Times* for Birmingham and the district. He was the brother of Mr. Joshua Crowther, the accountant, and died many years ago. During my apprenticeship I became acquainted with James Johnson, an articled pupil of Mr. Makinson's, our acquaintance ripening into close friendship. He was the son of Mr. John Johnson, of the firm of Johnson and Sharrocks, wire drawers, of Dale-street, and brother of Mr. Richard Johnson, of the firm of Johnson, Clapham, and Morris, who still carry on the same business in connection with the same premises. My friend married a daughter of Mr. Angus of London, a large landed proprietor in Australia, who was very active in promoting emigration to Australia before the discovery of the gold-fields there, and commenced practice, when his health began to fail. Being advised to leave England and settle in Australia, he set sail with his wife and two children, died on the passage when off the Cape of Good Hope, and was buried in the great blue sea.

Mr. Thomas Potter then had his office in Princess-street, and had for an articled pupil a little before this time Percival Bunting, son of the celebrated Rev. Dr. Bunting. Afterwards he had for an articled pupil the son of one and grandson of another celebrated Wesleyan minister, Bateson Wood, whose grandfather, the Rev. James Wood, was another of

Wesley's coadjutors, and filled the office of President of the Conference in the year 1800, and again in 1808. The Rev. Robert Wood, the son of the latter, and father of Mr. Bateson Wood, was a very popular minister amongst the Wesleyans, and was stationed in Manchester several times, the last occasion being in the Grosvenor-street circuit in the years 1835 to 1837. Professor Williamson married his daughter. Mr. Potter began practice in Clarence-street, Princess-street, about 1817, and afterwards removed to the same premises in Princess-street which he had in 1829, and which are still occupied by Mr. Wood, who before Mr. Potter's death became his partner. In the list which I gave of some of Horatio Miller's friends I omitted the name of Charles Wood, the solicitor, Brazennose-street. He began practice at the commencement of the century in Hulme-street, but soon removed to the former street. During my apprenticeship his daughter Rose recovered £3,500 from a gentleman in London for breach of promise of marriage.

There was one gentleman in practice fifty years ago who was in practice in the last century, namely, Mr. John Owen, who was originally in King-street, but after a while removed to Gartside-street. The following, who were also in business fifty years ago, were so at the beginning of the century:—Higson, Bagshaw, and Higson, of King-street; Henry Cardwell Cooke and Beaver, Mr. Cooke's father being in Greengate as a solicitor in the last century; Robert Ellis Cunliffe, whose house was at first in Princess-street; and John Thomson. Other principal attorneys were Atkinson and Birch, of Norfolk-street; Kay and Darbyshire, Marsden-street; and Aldcroft Phillips, of King-street.

In addition to the names of those attorneys who were in business in 1829, and who had been so at the beginning of the century, I must mention that of Duckworth, Denison, and Humphreys. In 1794 Mr. George Duckworth was in practice at 38, Princess-street; and in 1810, at the same address, was the firm of Duckworth, Chippindall, and Denison; whilst in 1829, at 38, Princess-street, was the firm of Duckworth, Denison, and Humphreys. There was a Jeremiah Buckley in practice in Brown-street, 1829, who was so at the beginning of this century. Mr. William C. Chew was practising in Swan-street fifty years ago, whilst the firm of W. C. Chew and Son are still there.

I must not forget the celebrated Jack Law, who, fifty years ago, was in partnership with Richard Coates in Piccadilly. He had a large practice in the police courts, and possessed those qualifications which best enabled him to cross-examine a witness. I once heard him cross-examine a woman in an affiliation case, and well remember its terrible severity. I omit repetitions and flourishes. He produced a letter and inquired who had written it. "My brother," said the woman. "And it is just as true that your brother wrote that letter as that which you have just sworn; the one's as true as the other?" "Yes." "Now, then, did not a man called H— P— write that letter?" "Yes." Of course the case was dismissed. John Law was in practice in St. Ann's Churchyard at the beginning of this century, and had a brother David, who in 1794 kept the Crown and Thistle in Half-street. Mr. John Law's opponent was generally Mr. Edward Foulkes, of the Star Yard, who had been in practice there since the year 1808. Solicitors do not seem to have increased in number to the same extent as some other trades and professions, for whilst fifty years ago there were 127, I believe there are not more than 280 now.

J. T. SLUGG.

There appear to be some discrepancies in Mr. SLUGG's Note 1,288, which deserve correction. For instance, in allusion to the shop in Deansgate kept by Mary Harrison and Co., your correspondent says that she lived at the back of the Dog Inn, near to Quay-street, being approached by an entry, where she carried on the business of a poulterer. This seems to me to be very improbable, as I am not aware of the existence of any premises in that locality at the time to which he refers that would have been suitable for such a purpose. There was a Dog Inn and Dog Entry immediately opposite to the shop before alluded to, in which several small businesses were carried on, and not unlikely hers amongst them.

In allusion to the fashionable tailors fifty years ago, reference is made to Scarr, Petty, and Goulborne. At that time the firm was Scarr and Petty, Mr. Goulborne not having joined the firm. Their next-door neighbours, Geary and Horne, are overlooked, and also John King, the father of our respected city alderman; — Varley, of Exchange-street (quite a card in his way); H. Verity, St. Ann's Passage, now of Moseley-street; Taylor and Son of King-street; where also resided the celebrated M'Stephens, also carrying on

the same line of business. Mr. J. S. Stubbs, to whom allusion is made as being in this line of business in St. Ann's Square at the time indicated, was originally one of our earliest silk manufacturers, carrying on business in Market-street Lane, when it was so designated, his warehouse being in Cleveland Buildings, having a frontage to the street before named. Being unsuccessful in the business, it ended in bankruptcy; after which he entered upon the tailoring venture, which proved successful, and shortly after, what is a very unusual coincidence, he paid the whole of his creditors full twenty shillings in the pound with interest, and died a wealthy man.

Your correspondent also says that William Morris enjoyed the largest share of public confidence as an auctioneer. I am very puzzled to ascertain how he has contrived to arrive at such a conclusion. I knew the man very well. He was originally clerk to "Lord Howe," whom he succeeded; and I think if he had awarded him about a third-rate position in his profession it would have been much nearer the mark. What about William Capes (afterwards Capes and Smith), who began business in 1825, and immediately took first rank in the profession; James Shawcross (afterwards Shawcross and Wilcock); Thomas Fisher, Jasper Fletcher, Jacob Goodier, and William Hamer, all of whom did a more extensive and lucrative business than ever he did?

His allusion to leather hreeches makers is also faulty, wherein he states that George Perkins resided in Old Millgate. I knew Perkins very well. His place of business was near the Swan Hotel, Withy Grove. He was very fond of music, and led the choir in Mr. Combes's Chapel, Salford.

I think your correspondent is wrong in his allusion to Joseph Gale. I know that he was in business as a hatter, and had a shop near to Miss Boardman in King-street about the time to which he refers. He was very fond of greyhounds, and I am inclined to think that he coursed away the whole of his substance.

In making allusion to Richard Andrews, the musician, as being the occupier of a house which stood upon the site which the Manchester and Liverpool Bank now occupies in Spring Gardens, he is also wrong. The house he occupied was the one next past Marble-street, nearer to the old Queen's Theatre.

ROBERT WOOD.

Busholme.

QUERIES.

[1,312.] DR. WARREN.—Was the late Dr. Warren expelled from the Wesleyan Society; or did he retire from the Connexion, in which he had become eminent, for any doctrinal, or what, reason? ENQUIRER.

[1,313.] MR. HEPWORTH DIXON.—Was this gentleman ever employed in a Manchester cotton mill? I have heard that he received his education in the evening classes of the Ancoats Lyceum.

SELF-HELP.

[1,314.] DR. DALTON AND COLOUR BLINDNESS It is said Dr. Dalton could not distinguish colours, and yet he was the inventor of some of the most beautiful modern colours! How could this be?

IGNORAMUS.

[1,315.] TEMPERANCE DISCUSSION IN STEVENSON SQUARE.—Can any good memory reader give information of a very early, if not the first, discussion on teetotalism, which was held on several evenings in Stevenson Square between forty and fifty years ago? The disputants were, so I understand, a brewer of Ardwick (Udall?) and Dr. Grindrod, then a druggist, and now or late of Malvern. MONA.

[1,316.] LANCASHIRE GLEE WRITERS.—In compliance with a request to give a lecture or gossip on this subject, I am at present engaged in collecting materials. These seem very scant indeed. The only names even with which I have thus far met, are Elliot (at one time alto at the Manchester Cathedral), William Shore, Dr. Wainwright (uncle of Wm. Sudlow, once organist of the Manchester Cathedral), Joseph J. Harris, Yarwood, and Dr. Hiles. If any of your readers could furnish me with any facts, anecdotes, or lists of glees by these gentlemen, or with any other names or facts, I should feel exceedingly obliged.

JOHN TOWERS,

Formerly leading singing-boy at the Manchester Cathedral.

Brunswick-street, C.-on-M., Manchester.

At the Fortschritt mine, in Bohemia, regular tides have been observed in the underground waters during six months. A similar phenomenon having been reported from America, it has been suggested to the Vienna Academy that requests be sent out for observations to be made at several artesian wells in Europe.

Saturday, October 11, 1879.

NOTES.

FIVE SUNDAYS IN FEBRUARY.

[1,317.] The occurrence of five Sundays in February is not so rare as may be supposed by readers of a paragraph in the *World*, written in the style of Old Moore's Almanack, and extensively copied by other newspapers. An easy reference to De La Rue's Perpetual Calendar will prove that thrice in each century February hath five Sundays, thus:—1728, 1756, 1784; 1824, 1852, 1880; 1920, 1948, and 1976.

XIPHIAS.

A FAVOURITE QUOTATION AND ITS SOURCE.

[1,318.] Massinger. *A Very Woman*. Act iv., scene 3:—

Though the desire of fame be the last weakness  
Wise men put off.

Milton. *Lycidas*. Lines 70, 71:—

Fame is the spur that the clear spirit doth raise,  
That last infirmity of noble minds.

Both these passages are evidently taken from Tacitus who, in speaking of the desire for fame, calls it:—*"Ultima illa infirmitas nobilium animorum."* Milton's line is, in fact, as close a reproduction of this as the English words and his rhythm will allow.

HITTITE.

"THE BANNS."

[1,319.] Why is it that so many of the clergy, especially the more juvenile portion of them, persist in saying "just cause or impediment" when publishing the banns of marriage? The correct words are "cause or just impediment." I think if some irate stickler for correctness were to forbid the banns because they had not been read according to the letter of the law, he might be entitled to have them read over again correctly. How sheepish a curate would look, and how he would blush if such a thing were to happen!

I fancy that the occurrence of "just cause" ("therefore if any man can show any just cause") in the "thirdly" of the first general address in the marriage service, and of "impediment" in the particular address to the two "persons that shall be married," added to a confidence in memory, will perhaps explain this not unfrequent little pulpit slip.

AUTOLOGOUS.

REMINISCENCES OF MANCHESTER FIFTY YEARS  
AGO.

XVII.—BOOKSELLERS.

[1,320.] In 1829 the first bookseller's shop you met with coming up Market-street on the left hand side was that of James Everett. He was originally a Wesleyan minister, and, owing to some physical incapacity, he became after a time what is technically called by the Wesleyans a supernumerary, and entered into business for some years. He then re-entered the Wesleyan ministry, and in the year 1849 finally left the body. His shop fifty years ago was near the present end of Corporation-street, but he afterwards removed higher up to a shop near the end of New Cannon-street. As I used to make him ten gallons of ink at once and take it to him, I remember him well, being generally met by some quaint remark as to the quality of the ink. He resided in a kind of square called Sedgwick's Court, which turned out on the river side of Deansgate between St. Mary's Gate and the old Bridge. I recollect having been sent to his house one Sunday morning early with a request that he would preach at Oldham-street Chapel that morning. He was a popular preacher, and author of several works, the most noted of which, the *Wesleyan Takings*, was published anonymously. There was one which he published about sixty years ago, which made no small stir at the time, and of which the publication was suppressed, I believe. Hence I find the recollection of it has nearly passed away. One of the earliest things of the kind which I can remember is the handling of a copy of this work which my father possessed, and looking at one of the illustrations. It was called *The Parson and the Cat*, and was intended to take off the parson-hunting tendency of the age. It was cast in the "John Gilpin" mould, and narrated in verse how a certain parson, returning home disappointed of his day's sport, espied a lad with a cat and induced him to set poor puss down and let the dogs be after her. The instinct of the cat induced her to get as far out of the way of the dogs as she could by clambering up the hind quarters of the horse, then up the back of the rider, then on to his head. There was a picture of the scene of the hat and wig of the rider flying away, and the cat setting her claws on to the bald head of the poor affrighted and tortured parson.

The next bookseller's shop on the same side was that of Ebenezer Thomson and Sons, who occupied the shop No. 20, at the corner of Cromford Court, next to the one in which I was apprenticed, which was then No. 21, the numbers running consecutively at that time. In 1790 the same shop was occupied by James Thomson, bookseller. In 1810 it was divided into two shops, one being occupied by James Thomson and Son, the son being Ebenezer, who lived at the back of New Windsor, Salford. In 1815 the shop was restored to its original dimensions, and Ebenezer had the business to himself, the father having retired, and residing at "Cheetham Cottage Town," Red Bank. In 1824 the firm was still Ebenezer, but in 1829 it was, as I have stated, E. Thomson and Sons, and a year or two after was changed to James and Joseph Thomson. They were known chiefly as dealers in books on mechanics and the various branches of civil engineering, and did a large trade in bookbinding. They carried on the business many years. The younger brother, Joseph, died some years since, but I had the pleasure of meeting with James three or four years ago. He was staying at the same hotel in Southport with myself, and his residence was near Bowness.

The next bookseller to the Thomsons was W. Dean, near the end of New Cannon-street. In 1810 the shop was next door to that of Mr. Hargreaves, the druggist, and kept by R. and W. Dean. In 1815 they had removed to the corner of Brown-street, where they remained some years, but in 1824 there was only William in the concern; and in 1829 the business had crossed over to the other side of the street again. When the Deans were at the corner of Brown-street they printed the Manchester Directory for Pigot, and published it conjointly with him, Pigot being at that time merely an engraver and not a letterpress printer. James Pigot was an engraver in Back Falkner-street in 1794, and afterwards removed to Fountain-street, where he was at the time I came to Manchester. At that time his son was in partnership with him, the father living in Polygon Avenue, Ardwick, and James the son in Marble-street, at the back of Ward and Andrews, where the Liverpool and Manchester District Bank now stands.

The next bookseller's shop or stall, between the shops of Watson, the trunk-maker, and Hargreaves, the druggist, in the old part of Market-street not yet

pulled down, was that of old Weatherly, about whom so much has been already said in these columns.

In proceeding up Market-street, we next came to quite a nest of booksellers, all close together, the first of whose shops was that of Thomas Forrest. His history in one respect is interesting, inasmuch as he came to Manchester to seek his fortune with a fellow-journeyman printer, named Jeremiah Garnett, of whom I shall have more to say shortly. They worked together on the newly-established *Manchester Guardian* for a short time, and, whilst Garnett remained at his post, ultimately becoming a partner, Forrest, sometime about 1822 or 1823, took a shop in the Old Exchange Passage, and, about 1828, removed to the shop adjoining the then Brooks's Bank in Market-street. He was the only bookseller who would allow the publications of the Unitarian body to lie on his counter. He had a good business in printing and stationery, which, after some changes, passed in 1853 into the hands of his former apprentices Messrs. Johnson and Rawson, who have somewhat extended it, and carry it on in the same premises.

After passing the shop of Mary Lowe and Co., tailors, and the Old Palace Inn, the next shop at the corner of Palace-street, was that of Mr. John Roberts, bookseller and stationer. He was the son of one of Wesley's early coadjutors, and brother of Mr. Benjamin Roberts, the surgeon, of Lever-street. Being an intimate friend of my father's, I knew him well, and have spent many days at his house in Piccadilly, next door to Mr. Bloor's, and opposite the end of Portland-street, when a boy, on a visit with my mother. He began business about the first year in the present century, and I have heard it stated that his father, being stationed at the time at the Oldham-street chapel, after the service there one week evening, announced to the congregation that his son had begun business in Market-street, as a bookseller and stationer. His business was noted as the oldest stationery business, and also for the enormous number of bill stamps which he sold, disposing, I believe, of more than all the other dealers in them in Manchester put together. He was a very upright tradesman, very genial, lived to a good old age, and stuck to business nearly to the last, leaving behind him a handsome fortune. He had an only son, Thomas, who was remarkably corpulent for so young a man, and who died a few years after he was

married. Mr. Roberts did a large stationery and bookbinding trade, which was practically managed by Mr. John Leigh, who married Mr. Roberts' relative and assistant, Miss Andrews, and succeeded him in the business. After his retirement Mr. James Cheetham took the business.

Three doors higher up the street was the shop of Mr. Charles Ambery. He was, perhaps, more of a seller of books than any hitherto named, as if my memory serve me aright he did nothing in stationery. He had not been in this business long before 1829, having been a joiner previously, but being connected with Bennett-street Sunday School—with which Mr. Benjamin Braidley was also associated—the latter provided him with the means of beginning business as a bookseller, for which he had already manifested a taste. He was well supported by Church people, and did a large trade. I occasionally see what has been a very handsome Bible and Prayer-book bound together, in the hands of an elderly married lady, which was purchased at his shop before she was married.

Next door to Mr. Ambery was the shop of Mr. John Royle. I well remember him as a very old man. In 1810 he was in Deansgate, and in 1815 he was lower down Market-street, near the shop which is now Darbyshire's, the confectioner's, his house being in Hodson-street, Salford. After that he went still lower down, occupying a site near the present omnibus company's office. From there he went into the Market Place, where he was in 1824, but at last reached the shop at the corner of Marsden Square, where he was when I was an apprentice.

Crossing over the end of High-street, we next came to the bookshop of T. S. Gregson, the first shop in Egyptian Buildings, Jewsbury and Whitlow's being the second, and Miles Craston's, the latter's, being third. Gregson was the author of a book which is now becoming rare, called *Gimcrackiana*, composed mainly of poetic and humorous descriptions of Manchester men and things, a specimen of which was given in a previous note on "Hooker's in." Poor Gregson gave way to a little failing, and his shop in a few years gave him up. It appears that he was in the habit of frequenting the George and Dragon at the corner of York-street and Fountain-street, and that on one occasion he was turned out, and requested not to enter it again. At the time he was assistant bookkeeper at the shop of a neighbouring firm, and

shortly afterwards the following stanzas were found on the flyleaf of a rough day-book in his writing. The first is a quotation, I believe, and in the second he evidently tries to relieve his feelings:—

BLOWING-UP DAY.

Who'er has travelled life's dull round,  
Where'er his toilsome journey's been,  
Must sigh to think how oft he's found  
His warmest welcome at an inn.

The contrary we here may trace;  
For quaffing off an extra flagon  
The writer, held in sad disgrace,  
Was banished from the George and Dragon.

After leaving the shop it was taken by Mr. Benjamin Binyon as a confectioner, who, whilst there, opened the Beehive restaurant under the Palace Inn, which was the first extensive restaurant established in Manchester.

The last shop on the left-hand side of Market-street was that of Joseph Gleave. He was an old Manchester bookseller, having been in business several years before the close of the last century, in Sothern-street, a small street which turned out of Priestner-street in Alport Town. He then removed to Alport-street, and thence to the corner of John-street and Deansgate. This was his principal place of business, where he published a Hebrew Grammar by Dr. Bayley, *The House of Stanley*, *Bennet's Oratory*, and others. A short time before his death he opened the Market-street shop as a branch. There was a John Gleave, a dealer in second-hand books in 1829, not far from Marsden Square, who, I believe, was a son of Joseph, but was only there a few years. J. T. SLUGG.

NOTE ON MR. WOOD'S COMMENT.—I thank Mr. ROBERT WOOD for his attempt to correct what he calls some of my discrepancies, but am sorry to have to correct the corrector. He is wrong in most of what he says. He is probably right as to the position of Dog Entry, for I find there were two public-houses in Deansgate, one of which was called the Dog Tavern, somewhere opposite to Harrison's shop, and the other, known as the Dog, was near the end of Quay-street, kept by Mr. Burrows, whose lovely daughter, Phœbe, became the first wife of a gentleman who has grown to be one of our merchant princes. Mr. Wood next says that I alluded to Scarr, Petty, and Goulborne, but that Mr. Goulborne had not then joined the firm. I never mentioned him, or alluded to him in any way. The third partner at

that time was Mr. Swain, whose name I mentioned. He blames me for overlooking the names of certain tailors, forgetting that I have not pretended that these reminiscences were exhaustive, and amongst them mentions some who were not in business in 1829. Neither Verity nor M'Stephens were in business then, and Mr. King was a woollen draper, not a tailor. Mr. J. S. Stubbs was certainly in the Square at that time. Amongst the auctioneers he names Jasper Fletcher, who was not then an auctioneer. There were two gentlemen of that name in business in Manchester in 1829, one of whom was a tailor in Bridge-street and the other in partnership with Mary Ann Fletcher as a hosier and haberdasher in Market-street. Mr. Thomas Fisher was a sheriff's officer, but I believe did not at that time practise as an auctioneer. Neither was Mr. William Hamer one, though Richard his father was.

Mr. Wood next denies that George Perkins, the leather breeches maker, resided at that time in Old Millgate, and adds, "I knew him well." The only answer I have to make to this strange correction (?) is an appeal to the Manchester Directory of 1829, in which Mr. Wood will find three names under the head of "Glovers and Breeches Makers," viz., "James Ad-head, 18, St. Ann's Square; John Goodall, 5, Old Millgate; and George Perkins, 10, Old Millgate!"

Mr. Wood's next correction is almost as astonishing, viz., that Joseph Gale was not a carver and gilder in Market-street, but a hatter in King-street, near to Miss Boardman's. Mr. Wood's memory again fails him entirely here, for there was no hatter in Manchester of that name, and I so well remember Mr. Gale as being a carver and gilder nearly opposite the shop where I lived, that I cannot be mistaken. I must appeal to the Directory if Mr. Wood still disputes it.

The last correction is a very trifling affair. I stated that Ward and Andrew's rooms were at the left-hand corner of Marble-street and Spring Gardens. Mr. Wood says they were at the right-hand corner. I have a distinct recollection of the plate on their door, and think I am right. I cannot refer to any proof, for poor Banks, who was then articled to them, though still alive is a confirmed invalid, suffering from softening of the brain, and dependent upon others for support. (I wish something could be done for him.)

Such corrections I think rather too bad. No doubt



in attempting to cover so much ground I may occasionally commit an error, and when that is so I shall be very thankful to be put right. But I respectfully submit that he who undertakes that duty should be careful that he is himself right; and I must protest against such a fashion as Mr. Wood's. Corrections ought themselves to be correct. J. T. SLUGG.

#### COMMENTS AND ANSWERS.

##### SPECIMENS FOR THE MICROSCOPE.

(Query No. 1,310, September 27.)

[1,321.] The old pond in which the diatoms and vorticellæ were obtained is in the yard of Marple Hall, and I assume that no permission is required to visit it. When our Lower Mosley-street friends were there they obtained from it not only some of the water, which was put into small bottles, but some of the algæ which almost filled the pond, and some tufts of an aquatic moss (*Fontinalis*) which was growing at the base of the wall that skirts the front of the pond, and it was upon these that the specimens in question were found. Just outside the yard in the direction of the station, our party noticed several other ponds which appeared very tempting, and in which they would like to have had a dip (with their net), but the weather forbade it. If MICROSCOPIST will visit these he will be sure to find many interesting specimens that will repay him for his trouble, but he need not go so far for specimens unless he be so disposed. Almost any pond will supply them, and they are very numerous in nearly all directions round about Manchester. H. HYDE.

##### MODE OF CALCULATING PERCENTAGE.

(Query No. 1,297, September 20.)

[1,322.] The correct mode is simply to find what ratio the profit bears to the amount paid in the first instance for any article. If a man gets 21s. for every 20s. he puts down he clearly gains 1s. per £1, or five per cent. A. C. J.

##### AUTHORSHIP OF LINES.

(Query No. 1,299, September 20.)

[1,323.] Mr. LEGGE will find the lines—

It is good to be merry and wise,  
It is good to be happy and true;  
It is best to be off with the old love  
Before you are on with the new,

in *Harry Covedale's Courtship*, by F. E. Smedley. I have not come across them elsewhere, and thought they were original. JONAS.

##### THE BOROUGH BUILDINGS LOTTERY.

(Query No. 1,286, September 13.)

[1,324.] About thirty years ago the owner of the block of property in London Road called Borough Buildings disposed of it by lottery. The shares were 20s. each, and I think there were about 2,000 in number. I was present at the drawing in the Corn Exchange. Through some mismanagement in drawing the numbers from the wheel, two persons were named as winners, and each claimed the prize. They ultimately agreed to divide the property, and thus prevented any litigation. I forget the names of the winners, but believe the buildings have been sold since. THOMAS ARMSTRONG.

##### MR. HEPWORTH DIXON.

(Query No. 1,313, October 4.)

[1,325.] As a young man Mr. William Hepworth Dixon was in the employ of Mr. Thompson, father of the present Alderman Joseph Thompson, as clerk and cashier in the grey cloth rooms, in York-street, opposite Messrs. Bannerman's; but whether he had ever been trained in the works at Pin Mill I cannot say. Any way, the relation between master and man always seemed to be of the most creditable kind on both sides. It also seems that he must have had a fair start in education before the Lyceum was in existence, for I remember attending two or three of a course of lectures on Roman History, delivered there by Mr. Dixon. His fluency, clearness, lively descriptions of character and events, and extraordinary memory of chronology, were frequently discussed by groups of his highly interested audiences. He was evidently one who had not let his education end with his school days. I believe he early formed acquaintance with Douglas Jerrold and other literary men, and this may have led to his leaving Manchester and becoming editor of the *Athenæum*. W.

Mr. Hepworth Dixon worked at the mill of M'Connell and Co., in Henry-street, and in all probability was a member of the Ancoats Lyceum. Certainly he was a sharp, clever boy, and extremely fond of books. During the mayoralty of the late Sir John Potter he

came to Manchester as a distinguished literary man, with introductions from the *Athenæum* office in London. Sir John received him with his usual courtesy, invited him to dinner, and exerted himself to make Mr. Dixon's visit interesting. After escorting him to various business establishments, Sir John took him to this very mill (M'Connel's), with which Mr. Dixon seemed much pleased. Some of his former fellow-workmen recognized "Bill Dixon;" but the recognition was not, or did not appear to be, mutual; nor was Sir John Potter, at the time, told how familiar the scene must have been to his guest.

HENRY STREET.

[The apparent contradiction in the above statements may perhaps be reconciled by assuming that Mr. Dixon was first at M'Connel's mill, and afterwards in the employ of Messrs. Joseph Thompson and Son. Some contributor will perhaps be able to say whether this was so.—EDITOR.]

#### QUERIES.

[1,326.] THE VERB TO COTTON.—What is the derivation of this verb, as in the phrase "to cotton to a person?" ALPHA.

[1,327.] A GRAMMAR QUERY.—Which is grammatically correct—The grouse smell strong, or strongly? Please give the rule. IGNORAMUS.

[1,328.] REST AND BE THANKFUL.—What was the date of Earl Russell's well-known utterance, "Rest and be thankful," and in what speech does it occur? R. LANGTON.

[1,329.] CHAMPAGNE.—When was this wine first introduced into England? It is mentioned by Congreve, before A.D. 1700, in one of his comedies. Is there any earlier mention of it by English writers. HITITE.

[1,330.] THE CHARTISTS.—I am desirous of obtaining information about the Chartists and their principles. Will some of your correspondents direct me to books on the subject or give me any information relating to the Chartist movement? F. C. P.

[1,331.] A VERBAL DISCREPANCY IN SHAKSPERE. In the Leopold Shakspeare (Prof. Delius's text) the well-known passage from the balcony scene (Act ii., scene 2) is thus given:—

O! be some other name.

What's in a name? That which we call a rose

By any other word would smell as sweet.

Knight and many other editors have "name" not "word," and the passage is familiarly quoted—and altered in the quoting—with not "word" but "name" in the last line. Which of the two is the more correct, and what authority is there for "word?" Can any Shaksperian student enlighten me?

HITITE.

[1,332.] THE WHITE SPARROW.—I am informed that the Germans have a proverb—

He that would thrive

Must the white sparrow see,

and that the following story was the origin of the proverb. A certain farmer, evidently through neglect of duty, had almost brought himself to ruin. Friends expostulated with him in vain, until at last a neighbour—by asking him if he had ever seen a white sparrow, and so raising his curiosity as to induce him to rise betimes in order to catch a sight of the bird—was the means of his discovering that his servants were systematically robbing him, and of making him resolve that in future he would rise with the sun. When a prosperous man in after years the farmer would tell the story, which by degrees passed into a proverb. I wish to know whether the story is given in any book, German or English, and shall be glad of a reference. R. E. R.

Lionel Tennyson, a younger son of the Poet Laureate, has, in consequence of the disinclination of his father and elder brother to change their name, succeeded to the estate of his uncle, the late Rev. Charles Tennyson-Turner, which is worth at least £1,000 a year.

PAPER FROM WOOD.—The manufacture of paper from wood is rapidly developing in Norway, there being, according to recent accounts, about twenty mills employed in the preparation of this material. From the manufacture of about 110 tons in 1870, the production increased to 19,000 tons in 1878, the value of the latter amount being somewhere about £66,000 in English money.

Saturday, October 18, 1879.

NOTES.

LORD BYRON.

[1,333.] Two or three recent, or rather recently-published, utterances on the quality of Lord Byron's work as a poet are perhaps worthy of a Note. It is a characteristic of our critical age to be constantly re-viewing the great names of the past, to ascertain how they bear the light of our later experience, and agree or otherwise with the judgments of our ancestors. Dr. Karl Hillebrand, in his readable and entertaining "Familiar Letter on Modern England" in the October number of the *Nineteenth Century*, says that "years ago Lord Byron was the poet of poets. Now-a-days it has been discovered that Keats was infinitely greater." And, in his German fashion—the *Saturday Review* talks of him as "a German Daniel come to judgment"—he suggests to us that there were perhaps two Byrons, the Byron who obeyed "fashion" and was "fashionable" then, and consequently has perished and deserved to perish, and "the Byron who gave utterance to the most personal feelings and thoughts in a most chastened, though apparently neglected, form"—the Byron, in short, of *Lara* and the *Corsair*, and the Byron of *Don Juan*, the stanzas for music, and the verses to Augusta, which, says Dr. Hillebrand, "no Keats ever equalled in power and ease."

That Byron was not regarded as "the poet of poets" by some at least of his contemporaries we have evidence from two widely different persons—Charles Lamb and Thomas Carlyle. Elia's opinion appears in a letter which was published for the first time in *Notes and Queries* of Saturday last. Writing in May, 1824, about a month after Byron's death, Charles Lamb says: "So we have lost another Poet! I never much relished his lordship's mind, and shall be sorry if the Greeks have cause to miss him. He was to me offensive, and I never can make out his great *power*, which his admirers talk of. Why a line of Wordsworth's is a lever to lift the immortal spirit; Byron can only move the spleen. He was at best a satirist; in any other way he was mean enough. I dare say I do him injustice, but I cannot love him, nor squeeze a tear to his memory. He did not like the world, and he has left it, as Alderman Curtis advised the radicals—'if they don't like their country, d—n 'em let 'em leave it'—they possessing no rood of

ground in England, and he 10,000 acres. Byron was bitterer than many Curtises." Strong words from the gentle Elia!

Mr. Carlyle's opinion is to be found in the just-published Correspondence of the late Macvey Napier, the editor of the *Edinburgh Review*. Writing less than ten years after Byron's death, he says: "His fame has been very great, but I see not how it is to endure; neither does that make *him* great. No genuine productive thought was ever revealed by him to mankind; indeed no clear undistorted vision into anything, or picture of anything; but all had a certain falsehood, a brawling, theatrical, insincere character. The man's moral nature, too, was bad; his demeanour as a man was bad. What was he, in short, but a huge sulky dandy; of giant dimensions, to be sure, yet still a dandy; who sulked, as poor Mrs. Hunt expressed it, like a schoolboy that had got a plain bun given him instead of a plum one? His bun, nevertheless, was God's universe, with what tasks are there; and it had served better men than he. I love him not; I owe him nothing only pity and forgiveness; he taught me nothing that I had not again to forget."

These stern verdicts of the genial kindly humourist and the stormy essayist may be suggestively compared with the impartial summing-up of the poet-critic, Matthew Arnold, in the following fine lines from his memorial verses written on the occasion of Wordsworth's death in 1850:—

When Byron's eyes were shut in death,  
We bow'd our head and held our breath.  
He taught us little; but our soul  
Had felt him like the thunder's roll.  
With shivering heart the strife we saw  
Of passion with eternal law;  
And yet with reverential awe  
We watched the fount of fiery life  
Which served for that Titanic strife.

J. H. NODAL.

THE DANGER OF CLASSICAL QUOTATIONS AND MIS-RENDERINGS.

[1,334.] Perhaps I may be allowed to set the ball a-rolling on this subject. Great care ought to be exercised in the use of a quotation from a dead or foreign language for three reasons. If such a quotation is used by a writer, the writer presumes that his readers understand the language from which the

quotation is taken. If they do not, then it causes a feeling of pain, however slight, in the recesses of their minds. Secondly, the printers are sure to make an illegible bungle of it, and the public are equally sure to impute it to the writer's ignorance and not to the best intentions of the much-tried compositor. The way in which Sir Stafford Northcote's late quotation of a stanza from Horace was distorted by various papers was really amusing. Thirdly, the commonly-accepted meaning may be quite wrong. As an illustration of what I have said I shall take the two most common and familiar Latin phrases that are used—used so much indeed that they have almost passed into the language.

The first is "cui bono." This means (see Cicero de Milone xii. 32), "To whom (is it) for an advantage;" "who is the gainer?" It appears from another oration of the same great Roman to have been a saying of a certain L. Cassius Peditanus. Now the usual meaning "what's the good," literally "for what good," a meaning adopted by Thackeray in *Catherine* and the late Lord Lytton in *Ernest Maltravers*, is wrong. The Latin for it would be *cui boni*, *cui* being dative of quid and *boni* the genitive after the neuter. In *cui bono*, *cui* is dative of quis.

Again, take the legal phrase "bona fide." Some years ago, in school books of an inferior kind, a mark was put over the a to show boys that it was the ablative case. No mark is needed at all. But compositors, seeing the mark, naturally think it part of the word, and even in the nominative "bona fides," where the a is short put it over this a as well!

The proverb "Custom is (a) second nature" should be Custom is *the* second nature. The word *altera* (the other) implies that there are only two natures, one of which is the ordinary nature, the second or the other being custom.

The word Heureka—the e just before the k is long—is always mis-spelt Eureka, I suppose owing to our mispronouncing the eu and beginning the word with a consonantal y sound.

Finally, we always say "Revelations" in the plural instead of "the Revelation" in the singular, when speaking of the last book in the Bible.

The use of classical quotations is much affected by sporting writers. Why I don't know, unless that it is a relic of the barbarous ages. One of our Manchester theatrical critics has quite a string of them, and disembogues four or five every time he writes a

notice of a theatre for his paper—a daily. A rival, not to be outdone, runs him very close with French words and quotations. Even in Thackeray one does now and again get tired of the old bits from Horace; but, as if for a humorous revenge against himself, he makes his greatest villain Dr. Firmin—once George Brandon—Philip's father, fill half his hypocritical letters with them.

Surely the English language is terse and robust enough to dispense with artificial aids from dead or foreign languages. It is not a decaying building that needs shoring up, nor is it like an elderly dandy's coat that needs a lot of padding.

Of course I am speaking of the use of such quotations, where they are entirely out of place, in ordinary writing. Where a novelist is drawing a character like Scott's Dugald Dalgetty or George Eliot's Romola's father, the scholar, they are essential to the picture. But at the miserable vanity that parades its thin and superficial knowledge one may surely be allowed to have a growl. Many writers as well as actors are compelled to use the "hare's foot." HITITE.

#### MUSIC AND MUSICIANS IN MANCHESTER.

##### II.

[1,335.] In the *City News* Notes and Queries of August 31, last year, I wrote some notes on the musicians of Manchester, and especially the organists, in the early years of the century, and I promised at the end to describe the progress of music in Manchester from 1819. I now proceed to fulfil this long-delayed promise. And first as regards the Gentleman's Concerts and the Theatre Royal band.

In 1819, instrumental music was at a low ebb. The performers at the Gentleman's Concerts consisted principally of amateurs, most of whom were the equals of professionals in proficiency. Mr. Thomas Appleby was so great a proficient on the bassoon that he had no equal as an amateur. He played in the band in Westminster Hall at the coronation of His Majesty George the Fourth. His son, a solicitor of London, who left Manchester after his admission to practice, was a first-rate player. I believe he was a pupil of Mr. Watts, then leader of the Gentleman's Concerts, who resigned to take a position in London, and was one of a celebrated quartett company. Edward Sudlow was also one of his pupils, and was no mean performer as well as leader on the violin. His only failing was nervousness. A gentleman

named Rigby, a cotton merchant living at Oldfield Hall, Altrincham, was the principal second violin. Alderman Willert and Hannibal Becker, of Fox-denton, were violin players, and some others whose names I cannot recollect. The violoncellos were William Sudlow, organist of the Collegiate Church, now the Cathedral; Thomas Beale, music-seller, St. Mary's Gate; and, a few years after, one Burgess, of Lynn, Cheshire, was allowed to become one of the players. Moses Hughes and Joseph Smith, of Failsworth, were the oboes. The flute player, I believe, was one Richardson, who left Manchester and became a professional in London. The horns were Frank Ridings and Hyde, both calico block printers. The double-bass was played by James Hill, originally a warper in Oldham Road, and who eventually became very celebrated as a performer, and was engaged at all the musical festivals. Clarionet was played by a weaver named Bromiley, from Whitefield; and the first was generally some leader of the military bands which were quartered in Manchester. The leader was Richard Cudmore, who was one of two pupils of Mr. Saloman, for whom Hadyn wrote his twelve grand symphonies. His fellow pupil was Pinto, who died young.

Having described the Gentleman's Concert band as far as I am able, I proceed to give the names of the individuals composing the band at the Theatre Royal, Fountain-street, and by way of introduction will give the names of the leaders previous to 1819. Mr. Renshaw for some time was the leader both of the Manchester and Liverpool theatres. He entered into business and resigned. Mr. Andrew Ward was his successor, and then Mr. Aldridge became the leader, and was considered the best theatrical leader in England.

The following is a list of the band:—First violins, Mr. Aldridge, leader, and Barnes of Oldham. Second violins, Edward Sudlow and Richard Birks (Moses Hughes's son-in-law), who soon died and his father-in-law took his place, and one of his sons took his place as oboe player; but Bishop's operas coming out, in which in many had a flute obligato, he left to play it, and I, playing for improvement under my master Edward Sudlow, took his place. Viola was played by Mr. Tayleure, father of the celebrated comedian. The two horns were played by Frank Ridings and Hyde. William Sudlow was the violoncello, and occasionally took the bassoon solos when required; and

James Hill was the double bass. These were all that the band consisted of, and there were not many at that time that could take a part in an orchestra.

JOHN SLATER.

Cheadle, near Manchester.

#### COMMENTS AND ANSWERS.

##### MODE OF CALCULATING PERCENTAGE.

(Nos. 1,297 and 1,322.)

[1,336.] There are two modes of calculating profits one on the cost the other on the return. Your return is 25s., your cost is 20s.; you therefore get 25 per cent on your cost, but only 20 per cent on your return. If you got 40s. instead of 25s., the percentage on your cost would be 100 per cent, but on your return only 50 per cent. A. C. J. is quite correct in his mode, but he has treated the question on the cost only.

C. B. H.

Timperley.

##### LANCASHIRE COMMERCIAL CLERKS' SOCIETY.

(Nos. 1,232 and 1,336.)

[1,337.] Mr. COTTAM says "this society has been closed to the public for a long time, no new members having been admitted for at least thirty years." May I ask how the Society comes to be closed? The funds were in a great measure raised by voluntary contributions for the benefit of the commercial clerks in Manchester. Does Mr. COTTAM mean to say that the few remaining members are going to divide the property of the Society amongst themselves? If so, it would be proper for the Charity Commissioners to be called in, or for some of the authorities of the town to interfere. The funds were invested, and if I mistake not there is now a considerable property belonging to the Society. What power have the committee to prohibit new members from joining? It was a charitable Society, aided by subscriptions of parties joining it. It would be monstrous if the few surviving members are allowed to keep other parties from becoming members, and then to divide the remaining property of the Society as spoil amongst themselves.

CIVIS.

##### FIRST IMPORTANCE OR LAST IMPORTANCE?

(Query No. 1,296, September 20.)

[1,338.] The word "importance" appears to take almost any qualifying word with it. It would be interesting to make a list of adjectives which have been employed by writers and speakers to express the amount of "importance" which they have attached to certain schemes or ideas. "Importance" is com-

paratively a modern term, and the use of many qualifying words in connection with it is far more common now than it was even a century ago. It is not customary for good writers to say either "first importance" or "last importance," though both expressions are common, especially with people who love a rhetorical style.

The word "importance" does not occur in the Authorised Version of the Bible, and it occurs seldom, if at all, in some very eminent books of a later date than the reign of James the First. I doubt whether Milton uses it once in his *Areopagitica*, though there are passages where modern writers would be almost sure to put it. Milton says, "I deny not, but that it is of greatest concernment in the Church and Commonwealth." Those words "greatest concernment" just mean what most writers express by greatest importance. The word "importance" is not common in Junius' Letters, though it does occur there. He speaks of little importance and great importance. There is an expression in Letter xxxv. which would scarcely be used at the present time, but it shows how this word grew into our language. Junius says, "There are, however, two points of view in which it particularly imports your Majesty to consider the late proceedings of the House of Commons." The word "imports" is not used in that sense now.

Modern political speakers use "important" very frequently with a great variety of qualifying words. "Grave importance," "vital importance," "first-rate importance," "great importance," and similar expressions will be found in the speeches of Lord Macaulay and Mr. John Bright. But the reader will notice how sparingly these two masters of speech use such terms as these. They are generally satisfied to say "important" or "of importance," without any other words to make their remarks sound like exaggeration.

"First importance" and "last importance" mean the same thing. "First importance" is used when the idea conveyed is that among important things this is the first, or one of the first. "Last importance" does not mean last among important things, but important to the last degree. This use of the word "last" in the sense of "extreme" is common in other languages besides English. The French *dermier* means not only "last" but "greatest" and "utmost." The German *letz* means not only "last" but "ex-

trême." The Latin *ultimus* has also many meanings. In one place it signifies "last," and in another place "utmost" or "extreme." All these examples show that it is not nonsense for people to speak about the last importance when they really mean the first importance.

There are cases, however, when it would be right to use first importance, and it would not be right to use last importance. If we speak of a city of the first importance, or a river, or a harbour, or in relation to anything of this kind, we use the expression "first importance;" we cannot change it for "last importance" without turning it into nonsense. But if we were speaking about a system or a measure, and we were in a rhetorical mood, we might call it of "first" or "last importance," just as it suited us.

But I think both forms savour somewhat of euphonism. They are somewhat roundabout, and not very satisfactory. I prefer the words great importance or vital importance, though perhaps "importance" alone is all that is needed to express the real value of the subject under discussion. But I would rather say "first importance" than "last importance," for the word "last" when used in this way, though it may be correct, is somewhat vague, and detracts from the clear sense of a passage.

I prefer the word "great" as we find it in writers of the Elizabethan period. Sir Henry Sydney writes: "One great matter you shall have to deal with at the council board, which is the cess for the army and your household." Robert, first Earl of Leicester, writes: "Though I have no great matter to write to you of, yet having the opportunity by a gentleman, the bearer hereof, I thought it my part not to let him go into England without writing to your lordship." I like this word "great" in passages like these, and prefer it to the more modern custom of saying things of "the first" or "last importance."

THOMAS KEYWORTH.

Liverpool.

#### THE CORNCRACK OR LANDRAIL.

(Query No. 1,295, September 20.)

[1,339.] In answer to the enquiry as to where corncrakes or landrails go after summer, I beg to send the following, extracted from the Museum of Natural History, vol. i. p. 419: "The landrail or corncrake is abundant all over Europe and also visits Northern Africa in the winter."

C. B.

Stockport.

Gilbert White, in his *Observations on Birds* appended to the later editions of the *Natural History of Selborne*, says the landrail or daker-hen "is deemed a bird of passage by all the writers; yet from its formation seems to be poorly qualified for migration; for its wings are short, and placed so forward and out of the centre of gravity, that it flies in a very heavy and embarrassed manner, with its legs hanging down; and can hardly spring a second time as it runs very fast, and seems to depend more on the swiftness of its feet than on its flying." On this Mr. Markwick remarks that there can be little doubt the landrail is a bird of passage: "its heavy sluggish flight is not owing to its inability of flying faster, for I have seen it flying very swiftly, although in general its actions are sluggish." That careful observer, Mr. Edward Blyth, in the notes to his edition of White's *Selborne*, says there are instances of the landrail having been found torpid—not hibernating—in winter, but "I have also known one to alight in spring upon the deck of an Indiaman coming up the Channel, and it is now well known that by far the greater number migrate."

J. B. asks where the bird goes to. According to the notice in Chambers's *Encyclopædia* it visits all the northern parts of Europe in summer and extends its migrations even to Iceland, spending the winter on the shores of the Mediterranean and in Africa. The same authority says it is seen in Britain only in summer. Gilbert White and Markwick agree in the statement that they never saw the landrail in any other season than the autumn, and even then the bird at Selborne was a rarity, White seldom seeing more than one or two in a year. Mr. Blyth also says that the bird (which he calls the meadow-crake or landrail) is much rarer in the south of England than in the northern and middle districts of our island.

J. H. N.

MR. HEPWORTH DIXON.  
(Nos. 1,313 and 1,325.)

[1,340.] The note of HENRY STREET regarding Mr. Hepworth Dixon is correct. Mr. Dixon did work when a boy at Messrs. M'Connell's factory in Ancoats, although by birth he is a Yorkshireman. Mr. STREET is also correct in saying that when Mr. Dixon revisited Manchester with a letter of introduction to Sir John Potter, he was taken to M'Connell's mill and was recognized by an old fellow workman, although, as Mr. STREET says, "the recognition was not, or did

not appear to be mutual." In fact, Mr. Dixon had left the place before it became known to the proprietors and overlookers who he really was. The story as it was told to me, however, at the time—and it came direct from headquarters—differs a little from Mr. STREET's version. The fun of the thing was this. Shown through the works as a stranger, wishing information and explanations, Mr. Dixon asked a number of questions about the machinery and the manipulation of cotton in its various stages, from the uncleaned and raw staple until it was turned out as very fine counts of yarn, and with the nature of which process he must have been perfectly familiar from his early practical experience as a factory lad. Otherwise his memory must have been as short as that of the Scotchman who, after some years' residence in England, on revisiting the rural scenes of his youth, inquired the name of a certain implement used by cowboys and stablemen for raking out manure from byres and stables. "What do you call this?" inquired Scotus. As he asked the question he incautiously set his foot upon the edge of the iron projection of the rake, which caused the shank to fly up and hit him a severe blow on the face. This suddenly restored his memory, for he roared out angrily "Damn the claat!" Your correspondent W. is correct in saying that it was through the influence of the late Douglas Jerrold that Mr. Hepworth Dixon first found literary employment in London; and a very up-hill fight he had for a long time. He is a man of untiring energy and industry, with quick perception and a retentive memory. He can write graphically and picturesquely; although some of his books, such as *Free Russia*, written after or during the hasty journeys through the countries which they profess to describe, are unavoidably cursory and superficial. In fact, many of Mr. Hepworth Dixon's books partake a good deal of the nature of the writings of that wonderful product of this age, "Our Own Correspondent," who is prepared to treat of everything from crowned heads and the secrets of diplomatists to minute incidents of battles and the latest club scandal. Nevertheless Mr. Hepworth Dixon has done some very good work, and his *History of William Penn* and *Her Majesty's Tower* are, to say the least of them, very interesting books. The little episode at M'Connell's mill may readily be pardoned, considering all the circumstances.

C. J.

[The Manchester Literary Club's *List of Lancashire Authors* states that Mr. Dixon was born in Newton-street, Ancoats, June 30, 1821; and as there is reason to believe that this statement is correct, it follows that he is a Lancastrian and not a Yorkshireman.—EDITOR.]

#### THE FIRST DISCUSSION ON TEETOTALISM.

(Query No. 1,315, October 4.)

[1,341.] I am happy to inform MONA that I am now in Malvern, and able to afford him full information on the subject of his query. First, he will permit me to correct two points in his letter. The brewer disputant was Mr. Youil, and not Udall. I was not a druggist, but a qualified member of the medical profession and a member of the Manchester Medical Society. It is quite true 'hat I purchased the shop of a chemist as a consulting place for patients; but my private residence was near St. Luke's Church, Cheetham Hill Road. I had the privilege and happiness of being the personal friend of Dalton, Sir James Bardsley, Turner, Jordan, Fawdington, Radford, Wilson, Bansome, and other Manchester medical worthies; and on leaving that city, which has many endearing claims on my memory and affections, I received from Dr. Bardsley a written testimonial expressing the respect in which I was held by my medical brethren.

The temperance discussion in Stevenson Square was held in consequence of my medical lectures in behalf of teetotalism. Mr. Youil delivered a very able lecture against the views I enunciated to an audience of some ten or fifteen thousand persons. I was present on the platform, and was treated with respect by Mr. Youil and some twenty or thirty publicans and wine merchants who surrounded the lecturer. The lecture of Mr. Youil was soon afterwards published, and fortunately I have preserved a copy. Mr. Youil also scattered some thousands of caricatures representing me on the back of a crocodile; and also one depicting Milo the champion of drink, carrying an ox in virtue of his great strength. My answer to Mr. Youil's lecture occupied three evenings, in three successive lectures, given in the large Tabernacle, Stevenson Square. I forbear adding more, save that at the conclusion of the third lecture a vote—unanimous vote—was passed in support of teetotalism. Mr. Youil's lecture was a very clever one, and exhibited much ability and research. He was the landlord of the Hen and Chickens

Hotel, Oldham-street, contiguous to Stevenson Square, and the brewer of a celebrated ale—celebrated for its strength—called "tenpenny." My individual exertions on three successive evenings to a crammed audience of at least three thousand persons, and from two to three hours each evening, induced complete exhaustion and confinement to my bed for several days, during which period my old and warm friend Sir James S. Bardsley was my medical attendant.

I send you a tract, giving the list of officers, which shows that I was president of the Manchester and Salford Temperance Society in 1841; Mr. Joseph Brotherton, M.P. for Salford, Mr. T. K. Greenbank, and Mr. James Gaskell being the vice-presidents. I shall be happy to supply MONA with any additional information.

R. B. GRINDROD, M.D.

Townshend House, Malvern.

#### A GRAMMAR QUERY.

(Query No. 1,337, October 11.)

[1,342.] "Which is grammatically correct, 'the grouse smell strong,' or 'strongly?'" It seems to me that a person using an expression of this kind merely states a fact—that the grouse are high-flavoured, and uses the adjective "strong" as a synonym for "high-flavour." He therefore employs the neuter verb "smell" to state that fact, and as the degree of taint refers to the subject and not to the verb, an adjective is required to be used and not an adverb. The sentence "the grouse smell strong" is, therefore, the grammatical one.

Rules: An adjective follows a neuter verb when it qualifies the noun which precedes it, and not the verb itself. An adjective, and not an adverb, is to be used when you can change the verb into the corresponding part of the verb "to be." By these rules it is grammatically correct to say "the rose smells sweet," "the apples taste sour."

A. O. M.

According to the Imperial Dictionary the sentence is altogether incorrect in either form. The verb "smell" is never intransitive unless used with the word "of": thus, "the handkerchief smells of musk." IGNORAMUS has surely forgotten the old conundrum—What smells most in a doctor's shop? Answer: the nose.

XIPHIAS.



## QUERIES.

[1,343.] MRS. GASKELL.—In the ninth catalogue of second-hand books, just issued by Mr. George Rivers, of Paternoster Row, London, I find the following entry: "America, North and South. By the White Republican of *Fraser's Magazine* (Mrs. Gaskell). Post octavo, cloth. London, 1863." May I ask whether the attribution of this pseudonym to Mrs. Gaskell is correct? BIBLIOS.

[1,344.] OAK AND BELL METAL.—Mr. KELLAS JOHNSTON, in his note on York Minster (No. 1,279), says he has "a pair of candlesticks made from the oak and bell metal from York Minster." Can anyone explain what oak and bell metal is? A small bell in my possession, the handle of which is rosewood, bears an inscription stating it is also made from the oak and bell metal from the Minster after it was burnt 20th May, 1840. A. C. J.

The personal estate of Mr. Paul F. Poole, R.A., has been sworn under £16,000.

The Heywood Gold Medal at the Manchester Royal Institution has been awarded to Mr. G. H. Boughton, A.R.A., for his picture, *The Widow's Arc*, which is hung in the first room; and the Watts' Prize of twenty-five guineas to Mr. W. Bright Morris for his *Spanish Interior*.

Mr. Pascoe's biographical dictionary of contemporary actors and actresses, brought out by him last year under the title of the *Dramatic List*, will make its reappearance next month, much enlarged as well as reduced in price. It will contain one hundred names more than the first edition.

Mr. Charles Lewis Grunisen died in London on Saturday, at the age of seventy-two. A veteran journalist, he was chiefly known as a music critic, and is in that capacity mentioned by Beethoven's biographer, Schindler, whom, with other representatives of the English Press, he interviewed in 1845 at Bonn, in order to ascertain the correct time of Beethoven's sonatas. On that occasion he represented the *Britannia*. For the last years of his life he was the music critic of the *Athenæum*. His criticisms were marked by much straightforwardness of utterance.

Saturday, October 25, 1879.

## NOTES.

REMINISCENCES OF MANCHESTER FIFTY YEARS AGO.

## XVIII.—BOOKSELLERS AND PRINTERS.

[1,345.] In Piccadilly, nearly opposite the Infirmary clock, was the shop of Mr. William Ellerby, who deserves a passing notice. He came here in 1826 as the agent of the Religious Tract Society, but was permitted to unite with the agency a general bookselling business on his own account. He was not originally well educated, but by rare application and perseverance he became a very well-informed man on all general literary subjects, especially those connected with theology and the rise and progress of Puritanism and Nonconformity. Having been a commercial traveller for fourteen years he had gathered a great deal of historical information, which enabled him to contribute a series of articles to the *Congregational Magazine*, and greatly to assist the late Mr. George Hadfield in the suit instituted to recover Lady Hewley's property whereby it was wrested from the Unitarians and handed over to the "Orthodox Dissenters." He was also consulted on literary matters by such men as the late Sir Oswald Mosley and Sir John Bowring when they had occasion to visit Manchester. He revised and published an edition of Edwards *On the Religious Affections*, and also published several pamphlets from his own pen on the Quaker Controversies at the time Isaac Crewdson and others seceded from that body. He died in 1839.

On the opposite side of Market-street, fifty years ago, was the shop of William Willis, another well-known bookseller, who several times changed his place of business, and it is said, having made a considerable amount in business, he lost it. He was first in St. Ann's Square, then in Market-street, and afterwards in Hanging Ditch, within a very few years. It was said that the cause of his failure was becoming a printer and publisher.

In 1829 there was a bookseller named Samuel Johnson between the ends of Mosley-street and Fountain-street. He had not been there long, as I am told he had been a weaver living in Jersey-street, Ancoats, and had opened a shop in Ancoats Lane first, and then in Market-street. He afterwards kept a shop in the Isle of Man, his Manchester business being carried on by his son after its removal to Corporation-street.

Turning into Fountain-street, about ten or twelve doors down on the left-hand side we met with the shop of Daniel Heywood, a dealer in old books and paintings, of the latter of which, though an uneducated man, he became a pretty good judge. He began business first in Market-street, and then removed to Fountain-street. Whilst here he made the acquaintance of Mrs. Elizabeth Bohanna, a widow, whose husband had been a fustian cutter, and who kept an old bookshop in Shudehill, and married her. He retained her shop for awhile and then moved back into Market-street. It is stated that after they had been married some time they separated, and that the wife carted away a large number of his books and opened a shop on her own account. Heywood died shortly after, when the wife a third time entered the conjugal state.

In Wright's Court, a little lower down the street, was the office of Mr. William Ford. He possessed a very accurate and extensive knowledge of ancient and foreign literature of various kinds, and greatly excelled in the preparation of his catalogues, which were marvels of critical acumen. He was a bookseller in the New Exchange, Market Place, at the beginning of this century. He then removed to the second shop on the left hand side of St. Ann's Square. After this he removed to Chapel Walks, and then to Piccadilly. Like other rolling stones he gathered no moss, and in 1829 had to content himself with aiding the possessors of costly and rare works in various ways, especially in the preparation of catalogues.

In the Market Place was the shop of William and William Clarke, father and son. At the end of the last century the father was in business in partnership with his elder brother Isaac, who lived in Long Millgate, whilst William lived at the shop. In 1810 William's son was taken into partnership, and the firm became J. W. and W. Clarke. In 1820 Isaac was dead, and the firm afterwards became as it was in 1829.

Edward Baylis was in business in 1821 at the corner of the Old Church Yard, but afterwards removed to St. Ann's-street, where he was fifty years ago, and where he was known as a well-to-do bookseller. He was a successful man of business, but it is said that he eventually lost his money in the unfortunate Bank of Manchester.

Thomas Sowler was a letterpress printer at the close of the last century, in partnership with Mr. Russell, at Hunt's Bank, the firm being Sowler and Russell. After a time they dissolved partnership, Mr. Russell joining a Mr. Allen, and carrying on the printing business in Deansgate, and Mr. Sowler beginning business as a bookseller in St. Ann's Square. At the time I came to Manchester Mr. Sowler had added the publication of the *Manchester Courier* to his other business. Subsequently the book trade was relinquished, the efforts and capital of the firm being confined to the publication of the newspaper, and to a general job printing business.

In 1829, not far from Sowler's shop, at the corner of Red Lion-street and Exchange-street, the firm of Banks and Co. was in full swing, doing a very extensive business. The very large and accurate map of Manchester, which was prepared by the late Mr. Joseph Adshead in sections, was published by them. They ultimately collapsed, their failure being one of the elements which assisted in eventually bringing down the Bank of Manchester, to whom they were at the time indebted for considerably more than £100,000. With them was Mr. Benjamin Love, who, with Mr. John Barton, an assistant of Mr. Gleeve's, began business as Love and Barton in a shop in Newall's Buildings. They subsequently removed to the former premises of the Bank of Manchester. Mr. Love is dead and Mr. John Barton has retired, the business being now carried on by Mr. Henry Barton. Mr. Love possessed some literary ability, and was the author of one or two works, the most important of which was descriptive of Wesleyan Methodism, he having at one time been a Wesleyan. Among their assistants were Thomas Rowarth and William Hale, who, on completing their terms, formed the partnership which as Hale and Rowarth began business in King-street, subsequently removing to Cross-street. A few years ago they separated, when Mr. Rowarth removed to his present shop in St. Ann's Square, where he has a considerable Church connection.

George, or "Old Bentham" as he was commonly called fifty years ago, had a small shop in the Market Place, doing an unpretending but not an unprofitable business among the market people and frequenters of the Exchange. In Newmarket Buildings, near to Market-street, at the same time was the shop of Ann Hoppe, the widow of John Hoppe, who had his shop there at the beginning of the century, and whose

name has been previously mentioned in these columns.

James Wroe, a well-known Radical fifty years ago; was a bookseller in Ancoats Lane. He began first with a stall in Port-street, and succeeded so well that in a few years he not only occupied the shop referred to, but about the year 1819 became the printer and publisher of the *Manchester Observer*, the office of which was in Market-street, near the Sun Entry. He was so violent in his politics that he printed several libels on the Prince of Wales in the *Observer*. He was prosecuted, convicted, and sentenced to pay a heavy fine, and to be incarcerated in Lancaster Castle for three years. Before the expiration of his term of imprisonment another indictment had been presented against him, and Joe Nadin was waiting in Lancaster to serve him with another warrant on his exit. He, however, somehow managed to escape him and got on to the Manchester coach, but before he got to Preston, I believe in consequence of the upsetting of the coach, he broke his arm and was again imprisoned. This led to his ruin, for he failed in 1826, and was confined as a debtor in the King's Bench. He afterwards complained that he had been deserted in the hour of need by his Radical friends, some of the more wealthy of whom had promised to make good whatever he might lose in his advocacy of their views. He had some time previously sold the *Observer* to Mr. Thomas John Evans. He died in 1844.

Some of the booksellers who have been named were letterpress printers, and besides these and the printers of newspapers, who will be mentioned afterwards, the names of two or three others who were in business fifty years ago occur to my mind. Mr. Thomas Wilkinson had his office in Ridgefield, where it had been since 1819. He was succeeded by his son, who now carries on the business at the Guttenberg works at Pendleton. Mr. George Cave had his office in Poolfield, afterwards taking into partnership Mr. Charles Sever. Mr. William Preston Aston was in St. Ann's-street; Mr. Joseph Pratt, in Bridge-street; Mr. John Swindells, in Hanging Bridge; and Mr. Mark Wardle, in Back King-street. But the two of whom I have the best recollection are James Patrick and Wilmot Henry Jones. The former had his office in Cockpit Hill, just below the shop in which I was apprenticed, and was the official printer of the racing lists during the season. How well I re-

member how, ten or twenty men used to issue sometimes out of the entry leading to Cockpit Hill, about eight o'clock in a morning, crying "Patrick's krekt list of the running horses, with the names, weights, and colours of the riders." His place of business in 1820 was near to Newall's shop in Market-street. He held the monopoly of the racing business for many years.

W. H. Jones' office was at the end of Barlow's Court, it being only divided by one shop from my master's, and I used to be very fond of running in and having a chat with him when I had an opportunity. He was the printer of Bayley's *Festus*, and was the first in Manchester to print posters in colours. I remember calling in once, when he told me that he had a handbill to print for a hatter, who had solicited his aid in its composition, and asked me to give him an idea. I told him that Lord Chesterfield had said that if a man wore a good and well-brushed hat and a well-polished pair of shoes, he looked a gentleman. The idea pleased him immensely, and he worked it into his bill.

J. T. SLUGG.

[A large number of letters commenting upon Mr. Slugg's Reminiscences, and assuming to correct certain of his statements, have been received and forwarded to Mr. SLUGG. The same course will be followed in regard to any further communications that may come to hand. Some of them may possibly be printed, when they contain additional information. Others will be dealt with by Mr. Slugg in a supplementary chapter at the close of the series, if they contain anything worthy of note. It is right to add that many of the alleged corrections are erroneous, the writers either depending upon their memories in cases where documentary and printed evidence exists which proves Mr. Slugg to be right; or, more frequently, referring to persons and events of a different period to that comprised in Mr. Slugg's recollections. These, of course, will require no notice.—EDITOR.]

#### COMMENTS AND ANSWERS.

##### LANCASHIRE GLEE WRITERS.

(Query No. 1,316, October 4.)

[1,346.] One old name not generally known is John Nuttall, jun., of Manchester, composer of "The Tear" and others.

ECCLES.

Mr. William J. Young, of Longsight, Manchester is a composer of glee and part-songs.

AN OLD CHORISTER.

## THE WHITE SPARROW.

(Query No. 1,333, October 11.)

[1,347.] The story of the white sparrow and Herr Ruckwart (the German farmer) is published in the Junior Reader, No. 1 of Nelson's School Series, and begins with the couplet:—

Sleep is the worst of thieves,  
He steals half our lives.

C. F. B.

## REST AND BE THANKFUL.

(Query No. 1,328, October 11.)

[1,348.] In answer to Mr. LANGTON'S inquiry, I extract from the *Times* of 28th September, 1863, a portion of Earl Russell's speech at Blairgowrie two days previously, in which the expression originated: "With regard to domestic policy I think we are all pretty much agreed, because the feeling of the country and of those who have conducted great reforms is very much like that of a man who, having made a road in your own Highlands, puts a stone on the top of the mountain with the inscription 'Rest and be thankful.' That seems to be very much like our feeling; not that there are not other roads to make and other mountains to climb, but it seems to be the feeling of the country, in which I cannot help joining, that our policy is rather to rest and be thankful than to make new roads."

BETA.

## VERBAL DISCREPANCIES IN EDITIONS OF SHAKSPERE.

(Query No. 1,331, October 11.)

[1,349.] HITTITE has hit a very common error and deserves thanks for drawing attention to a familiar misquotation, which can hardly be considered an improvement of Shakspeare. The first folio (1623) says (still different to Professor Delius's text:—

O be some other name  
Belonging to a man.  
What? In names that which we call a rose  
By any other word would smell as sweet.

The italics are mine. According to the new Shakspeare Society's publications the first quarto (1597) gives *name*; the second quarto (1599) is as above *word*, though the revised edition "on the authority, such as it is, of the other old editions," corrects to *name*. Of course the text of the first folio is usually preferred; it was supervised, not "edited."

BIBLIOTHEC. COLL. QWENS.

Professor Delius has the best of all authority for his reading of the passage quoted by HITTITE, namely, the first folio edition of Shakspeare (1623). The compositors having in that edition played high jinks with the passage in question, commentators have not confined themselves to making sense out of nonsense, but they have tried to improve Shakspeare when he was perfectly intelligible. For the benefit of those who cannot refer to the first folio, or a reprint, I give the whole passage, with the Globe reading for comparison. Edition 1623.

'Tis but thy name that is my Enemy :

Thou art thyself, though not a Mountague,  
What's Mountague? it is nor hand nor foote,  
Nor arme, nor face, O be some other name  
Belonging to a man.

What? in a names that which we call a Rose,  
By any other word would smell as sweete.

Globe Edition, 1864.

'Tis but thy name that is my Enemy.

Thou art thyself, though not a Montague.

What's Montague? It is nor hand nor foot,  
Nor arm nor face, nor any other part  
Belonging to a man. O, be some other name!

What's in a name? That which we call a rose  
By any other name would smell as sweet.

A MEMBER OF THE NEW

SHAKSPERE SOCIETY.

## THE EXPULSION OF DR. WARREN.

(Query No. 1,312, October 4.)

[1,350.] Dr. Warren was expelled the Wesleyan Connexion, not for any doctrinal difference, but for opposing an arbitrary law of the Conference. The Conference of 1835 passed a series of penal laws, some of which would be a disgrace even to the Vatican. One of those laws reads thus:—"Let no man, or number of men, in our Connexion, on any account or occasion, circulate letters, call meetings, do or attempt to do anything new, till it has first been appointed by the Conference." Dr. Warren infringed this law. He opposed the establishing of the Theological Institution at Didsbury, and wrote a pamphlet in defence of his views. This led to his expulsion.

J. M. P.

The Rev. Dr. Warren was expelled by the Wesleyan Conference, held at Sheffield, 1835, the Rev. Richard Ræce being president and the Rev.

Robert Newton (afterwards Dr.) secretary. In as few words as possible the history of the cause of his expulsion is as follows.

At the Conference of 1833 a committee—of which Dr. Warren was a member—was appointed to inquire into the desirability of establishing a Theological Institution for the more perfect training of the candidates for the Methodist ministry. Dr. W. was favourable to the scheme until he found he was not himself included in any of its arrangements, and that the man whom he nominated as the theological tutor was not accepted in that character. He then declared himself hostile to the entire scheme, and yielding to the flattery and promise of support of those who, actuated by the restless spirit of the times, were anxious for a reorganization of the Methodist system, he set up the standard of rebellion against the body to whom he had solemnly pledged himself to submit; engaging in a violent and malicious agitation in which the characters of some of the ablest ministers were aspersed, and contributors to the various funds called upon to stop supplies. It was then that the Rev. R. Newton (at that time superintendent of the Grosvenor-street circuit and chairman of the district) interfered by calling a district meeting of his brethren to adjudicate on the case. But the Doctor contemned their authority, and he was consequently suspended until Conference should meet, and Mr. Newton appointed to supply his place as superintendent of the Oldham-street circuit.

Unwilling to let the matter rest, however, the Doctor (whose salary was continued to him in the meantime) appealed to the Court of Chancery to restrain Mr. Newton from officiating in the Oldham-street circuit and to reinstate himself. The case was argued before Vice-Chancellor Sir Lancelot Shadwell on the 28th February, 1835, and lasted three days. Dr. Warren employed four counsel and the Conference three. Dr. Bunting was present at the trial, as was also Mr. Newton and the then president, the Rev. Joseph Taylor. The injunction was refused, and in giving judgment the Vice-Chancellor animadverted upon the intemperate and abusive language of Dr. W. and his party. Defeated in their first attempt, they now appealed to the High Court of Chancery, and the same counsel again opened the case on the 18th of March, 1835, before Lord Lyndhurst, who on the 25th—the trial was completed on the 21st—

delivered judgment confirming that of the lower court.

At the following Conference Dr. Warren appeared and was allowed to appeal against the action of the District Meeting, although he had forfeited his right of so doing upon the following grounds, which are set forth at greater length in the minutes for that year. First, by his having given no notice of his intention to appeal to the District Meeting; second, by his having, contrary to the laws of the Connexion, appealed to a civil court; and third, by his "calumnious, derisive, and malicious proceedings" altogether inconsistent with his duty, if he really desired himself to be still considered as a Methodist preacher. Dr. W. spoke at great length, and the Rev. J. Bromley, at his request, was also heard on his behalf. A discussion ensued, and Dr. W. was heard in reply, after which several lengthy resolutions were passed, the concluding sentence of the last of which runs thus:—"The Conference unanimously judges and resolves that it cannot, with Christian propriety and fidelity, allow Dr. Warren to have a place as a preacher in our Connexion. He is, therefore, hereby accordingly expelled."

Dr. Warren afterwards ministered to a very scanty congregation in All Souls' Church, Every-street, which was built for him; and he died several years ago, I believe at his residence in Polygon Avenue, Ardwick. Those who seceded with him eventually joined the seceders of the Reform movement of 1849, and now constitute the United Methodist Free Church, which some half-dozen years ago started a Theological Institution in Stockport Road.

J. JOHNSON, JUN.

Stretford.

[We have received other replies, and have selected the briefest, which gives the essential facts. Mr. Thomas Swindells, sen., of Heaton Moor, writes: "After Dr. Warren's expulsion he succeeded in obtaining ordination from the Bishop of Chester, was appointed to the Church of All Souls', Ancoats, Manchester, dragged out a feeble ministerial life, and died in comparative obscurity." Another contributor (F. M. J.) says that a detailed and trustworthy account of Dr. Warren's expulsion will be found in Smith's *History of Methodism*.—EDITOR.]

## LANCASHIRE COMMERCIAL CLERKS SOCIETY.

(Nos. 1,232, 1,236, and 1,337.)

[1,351.] I must decline to discuss this Society's affairs at the bidding of an anonymous writer, who knows nothing of me or the Society or the possibility of such a wind-up of the Society would not have entered into his imagination. When the proper time comes the public will hear of, and I doubt not will approve, what is done. SAMUEL COTTAM.

## MUSIC AND MUSICIANS IN MANCHESTER.

(Note No. 1,335, October 18.)

[1,352.] In Mr. SLATER'S second notice of Music and Musicians in Manchester I find mention made of two gentlemen—Messrs. Hannibal Becker, of Fox-denton, and William Barnes, of Oldham—which calls forth some very pleasing and vivid reminiscences of my youthful days. A private quartette society, inaugurated under the auspices of Mr. Becker, was formed, the instrumentalists consisting of himself, Mr. Barnes, my uncle (the father of Mr. T. Oldham Barlow, A.R.A., the eminent engraver), and Mr. John Bamford. My father, then residing at Failsworth Lodge, not far from Fox-denton, being intimately acquainted with all the above-named gentlemen, it was my privilege to be often present at their performances; and more than once I have heard the late Lady Knivett, then Miss Deborah Travis—I am now speaking of sixty years ago—and other local celebrities of the day pour forth their melodies in song.

May I be permitted to relate an amusing incident, or adventure, which occurred after one of these interesting occasions? As my uncle, Mr. Barnes, and Mr. Bamford were returning home, the night was so dark that the two latter gentlemen expressed a fear that they should not be able to find their way. "Follow me," said my worthy uncle, "I know every inch of the ground." "Very good, Mr. Barlow," replied his companions, "but how shall we see you?" My uncle, who was quite a genius in his way, and full of resources, displayed a portion of white linen, at the same time exclaiming, "Surely you will be able to follow me now!" They did so, and were soon floundering in the ditch. Poor uncle never heard the last of this; but ever after was, by the misled ones, often addressed as "Will o' the Wisp."

H. H. HADFIELD.

Birch Hill, Pendleton.

## QUERIES.

[1,353.] MANCHESTER AND SALFORD.—An act of Parliament was passed in 1794 "for improving the towns of Manchester and Salford, in Lancashire," and commissioners were appointed under the act. How long did their duties last, and how or why was the union severed? The riparian owners on the Irwell may possibly think it a pity the conjunction does not now exist. By the way, some old inhabitant might, now the tidal navigation scheme is again broached, give some information of the first suggestion in this matter, made some sixty years ago. MAMCESTRE.

[1,354.] ARDWICK CORPORATION AND MANOR.—I understand that the Mayor and Corporation of Ardwick have lately had their annual dinner at the Palatine Hotel. What is the origin of the Corporation? Has it any duties or rights? I have read also of an ancient "Manor of Ardwick." Has it any legal status? We know that Ardwick was a very important and fashionable place in the last century, and that it was noted for its lime pits and manufactures, so possibly there is some foundation for the idea of there being a corporate body. But where are the records to be found? CHORLTON ROAD.

[1,355.] PEDUZZI, MANCHESTER.—I noticed the other day, at the house of a friend in Bradford, Yorkshire, a barometer or "weather glass," with the words "Peduzzi, Manchester," inscribed thereon. I learned that the instrument had been in my friend's family for at least two or three generations. Although at present in a somewhat dilapidated condition, it bears evidence of having been originally a well-finished and tastefully-decorated instrument. Can any of your readers inform me when a maker or dealer in such articles of the above name lived in Manchester, and where his place of business was situated?

CHARLES HARDWICK.

The Council of the Royal Society have awarded this year's Copley medal to Professor Rudolph J. E. Clausius, of Bonn, for his well-known researches upon heat; the Davy medal to M. P. E. Lecoq de Boisbaudran for his discovery of gallium; a Royal medal to Mr. William Henry Perkin, F.R.S., for his synthetical and other researches in organic chemistry; and a Royal medal to Professor Andrew Crombie Ramsay, F.R.S., for his long continued and successful labours in geology and physical geography.

Saturday, November 1, 1879.

NOTES.

REMINISCENCES OF MANCHESTER FIFTY YEARS  
AGO.

NIX.—SUPPLEMENTARY NOTE ON BOOKSELLERS.

[1,356.] My notice of booksellers will not be complete without mention of Mr. Robert Robinson, who, in 1829, was a highly-respectable bookseller in St. Ann's Place. He was related to the wife of Sir Benjamin Heywood; I think he was her brother. In 1821 he had a partner named Ellis; and in 1825 his partner was Mr. Thomas Bent, who afterwards went to London and established *Bent's Literary Advertiser*, as a journal for publishers and bookbuyers. Mr. Bent married a sister of the late Mr. John Richardson, of the Mosley Arms, and was not successful in business. His three daughters, the Misses Bent, were brought up by their uncle at the Mosley Arms, and took an active part in St. Ann's Sunday-schools during the incumbency of Mr. Richardson and subsequently. I ought also to mention the firm of Swain and Dewhurst, who, though not in business as booksellers fifty years ago, were so a year or two afterwards, the first-mentioned gentleman being Mr. Charles Swain, the poet. Their shop was at the back of the Exchange at the Exchange-street corner. I possess a copy of Henry Kirk White's poems which my master purchased at their shop and presented to me. They never did a large business, and after awhile it was given up, when Mr. Swain became an engraver and lithographer.

I wish to correct an error which appeared in my last note. It was not *Adahead's* large map of Manchester which was published by Bancks and Co., but one of their own. When the failure took place the name of the firm had been altered to Hayward and Co., Mr. Hayward having been the managing partner of Bancks and Co.

J. T. SLUGG.

BELLS IN LANCASHIRE AND CHESHIRE.

[1,357.] We have very little written about the bells of the north. Much has been written of the old bells in the southern counties. Mr. Lukis and my venerable friend the Rev. H. T. Ellacombe, of Clyst St. George, Devon, have written about southern bells; and we have had a book on the bells of Northamptonshire, well illustrated by Mr. Langton; but little is known of northern bells, English and Scotch. There are many quaint inscriptions in this neighbourhood

in some of our church towers. The well-known instructions to those who ring are in the tower of Trinity Church, Salford:—

He that in ringing takes delight,  
And to this place draws near,  
These articles, sett in his sight,  
Must keep if he rings here.  
The first he must observe with care  
Who comes within this place;  
Must, if he chance to curse or swear,  
Pay threepence with disgrace.

And much more. It is many years since I saw it, and these lines may be not quite correct. I remember that the finishing line is a warning to those who decline to pay the fine "The rope will him correct."

There is something of the same sort at Bowden Church; and on the old bells in this neighbourhood there must be many curious and interesting inscriptions which will well repay those who take an interest in these things.

My praises long will resound,  
Of Lady Upton's hundred pounds.

This is cast on a bell mentioned by Mr. Lukis. Most will agree that the hundred pounds were well spent. Monumental fame will often cost more money, and besides a bell appeals to two of our senses. It is recorded that a fire-bell was presented to a church in the south with this inscription on it:—

O Lord! quench this furious flame;  
Arise, run, help, put out the same.

This may appear a clumsy rhyme, for it is not quite understood who has to put the fire out.

In a Lincolnshire churchyard there is a grave in which two little boys are buried. One was killed by the "upsetting" of a bell, for he had the rope in his hands and the poor little fellow did not leave loose when the bell turned over and was pulled violently against the ceiling of the ringing chamber, and he was picked up dead. His brother lost his life by the upsetting of a boat. These sad events are recorded on the stone that covers their graves in the quiet churchyard:—

These two youths by misfortune were surrounded,  
One died of his wounds and the other was drowned.

The greatest number of bells in any tower in Britain exists, I believe, in the Tron Tower, Glasgow. There are thirty-two bells, not of very large dimensions. I inspected them about fifteen years ago, and I think the largest is not more than about a ton in weight. The bells are played upon by means of levers in a row like the keys of a huge pianoforte. The operator wears gloves with hammers fastened to

the leather, and, in a boxing attitude, he thumps away on the lever ends. I was requested to name my own tune when I visited the tower, but I told the musician I would prefer that which he could do best. He played "The Laird of Cockpen," "The Campbells are coming," "There is nae luck about the house," and many others. These chimes are played every afternoon. On my offering a small gratuity to the gymnast who thumped the keys with wonderful agility for an old man, he politely informed me that he took great pleasure in showing the chimes, and that he was well paid for what he did.

In the old church towers of Lancashire and Cheshire there are many ancient bells. Let me suggest that you devote a corner for notes on bells and inscriptions, and on what is known of the old bellfounders of this district.

W. H. BAILLY.

Summerfield, Eccles.

JOSEPH GALE.

[1,358.] I have always had great pleasure myself, and known others also who have looked forward to Mr. SLUGG's interesting communications. Perhaps here and there he might have been a little more ample, but he probably only said what he knew and perhaps not all that; but he never attributed to one man the characteristics of another.

With regard to Mr. Joseph Gale, Mr. SLUGG said but little; and with your permission I will venture to add that he was apprenticed to Mr. Dominic Bolongaro, who was a printseller, frame maker, carver, and gilder, and had his place of business in Old Millgate, on the left-hand side from the Market Place, where he also sold mathematical instruments. At this place, while Mr. Gale was there, I bought an ivory sector, for which I paid 7s. 6d. Mr. Gale was in business as printseller and gilder in Market-street, near Cromford Court, and I believe in the identical shop now occupied by Mr. Dominic Bolongaro, son of the one Gale served his apprenticeship with. After this Mr. Gale had a shop in King-street, where for some time he carried on the business of printseller, carver, gilder, and picture frame maker. This shop was separated by an entry leading into Back King-street from Miss Boardman's well-known confectionery establishment—rebuilt, and now a glass shop. Gale's old shop was taken by the late Mr. Findlay, the boot-maker, and where that business is still carried on. I should not omit to mention that Gale had a stall in what was called the Bazaar in Police-street, in which

building there was also a diorama; but I suppose the place did not answer and the whole of it was let to Messrs. Watts, before Kendal, Milne, and Faulkner took it and so enormously enlarged it by adding to it the adjoining shops and warehouses, nearly rebuilding it altogether. Gale was also at one time an auctioneer, and sold the stock of greyhounds which belonged to the late Philip Houghton. One of the dogs, called Priam, had just won the Waterloo Cup, and Gale sold it by auction for upwards of two hundred guineas. Gale was once a hatter in Ducie Place, never in King-street. This place commenced in Market-street, having on one side the Exchange, and ended in Bank-street, opposite to the present Ducie Buildings. Now it is part of the site of the present Exchange. Here Gale introduced a new feature into the hatting trade. He had a barrel of beer with cheese for his visitors, whom he hoped to make customers if not so already. In the rage for share speculations Gale became a sharebroker, and was a cheerful member of that community; and if he did not die wealthy he was not alone, after the fearful panic of 1847.

As printseller Gale had an excellent connection, and published several engravings, one of Heaton Park Races, under the patronage of the Earl of Wilton. He also published a most excellent engraved portrait of John Wells (Wells, Cooke, and Potter). But he was better known for his sparkling wit, his humour, his drollery, which were inimitable. He was always welcome at the "feast of reason and the flow of soul." He was once a good singer, but his voice failed him, and I remember he once said (on being asked) that he did not feel well, and perceived that his memory was failing him. He forgot to go home at nights. Gale had no fancy for dogs, and was never considered an intemperate man. He was acceptable to the learned Condry on account of his classical inclinations and general intelligence.

I remember there was a Mr. Gale about that time who, as I am told, was in business as a maker-up, callenderer, or packer. He was fond of greyhounds and coursing; but whether he, to use the expression, "coursed away all his substance" I know not.

FELSTOX.

ORIGIN OF THE WORD "STOCK."

[1,350.] Your paragraph regarding the new issue of Manchester Corporation Consolidated Stock suggests a note as to the origin of the word "stock."



It appears from one of the annual reports of the present Deputy Master of the Mint that in olden days, when money was paid in to the king's account at the Exchequer, a piece of wood was notched with certain marks to represent the amount lent—chiefly for carrying on the wars with France. This was called the tally. It was split in two halves, and the half delivered to the lender was called the stock; the other half, retained by the Exchequer, was the "counterfoil" or "counter-stock." Several of these tallies are now at the Mint on Tower Hill. It is interesting to note that the old idea is still retained. The £3 per cent Consolidated Annuities, or Three per Cents as they are generally called, are Government "stock," and the proprietor of stock is a stockholder.

STATIST.

## MUSIC AND MUSICIANS IN MANCHESTER.

## III.

[1,360.] James Bennett's father was of the old Lancashire stamp, and had been a singer for many years, and was a good reader on the Lancashire system. He was early trained on that system, and eventually became the leading chorister at the then Collegiate Church. On Christmas Day in the afternoon he attracted a great number of people to hear him sing his solos. It was during this period we became companions and his voice had not then broken. He became a pupil on the pianoforte under William Sudlow, then organist, and a pupil of Edward Sudlow on the violin. We practised often together and began with Challoner's duets, until at length we could play Corelli's trios with the addition of James Green, violoncello, and John Waddington, who then was a weaver and occasionally playing the clarinet. Bennett was a very apt scholar, and about 1815 was able to teach.

A short time afterwards he was appointed organist of Dr. Hawke's Chapel, Mosley-street. From thence he got to Trinity Church, Salford, where he remained some time. The Psalm tunes compiled by the Rev. — Harrison were then principally in use in almost all places of worship, in some with the addition of Webb's collection. From this situation he became organist of Mulberry-street Catholic Chapel, having for his choir the two Miss Kerrys, Bennett himself singing the alto part and Stonehewer the bass. His voice had then broken, and by patient industry he got a voice which was growing rapidly more musical. He

was often solicited to teach vocal music, and being one who desired to be up to the mark, he went during his summer holidays to London and spent them with Kalkbrenner, having lessons from him at 21s. each, he being considered the best teacher and pianoforte player in London. The year following he went to London again, and he then put himself under Signor Crivelli, one of the singing masters at the Royal Academy. Some years afterwards he went to Signor Garcia, brother of the celebrated Malibran, who was considered the leading master in London. Bennett had then left Manchester, giving up a lucrative business to become assistant to Signor Crivelli, and at length partner. George Cooper declared he derived more benefit from Bennett than his other masters.

Bennett by sheer practice brought his voice to something approaching to excellence. This induced him to study in Italy, and on his return he made his appearance at Drury Lane Theatre in the opera of *Artaxerxes*, composed by Dr. Arne. Such was his success that he at once became the leading tenor in England, and he appeared at one of the Birmingham festivals as the principal tenor. His last appearance was the Free-trade Hall, and as he was getting into years his voice was not so telling. The *Manchester Guardian* criticised his singing so severely that he made a vow never to sing again, and for years he did nothing but teach singing until his death. He was very popular as a teacher, charging a very high price per lesson.

JOHN SLATRE.

Cheadle, near Manchester.

## COMMENTS AND ANSWERS.

NAMES OF COTTON FABRICS.  
(Nos. 1,011, May 3, and 1,018, May 10.)

[1,361.] By way of calling attention to the question of J. L., I send an extract from Dr. Birdwood's excellent and interesting Handbook to the British Indian Section of the Paris Universal Exhibition of 1878:—

Textile fabrics frequently take their names from the place where they first acquired excellence, and retain them long after the local manufacture has been transferred elsewhere, and sometimes the name itself is transferred to altogether another style of manufacture. Thus, beside Baudekin from Baghdad, we have Damask from Damascus, and Satin from Zaytoun in China [Yule]. Sindon, Syndon, Sendal, Sandalin, and Cendatus, from Scinde, Calico from Calicut, and Muslin from Mosul. Marco Polo, Book I. ch. v., of the kingdom of

Mosul, writes: "All the cloths of gold and silver that are called Mosolins are made in this country; and those great merchants called Mosolins who carry for sale such quantities of spicery and pearls, and cloths of silk and gold, are also from this kingdom." In his note (vol. i. p. 59) Colonel Yule observes: "We see here that mosolin has a very different meaning from what it has now. A quotation from Ives, by Marsden, shows it to have been applied in the middle ages to a strong cotton cloth made at Mosul. Dozy says that the Arabs use *Maucilli* in the sense of muslin." Tartariums, Colonel Yule ["Marco Polo," i. 259] believes, were so called, "not because they were made in Tartary, but because they were brought from China through the Tartar dominions." Dante alludes to the supposed skill of Turks and Tartars in weaving gorgeous stuffs; and Boccaccio, commenting thereon, says that Tartarian cloths are so skilfully woven that no painter with his brush could equal them. Thus also Chaucer, as quoted by Colonel Yule:—

"On every trumpe, hanging a broad banere  
Of fine Tartarium."

This is the cloth of gold which Marco Polo calls *Nasich* and *Naques*, and he evidently describes the primitive working of gold in strips into it where, Book II. ch. xiv., he writes: "Now on his birthday, the Great Khan dresses in the best of his robes, all wrought in beaten gold. Buckram is said to be derived from Bokhara. The word occurs [Yule, "Marco Polo," i. 59] as *Bocharani*, *Bucherani*, and *Bocassini*. *Fustian* is said to be derived from *Fostat*, one of the mediæval cities that form Cairo, and *Taffeta* and *Tabby* from a street in Baghdad. *Baden Powell*, however, in his list of cotton fabrics met with in the Punjab ["Punjab Manufactures," vol. ii. p. 22], names *taftâ* a fabric of twisted thread, made both in silk and cotton; and *tafta* in Persian means twisted, as *bafta* means woven. Perhaps the manufacture gave its name to the street in Baghdad where it was made. *Cambric* is from *Cambray*; *Sarcenet* from the *Saracens*; *Moire* and *Mohair* from the *Moors*. *Diaper*, is not however, from *d'Ypres* in Flanders, but from a low Greek word meaning, "patterned," figured, diapered. *Arras* is from *Arras*; *Cordwain* from *Cordova*; and *Nankeen* from *Nankin*, *Gauze* is said to be from *Gaza*, *Baize* from *Baie*, and *Dimity* from *Damietta*. *Cypresse* is from *Cyprus*; and *Frieze* from *Friesland*; *Jean* from *Jaen*; *Cloth of Rayne* from *Rennes*; and *Cloth of Tars* from *Tarsus*, or perhaps *Tabriz*, *Drugget* is said to be from *Drogheda*; *Duck*, that is *Tuck* [whence *Tucker-street*, *Bristol*], from *Torques* in *Normandy*. *Bourde de Elisandre* or *Bourdalisandre* from *Alexandria*; *Worsted* from *Worsted* in *Norfolk*; and *Kerseymere* ("Cashmere") from *Kersey*, and *Linsey-Wolsey* from

*Linsey*, two villages of *Sussex*. *Gingham* is said to be from *Guingamp*; *Siclatoun* is thought to be from *Sicily*. *Chintz* is derived from *chint* or *chete*, *Hindu* words for variegated, spotted, whence *cheta*; but I believe it to be derived from *China*, and that the weavers of *Masulipatam* first learned to stamp *Chintz* with its peculiar patterns from the silks landed at that port from *China*. *Velvet* and *Samat* are both fabrics of *Eastern* origin. and the etymology of the former word, in old English, "*velouette*," is from the Italian *vellute*, fleecy, nappy, and Latin *vellus* a fleece; and of the latter from the Greek words for "six," and "threads," the number of threads in the warp of the texture. *Camlet* was originally probably woven of camels' hair. Under the *Eastern Empire* *Chrysoclavus* was the name given to old silks of rich dyes worked with the round nail-head pattern in gold. The name *Gammodion* was given to silks patterned with the Greek letter  $\Gamma$ ; and when four of these letters were so placed as to form a *St George's cross* or a *Filfot cross*, the silk was termed *Stauron*, or *Stauræcinus*, and *Poly-stauron*. *De fundato* were silks covered with a netted pattern in gold; and *Stragulatæ* were striped or barred silks, evidently derived originally from *India*. *Tissue* is cloth of gold or silver similar to *Siclatoun*, *Tartarium* or *Naques*, and the *soneri* and *ruperi* of *India*; and the *flimsey*, bluish paper called *tissue-paper* was originally made to place between the *Tissue* to prevent its fraying or tarnishing when folded up. *Cloth of Pall* would be any brocade used as an ensign, robe, or covering-pall of *State*, and generally means *Baudekin*. *Camoca* is the same word as *kinco* (*kimkwa*). *Shawl* is the *Sanscrit*, *sala*, a floor, or room, because shawls were first used as carpets, hangings, and coverlets. The word therefore is in its origin the same as the French *salle* and Italian *salone*, *saloon*, or large room. We must wait for *Colonel Yule* to give us the etymology of *Bandana* pocket handkerchiefs

In a list of names of fabrics manufactured in *India* for the *East India Company*, compiled from *India Office Records* from 1671 to 1731, and from *Acts of Parliament*, we recognize several denominations which are still in use, such as *bafta*, *bandannoes*, *cambrics*, *chintz*, *chowbars* (? *chuddies*), *dimities*, *dooties* ("dhoti, a flowing cloth bound generally round the loins"), *ginghams*, *mulls*, *sattins*, *tanjeba*.

C. W. S.

#### OAK AND BELL METAL.

(Query No. 1,344, October 18.)

[1,362.] A. C. J. wishes to know something about bell metal and oak. No doubt the bell in his possession is composed of old bell metal from the belfry of

York Minster when destroyed by fire; but how the rosewood handle can be made of oak I cannot quite understand. The inquiry is rather vague. Does our friend want to know the actual composition of bell metal? If so, permit me to say that it is a bronze composed of pure commercial copper mixed with from ten to fifteen per cent of tin, according to the size of the bell.

Modern bells are better than those of ancient date, as we have now better machinery to form the mould and we also know more about the laws of sound than the ignorant old monks did, who often caused pious men to throw silver into the melting-pot, and blessed it and produced bad bells. Silver added to copper and tin for bells does as much injury to the sounding or vibratory qualities of the bell as adding lead does. There is, however, a superstition that ancient bells are better than those of recent date. If A. C. J. wishes to see bells cast he can do so at my works.

Now about the oak. The framework of all bells in churches is composed of this timber, and it is possible that the inscription on the small bell may mean that the handle is composed of oak. And it may be also possible that since it was made the bell has had a new rosewood handle, or the oak may have been made into rosewood. It may seem very stupid of me, using as I do in my business nearly all sorts of woods, and probably every known commercial metal, but I must confess that I don't know what rosewood is. I once saw a splendid slab of (I believe) sycamore being operated upon by a clever worker in wood. He was painting the knots with dye and generally giving an artistic finish previous to French polishing. He told me he was making it into rosewood.

May I venture to ask if real rosewood is supposed to be the timber of a rose tree; and also to ask if it exists as a natural as well as an artificial production?

W. H. BAILEY.

Summerfield, Eccles.

Bell metal is, I understand, a mixture of copper and tin. The oak of the choir of York Minster was of a rich brown colour, beautifully marked. If the statement of A. C. J. is correct, the relic he possesses has been misdescribed. J. F. KELLAS JOHNSTONE.

PEDUZZI, MANCHESTER.

(Query No. 1,355, October 25.)

[1,363.] James Butterworth, in his *Complete History of the Trade of Manchester*, 1822, page 273, under Oldham-street, says: "At No. 31 is the shop of Mr. A. Peduzzi, carver and gilder, looking-glass and picture-frame maker. All kinds of needlework, drawings, and pictures are elegantly framed and glazed by him. Barometers, thermometers, and hydrometers made and repaired."

The name appears in the various directories from 1815 to 1845. In 1836 the address is changed to 33, Piccadilly. From 1829 to 1841 there is also a James Peduzzi at 49 (re-numbered 97), Oldham-street, in the same line of business as the former. G. H. S. Heaton Moor.

The name of Peduzzi is quite familiar to me, as one of the sons attended the same day school as the writer namely, Moss's Schools, in Peter-street. Peduzzi's workshops for the manufacture of looking-glasses and picture frames were behind Thompson-street, Oldham Road, Manchester. J. H. L.

There is no doubt that the Peduzzi whom Mr. HARDWICK inquires about is either Anthony or James, whom I mentioned in a former note as looking-glass makers. The makers of looking-glasses fifty years ago were also barometer makers.

J. T. SLUGG.

In answer to Mr. CHARLES HARDWICK permit me to say that when I was quite a child Antonio Peduzzi, looking-glass and picture frame maker, had a shop on the left-hand side of Oldham-street, approaching the top. He had, however, removed to larger and better premises in Piccadilly prior to 1835; for somewhere about that time his second wife, Sarah, my mother's sister, died there very suddenly. A flight of steps led to this shop in Piccadilly, which had two windows, and two long counters for it extended far back, and it had a little sitting-room beyond. He had workshops also on the premises. He was a short, stout, stumpy individual, whose head seemed set on his shoulders with no neck to be worth mentioning, and he spoke in very broken English. I believe he had some repute in his particular branch of manufacture, and he carried on his business there until his own death some years afterwards. A son by a former wife had, I believe, some share in his business.

ISABELLA BANKS.

London.

QUERIES.

[1,364.] **RIGHT HONOURABLE.**—To whom is the above title, by right, applied; and what is the meaning of the title?  
F. J. H.

[1,365.] **THE QUEEN'S ENGLISH.**—Can anyone tell me the meaning and origin of the expression "Queen's English"?  
T. F. U.

[1,366.] **MICROSCOPICAL SOCIETY.**—Was a microscopical society or a society akin to it ever established in Manchester or district? If so, particulars would oblige.  
MICROSCOPIST.

[1,367.] **BENNETT-STREET SUNDAY SCHOOL.**—This building, erected in 1818, is known to old scholars as "Stott's School." Who was Stott, and why is his name associated with it?  
G. H. S.

[1,368.] **INTERMENT ON THE TOP OF ANCOATS OLD HALL.**—When I was a lad, fifty years ago, a report was in circulation, and generally, believed that the owner of Ancoats Hall had built a tomb at the top of the hall, in which the coffin of his wife had been placed. Is there any truth in the statement?  
CREMATION.

[1,369.] **MOUNTING OF GEOLOGICAL SPECIMENS** On a recent visit to the Owens College Geological Museum I noticed many slides of coal, *Lepidodendron*, and calamites, beautifully mounted. It would be interesting to know how the sections for these slides were made, and how they were so successfully mounted?  
MICROSCOPIST.

[1,370.] **SKYLARKS IN OCTOBER.**—Can any of your ornithological contributors, whose bird notes form so pleasing a feature in the *City News*, inform me whether it is a usual occurrence to hear a couple of skylarks singing in their soaring flight, as was the case yesterday, October 28, at Chorlton, in Barlow Moor Lane. The day was cloudless, sunny, and hot.  
J. J. G.

The Germans have long had a Shakspeare Annual and a Dante Annual. With the beginning of the new year they will also have a Goethe Annual, published in Frankfort. The new periodical will be a central organ and point of reunion for the many persons who devote themselves to investigating, explaining, and spreading a knowledge of Goethe's works. It will also be a medium for connecting and making generally known the mass of essays, pamphlets, manuscript materials, and bibliography of all kinds relating to Goethe.

Saturday, November 8, 1879.

REMINISCENCES OF MANCHESTER FIFTY YEARS AGO.

XX.—NOTABILITIES: THE TOWN THEN AND THE CITY NOW.

[1,371.] Before proceeding further I am desirous of naming a few well-known characters not already alluded to, who were living fifty years ago, but who have nearly all passed away. The first of these is John Dalton, who had not then received his degree of Doctor of Civil Law from Oxford. He was then professor of chemistry, mathematics, and natural philosophy, residing with the Rev. Wm. Johns, at his academy in George-street. He was a Fellow of the Royal Society and president of the Manchester Literary and Philosophical Society. Most persons know that he was the discoverer of the Atomic Theory, and also that he was a Quaker. I occasionally saw him, the last time being about a year before his death, when I met him arm-in-arm with his attached friend Peter Clare along York-street, as though they were proceeding from the Literary and Philosophical rooms in George-street to Clare's house in Quay-street. They were walking at a slow pace, owing to the doctor's feebleness, his arm resting on that of his friend. He had a beautifully calm and placed countenance, expressive of gentleness, thoughtfulness and intelligence, and was generally dressed in black. There is a clock in the room in which he sat as president of the Literary and Philosophical Society in George-street, which was made at his request, I presume by his friend Peter Clare, and which only gives one stroke on the bell in the course of the twelve hours. This is at nine o'clock p.m., and by its means notice was given at that hour to close a discussion, showing Dalton's methodical character.

Peter Clare was also a Quaker, and was Dalton's bosom friend. He was one of the secretaries of the Literary and Philosophical Society. His father, Peter Clare, was in business at the close of the last century in Deansgate as a clock, watch, and smoke-jack maker, and about the beginning of the present one removed to Quay-street, where the son was residing in 1829, afterwards confining his attention principally to the making of clocks, in which line both father and son were celebrated in their day. I well remember the second Peter Clare. He was always remarkably neat and well-dressed in a suit of black, wearing

knee-breeches with silver buckles, which showed his fine, well-shaped legs, and a broad-brimmed hat. His linen was of the purest white, and he presented a clean, happy, and cheerful-looking face, which was not disfigured by a beard. The sight of Dalton and Clare, as I saw them walking arm-in-arm, was so striking that I could not resist stopping to gaze after them, and their figures still seem to be photographed on my memory.

I well remember Mr. John Greenwood, the father of Mr. John Greenwood of the Carriage Company, who was the originator of omnibuses here a very short time before I came to Manchester. He kept the tollbar at Pendleton originally, and at the time I remember him he used to be busy looking after his one or two very small omnibuses, which ran to Pendleton at certain periods of the day from the left-hand side of the lower end of Market-street. They ran in the early part of the morning, at noon, and in the evening, and for some years started from the place mentioned. Mr. Greenwood was a rather big man, wore knee-breeches and coloured stockings, and had one of his hands mutilated, I believe by a gun accident. At this time the present Mr. John Greenwood, whom I well remember as a young man, was a clerk in Trueman's cotton warehouse, Ducie Place, near the old Post Office behind the Exchange. A little stout man named Penketh then drove his own small solitary 'bus to Cheetham Hill. He afterwards sold it to John Ramsbottom, and continued to drive for him. Afterwards the Cheetham Hill omnibuses, which had increased in number, were sold to Greenwood, Clough, and Turner. After a while the partnership was dissolved, and Turner retained the Cheetham Hill concern and Greenwood the Pendleton one.

George Wilson, the chairman of the Anti-Corn-Law League, and afterwards chairman of the Lancashire and Yorkshire Railway Company, I used to know about the time referred to very well. He was in the habit of frequenting the shop where I was an apprentice, before he became a public character, and occasionally had a chat with my master and the assistant, being very plain and unassuming in his manner. His father was a flour dealer near to New Cross, and the son became a manufacturer of starch at Newton Heath. He was a believer in phrenology, and afterwards became a member of the class formed by Mr. William Bally for the purpose of studying it.

Bally was an Italian, I think, and well known in Manchester as a great authority on that subject. He was sometimes connected with Christmas exhibitions at the Mechanics' Institution, if my memory does not deceive me. I well remember how surprised I was when George Wilson was appointed to the office of chairman of the Anti-Corn-Law League, never suspecting his possession of those qualities which so eminently qualified him for it, and which the eyes of others had detected in him. Richard Cobden had a very high opinion of him, and used to say of him that he could always see the end of anything from the beginning. He had the weakness of indiscriminate generosity, being accustomed at the latter period of his life to keep plenty of loose silver and copper in his pocket, of which he would distribute to almost every suppliant he met. When remonstrated with on the subject he would reply that if he relieved only one deserving person out of the lot he was glad. I once had the pleasure of spending a very pleasant evening with him in London in the early days of the League, as we happened both to be staying at Thomson's boarding-house, in Bartalett's Buildings.

The late Alderman Charles James Stanley Walker lived to such a good old age, sitting on the bench to such a late period of life, that it is not many years since he passed from amongst us, and hence is well remembered by most Manchester people. I never saw him when he did not wear a swallow-tailed coat, which was always buttoned up to the chin. Fifty years ago his favourite colour was blue, the coat being adorned with smooth, bright, gilt buttons. His visage being free from hair, and his skin remarkably clear and smooth, he presented a very striking appearance, but always looked the gentleman. He descended from an old Manchester family, which had been Liberal in politics, on which account they had been much persecuted. His father, Thomas Walker, was the leader of the Liberal party here during the course of the First French Revolution, just after the breaking out of which he was appointed boroughreeve. His house and warehouse were attacked by one of the Church-and-King mobs of that period, and he was tried for treason in 1794, being defended by Erskine, who made one of his most celebrated speeches on the occasion. I met the late C. J. S. Walker, on the occasion of laying the foundation stone of the present Withington Work-

house, when he told me that he remembered, when a little boy, his father lived in the last house in South Parade going from Deanagate, that the house was once attacked by a mob, and that he was taken out of danger's way at the back through the garden, which extended a long way behind. When Manchester was incorporated, he was elected an alderman, and was made a magistrate, to the duties of which he assiduously devoted himself to the last. He was the brother of Thomas Walker, M.A., a barrister, one of the police magistrates of the metropolis, and author of a book full of common sense, known as *The Original*, containing several chapters on aristology or the art of dining, the art of attaining high health, the art of listening, and the art of travelling.

"Dictum Factum" was a gentleman tolerably well known here at the time I am speaking of. He was rather eccentric, and was afflicted with St. Vitus's Dance, which added very much to his apparent eccentricity. Notwithstanding, he was very genial, good natured, and much respected. His name being Seddon, he took it as if written "Said done," which being translated into Latin is Dictum Factum. As he kept his carriage, he took this as his motto, had it painted on his carriage door, and it became the name by which he was familiarly known amongst his friends.

Joe Richardson was another well-known character fifty years ago. He was the son of Mr. Joseph Richardson, who kept the King's Head in Chapel-street, Salford, and was known for his splendid horsemanship, it being said he was the best steeplechase rider in the country. He was lightly built, wore a pair of drab cloth kneebreeches and top-boots, and always seemed to be riding through the streets. He had such a command over his horse that it might have been a part of himself. At the time of the late Alderman Bake's death it was stated in a Manchester newspaper that after he went to the Bull's Head, which became such a famous betting house, Mr. Bake himself used to bring home the news of the winner of the St. Leger from Doncaster on horseback. I must not dispute this, but I well remember that after a time Joe Richardson was employed to do this, using relays of horses. I can recollect what crowds used to be collected about Barnes-street waiting for the news. It would be interesting to know how long the journey took him.

I well remember that very corpulent, jolly-looking lady known as Dolly Rexford, whose father was the senior partner in the firm of Rexford, Holland, and Taylor, wine merchants in Cross-street, his house being in Brazenose-street. She was born in 1798, the year in which her father died. Her mother after her father's death kept the Grapes in Deanagate, and in 1829 was living a widow in Brazenose-street. Dolly became the wife of Job Haigh, who at that time kept the Rising Sun in Swan-street, and died at the age of fifty-five. A notice of her appeared in the *City News* of September 7, 1878, in which it was stated that she was so stout that when she travelled on the Altrincham line it took two or three railway porters to get her in and out of the train. It may be that it is more difficult to get into a railway carriage than a hackney coach of the old time, even for a lighter person, as we all know, but I thought the statement a figure of speech. I once saw her get into a hackney coach—not a cab—opposite Ducie Place in Market-street. The coachman had to give a good push behind certainly, but she managed to get in.

It seems to be convenient at this point to endeavour to present a negative picture of Manchester, which will give a good idea of the great changes which have taken place in its condition during the last fifty years. I have not tried to classify the objects named, but name them as they arise in one's mind. Fifty years ago, then, there were in Manchester no Athensum, no Bonded Warehouse, no Assize Courts, no Free Library, no Botanical Gardens, no police court, no public parks, no statues, no Concert Hall, no railway stations, no beerhouses, no members of Parliament, no bishop, dean, or canons, no mayor, aldermen, or councillors, no town clerk, no city or borough coroner, no Cathedral, no stipendiary for the city, no police, no County Court, no poor-law guardians, no Saturday half-holiday, no early closing, no manorial rights, no penny postage, no telegraphs, no local daily paper, no penny newspaper, no cabs, no omnibuses as now, no teetotal societies, no volunteers, no steel pens in constant use, no lucifer matches, no Strretford Road, no free trade. There were no ocean steamships, slavery was not abolished, neither were the corn laws. Everything was taxed, almanacs, windows, paper, soap, leather, bottles, and other glass, newspapers, advertisements, and hundreds of other things in common use, which are now as unburthened as the air.

J. T. SLUGG.

## THE WHITE SPARROW.

[1,372.] Is it not quite time the poor unoffending White Sparrow should be permitted to perch in peace? Their appearance is not sufficiently rare to call for the observations which appear in these columns week after week. A correspondent announces the fact that he has discovered one, and lots of your readers are astounded. "Dear me! a white sparrow, say you?" Why albinos appear every year throughout the bird creation. There are white rooks, and, paradoxical as it may sound, even white blackbirds! Yet the white sparrow—in print—has become almost as great a nuisance as the big gooseberry, the prolific wheat-ear, and the calf with seven legs. Unfortunately for the bird who comes in a white coat when the uniform of his fellows is black, blue, or brown, he is immediately shot at, pelted, catapulted, and chased out of existence. The colour, unlike the white flag, does not command a truce. Let him alone, and pray don't mention the locality of his home in a newspaper.

Whilst in a critical mood allow me to remind ADAM CHESTER that "the last sheaf" is not "piled." In ordinary seasons it would be, but this year there are yet acres of corn—so say the newspapers—not yet cut and sheaved, let alone "piled." And perhaps I may also be permitted to observe that the line—

Around yon mast-high colony of crows  
will not "pass muster," as crows were never yet  
known to colonize.

FELIX FOLIO.

## BAROMETRICAL DEPRESSION.

[1,373.] The notes concerning Peduzzi lead me to call attention to two recorded opinions (in the history of a barometer of his in my possession) of extraordinary depression in the mercury column, with a view to elicit information as to whether any other periods of approximate or greater depression are known to be on record.

At the back of my instrument is inscribed, in old-fashioned but legible caligraphy, as an extraordinary circumstance at that time, that on "Oct. 19th, 1812, the mercury stood at 28.270 inches." The decimals are mine, reduced from the reading which is given in fractions, the inch scale being subdivided into tenths. Mr. Casartelli repaired this barometer for me in 1872, and his assistant then informed me (noticing the quaint label at the back) that he had never known the mercury fall so low.

In January, 1873, however, after a steady down-pour of almost incessant rain for three days and nights, the mercury fell on the 20th to 28.261 inches, at nine o'clock p.m., and at half-past eleven the same evening reached the unprecedentedly low point 28.180 inches, when it immediately began to rise, and so far as I know has never been nearly so low since.

Mr. (now the Rev.) Thomas Muckereth, to whom I am indebted for the exact barometric readings of the 20th of January, as above, informed me that it had never been so low during the lengthened period he had kept a record, nor had he ever met with any older records indicating so much depression, and that probably there never was a time since the date recorded on the back of my old barometer when the mercury had fallen so low until that notable 20th of January, 1873. Possibly during the first half of the present century no regular and trustworthy local records of barometric changes may have been kept. Still there may have been occasional instances when an extraordinary fall of the mercury has been noticed, and it would, I doubt not, be of considerable interest to the readers of this journal if such instances were made known.

J. S. POLLITT.

Barlow's Court, Market-street, Manchester.

## COMMENTS AND ANSWERS.

## OLD MANCHESTER BOOKSELLERS.

(Nos. 1,320 and 1,348.)

[1,374.] It is needful to add to Mr. SLUGG'S reminiscences of Manchester Booksellers, which only note the existence, scarcely anything of the career, of some trade notabilities. William Willis deserves more than eight lines. He was at one time the largest bookseller in Manchester. His stock during his prosperous period was valued at £5,000. He was first employed when a boy by Mr. Thomas Newton, who owned a book-stall on the site of the London Road Station. He was afterwards employed by Jeremiah Hanmer, who was a bookseller and corn dealer. When Hanmer gave up the book business and devoted himself entirely to corn, he was succeeded by a Mr. Newton, who dispensed with Willis's services. Willis then borrowed ten pounds from his father and set up a book-stall on his own account. Newton, annoyed that his former assistant should set up a stall in opposition to him, bought the ground upon which Willis's stall was erected; and Willis had then to remove to a piece of ground near High-street. Afterwards he was

been there then I cannot ascertain; but as in that year the fifth bell was "burst," or so far worn that the clapper came quite through the sound-bow, we may take it for certain that they had been there for at least two centuries. The bell was taken down and turned, so that the clapper struck in a fresh place, and was so used with the others, but badly out of tune, till in 1706 the tenor or sixth bell was "burst" too. The bells were then all taken down, and a meeting of the parishioners called, when it was agreed to exchange two of the six with the parish of Didsbury, which was done, the Didsbury people paying the difference in the weight of bell metal, £20. 2s. The whole six were then sent to Gloucester to be re-cast, and, with some added metal, a peal of eight bells was cast by Rudhall, which bells now hang in the new tower of the Cathedral. Date 1706. I may add that the tenor bell was re-cast by Rudhall in 1815, and that two trebles have been since added to the peal, making the present number ten. They are reckoned very good, but the two trebles are far too light to be effective. To pay for this peal six church leys were made at the meeting above-named, and for refusing to pay their share some sixteen persons were sued in the Ecclesiastical Court at Chester.

ROBERT LANGTON.

#### THE ORIGIN OF THE WORD "STOCK."

(No. 1,359, November 1.)

[1,378.] STATIST has drawn attention to this word. It appears to me that it is not reasonable to hope to find its origin in a split or divided tally stick. How did that come to be called a "stock?" The Old English or Anglo-Saxon word, *stoc*, signifies the stem or trunk of a tree. We know that there was from very early days an engine of punishment called "the stocks," and though this had in our later days its slides and grooves and four or six holes to receive the ankles of the law-breakers, it is more than probable that it had its name from a simpler form—"a stock" or trunk of a tree, to which the law-breakers were chained.

It appears from Stow's *Survey of London* that before the year 1282 "a pair of stocks for punishment of offenders" had stood in the neighbourhood of Walbrook, in an open space on the north side of the Parish Church. In that year the Mayor, Henry Wales, caused a house to be built on that open space. This house was named "The Stocks," from the circum-

stance which I have mentioned, and was appointed to be a "market place for fish and flesh in the middal of the city." Stow says again: "This stocks market was again begun to be built in the year 1410, in the 11th of Henry IV., and was finished in the year following; or, as Fabyan has it in his Chronicle, 'And this yere the market hous callid the Stokkys, standynge by the Church of Seynt Mary Wolchirche, of London, was begon to be edyfyed.'" This is the origin of the present Stock Exchange, which stands upon the same ground or thereabouts. The term "stock" has passed on from the building to the funds which are dealt with in it. The split tally, being the representative of the fund, was termed "stock," but the origin of the word is clearly to be traced to a post or stump put in the ground to fasten rogues to. L. T.

#### ROSEWOOD OAK.

(Nos. 1,344 and 1,362.)

[1,379.] The rosewood, which has been imported in such large quantities from Bahia and Rio Janeiro, called also Jacaranda, is so named according to Prince Maximilian, as quoted by Dr. Lindley, because when fresh it has a faint but agreeable smell of roses, and is produced by a *Mimosa* in the forests of Brazil; it is the *Mimosa jacaranda*. Rosewood is a term as generally applied, as ironwood, and to as great a variety of plants in different countries, sometimes from the colour and often from the smell of the woods. The rosewood or candlewood of the West Indies is *Amyris balsamifera*, according to Browne, and is also called sweetwood; while *Amyris montana* is called yellow candlewood or rosewood, and also yellow saunders. Other plants to which the name is also applied are *Licaria guianensis* of Aublet; *Crythroxyllum areolatum*, *Colliquaya odorifera*, and *Malina*. The rosewood of New South Wales is *Frichilia glandulosa*; that of the East Indies—if the same is what is there called blackwood—is *Dalbergia latifolia*. The *Lignum rhodium* of the ancients, from which the oil of the same name and having the odour of roses was prepared, has not yet been ascertained; it has been supposed to be *Genista canariensis*, and by others *Convolvulus scoparius*.

The oak timber alluded to is probably chestnut wood, *Castanea vesca*. A many of the large open timber roofs of our cathedrals and other old structures are framed of this wood; as also the greater proportion of the wall linings of our old buildings forming



the wood we are accustomed to call wainscot; the appearance of it being so similar to that of oak that it is very difficult to distinguish them from each other.

W. H. TYSON.

Crumpeall Castle.

The wood of *Physocalymma floribunda* is the rose-wood of commerce. It is a tree found in the province of Goyaz in Brasil, and when fully grown is about thirty feet high. The fibre is very tough, and when the wood is free from sap and planed the lengthway of the grain it shows a beautiful rose-colour, streaked with black; hence its name. The wood contains an aromatic resin, which gives out an odour very like the scent from the tonquin bean, or a faint perfume of rose and hawthorn mixed. It is highly prized by cabinet makers, and about twenty years ago it was the wood used chiefly for high-class furniture. The best trees are selected for sawing into veneers to face common woods, such as pine or bay wood.

NATHANIEL BRADLEY.

Hulme.

#### QUERIES.

[1,380.] *Esq.*—Which is the proper position of this honorary appendage—immediately after a person's name, or after a list of his degrees, honours, and offices? I noticed it the other day placed after those of a legal luminary somehow thus:—John Jones, M.A., Q.C., Recorder of Nusquam, Deputy Judge of Such-and-such a court, *Esq.* And so also with a medical man. It seemed oddly placed. Was it accurately placed?

HITTITE.

[1,381.] LANCASHIRE GLEE WRITERS.—Any information, historical, critical, anecdotal, or otherwise, concerning the following Lancashire glee writers will be most acceptable:—Robert Wainwright, Mus. Doc. Oxon; — Elliott, some time alto singer at the Collegiate Church; William Shore, Manchester; Benjamin Hime, Manchester; Joseph J. Harris, Manchester; G. Hargreaves, Liverpool; John Nuttall, junior, Manchester.

JOHN TOWERS.

#### [1,382.] AUTHORSHIP OF LINES.

Time was, is past, thou canst not it recall;  
Time is, thou hast, employ the portion small];  
Time future is not, and may never be  
Time present is the only time for thee.

The above lines I heard from the lips of a friend, and a little later came upon them in the *Saturday Magazine* of April 27, 1833, signed "Anon." Not being in the book of *Fugitive Poetry*, I conjectured that the author might possibly be known, and therefore have I brought them to the shrine of your paper seeking his name.

C. C. R.

[1,383.] JOHN CASSELL.—John Cassell, the eminent London publisher, was a man of whom Manchester has reason to be proud. Born about sixty years ago, he grew to man's estate in our town. His early career is a striking example of the "pursuit of knowledge under difficulties," and is worth recording for the benefit of our rising generation. There must be many still living amongst us who know all about his humble birth and parentage, and his keen struggle to attain a position in which he might be useful to his fellow-man. Will some one tell the story of John Cassell's life with the brevity needful to obtain a place in your columns?

DAVID KELLY.

Jacob Abbot, the well known writer of children's books, died on the second day of this month, at his house in Farmington, state of Maine, at the age of seventy-six. A complete list of his works would comprise more than 200 titles, and many of them are serials, consisting of from three to thirty-six volumes. He also edited several historical textbooks, and compiled a series of school-readers. All his books had an extensive circulation in this country, and nearly all of them were republished repeatedly and in many different forms in England.

Saturday, November 15, 1879.

NOTES.

REMINISCENCES OF MANCHESTER FIFTY YEARS AGO.

XI.—CHURCHES: PART THE FIRST.

[1,384.] Fifty years ago there were in Manchester and Salford sixty-seven places of worship and eighty-one ministers. To-day there are about 323 churches and chapels and 417 ministers, showing that they have increased about five-fold since 1829. The following table shows with tolerable accuracy the relative numbers of these pertaining to the various sects. The number as to 1829 I believe to be fairly accurate; there is some difficulty as to those of 1879, owing to the existence of a large number of mission-rooms, which I have endeavoured to exclude. There is also the consideration that the area is much larger than it was; that many places which were outside Manchester fifty years ago are now part of it. So that I cannot say that the numbers for the present year are more than an approximation to the truth, though I think a near one. The difficulty has been to draw a line fixing the limit:—

	1829.		1879.	
	Places of Worship.	Ministers.	Places of Worship.	Ministers.
Church of England.....	20	33	110	175
Independent.....	8	5	34	30
Wesleyan.....	9	13	35	39
Roman Catholic... ..	3	7	33	88
Various Methodist..	6	5	49	34
Baptist.....	4	4	17	12
Presbyterian.....	1	2	13	13
Unitarian.....	4	5	12	13
Welsh.....	5	2	6	4
Swedenborgian.....	2	2	2	2
Jews.....	1	1	4	4
Quakers.....	1	0	1	0
Various.....	3	2	7	3
	67	81	323	417

The number of Wesleyan ministers does not include what are technically known as supernumeraries—that is, ministers who have given up the active duties of the ministry and yet do a good deal of preaching on a Sunday.

The following twenty churches existed fifty years ago:—

1. The Old Church. Manchester was then in the diocese of Chester, the bishop of which was the Rev. John Bird Sumner, D.D., who afterwards was appointed Archbishop of Canterbury. There was consequently neither Cathedral nor Bishop, neither

Dean nor Canons. We had instead connected with the Collegiate Church a warden, four fellows, two chaplains, and one clerk in orders. The Warden was the Very Rev. Thomas Jackson Calvert, D.D., rector of Wilmslow, who succeeded the Rev. Dr. Blackburne. The latter was the youngest brother of Mr. John Blackburne, M.P., and of Mr. Isaac Blackburne, the distributor of stamps for Manchester. Dr. Calvert was appointed in 1823, two months after Dr. Blackburne's death. He was a fine venerable-looking man, having a very clerical appearance, whose house was in Mosley-street. The four fellows were the Rev. John Gatcliffe, who was also rector of St. Mary's; the Rev. C. W. Etholstone, incumbent of St. Mark's, Cheetham, whose son succeeded him there; the Rev. John Clowes, of Broughton Hall; and the Rev. J. H. Mallory, who at that time either lived or had rooms in Pall Mall. The two chaplains were the Rev. C. D. Wray, also incumbent of St. Thomas's, Ardwick, and the Rev. Richard Rimmington, who was suspended from his office whilst I was an apprentice. Mr. Wray, it will be remembered, lived to be a very old man. The Clerk in Orders was the Rev. Moses Randall, who had been previously curate at St. Ann's. Mr. Humphrey Nichols, who only lately passed away from us, after benefitting the public charities by his accumulated wealth, was then Parish Clerk. He lived at Stony Knolls, and had Mr. Thomas Parry, whose house was close by in Fennel-street, as his deputy. I remember Mr. Clowes very well, from the fact that I heard him preach at the Collegiate Church one Sunday afternoon in lavender gloves. He was a tall man, and seemed to have unusually long arms. Mr. Rimmington, who was a customer of my master's, I also remember as a very genial, friendly, and gentlemanly man, dressed more like an ordinary gentleman than a cleric. It is since that day that the church itself has undergone so much alteration and improvement. I know not what is the practice now, but I remember that the sidemen used to leave the church at a particular part of the service on Sunday mornings, and, headed by an officer bearing a silver-headed staff, perambulate certain streets, to ascertain if the public-houses were closed. In those days, we used to have the door shutters off, some one having to remain in the shop during the whole of Sunday, and when it was my turn to perform that duty, I used to see these men pass the shop, generally about eleven o'clock.

2. St. Ann's Church was founded by Lady Ann Bland, of Hulme Hall, in 1709, and was consecrated in 1712. The rector fifty years ago was the Rev. Dr. Jeremiah Smith, who was also high master at the Grammar School, and lived in Long Millgate. He had held the office of head master since the beginning of the century, at which time he was the curate of Trinity Church, Salford. He then became incumbent of St. Peter's Church, and afterwards rector of St. Ann's. The first rector was the Rev. Nathaniel Bann.

3. St. Thomas's, Ardwick, was, I believe, the next in the order of consecration. When it was founded in 1741, Ardwick was a little village separated from Manchester by at least a mile of cultivated fields. In 1815 the Rev. J. Cooke was the incumbent, and after him the Rev. C. D. Wray, having as curate the Rev. W. Wordsworth. In 1829 the Rev. Nicholas William Gibson was Mr. Wray's curate, and he afterwards became incumbent.

4. Trinity Church, Salford, had been founded by Humphrey Booth, a prosperous merchant of Salford in 1636. It was, however, taken down and rebuilt in 1752, so that the present edifice is not 130 years old. The incumbent fifty years ago was the Rev. Samuel Booth, I presume a descendant of the original founder.

5. St. Mary's Church was founded in 1753, the foundation stones being laid by the Revs. Messrs. Aasheton, Foxley, and Moss. In 1829 the Rev. John Gatliffe was rector, and the Rev. E. Bassett, curate. The church was originally built with a very high steeple, which was generally admired, but which, being considered unsafe, was taken down some years since. The ornamental pulpit which the church contained fifty years ago was the gift of the congregation to the rector, the organ having been the gift of Mr. Holland Ackers.

6. St. Paul's, Turner-street, was consecrated in 1765, but in thirteen years the congregation had so much increased that the church had to be enlarged. The Rev. J. Piccope was the incumbent in 1829. Though respectably dressed, he was not as clerical in his appearance as clergymen now are, and might have been easily mistaken for a dissenting minister of that day. I was present one Sunday morning at the service, and remember that there was a good congregation. The church is now converted into business

premises, and in its place a much finer edifice has been erected in Oldham Road, near New Cross.

7. St. John's Church was founded by Edward Byrom in 1768, and consecrated the following year, when the Rev. John Clowes was presented by the founder as the first rector. He was rector in 1829, and resided in Warwickshire, having two curates to attend to the spiritual wants of the parishioners. The Rev. Robert Dallas was the first of these; he resided in Quay-street, and at the same time held the office of Master of the Lower Grammar School. The Rev. Wm. Huntingdon was the other; he resided in St. John's-street. A remarkable history of longevity stands connected with the history of this church, inasmuch as the two first rectors held the office for 107 years. Mr. Clowes, died in 1831, at the age of eighty-seven, having been rector for sixty-two years, and Mr. Huntingdon, who was appointed to succeed him, died four or five years ago, having been connected with the church as rector and curate for more than fifty years. Mr. Clowes, the rector of St. John's, must not be confounded with the clergyman of the same name previously mentioned, who was one of the Fellows of the Collegiate Church. The Mr. Clowes of St. John's was the fourth son of Mr. Joseph Clowes, barrister, and was educated at the Grammar School and at Trinity College, Cambridge. Soon after he was made Rector of St. John's, he became acquainted with the writings of Emanuel Swedenborg, whose theological teachings he imbibed; and, strange to say, while retaining that position, he was allowed to devote all his energies to spread those doctrines both by the press and in the pulpit. Mr. John Evans has lately done much to elucidate the history of this interesting church in the columns of the *City News*.

8. St. Thomas's Chapel, Pendleton, was originally built at the expense of Mr. Samuel Brierley, and occupied by the Wesleyan Methodists, but was consecrated as a Church of England in 1776, when the Rev. James Pedley, assistant master of the Grammar School, was appointed incumbent, residing in Gravel Lane. The present St. Thomas' Church was built in 1830, and consecrated in 1831. The Rev. William Keeling was the incumbent fifty years ago.

The remaining twelve churches I must leave to my next chapter.

J. T. SLUGG.

## HOMINY.

[1,385.] This "maize hulled and broken, but coarse," of which we hear so much just now as a desirable and strength-bestowing form of food, was not unknown in England more than one hundred years ago. In a letter in Smollett's *Humphrey Clinker* (published 1771) occurs this sentence in respect of a literary man who "when a dish of cauliflower was set on the table, snuffed up volatile salts to keep him from fainting." "The sage who laboured under this 'horror of green fields' had just finished a treatise on practical agriculture, though, in fact, he had never seen corn growing in his life; and was so ignorant of grain that our entertainer, in the face of the whole company, made him own that a plate of hominy was the best rice pudding he had ever eat." Whether Smollett's West Indian experiences had led him to introduce hominy into England, or whether it was known and in use by his time I could not say. The dictionaries say it is a shortened form of an Indian word.

HITTITE.

## SEDAN CHAIRS IN MANCHESTER: ANECDOTE OF JOSEPH GALE.

[1,386.] Some months ago several communications appeared in these columns about the sedan chair. There used to be several exposed at a stand behind the Infirmary, in Parker-street, at the door of one in a row of cottages which stood near to the Portland-street end. They were mostly hired by invalids making use of the Infirmary. The last I ever saw in fashionable use was brought to my recollection by a Note in the *City News* headed "Joseph Gale." I remember when he was one of a party invited to dine where I was one of the guests. The host was a particular man; his dinners were punctually ready and served "hot." Gale was behind time, yet for him (though not without fidgets) the excellent dinner was kept back, while anxious looks peered through the window. At length a sedan chair appeared at the door, and out of it came Mr. Gale in full dress, with opera hat under his arm and proof on his head that he had just come from the barber, well curled and perfumed. All rancour soon ceased and mirth accompanied the dinner, while Gale, in his own way, described his journey; how like it was to a voyage at sea, when "waves run mountains high," as he was carried over a heap of coals—the first man rising up the steep and the second carrier following down

on the other side. This was the last time I ever saw a sedan chair used as intended in fashionable life. They had then already been superseded. Whether they were so called from first being made in Sedan (as said) I know not; but we had a hearty laugh at the use of one fifty years ago. It would be stranger now than then to see one.

J. S. X.

## "A RICHT GUDE-WILLIE WAUGHT."

[1,387.] The *World*, in poking fun at Sir Wilfrid Lawson, said that he "is one of the few men on this side of the Tweed who know the meaning of 'a richt gude wully waught,' if that is the way to spell the thing."

Taking the word "meaning" in its literal sense, and joking apart, the *World* may well be doubtful as to the correctness of his spelling of the line. He certainly renders the received pronunciation rightly, and is nearer the accurate spelling than even Dr. Hately Waddell—the Burns purist—and the other editors of the works of Burns. They all print the line, "An' we'll tak' a richt gude willie-waught." Now this is a good example of a misprint perpetuated. "Willie"—pronounced wully—should be hyphenated to "gude." The line then correctly becomes, "An we'll tak' a richt gude-willie waught." Gude-willie is an adjective from good-will, formed just like ill-willie and ill-deedie, while "waught" or "waucht" means a draught. If pronounced with an inhalation of the breath it will be at once observed that it is a word most expressive of the act of swallowing a liquid. As to its real derivation I do not pretend to pronounce.

That there is hardly one of the millions of Scotch folks who, with or without interlinking of arms, sing that oftenest-sung of songs, "Auld Lang Syne," who knows the correct meaning of the words of the line quoted above is not surprising, when even the best and most laborious editors are abroad with respect to it.

Again, how many Scotch folks know the meaning of the last word in the line:

My hand is in my hussey-skep,  
which occurs in that very familiar song "The Barrin o' the Door?" I have ventured a shot at it which may be quite wrong. In Sir W. Scott "hussey" occurs several times in the sense of the English "housewife," "hussif," a receptacle for pins, bobbins, thimbles, and all the numberless odds and ends which a goodwife

requires. A skep is a basket, and a basket is the usual receptacle for a goodwife's useful miscellany. Can the word be thereby interpreted?

HITTITE.

COMMENTS AND ANSWERS.

THE QUEEN'S ENGLISH.

(Query No. 1,386, November 1.)

[1,388.] Perhaps no more lucid description of the meaning and origin of the expression "Queen's English," could be given or desired than that to be found in Dean Alford's little work, *A Plea for the Queen's English*.

F. M. J.

THE FOUNDER OF BENNETT-STREET SUNDAY SCHOOL.

(Query No. 1,387, November 1.)

[1,389.] Bennett-street Sunday-school is sometimes called "Stott's School" by old inhabitants of the district and old scholars, on account of its founder, David Stott. He originally came from Yorkshire, and was for many years a valued and trusted servant of Mr. Thomas Worthington, merchant, High-street, who amassed a large fortune in business, having begun in the umbrella trade at the right time. Before railways and banking conveniences gave their assistance to trade, Mr. Stott used to go to London by stage coach, and was trusted with large sums of money, for he bought everything there with ready cash. He also went to Spain to buy cane, when first that commodity was substituted for whalebone. He was a good, shrewd, business man, and had several opportunities of going into partnership with men of capital; but his ambition was to do all the good he could, and he turned his back on anxiety and riches.

He was a man of singular uprightness and honour; of great integrity, honesty, and justice. The following anecdote will best illustrate this:—At the time Mr. Stott was at Worthington's; it was the custom everywhere to impose upon workpeople, and all kinds of complaints, real and imaginary, were made so that allowances could be claimed from their wages. These deductions not answering the expectations of Mr. W., Mr. Stott was asked to explain. "Mr. Worthington," said he, "if you want your servants to be honest to you, you must be honest to them." He was never troubled again on that subject.

Mr. Stott was the originator of sick and funeral societies connected with Sunday-schools, and those in Bennett-street have so flourished as to be in a very wealthy position at present.

He was buried at Bowdon Church, where a paltry monument (made more so by neglect) was erected to his memory by the visitors and teachers of Bennett-street Sunday-school. Considering that he spent a life for the social and religious welfare of the labouring classes, and founded a Sunday-school that has made more useful members of society than any other in the United Kingdom, the monument on his last resting place is a very poor tribute to his memory.

J. L.

Bennett-street Sunday-school is spoken of by old scholars as "Stott's School," because its founder was David Stott, a native of Ripponden, near Halifax, who was born in 1779. His father, Thomas Stott, a farmer and woollen manufacturer, migrated from that place to Manchester in 1790. David Stott was for three years a scholar at the Manchester Free Grammar School. At an early age he became an active promoter of Sunday-schools, and was the actual founder of the most important one Manchester has yet had. His name occurs regularly in the Manchester directories from 1813 till 1848, where he is described as a "warehouseman." He died February 26, 1848, aged sixty-eight, and is buried in Bowdon churchyard. His monument is about the centre of that part of the yard situate on the south side of the church. There is a notice of his death in the Manchester Historical Recorder, but his name is unpardonably printed "Holt" instead of "Stott." His connection with the school cannot, I think, be better described than in the words of the epitaph on his monument at Bowdon:—

"He founded St. Paul's Sunday-school, Bennett-street in the year 1801, and was permitted by the goodness of God to labour in the management of it until the last week of his life. He was also the originator of sick and burial societies in connection with Sunday-schools, and was a noble example of what may be effected by the influence of Christian principle, affection, and perseverance, when devoted to the service of the Saviour. His gentleness and devotion aptly fitted him for a Sunday-school instructor. His benevolence and discretion enabled him to foster this institution, equally eminent for its usefulness and success. This tribute of affection is erected in veneration of his efforts and example by the visitors, teachers, and friends of the said school."

Truly an honest and well-earned epitaph.

DAVID KELLY.

Stretford,

## RIGHT HONOURABLE.

(Query No. 1,384, November 1.)

[1,390.] The title Right Honourable is given to all members of the Privy Council. A privy councillor must be a natural-born subject of Great Britain. The office is conferred by the Sovereign's nomination without any patent or grant, and completed by taking the oath of office. The designation is also given to various members of the peerage, including the wives and eldest sons of such peers, by courtesy. In some instances the designation is also given by courtesy to certain officials, as in the case of the Lord Advocate for Scotland. The Lord Mayor of London, the Lord Mayor of Dublin, and the Lord Provost of Edinburgh are also entitled to be addressed Right Honourable. It is only on extraordinary occasions that summonses are sent to all members of the Privy Council, a select body forming the executive council of the Crown. The Cabinet of the existing Ministry of the day performs these duties. When Mr. John Bright took office as a minister of the crown he was sworn in as a privy councillor as a matter of course. His proper designation is therefore the Right Honourable John Bright. At the beginning of the present year the youngest member of the Privy Council was Mr. John Arthur Roebuck, M.P. He never held a Government office of any description, and the rank of privy councillor was bestowed upon him by the Queen, of course by the advice of her ministers, as a mark of personal favour. There is no emolument attached to the office of privy councillor. Right Honourable is a mark of distinction and courtesy, like any other title from archbishop or duke, down to knight, esquire, or plain mister. Strictly speaking, however, the title esquire is the right of a limited body, although usage has almost abolished it. Mister is anybody's property.

YEOMAN.

## MICROSCOPIC STUDY IN MANCHESTER.

(Query No. 1,388, November 1.)

[1,391.] Several societies have been formed in Manchester for microscopic study, but none, I believe, adopting the exact title MICROSCOPIST names, "Microscopic Society." The first movement of this kind of which I have any knowledge took place in connection with the Manchester Literary and Philosophical Society about twenty years ago; the exact date may be obtained probably by referring to the minutes of that society. I and a few other members

established what we called a Microscopic Section of the Manchester Literary and Philosophical Society. I was an ardent student of that branch of study at the time, and I sought to become a fellow for the especial purpose of establishing the section. Some time after this there was also established a microscopic section in connection with the Scientific Students' Association. The meetings were held at the houses of the six or eight members who formed the section. This section has now for several years been given up. Microscopic study is pursued very actively in Manchester by the members of the Science Association and the Lower Mosley-street Natural History Society, as the *City News* columns amply testify from week to week. I shall be glad to assist any one who is wishful to begin this interesting study, as to the various methods of mounting objects; and I shall with great pleasure also furnish him with material for examination from a large accumulation of duplicates (of course free of cost). Application can be made to me at 8, York-street; or 52, Park-street, Greenheys.

THOMAS BRITAIN.

I believe there is no society in Manchester devoting itself to microscopic investigation. I have reason for thinking if such a society were started many would be glad to join. If MICROSCOPIST and others interested, willing to assist in the formation of such a society, will communicate with me, I can promise them the advice and co-operation of a gentleman whose experience will be of great assistance to us.

J. L. W. MILLS.

Rhyd Club, Levenshulme.

## SKYLARK AND WOODLARK.

(Nos. 1,370 and 1,378.)

[1,392.] A foot-note in a modern edition of Goldsmith's *Animated Nature* says that the skylark begins to sing in spring and ceases at the beginning of winter, and that the state of the weather and the presence of the sun influence its singing. Markwick's Calendar in White's *History of Selborne* says: "Skylark (*Alauda arvensis*) sings January 12, February 27; sings to November 13." Mid-spring is the 20th March and mid-winter 21st December, so six weeks previously would be the beginning of each of those seasons, and thus the two statements confirm each other. Markwick does not say in what county the observations which dictated the record were made, but if it was a southern one the temperature there

compared with that of Saddleworth would lengthen the term of the lark's singing in the former locality.

There can be little or no doubt but that the songsters heard by J. J. G. were skylarks, as "the day was cloudless, sunny, and hot," therefore it would be no unusual occurrence. Besides, woodlarks are a rarity in this neighbourhood; and if they were not, who could mistake the well-known, greatly-esteemed and attractive brilliancy of the song of that favourite bird the skylark? Large numbers of these birds were wont to be netted in the neighbourhood of Dunstable for the London poulterers, and the card "Dunstable larks" in the West End shop windows was a tempting one to epicures. The extensive, wide, open grass plains and downs of Wiltshire also afford large additions to the supply for the metropolitan shops.

JAMES BUBY.

[Markwick's observations were made at Catsfield, near Battle, in Sussex.—EDITOR.]

THE WHITE SPARROW.

(No. 1,372, November 8.)

[1,393.] The queries and notes on the unlucky white sparrow are, it would seem, as unfortunate as the white sparrow itself; but I shall surely be excused if I tell FELIX FOLIO that our notes were not intended for such learned adepts as himself. Our remarks were meant for curious child-like men, who were willing to see over again even what they had learned before. Notes and Queries are interesting communications of facts not too well known to the general public; and, as such, the notes and queries respecting the white sparrow fulfilled their authors' intentions. And if FELIX FOLIO could have contributed any new information, as I have no doubt he could, it would have been very acceptable to myself, and I venture to say to the great majority of your readers. Instead of this he comes like death, and with his rough-and-ready notion of criticism, attempts to sweep the board. Criticism consists in comparing one set of facts with another set, not in sweeping the board. This being the case, has FELIX FOLIO proved that the white sparrow is common, for we have nothing to do with albinos generally? I think not. A white sparrow gave, through its rarity, a local naturalist his first inspiration as a collector of rarities and curiosities in natural history. Gilbert White does not mention one, though he would assuredly have done so had he known

of one; for he mentions such curious facts as having seen a hen in cock's plumage. Waterton, who mentions an albino or white nigger, does not mention one; and neither does Wood nor Yarrell. So that, after all however many white sparrows FELIX FOLIO may have seen, and however plentiful they may be about his house, they do not appear to have been too common or plentiful in the neighbourhoods of other naturalists, who, I cannot but believe, were equally as great and truthful as himself.

JOSEPH OGDEN.

THE LAW FAMILY AND STRANGWAYS BOWLING GREEN.

[1,394.] Allow me to supplement Mr. SLUGG's interesting reminiscences (No. 1,311, October 4) by a few additional particulars respecting the Law family. David Law, the father of the celebrated John or Jack Law, kept the Bowling Green Hotel, in Strangeways. This hotel was perhaps a hundred yards beyond the Ducie Arms, and together with the green ran back to the river. I believe it was kept most if not all its time by David Law and his widow and their son David. After Mrs. Law was a widow she became very celebrated for making veal pies, and it was then usually known as the Veal Pie House, and is still well remembered by several old men who, when they were boys attending the Grammar School, would often go into the country, as they then called it, to fetch a veal pie for dinner. Through the kindness of a friend I have in my possession at present a subscriber's ticket, well got up and in good preservation, which reads as follows:—

Strangeways New Bowling Green. Subscription from May the 5th to October 27, 1788, Thursdays excepted, 10s. 6d. Not transferable. No. 2.

Proprietors .....	{	MICHL. NORTON. JAMES MEREDITH. THOMAS CRALLAN. WILLIAM MAYALL. DAVID LAW.
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This bowling green has now been broken up for more than half a century, and is covered with streets and buildings; but perhaps it would be interesting to some of your readers to know a few particulars relating to the gentlemen named above. Michl. Norton was the agent of Sir Oswald Mosley, and collected his rents. James Meredith was the uncle of Mr.

Meredith, law stationer in King-street. Thomas Crallan was a brewer living at Ardwick, and was succeeded by his son, who became a wealthy man and left the neighbourhood more than half a century ago. William Mayall was an ironmonger in Cateaton-street. David Law, as I have before named, was the landlord. William Mayall began business as an ironmonger in Cateaton-street in the year 1745, and it was continued by him till the year 1797. It was then transferred to Hutchinson and Mallalieu till 1827, and was afterwards continued by Mallalieu and Lees to 1837, then Lees and Lister, then Lees alone, Lees's executors, and is now Leech Brothers. So that the same business has been conducted on the same premises for the last hundred and thirty-four years.

ROBERT WOOD.

Cheetham Hill.

### QUERIES.

[1,395.] **THE LANCASHIRE SYSTEM OF SINGING.** Speaking of the "Lancashire system" of singing, it would be interesting at the present time to learn what its peculiarities consisted of. **MUSICA.**

[1,396.] **"TELL IT TO THE MARINES."**—Can any of your contributors favour me with the origin of "Tell it to the marines?" The phrase is used by Verax when showing that there is nothing so deceptive as Mr. Maclure's figures. **J. SHAWCROSS.**

[1,397.] **"ABIGAILS AND ANDREWS."**—In Congreve's *Way of the World* (1700), ladies' maids are styled Abigails and valets Andrews. The former name has clung to ladies' maids, and they have it constantly applied to them, in contempt and opprobrium. Can any one tell me the origin of these names, and who first applied them? **HITTITE.**

[1,398.] **ERASMUS' PARADISE.**—Can any one tell me what this was? In Congreve's *Double-Dealer*, act iv., sc. 18, I find this passage:—"Hell has served you even as heaven has done, left you to yourself. You're in a kind of Erasmus' paradise; yet, if you please, you can make it a purgatory: and with a little penance and my absolution, all this may turn to good account." **HITTITE.**

[1,399.] **SHELLEY.**—Can any reader explain the passage in Shelley's poem "To a Lady with a Guitar:"

And it knew  
That seldom heard mysterious sound,  
Which, driven on its diurnal round,  
As it floats through boundless day,  
Our world enkindles on its way.

E. TEGGIN.

[1,400.] **METEOROLOGICAL.**—Sir C. Wyville Thomson, in his two-volume work upon *The Atlantic*, published in 1877, speaks of a "supposed" greater rainfall in the southern, or what he calls the "ocean-hemisphere" of the earth, and that there is a constant "set" of cold water from that direction into the North Atlantic and North Pacific oceans without a balancing reflux the other way. He accounts for the rectification by saying there is a greater amount of evaporation in the northern than in the southern hemisphere. Can that be so?

MORGAN BRIERLEY.

[1,401.] **BRIAR-ROOT PIPES.**—Smokers speak of a "genuine brier," and suppose the pipes are made from the English brier (or briar) plant or shrub. I was under this impression, but whilst smoking the pipe of peace I considered this "work-a-day world" was not "so full of briars" as to supply all the smokers, and I was led to inquire what they were made of—the pipes I mean, not the smokers. I am "told"—as our good Bishop says—that the word is bruyéré (French heath), and that they are in fact made from French heath-wood, chiefly from near Cannes. Is this correct? **A. B. C.**

[1,402.] **"SURE" AND "THOUGH."**—"Sure" for "surely" is nowadays considered a Hibernicism, just as "though" for "however" is quite a Scotticism. But in Shakspeare's time, and for many years after, both words were used, the former for "surely" and the latter for "however." Can they be considered as examples of the survival of special meanings in particular dialects, as various words which have fallen out of use in England are still common in America with their old signification. The word "platform," with the identical meaning it has in America—"political standing"—is used by Bacon.

HITTITE.



Saturday, November 22, 1879.

NOTES.

RELICS OF THE POET BURNS.

[1,403.] Few Scotsmen know that in this city of Manchester there exists a more interesting and unique collection of relics of the Scottish national poet than is gathered together anywhere else. There lies in a garret of the house of a gentleman residing in Chester Road nearly the whole of the original furniture of the "auld clay biggin" where the bard was born on 26th January, 1759. I have, in some nook or other, a complete inventory of the said furniture, given to me by the owner, who in addition to the abundant evidence of the genuineness of the relics, possesses four volumes of autographs of visitors to the cottage collected during a long series of years, including those of many distinguished persons in all ranks.

There also exists in possession of another family in this city a rude original portrait of the poet painted on canvas in oil by an unknown artist. The background is a view of Ellisland. The picture has been bedaubed with varnish, but could doubtless be well restored. It has never been engraved. It has been in the hands of the present owners and their ancestors at all events from the beginning of this century. I am not afflicted with Burnsomania, nor have I any personal interest whatever in these objects, but I shall be pleased to give further information to any one having a well-founded desire to see them.

JAS. F. KELLAS JOHNSTONE.

REMINISCENCES OF MANCHESTER FIFTY YEARS AGO.

XXII.—CHURCHES: PART THE SECOND.

[1,404.] I gave some account of eight out of the twenty churches which were in existence in Manchester fifty years ago. The remaining twelve were as follows:—

9. St. James's Church was built by the Rev. Cornelius Bayley, D.D., in 1788, his house being in Charlotte-street. For some time after the church was built, it was the practice of the Wesleyans to assemble at Oldham-street Chapel on a Sunday morning at nine o'clock, and hold a service which lasted an hour and a quarter, after which they adjourned to Dr. Bayley's church and formed a considerable portion of his congregation.

10. St. Peter's was also founded in 1788 by the Rev. Samuel Hall, who had been curate at St. Ann's,

when he lived in Greengate. He was the first rector, and afterwards resided in Oxford Road. After him the Rev. Jeremiah Smith, D.D., became incumbent, who had previously been curate of Trinity Church, Salford, and head master of the Grammar School. In 1829 Dr. Smith was rector of St. Ann's, retaining the office of head master of the Grammar School, which he held for some years. In 1824 the Rev. Nicholas Germon was the curate at St. Peter's, and second master at the Grammar School, and in 1829 was rector of St. Peter's, retaining his office in the school. He is still the rector of the church, so that he has held the position of rector more than fifty years. I have stated already that St. Peter's was built without a steeple, which was added some years after, and was built by Mr. Heap. It will be seen that there have only been three rectors of this church since its foundation in 1788.

11. St. Michael's, Angel-street, was the third church built during the year 1788, and is stated to have been founded by the Rev. Humphrey Owen, one of the chaplains of the Collegiate Church. Fifty years ago the Rev. William Marsden, B.D., was the incumbent; he succeeded the Rev. M. Wrigley, and resided many years in Quay-street. Mr. Marsden is the same gentleman, I believe, who subsequently became vicar of Eccles; and, if so, was one of three brothers, George, John, and William. John was a corn dealer in York-street in 1829; whilst George was a very popular Wesleyan minister, who began his ministry in 1793, and died in 1858. If I am wrong in my surmise, I shall be glad to be corrected.

12. St. Clement's, Stevenson's Square, was built in 1793 by the Rev. Edward Smyth, and was licensed but not consecrated. Mr. Smyth resided in Back Lane, near the church, at first; but in 1810 was living at Chorlton Hall, near to Grosvenor-street. He was succeeded by the Rev. William Nunn in 1818, who was incumbent for twenty-two years, and died in 1840. He was well known as a minister, from the fact of his preaching Calvinist doctrines very strongly, but was greatly respected by all classes. This was shown by the large number who attended his funeral. When a young man I frequently heard him preach, and was amongst the throng who witnessed his burial. His son is the incumbent of St. Thomas's, Ardwick.

13. St. Mark's, Cheetham Hill, was built in 1794 by the Rev. C. W. Ethelston, one of the fellows of the Collegiate Church. He was the incumbent in

in 1829. At that time he had for his curate the Rev. Peter Hordern, who was also librarian at the Chetham Library from 1821 to 1834, and succeeded the Rev. R. H. Whitelock in the curacy of Chorlton-cum-Hardy. Mr. Hordern was the father of Lady Ellen Frances Lubbock, the wife of Sir John Lubbock, Bart., M.P. for Maidstone; she died a few weeks since, having been married in 1856. Mr. Hordern was the son of the Rev. Joseph Hordern, at one time curate of Prestwich and vicar of Holy Trinity Church, Shaw, near Oldham. Mr. Ethelston was succeeded by his son in the incumbency of St. Mark's.

14. St. Stephen's, Salford, was built in the same year by the Rev. Nicholas Mosely Cheek, of Dale-street. In 1811 the Rev. Ebenezer Booth was the incumbent, and in 1820 the Rev. Melville Horn was his curate. In 1824 he had a second curate in the person of the Rev. E. B. Shaw. In 1829 Mr. Booth was still the incumbent, and no less a person than the Rev. Hugh Stowell, who then had lodgings in Bolton-street, was his curate. Shortly after this a church was built for him at Pendleton, to which he removed.

15. St. George's, St. George's Road, though built in 1797, was not consecrated till 1818. It was opened for divine service on the 1st of April, 1798, but was for a short time, it is said, occupied by ministers of Lady Huntington's connexion. In 1811 the Rev. Samuel Bradley, who resided in Falkner-street, was the incumbent; and in 1824 the Rev. William Johnson, residing in Oldham street, held the appointment, fifty years ago the Rev. James White was the incumbent. He was the brother of Henry Kirke White, the poet.

16. St. Luke's, Chorlton-on-Medlock, was built by the Rev. Edward Smyth in 1804. He resided close by at Chorlton Hall, and in 1793 had built St. Clement's Church. It was licensed but not consecrated. Its first minister was the Rev. Abraham Hepworth, LL.B., who kept an academy at Barrowclough's Buildings, Ardwick, his residence being at first in Rosamond-street, then in Rusholme Lane, and afterwards in Grosvenor-street. In 1829 he still retained the incumbency, but had given up the school.

17. All Saints', Oxford Road, was founded in 1820 by the Rev. Charles Burton, LL.D., father of the present incumbent. He was the son of Mr. Daniel Burton, of the firm of Daniel Burton and Sons, calico printers, of Rhodes, near Middleton, whose warehouse was in High-street. In 1829 Dr. Burton lived in

York-street, Chorlton Row (as Chorlton-on-Medlock was then called), where he kept an academy. He lived to a good old age, had a very clerical appearance, wore knee-breeches and black cloth gaiters to the end of his days, and walked with a firm step which indicated the vigour and robustness of his constitution. His father and brothers were prominent Wesleyans. Some years ago the church was on fire, when the roof was destroyed.

18. St. Matthew's, Campfield, is built upon the site of the ancient town of Mancunium, and was founded in 1822. A short time previously an Act of Parliament was passed, known as Peel's Act, by which a large sum of money was granted for the purpose of building churches in this neighbourhood, commissioners being appointed to manage the fund. Out of this money the commissioners granted £14,000 towards the erection of St. Matthew's Church, which was constituted a District Parish Church. It is a fine specimen of modern Gothic architecture, and possesses an elegant lantern tower and spire. In 1829 the Rev. Edward Butterworth Shaw was the incumbent, living in Byrom-street; and the Rev. E. Dudley Jackson, the curate, living in Irwell-street. The Rev. William Kidd was the incumbent here before he obtained the living of Didsbury. Mr. Dudley Jackson is now the rector of St. Thomas's Church, Heaton Chapel, and is the author of one or two volumes of verse.

19. St. Phillip's, Salford, was consecrated in 1825, and was built by the aid of a grant of £14,000 out of the same fund. The first incumbent was the Rev. Oswald Sergeant, son of Mr. Sergeant, of the firm of Sergeant, Milne, and Sergeant, solicitors, and clerks to the magistrates. Subsequently Mr. Sergeant was appointed one of the fellows of the Collegiate Church, and afterwards, on that church becoming a cathedral, one of the canons, being a colleague of the Rev. Dr. Parkinson.

20. St. George's, Hulme, was founded in 1826 and consecrated in 1828. The same parliamentary grant was made as in the last instance; but as the building cost £20,000, £6,000 was raised by private subscription. The first incumbent was the Rev. Joshua Lingard, who lived in Moss Lane, and was the brother of Mr. Thomas Lingard, agent to the Old Quay Company.

21. Though St. Andrew's, Travis-street, was being built in 1829, and was not consecrated for a year or

so after, it may be as well to name it. It was another of what have been called "Peel's Churches," a similar amount of £14,000 having been granted by the commissioners towards its erection. It was consecrated in 1831, and the Rev. George Dugard was the first incumbent. I once had the pleasure of hearing the Rev. Dr. Hook, before he was dean, preach a most eloquent sermon in this church, his text being, "I perceive that in all things ye are too superstitious."

J. T. SLUGG.

**PUBLIC ELEMENTARY SCHOOLS 175 YEARS AGO.**

[1,405.] A paper printed in the year 1704 by Joseph Downing, in Bartholomew Close, near West Smithfield, London, entitled "An Account of the Methods whereby the Charity Schools have been Erected and Managed, and of the Encouragement given to them, together with a proposal for enlarging their number," may be of interest to your readers during the present week. I have a copy of a folio reprint of this, which was published in 1871 by Field and Tuer, London. It professes to give "The present state of the Charity Schools in and about London and Westminster, and within ten miles thereof. 25th of May, Anno Domini 1704."

It appears from this that there were at that time within that boundary thirty-five schools, in fifty-four of what we should now term departments.

In these there were—boys, 1,398; girls, 745.

Voluntary subscriptions of about per annum, £2,164. Collections at sermons, about per annum, £1,042.

Gifts from the beginning, besides £2 per annum, £3,199 10s.

Boys and girls put out as apprentices from the beginning—306 boys and 75 girls.

In seventeen of these boys departments they were clothed, and in eleven of the girls. In sixteen of these schools there were boys' departments alone, and in five there were girls' departments alone. The ordinary charge for fifty boys clothed was about £75 per annum. The ordinary charge for fifty girls clothed was about £60 per annum. This included school-room, books, and firing, and a master and mistress paid, with sundry articles of clothing, which wind up with—for boys, one pair of stockings and "one pair of shoes;" and for girls, one pair of stockings and "two pair of shoes"—the only instance on record in which they are better used than the boys.

After this we have: "Here follows a short account

of some Charities of the like nature in other parts of the Kingdom." There are only two of these in Lancashire, namely:—

"Manchester: Forty poor children are there taught to read, write, and the catechism. The master has 1d. per week for each child and his school rent paid.

"Preston: Thirty boys are taught to read, write, and the catechism, for which there is £400 given to be settled."

Our nearest neighbours on the south side who were moving in the "march of intellect" in that day were in Derbyshire, of which the following is the account:—

"Locks, Derbyshire: A school built and endowed with £3 per annum for six boys. The master hath good lodgings, and teacheth between forty and fifty." This was at least economical.

L. T. E.

**COMMENTS AND ANSWERS.**

THE REV. JOHN CLOWES OF ST. JOHN'S CHURCH.

(No. 1,394, November 15.)

[1,406.] The Rev. John Clowes, of St. John's Church, Deansgate, was not, as Mr. SLUGG states, educated at the Manchester Grammar School, but, with his brother Richard (who for a short period, from May until June, 1765, was a fellow of the Collegiate Church) was educated at the school of the celebrated John Clayton in Salford.

EPSILON.

LYNE OR LYME.

(Query No. 1,035.)

[1,407.] It is strange that more care has not been taken to find out the origin of these names and to account for the variation in the spelling of them. Ashton is generally given as either Ashton-under-Line or Ashton-under-Lyne, but it is not uncommon to see it referred to as Ashton-under-Lyme. There seems to be no rule about Newcastle. It is called Newcastle-under-Lyne, or Newcastle-under-Lyme, or Newcastle-under-Line, or even Newcastle-under-Lime, without any regard for consistency. The Newspaper Press Directory for this year spells the name Newcastle-under-Lyne, and then says that the *Staffordshire Times* circulates in Newcastle-under-Lyme. This is merely an example of the uncertainty and carelessness which characterize the spelling of the name.

I do not think there is any weight in the suggestion of a correspondent who says that he was taught that the two towns of Ashton and Newcastle are called

"under-Lyne" because they happen to be under a certain meridian of longitude. Anyone who refers to a map will see that such is not the case. Neither Ashton nor Newcastle is near the second degree of west longitude. Newcastle must be ten miles away. If they were under that meridian it would not be a likely reason for the names. Places do not get their names in that way. Newcastle-on-Tyne is close to the fifty-fifth parallel of north latitude, so that town would have more right to be called Newcastle-under-Lyne than the namesake in Staffordshire. But it would probably be Newcastle-on-Line or Ashton-on-Line if the position on a map were the origin of the title.

I think we may satisfy ourselves that Ashton-under-Lyne is the correct spelling of the Lancashire name. I suggest that Newcastle-under-Lime is the real name of the Staffordshire town. This may be spelled Newcastle-under-Lyme without much harm being done; though I think the former is the correct form.

I will first refer to Ashton. In the *History of Lancashire* by Baines and Harland there is the following account of the name of Ashton-under-Lyne: "The terminative addition *subtus Lineam* is found in the ancient deeds of the Lord of the Manor, and hence it is called Ashton-under-Lyne, from being below the line or boundary of Cheshire. The appellation is adopted to distinguish it from Ashton-upon-Mersey, Ashton-in-Makerfield, and other Ashtons; as Newcastle-under-Lyne is so called to distinguish it from Newcastle-on-Tyne." The fact that the ancient deeds gives the second name of Ashton as *subtus Lineam* shows that Ashton-under-Lyne, or under-Line, is the correct form of its name. But surely we do not think that the English name is a translation of the Latin description. Is it not far more likely that the Latin description is a translation of the English name, and that *subtus Lineam* was put in the deed because Ashton was known as Ashton-under-Lyne? I cannot understand what is meant by "being below the line or boundary of Cheshire." Ashton lies to the north or north-west of the position of Cheshire which is nearest to it, so I cannot understand how it is below the line or boundary of Cheshire.

Does not the difficulty arise from our not understanding the word "under" in one of its old meanings? It was used in Old English in the sense of

"on the way to," and it is possible that this is what it means in the names of the two towns, Ashton and Newcastle. I would derive Lyne from the Celtic Llyn, a pool. We have Lyl or Lan in many words meaning water. It was used in this sense in Old English. The Rushworth Gospels, compiled about the year 1000, have the word "hlynn" where we have brook in John's Gospel, chap. xviii. verse 1. We know that Ashton Moss, consisting of 265 acres and situated near the west extremity of the town, was drained between the years 1834 and 1844. I suggest that the Celtic name was Lyn or Lynn, and that Ashton, which is an old name, was known as Ashton on the way to Lyn.

It is difficult to say whether Newcastle ought to be Newcastle-under-Lyne or under-Lyme. In Stebbing Shaw's *History of Staffordshire* it is spelled Lyne on page 40, while on page 41 it is spelled Lime, but on the map it is spelled Lyne. There is, or was, an extensive marsh not far from Newcastle, and if Lyne is the right spelling I should ascribe the name to the same cause as that of Ashton. But probably the real name is Newcastle-under-Lime. The castle was built in the time of Henry VII. and was in the place of some older stronghold not far away. The Latin "limes" was a name given not only to a path but to a fortified boundary line. I would ask, did this name cling to some old fortification in the district, and when the new castle was built was it Newcastle on the way to Lime?

It is difficult to get sufficient evidence upon which to form an opinion about these names. Even Taylor, in his *Words and Places*, passes them by without explanation. I throw out these suggestions as a possible or perhaps probable explanation of the terms. The variation in spelling would arise from the law of association. The two towns of Ashton and Newcastle had similar terminations, and the people at a distance would fail to remember which was Line and which was Lime, and would confound the two. This confusion would spread until the people living on the spot would be uncertain how the name of their town ought to be spelled.

Liverpool.

THOMAS KEYWORTH.

"TELL IT TO THE MARINES."

(Query No. 1,336, November 15.)

[1,408,] "Tell it to the marines" is an old nautical phrase A friend of mine now deceased, an officer of

the Royal Navy, named it to me fifty years ago after this manner: In conversation I said something which he did not assent to His reply was, "you may tell that to the marines, but the sailors won't believe it." Marines at that time were regarded by sailors not with kindly feeling and as inferior in position.

G. P.

**AUTHORSHIP OF LINES.**

(Query No. 1,382, November 8.)

[1,400.] The verse beginning—

Time was, is past, thou can'st not it re-call,  
seems to be an imperfect rendering of the following epigram by John Byrom:—

Time that is past thou never can'st re-call;  
Of Time to come thou art not sure at all;  
Time present only is within thy power;  
Now, now improve then, whilst thou can'st, the Hour.  
Byrom's Miscellaneous Poems, Manchester, J. Harrop,  
1773. Vol. ii., p. 339. ONEZ.

**BAROMETRICAL DEPRESSION.**

(Query No. 1,373, November 8.)

[1,410.] As regards an approximate depression to the one named, I can recall one of 28·30, which will not soon be effaced from my memory. I was on a voyage to the East, and, after a continual fall of the barometer for some days, it stood at last about noon of December 22, 1876, at 28·30. I saw the captain and the chief officer together looking at the glass, and on my asking what it stood at the captain replied, "lower than I have ever seen it in my life—28·30—and I don't want to see it as low again; we are in for it now." The weather had been bad enough for two or three days, but from the above time until seven o'clock next morning we had a fearful time of it. We were about lat. 46 deg. N. long. 12 deg. W. G.  
New Boston.

**SKYLARK AND WOODLARK.**

(Nos. 1,370, 1,376, and 1,392.)

[1,411.] Mr. MORGAN BRIERLEY says he has never known the skylark sing in autumn. On two mornings last month I both heard and saw it sing, and watched it rise until it became a speck and then I lost sight of it, but could still hear its sweet notes after it had passed out of my sight. I remarked at the time "the larks are turning autumn into spring." It was in this part of the country. G.  
New Boston.

A few years ago I was taking a morning stroll through Chadderton, near Oldham, in the month of November, and when I got opposite Hunt Lane Smithy, the smith, an "old and wealthy carle," named George Rowbotham, that would have been a perfect model for "Robin Tharnson," accosted me with "Good mornin'. Heaw are you this fine mornin'." And during our chat, up rose a skylark from a meadow opposite, which rather surprised me with its lovely notes; when the old man said: "Now, then, what dost think abeaut that f'ith' month o' November, my lad?" I replied that it was something new and strange; when he said: "It's nowt o'th' sort to me, mon. Awve yeard um mony a time even in December. But happen theaw doesn't know how it is, but awl tell thi. That lark that's up there singing neaw is a young cock that wur bred soon on this year, and he's just trying his hont at a bit of a sung, happen fort fust time, becose he conno help it i' this warm sunshine."

CHARLES POTTER.

Llanbedr Lodge, near Conway.

**A RIGHT GUDE WILLIE WAUCHT.**

(No. 1,387, November 15.)

[1,412.] I am surprised at several strong assertions in HITTITE's otherwise excellent Note. That the number of Scotsmen as wise as he is with regard to the meaning of the above phrase may be counted on the fingers of one hand is palpably absurd, that all the editors of the works of Robert Burns print the words "gude willie-waucht" is simply untrue. It would be difficult for HITTITE to cite a more unreliable Scottish authority than Dr. P. Hately Waddell, whose editorial work teems with error and self-glorification, and whose edition of Burns can never be commended by its florid illustrations to any man of taste. The Burns purist, forsooth! Was it not this same Waddell who endeavoured to translate the Psalms of David into broad Scottish but failed lamentably in the attempt? The Psalms in Scottish were the work of a mere charlatan, and the edition of Burns is little better. The north-eastern is the only district where the Scottish Doric is still spoken with anything approaching ancient purity, and I venture to say that there is no parish school in the rural districts of the counties of Forfar, Kincardine, Aberdeen, or Banff which could not at any time have produced half-a-dozen country lads, any one of whom would have put Dr. Waddell's assumed knowledge of their mother tongue to shame. Hundreds of words

are still used colloquially in these counties which would be understood nowhere else in the kingdom. Their number is rapidly diminishing, and many of them will be handed down only in the works of local authors, of whom the best now living are Dr. George Macdonald, and Mr. William Alexander, editor of the *Aberdeen Free Press*, author of *Johnny Gibb o' Gushetneuk*, and other works in the broad Buchan dialect.

The phrase "gudewillie waucht" signifies precisely what HITTITE says it does. It is true many Scotsmen do not know the meaning and are incapable of discovering it. Does HITTITE know the reason why? It simply is that for more than a century the use of the word "gudewillie" has not been common, possibly has been unknown, in any part of Scotland south of the river Tay. The nearer to the English border the more corrupt has the old Scottish vernacular become, the more has it been displaced by the English tongue. The fact that William Burness, the father of the poet, was a native of Kincardineshire and spent the first twenty years of his life in "the Howe o' the Mearns," accounts for the poet's free use of this and many other words which his Ayrshire contemporaries had never heard or seen before. William Burness knew nothing of pure English. His lips could utter only the broad wealthy dialect of the northern home of his youth. His eldest born admits his indebtedness to his father for most of his "little pretensions to wisdom," and the knowledge and love of the Scottish tongue so visible in his works must to some extent be traced to the same source.

The phrase is a repetition of the sentiment which the poet expresses in the verse second in order in the original manuscript:—

An' surely ye'll be your pint-stoup,  
An' surely I'll be mine.

The word "waucht" is pure Anglo Saxon, and means "a large draught." Gudewillie (in Buchan dialect gweedwillie) signifies generous, liberal, hospitable. It is the Scottish equivalent of the Sulo-Gothic "Godwillig." It requires no hyphen at the end of the first syllable. Illwillie signifies niggardly, greedy. The Icelandic words "godvillie," "illvillie," are exactly parallel to the Scottish. As an example of the common usage of the words I may add that of a pupil newly entered in a Buchan school the first question asked among his schoolmates will probably be "Can he fecht?" the next, "Is he gweedwillie?"

If the reply to the second is satisfactory the "fechtin" will generally be dispensed with; but if he is reputed "illwillie" it will be to his advantage to be acquainted with the manly art.

It is manifest that HITTITE has not consulted the "best and most laborious" editors of the works of Burns. In my humble opinion these are Robert Chambers's three volumes, Edin., 1838, and four vols., Edin., 1851; Professor Wilson, two vols., Glasgow, 1846; and William Scott Douglas, two vols., poems only; J. McKie, Kilmarnock, 1871. I assume the edition referred to by HITTITE is Waddell's, published by David Wilson, Glasgow, 1867.

J. A. F. KELLAS JOHNSTONE.

#### MICROSCOPIC STUDY IN MANCHESTER.

(Nos. 1,366 and 1,391.)

[1,413.] Many attempts have been made either to establish microscopical societies or microscopical sections of other scientific societies in Manchester, but they have all failed from some cause or other. There are two societies in this city which pay great attention to microscopical research. They are the Science Association, which meets at the Memorial Hall every second and fourth Tuesday in each month; and the Lower Mosley-street Natural History Society, which meets every Monday in the Lower Mosley-street Schools. Among the members of these societies are some of the best microscopists in the city, who are always ready and willing to give any information and assistance in their power to any person desiring it.

If the Querist and others in his position, seeing that a microscopical society is a failure, would only join one or other of these societies, and put their heart and soul into the work, they would be doing a good thing both for themselves and the society. Further information concerning the two societies could be obtained from the honorary secretaries or of the members; and if J. W. MILES or the Querist would only pay them a visit at their next meetings they would, I have no doubt, go away satisfied that a separate society for microscopical study is not required in Manchester. I may just mention that as a result of a microscopical evening of one of these societies, something like one hundred pounds was spent in microscopes and microscopical objects by various members who were present, and whose interest had been excited.

GEORGE H. HURST.

## ABIGAILS AND ANDREWS.

(Query No. 1,397, November 15.)

[1,414.] Sarah, Duchess of Marlborough, in the height of favour and the plenitude of her power, introduced to Queen Anne one Abigail Hill, a poor relation of her own, to a post in the bedchamber of her royal mistress. But Abigail Hill, being pliant, subservient, obliging, and intriguing, contrived to supplant the haughty and imperious duchess. She became Mrs. Masham, then Lady Masham, was a tool of Harley's, and built her own fortune on the downfall of her aunt patroness. Of course it was the opposite party who first applied the word Abigail to a waiting-woman as synonymous with craft, low cunning, and fawning sycophancy as a sneer at Mrs. Masham; but the word passed into general use and lost, in process of time and transition, its original mean significance.

May not Fielding's *Joseph Andrews* have suggested the application of "Andrews" to a footman, if, as HITTITE says, the soubriquet is so applied? I had a notion that Jeames, "Jeames Plush," was the typical footman. I merely hazard a conjecture with respect to *Joseph Andrews*, my knowledge of the work being confined to a child's memories of illustrations in a copy on my father's book-shelves, and I may be quite at sea.

ISABELLA BANKS.

London.

## HENS IN COCK'S PLUMAGE.

(No. 1,393, November 15.)

[1,415.] While referring to the irrepressible white sparrow, whose ghost apparently declines to be laid, Mr. JOSEPH OGDEN incidentally remarks that Mr. Gilbert White "mentions such curious facts as having seen a hen in cock's plumage." I am inclined to think that this gallinaceous phenomenon is not so very rare as the above remark would lead one to suppose, having frequently seen such freaks of nature myself. The difficulty with me has been to decide whether such monstrosities were hen-cocks, or cock-hens, or epicene birds—hermaphrodites. I saw a letter in a country newspaper not long ago from an owner of one of these fowls. He said his bird was a hen, but that it performed all the duties of the common chanticleer. If this statement was correct, then I believe that the fowl was a cock with the form of a hen although adorned with the plumage of the male bird. A friend of mine, skilled in poultry, informs me that he has seen

these creatures often, and that he considers them all hens, although they assume the authority of the cock provided there is really no sultan to look after his own sultanas in the poultry harem. He also says that in such a case should a real unmistakable cock make his appearance the impostor will immediately make himself scarce. My experience is different.

A few months ago, passing along a bye-street, I saw two flocks of hens a very short distance apart. One of these was presided over by an ordinary cock, who ruled the roast—in this case I should say roost—as usual. In the midst of the other flock was a hybrid, a mongrel, an abortion, or whatever we may choose to call the creature. To all appearances it was a hen with the plumage of a cock, and presented a most ludicrous sight. It strutted about, clucked when it found a choice morsel, calling up the hens, with the usual gallantry of bright chanticleer, to come and partake. It cackled like a hen, and made desperate efforts to crow like a cock. The two flocks came close together, but so far from skedaddling, the mongrel assumed more consequential airs than ever, became very restless, and if any cause for a divorce suit arose, it certainly was not from any lack of vigilance on his, her, or its part.

Quite recently I came across another instance of a similar nature. This time the fowl was an unmistakable hen, although it had the head, comb, and wattles of a cock. I never saw such a vixen in my life. A full-grown, young, three parts bred game-cock, with budding spurs, approached, when without more ado Xantippe flew at him in the most savage and vicious manner. To the credit of the young cock's gallantry, he did not declare battle, but contented himself by parrying her attacks as well as he could without actually striking her. His forbearance was of no use. She went at him again and again, screaming, cackling, holding on to his head with her beak, and as she was not half his size she was frequently lifted clean off her feet in his attempts to shake her off. Had she been as big as the object of her hatred, she certainly would have thrashed him. So fierce were her attacks that, like Tom Sayers in his memorable fight with J. C. Heenan, the Benicia Boy, she frequently fell back from the force of her own blows. At last he could stand it no longer. Things were getting serious, and he was getting very red about the gills from the

sanguinary attacks of this termagant. As she made a final rush at him, he let out with a one, two, as they say in the P.R., and knocked her heels over head. She lay on her side panting and gaping, and could neither "peck" nor come to time. He looked at her for an instant, then coolly turned his back and walked off. He did not crow as cocks usually do after a victory. At last, poor Partlet pulled herself together, got up, and staggered off down an entry, looking over her shoulder from time to time to see if he was following. If he had, it is my belief she would have gone at him again. This fowl was undoubtedly a hen, although of a very masculine appearance. As I might be liable to be taken up by the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals for allowing this combat to go on without interference—and it lasted several minutes—I must withhold my full name from your readers, but the facts are as I say.

J. C.

Professor Klinkerfūs, of Göttingen, ridicules the notion, to which he assigns an English origin, of the danger to the earth of the present position of Jupiter, Saturn, Uranus, and Neptune. He scouts the idea of the epidemics of the sixth and sixteenth centuries being caused by a similar phenomenon, declaring that such a phenomenon did not then occur, and can only occur, even excluding a Neptune, but once in 420 years.

Hitherto the only elephant whose remains have been found in the widely spread drifts of the North German plain has been the Mammoth (*Elephas primigenius*). From a communication made by Herr Dames to a scientific society in Berlin, it appears that a molar of *Elephas antiquus* has lately been found at Rixdorf, near that city. The discovery proves that during quaternary times the two species of elephants were living contemporaneously in Germany as in this country.

**GROWTH OF EUROPEAN CITIES.**—The *Registres* of the Prussian Etat-Major has brought together some interesting statistics as to the growth of European cities. London of course comes first with its 958,892 inhabitants in 1801, grown to about four millions at the present day. Paris, in 1817, had 714,000 inhabitants, and in 1876 1,988,000, not counting the numerous faubourgs. Berlin has greatly increased since 1810, when it had 163,000 of a population; now it has about a million. The city which has made the greatest proportional progress in recent years is Hanover, which between 1867 and 1875 grew from a population of 74,000 to one of 107,000.

Saturday, November 29, 1879.

REMINISCENCES OF MANCHESTER FIFTY YEARS AGO.

XXIII.—SUPPLEMENTARY ON CHURCHES

[1,416.] I wish to make one or two additions to the notes on the churches existing fifty years ago.

The architect of St. Matthew's Church was Mr. Barry, afterwards Sir Charles Barry, the architect of the Houses of Parliament, and also of the Manchester Athenæum and the Unitarian Chapel in Upper Brook-street,

I am informed that my surmise was correct as to the Marsdens, and that the reason William had the living of Eccles presented to him was that he voted at the first Manchester election after the Reform Bill for Mark Phillips and C. Poulett Thompson. Mr. Booth, rector of Chorlton-cum-Hardy is, I understand, the son of Mr. Booth, the former incumbent of rinity Church.

The late Rev. Dr. Burton was not only connected with an eminent Wesleyan family, but began his career as a Wesleyan minister, and had a brother, James Daniel Burton, who was one. The brother was stationed in Manchester about sixty-five years ago as a supernumerary. Charles, afterwards Dr. Burton, when a young man, was appointed to the Macclesfield, Leek, and Buxton Wesleyan Circuits, and while in the latter, an old friend of mine heard him preach at the Wesleyan Chapel, Chapel-en-le-Frith. He married the daughter of a wealthy gentleman in the Potteries, whose fortune, with his own, supplied the means for his college course, and of building All Saints' Church. He was considered a young man of great promise, and no doubt he would have attained a high position amongst the Wesleyans had he remained one. He was a believer in the near approach of the millennium, and many years ago lectured on the subject. He was a good Hebrew scholar; hence the text in Hebrew over the south entrance to the church, "This is none other than the House of God"

The John Clayton referred to by EPSILON I take to be the Rev. John Clayton of the Collegiate Church and Trinity, Salford, who was a friend of Byrom and of John Wesley. He is one of the young men introduced into the Oxford picture of the meeting in Wesley's apartment at Oxford of Wesley and his early friends.

J. T. SLUGG.



"THE ROSE SMELLS SWEET."

[1417.] There is one consideration that must not be lost sight of in regard to the apparent use of adjectives for adverbs. In the early days of English many adverbs were formed from adjectives by the addition of e pronounced. This e easily and in accordance with the progressive genius of the language which tended to drop inflectional endings, fell off and was known no more. Doubtless some of these adverbs remained in use and got confused with the adjectives.

In sentences such as "The rose smells sweet," "The pudding tastes good," it is difficult to pronounce whether they are grammatically correct. They are certainly colloquially unimpeachable. Still the right questions to ask would seem to be "How does the rose smell?" "How does the pudding taste?" not "What does the rose smell?" "What does the pudding taste?" In the first case the reply would necessitate the use of an adverb to correspond to the adverb "how."

AUTOLYCUS.

SHAKSPEARE AND BEAUMONT AND FLETCHER.

[1418.] In what Schlegel calls "an incomparable and singular work of its kind," Beaumont and Fletcher's *Knight of the Burning Pestle*, a fine burlesque suggested by Don Quixote but really applied to the *Fairy Queen*, occurs a slight take-off on Shakspeare. Hotspur, in King Henry IV., Part i., Act i., Sc. iii., says ambitiously:—

By heaven methinks it were an easy leap  
To pluck bright honour from the pale-fac'd moon  
Or dive into the bottom of the deep  
Where fathom-line could never touch the ground,  
And pluck up drowned honour by the locks.

Ralph, an apprentice, in the burlesque is told by his master's wife to give a sample of his acting powers to the audience: "Hold up thy head, Ralph; show the gentlemen what thou canst do; speak a huffing [swaggering, or rather bullying] part; I warrant you the gentlemen will accept of it."

Ralph (giving sample), loq.:—

By heaven, methinks, it were an easy leap  
To pluck bright honour from the pale-faced moon  
Or dive into the bottom of the sea,  
Where never fathom-line touched any ground,  
And pluck up drowned honour from the lake of hell.

This last alteration certainly turns the ambitious warrior's words into burlesque. The question is whether the Castor and Pollux of dramatic literature thought the lines a little high-flown or whether they put them into the mouth of the amateur out of pure fun.

HITTITE.

CYPHER.

[1419.] Can it be that cypher ever meant syphon or siphon? Seeing two men (on arriving in town a day or two ago) in charge of a small van from the gasworks, I had the curiosity to ask one of them what they were about. He replied that they were going their "usual round to examine the cyphers." I had heard of siphons connected with gaspiping. I thanked the man and left him, supposing he had not known or had always heard siphons called cyphers, but on reading an abstract of an old Act of Parliament I found "cypher" there, as signifying, as I supposed, a siphon. The book I read from was printed by J. Harrop of Manchester, in the year 1784, that is nearly one hundred years ago, and the title says, "A concise abstract of Acts of Parliament passed in the Session of 1784, by which the public in general are more immediately affected than by any passed in any former Session." The book is chiefly interesting now as showing the severity then of the laws of commerce, and one paragraph I extract: "From September 20th, 1784, no soapmaker to have any convenience to or from the copper or pan except one moveable pump, nor any cock or hole in the side or curb of the boiler, nor use any *cypher*, on the penalty of £500—five hundred pounds." The compilers of dictionaries declare words and meanings obsolete apparently without much hesitation, and admit new ones with equal indifference; and it may be that the framers of an Act of Parliament have sacrificed propriety to usage and comprehension in the use of the word cypher, so that soapmakers could not misunderstand the term. (See Walker on the word asparagus.) The book contains abstracts of fourteen Acts of Parliament, all severe; and perhaps trade was not so bad then as now.

FELSTOX.

COMMENTS AND ANSWERS.

THE LANCASHIRE SYSTEM OF SINGING.

(Query No. 1,395, November 15.)

[1420.] The Lancashire system of singing, if not originally invented was largely propagated by the

late John Fawcett, sen., professor of music, who died a few years ago at Bolton. He published the *Vocalist's Manual* on the principle referred to. In his preface he states that "The English or old Lancashire system of solmization has this advantage over all others, viz., that it imparts a greater facility for reading music at first sight. In Lancashire, Yorkshire, and the adjacent counties, the system is so popular as to need no commendation, the proof of its superiority being in the fact that the choral singers of that district have always been famed as sight-singers, and they owe this distinction solely to the system upon which they have been trained." Of course this is many years ago, and equal results have since been achieved by other and more modern systems of singing.

The "peculiarities" of the Lancashire system were: It was on the Tonic or moveable key-note principle. The Diatonic scale was solfaed as follows:—Fa, sol, la, fa, sol, la, mee; instead of do, re, mi, fa, sol, la, si. The tenor cliff (c) was used on the third space of the stave instead of on the fourth line. The advantage gained by this arrangement was that, although theoretically incorrect, the reading of the notes on the treble and tenor staves were synonymous, and it saved trouble to the learner.

WILLIAM BLACKSTOCK.

Manchester.

At the opening of the Old Mechanics' Institution, about the year 1820, my late partner, Mr. Andrew Ward, was requested by the directors (Mr. Norris, I believe, was the chairman) to give instruction to a vocal class then about to be formed. The "Lancashire method" was well known at that period, and as it required change of names with the change of key, it was decided by my partner to adopt the fixed "do," and thus keep the same words to the same letter in all the different keys or scales. This plan was continued for some years; and upon the decease of my partner in 1838, the high estimation of his professional services were acknowledged and shown by the board attending his funeral at St. John's Church, also joined by myself and many professional friends, and all the relatives of the deceased. I then continued the lessons to the class, and shortly after I came to the conclusion that the *fixed* names to the notes did not answer in practice, although considered good in principle, and it was at that period making good pro-

gress with Mr. Hullah in London. And now, after a long and varying success and disappointment in its results, it is undergoing a change. I then turned my attention to the "Old Lancashire," and adopted Fa, sol, la, fa, sol, la, mi, changing the "fa" with the key-note. Thus the progression of the words assisted in the forming of the scale, as all the major scales are similar, by the distances of each note, so that the half-tones 3-4 and 7-8 would be la-fa and mi-fa in every key, both flats and sharps. I published the "Chorister's Fa, Sol, La," arranged to musical notation through all the major keys, which work at threepence is still in demand, and in its fifth edition. During my professional duties at the Institution the *Messiah* was given by the pupils of the vocal class, the overture being played upon a pedal harmonium or seraphine, then a novelty in this country; and the *Pastoral Symphony* on Wheatstone's patent concertina, also a novelty at that period.

R. ANDREWS.

Park Avenue, Longsight.

#### LANDRAIL OR CORNCRAKE.

(Nos. 1,295, 1,339, and 1,375.)

[1,421.] The landrail or corncrake leaves us in autumn. I saw three on September 27. I have in former years inserted in my notes its stay as late as October 5, but never heard of its being found in winter. Its migration, though a heavy bird, to southern climes is well-established by observers in various countries.

THOMAS LISTER.

Barnsley.

#### ABIGAILS AND ANDREWS.

(Nos. 1,397 and 1,414.)

[1,422.] The play of Congreve from which the quotation was taken was written several years before 1702 the date of Queen Anne's accession to the throne, and the word "abigail" for lady's maid is frequently used earlier still. *Joseph Andrews* was published in 1742, nearly forty-five years after the date of my quotation. Mrs. BANKS' suggestion, therefore, unfortunately does not hold good. I have something more to say on the subject, but withhold it until a future occasion.

HITTITE.

#### THE NIGHTINGALE'S NORTHERLY POINT IN ENGLAND.

(No. 426, and subsequent Notes and Queries.)

[1,423.] Opinions given in many books and newspapers limit the range of the nightingale to the

southern border of Yorkshire. I have observed it yearly on all sides of Barnaley. It has been noted by competent authorities near Wakefield, Huddersfield, Leeds, and even York, to a few miles north of that city. I have made inquiries lately of its asserted occurrence in South Durham, but the report cannot be verified by a reliable authority.

THOMAS LISTER.

Barnaley.

RIGHT HONOURABLE.

(Nos. 1,364 and 1,390)

[1,424.] As an exemplification of the value in which the title of Right Honourable is held, I call to mind that during the Crimean War, when from our happily long inexperience things were going grievously wrong, chiefly in the commissariat, two gentlemen were sent out to investigate and report. Their report was much valued and led to good results. Lord Palmerston, by way of reward, offered a douceur of £1,000 each. They both declined; and, on being asked to suggest what they should have, they chose to be created members of the Privy Council, and then they became the Right Honourable Sir John McNeill and the Right Honourable Colonel Tulloch.

W. HINDSHAW.

BRIAR-ROOT PIPES.

(Query No. 1,401, November 15.)

[1,425.] The following appeared in the *Family Herald* of May 10:—"Much of the wood used for making the so-called briar-root pipes is derived, it appears, from Corsica. The white heath or bruyère—of which 'briar' is a corruption—grows in great luxuriance and very abundantly among the trees and shrubs which form what is called the 'maguis' covering the mountain sides. In the course of the last few years, since briar-wood pipes have become such a large article of trade, the heath-trees have formed a source of lucrative industry. The roots are dug up and cut into rough forms of tobacco pipes by circular saws worked by the water-power of the mountain streams. The pieces, when cut up, are sent abroad in sacks, to be eventually manufactured into briar-root pipes."

J. H. A. HOWARTH.

Old Trafford.

LYNE OR LYME.

(Nos. 1,095 and 1,406.)

[1,426.] There are two words in my letter on this subject which I wish to correct. The words refer to

derivation and might mislead some one, or I should not trouble you. They are both near the middle of the fifth paragraph. Instead of "we have Lyl or Lin in many words meaning water," read "Lyn or Lin." Sometimes the word is spelled with "y" and sometimes with "i." Then the word Llyn, a pool, should be spelled Lynn or Linn.

Taylor, in his *Words and Places*, has the following passages about names of this kind. Page 143: "From Lleon, smooth, or from its derivative Linn, a still pool, we obtain the names of Loch Leven and three rivers called Leven in Scotland, besides others of the same name in Gloucestershire, Yorkshire, Cornwall, Cumberland, and Lancashire." Then on page 144: "Deep pools or Lynns have given names to Lincoln, King's Lynn, Dublin, Glaalin, Lintlithgow, Linton, Killin, and Roslin."

THOMAS KEYWORTH.

THE BARRIN O' THE DOOR.

(No. 1,387, November 15.)

[1,427.] In his note on the concluding sentiment of "Auld Langsyne," HITTITE makes an ingenious guess at the origin and meaning of what he must have felt to be a difficult word occurring in the above-named humorous Scottish song. His argument is, hussey means housewife; skip means basket; ergo "My hand is in my husseyskip"—in my housewife's basket. The proper spelling is "hussyfskap," but HITTITE's conjecture breaks down under the fact that "skip" is not the Scottish for basket. The nearest Scottish approximation is "skep"—a beehive made of thickly-twisted straw or rushes strongly sewed, but never of wicker and never plaited like basket-work. "Skap" (sometimes "akip") is a Scottish affix of which the English termination "ship" is the synonym, "Hussyfskap," in *Scotia Borealis*, signifies housewifery, and in the present instance the phrase means "I am engaged in household duty." From the context it is abundantly clear the gudewife could not have had her hand in a basket among "pirus" and "clues," and that the particular duty in which she was engaged for the time being was that she

Had puddins to mak.

It was about Martinmas. The winter "mart" had been killed, the meat had been disposed in various ways, and the gudewife had her hands among the oatmeal and suet busily preparing "puddins," a relay

of which was already in the pan to be succeeded by a further relay when they had boiled long enough. The work had not been finished at midnight, for the wayfarers who entered at that untimely hour, after consuming their fill of "puddins" both white and black, propose to kiss the gudewife and to shave the gude-man, lathering his beard with the "puddin broo that boils in the pan," a proposal which breaks the spell which has held silent the tongues of the rightful owners of the devoured "puddins."

In the south of Scotland the word "hussey" denotes a receptacle of the kind mentioned by HITTIE, and in that sense is used by Sir Walter Scott in *Redgauntlet*. In the north it is applied to women, but its use is becoming rare, and it is generally coupled with adjectives of reproachful or contemptuous meaning. In Aberdeenshire it is pronounced "hizzie." The word "basket" is, I believe, of ancient British or Welsh origin. Scottish dialects give various names to baskets of different shapes. A large shallow basket is called a "scull" (Suio-Gothic, *skol*), and the same is called by the fishing population of the north-east coast a "murlan." A large deep basket, used by fisherwomen to carry fish to market, and capable of holding about two cwt. of wet fish, is called a "creel." It is probable that in Scotland, in the time of Dunbar the poet, osier baskets of all kinds were called creels (Gaelic, *creol*). An angler's basket still receives the name. The word "skip," a coarse basket, is an English dialecticism; *skip*, a beehive, is pure Gaelic, the Erse spelling being "ageip."

JAS. F. KELLAS JOHNSTONE.

ROYTON.

(Query No. 1,143.)

[1,428.] I am not aware whether this name has ever been spelled Roydton, but I should not be surprised if that was the original form of it. The dropping of "d" before "t" is one of the common changes which are made in words. "Royd," in early English times, was a place which had been "rid" of trees, and Roydton would be a town or settlement in such a place. It is probable that trees would be wanted in the neighbourhood of Royton, for we read in the *History of Lancashire* by Baines and Harland, that in Plumpton and Plumpton Clough there are the remains of an iron forge supposed to be the work of Saxons. If that forge is of the antiquity ascribed to

it there would be some place near where trees would be felled to keep up the fire. Perhaps it was Royton.

THOMAS KEYWORTH.

Liverpool.

"A RIGHT GUDE-WILLIE WAUGHT."

(Nos. 1,387 and 1,412.)

[1,429.] Mr. JA. F. KELLAS JOHNSTONE says it is manifest that I have not consulted the best and most laborious editors of Burns. I have only consulted those within my reach. In Robert Chambers' edition of 1856, vol. ii., "willie-waught" is so printed and is glossed marginally as a "draught." It is similarly printed in Macmillan's Globe Edition (edited by Alexander Smith); in Nimmo's (the editor of which professes to have collated the chief editions from Currie downwards); in Waddell's (whom I did not cite as an authority, but as an example of gross carelessness in editing); and in others chiefly produced to sell.

Now Mr. JOHNSTONE has mentioned Professor Wilson's, W. S. Douglas's, and McKie's editions as the best besides R. Chambers'. He has, however, altogether, in his perfervidity forgotten to say what the reading of the phrase "richt gudewillie waught" is in each of them. I shall be only too glad to retract my somewhat sweeping assertion when he produces good reason for me to do so. Until I have the opportunity of collating the leading editions of Burns from his own downwards, I must reserve further remarks on what is the chief point of the Note which has provoked Mr. JOHNSTONE's adjectives.

Has Mr. JOHNSTONE met with the Rev. Walter Grigor's Banffshire Glossary or Dr. Murray's work on the south-eastern dialect? Both these are issued by the Philological Society. I strongly recommend to him the perusal of the latter of the two.

I never said the number of Scotchmen who know the meaning of the phrase "gudewillie waught" may be counted on the fingers of one hand. Hooly and fairly, please.

Before touching on the "several strong assertions" Mr. JOHNSTONE has made in the course of his remarks, I would prefer the point in dispute to be settled definitely. Before all things a controversial letter or reply to one should contain strong references and point by chapter and verse to due and orthodox

authorities. But he and I have grievously failed to attend to these essentials, and I shall be only too glad to find that I was wrong.

HITTITE.

MICROSCOPIC STUDY IN MANCHESTER.

(Nos. 1,366, 1,391, and 1,413.)

[1,430.] I am sorry both Mr. T. BRITAIN and Mr. G. H. HURST consider or imply that any attempt to start a microscopical society is unnecessary and will prove unsuccessful, both gentlemen referring to past failures. It would be interesting to learn why previous efforts to found a society have broken down. I fancy the last paragraph in Mr. HURST'S Note will furnish a clue. A society of gentlemen who can afford to spend a hundred pounds at one of their meetings, vying with each other in the beauty of their instruments and the number and costliness of their accessories, is not a society likely to attract and encourage novices of limited means in a beautiful and interesting study.

What is wanted in Manchester is a microscopical school, which, in addition to its members meeting together to exhibit the last new polariscopic object, rare moss, or other speciality, shall devote itself to the assistance and encouragement not only of amateurs, but instruct novices from the beginning. The difficulties a novice has to contend with are very numerous, although sometimes simple. The choice of and the manipulation of a good microscope, the procuring, preparing, and mounting of objects, are all mysteries which, without friendly assistance, are often more than disheartening.

I myself see no obstacle in the way of forming, offhand, a society which could do useful, sound, practical work, without interfering with or being antagonistic to any existing body of gentlemen. Given a dozen names, one or two being practical men (I have already promised the assistance of one), and the thing is done. I have no fear for the result. Individual interest and the pleasure and gratification accruing from mutual help and advice in a fascinating study will insure its success numerically and in reputation. If T. Britain, G. H. Hurst, and a few others, novices or otherwise, will subscribe their names and take an active part in the society's proceedings when started, the society may be considered formed. There is no occasion for preliminary expenses, and the subscription could be fixed very low.

J. L. W. MILES.

Rhyl Club, Levenshulme.

QUERIES.

[1,431.] COMMISSIONAIRE.—Can any of your readers say if this word should be spelt as above or commissionnaire, and what is its derivation?

FRANK S. COURT.

[1,432.] CHARLES SWAIN.—Can any of your contributors say whether the Manchester poet, Charles Swain, ever, in his younger days, worked in a cotton factory?

INQUIREE.

[1,433.] "DAIMEN."—"A daimen icker in a thrave's A sma request." This word has baffled the best philologists. Can Mr. Johnstone or any Scotch reader inform me whether it is used in (1) any other author or passage except the one given; (2) whether it is or was in use colloquially now in any Scotch dialect? Icker and thrave are easy to trace and explain.

HITTITE.

[1,434.] LIBRARY IN TIB LANE.—At the latter end of the last or the beginning of the present century there existed (according to an old book I met with a short time since) a "valuable library of modern books" in Tib Lane, Manchester. I shall be pleased if any of the correspondents who seem to know everything about old Manchester can supply, through your columns, some information respecting this library.

F. D.

[1,435.] LEGAL TENDER OF COIN OF THE REALM. Chambers's Cyclopædia gives forty shillings as the highest legal tender that can be made in silver, but does not mention copper. What is the maximum tender in copper coinage? There is a tradition that Cobbett paid to the Treasury a fine of £1,000, all in copper, collected in various parts of the kingdom, the gross weight being about six tons and a half. Was it in consequence thereof that the tender became fixed by act of Parliament?

XIPHIAS.

THE MAKERS AND SPENDERS OF MONEY.—The people who spend money which they did not and cannot make is at the present day apparent in greater numbers than at any former time; and for their existence and manner of life it is to be feared that a large share of responsibility rests on the ancient worthies who made the money which they did not spend.—*Saturday Review*.

Saturday, December 6, 1879.

NOTES.

TREASURE TROVE.

[1,436.] A discovery of some interest has just been made by a working man while pulling down the old Hall at Barton-on-Irwell. I can get no definite information as to the extent of the "find," but an earthen vessel was found containing silver coins, and having seen some twenty of these coins I can describe them. They consist of shillings, sixpences, and groats of Elizabeth, James the First, and Charles the First. The mint marks are a rose, an anchor, and the "tun" of Throckmorton, master of the mint. From the latest coins being of the reign of Charles the First, the vessel was probably deposited where found about the middle of the seventeenth century, during the Civil Wars. The coins are much worn, and several of the sixpences "crooked," or purposely bent, telling plainly of some old love-making.

ROBERT LANGTON.

TALLEYRAND LANE.

[1,437.] Often have I wondered how this old lane, which as some of your readers know is in Levenshulme, came to be designated by so historical an appellation. A few days ago an intelligent resident in that neighbourhood kindly enlightened me on the subject. His version of the matter was that some time between seventy and eighty years ago a lawsuit arose between the borough-reeve of Manchester and the local authority in Levenshulme, who had charge of the highways, as to which of these two public bodies should repair this particular road. Levenshulme gained the victory, and as the event happened at a time when Talleyrand, the famous French diplomatist, was conspicuously before the public, the authorities determined to call the lane by his name in future. I have no reason to doubt the correctness of this explanation, but if anyone questions it I should be glad to be set right.

E. W.

THE SKYLARK IN WINTER.

[1,438.] The occasional winter-song of the skylark has been lately referred to in these columns and discussed in its ornithological aspect. It may perhaps interest some to know that this vagary, on the part of the little minstrel of cloudland, has not escaped the notice of those close observers of nature, the poets. Among the poems of poor John Clare, the

Northamptonshire peasant-poet, will be found "An Address to a Lark singing in the winter," commencing:—

Ay, little lark! what's the reason,  
Singing thus in winter season?

The poet, not troubling himself with natural history, proceeds to look into his own sympathetic nature for an answer to the inquiry, and his imagination soon suggests a sufficient motive:—

Thou think'st that summer is returning,  
And this the last cold frosty mornin',

To chill thy breast;

If so, I pity thy discerning:

And so I've guessed.

The bird singing in the winter sky reminds him of his own vain expectations of better times—"a season of clear shining"—which never came to brighten his life. The lark, like himself, is a mistaken enthusiast, and requires to be admonished that—

'Tis winter; let the cold content thee:

Wish after nothing till it's sent thee,

For disappointments will torment thee,

Which will be thine:

I know it well, for I've had plenty

Misfortunes mine.

R. B. S.

REMINISCENCES OF MANCHESTER FIFTY YEARS  
AGO.

XXIV.—INDEPENDENT CHAPELS: PART FIRST.

[1,439.] Fifty years ago there were eight Independent Chapels in Manchester. These were severally situated in Cannon-street, Grosvenor-street (Piccadilly), Mosley-street, Rusholme Road, Jackson-street, Chapel-street, Salford, Windsor Bridge, and Lees-street, Ancoats.

The history of Independency in Manchester dates from the seventeenth century, when the Rev. John Wigan, with others, formed an Independent Church in the buildings now known as the Chetham College in 1649. In the year 1672 a small and inconvenient room in Cold-house Lane (now called Thornly Brow) was licensed for the ministry of the Rev Henry Newcome, who came to Manchester in 1656 to succeed Richard Hollingworth at the Collegiate Church, but who, on the passing of the Act of Uniformity in 1662, vacated his post. In 1761 an Independent Church was formed there under the ministry of the Rev. Caleb Warhurst, the congregation increasing so much that in a short time it became necessary to look out for a more commodious place of meeting. A suitable situation was found at the upper end of what was

then known as Hunter's Croft, Hunter's Lane, now called Cannon-street, running on the south side of it into Hanging Ditch, at the corner of which streets John Byrom's house then stood. A chapel was built there, a little back from the lane, two cottages standing between. It appears that the Rev. John Newton, the friend of Cowper and one of the authors of the *Olney Hymns*, was present at the opening in 1762, not to take any active part in it, but "to see some ministers and friends with whom he was acquainted." Mr. Warhurst lived with a Mr. Clegg in Turner-street, and was only pastor of the church three years, as he died in 1765.

For three years the church was without any minister, at the end of which time the Rev. Timothy Priestley, brother of the celebrated Dr. Priestley, succeeded to the pastorate. There were, however, continual feuds between the pastor and his deacons. Dr. Huxley tells us he was charged with irreverently ascending the pulpit-stairs with his hat on his head, and with making packing-cases on Sunday nights. As to wearing his hat on the pulpit-stairs, he seems to have treated the charge as an impertinence unworthy of notice; and as to the packing-cases, while the deacons kept him so miserably poor, he thought it was his duty "to provide things honest in the sight of all men," as well as to remember the Sabbath day. Notwithstanding these things the church prospered, and he remained its minister for nineteen years, during which time the chapel was enlarged by the removal of the two cottages and its being brought to the front of Hunter's Lane. Mr. Priestley on resigning his charge went to London, when he was succeeded by the Rev. David Bradbury, from Rams-gate, who had not a very happy time of it in consequence of disputes with some of his members, who were Scotch, and who wished to appoint ruling elders. The result was that a division took place, when several members left the church, and assembled for public worship in a building in St. Andrew's Lane, near Church-street. In 1788 these seceders built Mosley-street Chapel, of which I shall have something to say in my next chapter. Mr. Bradbury, after many unhappy disputes and a large secession of members, resigned his charge and left the neighbourhood in 1795.

In that year the Rev. William Roby, from Wigan, succeeded to the pastorate of Cannon-street Chapel, which, owing to his efforts, soon became too small,

and it became necessary to build a larger chapel. An eligible site was found in Grosvenor-street, Piccadilly, and a chapel was built, which was opened for divine worship in December, 1807, when the church, consisting of 226 members, with its pastor and deacons, removed to it. At first it was intended to utilize Cannon-street chapel as a branch of the Grosvenor-street one, but ultimately, with Mr. Roby's consent, it remained a distinct place of worship, and was enlarged in 1828. Amongst those who remained as worshippers at Cannon-street may be named the ancestors of Messrs. S. and J. Watts, of Portland-street, who then carried on the retail drapery business in Deansgate. Fifty years ago the Rev. Samuel Bradley was the minister of Cannon-street, having been previously that of Mosley-street chapel. He began his ministry at Cannon-street in 1827, and resigned it in 1844, having married a member of the Bellhouse family who attended his ministry whilst at Mosley-street. His nephew, Mr. S. M. Bradley, the surgeon, is well-known.

In 1860 the chapel was sold for £2,800, and is now converted into business property, being occupied by Messrs. W. and R. Lee, and numbered 69. The church and congregation have erected large and commodious premises in Chorlton Road, to which they have removed. Their increase under the care of the Rev. J. A. Macfadyen, who became the pastor in 1863, presents a history which, though very interesting, is beyond the scope of these reminiscences. The marvellously complete and unique organization of the church is clearly exhibited in the Year Book of the Church compiled by Mr. Charles Bailey, the brother of Mr. John Eglinton Bailey, F.S.A., the learned author of the *Life of Thomas Fuller*, and many other works.

The old chapel in Cannon-street seems to have undergone no external change. It stands to-day as it did fifty years ago, windows, walls, and door just the same, the monument of a bygone age.

THE COLD HOUSE.—It will be convenient here to say a word about the Cold House already referred to, situated in a little narrow street turning out of Shudehill, now called Thornly Brow (sometimes spelt Thornily). There are two statements extant as to this building; one which I have already quoted, that it was licensed for the Rev. Henry Newcome in 1672; and the other, given by E. D. in the *City News* of April 27, 1878, that it was built and endowed by a

Mr. Winterbottom about 1756. If the first statement be correct, then of course so long as it stood it was the oldest dissenting place of worship in Manchester. It existed in 1829, but I regret I cannot give any description of the building itself, which was then occupied by some Scotch Baptists, known as Sandemanians. This sect differs from others in their weekly celebration of the Lord's Supper; their love feasts consisting of their dining together at each other's houses in the interval between morning and afternoon services; their kiss of charity used on the occasion of the admission of a new member, their literal rendering of the injunction as to the washing of each other's feet; the avoidance of games of chance, as dice and cards, from an apprehension of the sacredness of a lot; their using an unpaid ministry; and their conscientious regard as to the use of money as enjoined in Scripture. It is no secret that the late Mr. George Wilson was one of these worshippers to the end of his days. The chief pastor of the church fifty years ago was Mr. William Jackson, glass dealer in Swan-street, who held the office more than twenty years. The old building is gone, and its site is now occupied by a substantial block of warehouses, in which, till recently, some Baptists occupied a room. On the stone door-post of No. 14 are painted the words "Baptist Chapel; meeting 10 45 a.m., 3 30 p.m.; keys at 23, Dantzic-street." On going to inquire at that number I found that several other persons had been at various times on a similar fruitless errand, for nothing was known of them there.

GROSVENOR-STREET—We have seen that Grosvenor-street Chapel, Piccadilly, was built in 1807, and that the Rev. William Roby, with the greater part of his flock, removed to it from Cannon-street. He was the minister of Grosvenor-street Chapel fifty years ago, but died in the following year. Dr. Halley says of him: "Educated in a grammar school of the English Church, and associated in his early ministry with the preachers of the Countess of Huntington, he was free from the narrow prejudice and formal precision of the old dissenting ministers, and yet he became in conviction and principle a firm and decided Congregationalist. A man of pleasing simplicity, he affected none of the formalities of a clergyman, while the style of his preaching retained something of the clerical character. Churchmen and Dissenters who loved the Gospel, loved to hear William Roby preach it." Mr. Roby preached to an increasingly sympa-

thetic congregation, which earnestly co-operated in forwarding his designs whether of a philanthropic or a strictly religious nature. His efforts to promote the erection of places of worship in less favoured districts was only equalled by his zeal in providing means of instruction for young men who proposed to enter the ministry. Through his instrumentality an Institute was founded for this purpose in Leaf Square, Pendleton, and afterwards at Blackburn, but which was eventually developed into the Lancashire Independent College at Withington. From Grosvenor-street Chapel in the year 1817 there were sent out as missionaries Robert Hampson to Calcutta, John Ince to Malacca, Samuel Wilson to Greece, and to South Africa Robert Moffat, the father-in-law of Dr. Livingstone. In the year 1821 Thomas Hughes was sent by Mr. Roby to Hoxton College, and afterwards became the pastor of the Independent Chapel at Stoke Newington. In the same year Elijah Armitage, the brother of the late Sir Elkanah, was sent out with his wife and family to the South Sea Islands to evangelize the heathen and teach them the cotton manufacturing and other industries; and others were sent out to other places.

While Mr. Roby was preaching at Grosvenor-street, the Rev. John Smith, a very popular preacher, had collected a large congregation in Mosley-street Chapel, and from these two congregations were formed several others, as at New Windsor; Jackson's Lane, Hulme, since removed to Stretford Road; and Rusholme Road. In 1818 nineteen members were transferred from Grosvenor-street to Salford, and formed the nucleus of a church in Chapel-street.

Mr. Roby was assisted by three laymen, or what the Wesleyans would call local preachers, who conducted the services in certain country chapels, which were under his care. These were Jonathan Lees, small-ware dealer and property agent, St. Mary's Gate; John Powers, woollen draper, Market-street; and Robert Powell, cashier to Leese, Kershaw, and Callender, Mr. Lees sometimes occupied the pulpit of Grosvenor-street Chapel in the absence of Mr. Roby.

Amongst the principal persons who attended Mr. Roby's ministry were the following:—The three partners in the firm of Fletcher, Burd, and Wood, the first of whom afterwards became a magistrate, and the second an alderman; Mr. Samuel Brooks, the banker; Mr. Lewis Williams, cotton spinner, London



Road; Messrs. Rymer and Norris, solicitors, Norfolk-street; the family of the Armitages, one of the brothers afterwards becoming Sir Elkanah; Benjamin Joule, brewer, father of the present Dr. Joule and of J. St. B. Joule, J.P., of Southport; Edward Lewis, solicitor, of the firm of Darbyshire and Co.; James Kershaw, afterwards M.P. for Stockport, and his brother-in-law James Sidebotham, recently deceased; Thomas and David Ainsworth; Stephen Sheldon, grocer, Shudehill; Mr. (now Alderman) George Booth, and his brother Hugh; Isaac Shimwell, smallware dealer, St. Mary's Gate; and S. T. Porter, tutor to Benjamin Joule's two sons, who became the minister first at Westoughton, and, after co-pastor with the Rev. Dr. Wardlaw for a few years, at Glasgow. The late Alderman Rumney was also a member of the congregation at Grosvenor-street, but whether in Mr. Roby's time I cannot say. On arriving at Manchester from one of the northern counties, he entered the service of Stephen Sheldon and Sons, grocers, and afterwards became a brewer in Ardwick. He subsequently entered into partnership with Mr. Hadfield as a chemical manufacturer, and after his partner's death, continued the business on his own account, realizing an ample fortune, a great part of which was appropriated to the promotion of education.

It was Mr. Roby's custom to preach to the young on the evening of the first Sunday in the new year. At the conclusion of this service on the first Sunday evening in January, 1830, he was carried home to his house in Aytoun-street in an exhausted condition, and died in a few days, in the sixty-fourth year of his age. Miss Maria Jane Jewsbury, who then lived in Grosvenor-street, Oxford Road, penned some verses on the occasion, beginning, "I never knew him, but I knew his worth." J. T. SLUGG.

#### COMMENTS AND ANSWERS.

##### YORK MINSTER AND OAK AND BELL-METAL.

(Nos. 1,370, 1,279, 1,344, and 1,362.)

[1,440.] The reply to a query is numbered 1,279, September 13, and signed J. F. KELLAS JOHNSTONE. His concluding paragraph reads: "I possess a curious pair of candlesticks made from the oak and bell-metal of the Minster, the relics of the fire of 1840, which I should have pleasure in showing your correspondent."

In Query 1,344, October 18, A. C. J. asks: "Can any

one explain what oak and bell-metal is? A small bell in my possession, the handle of which is rosewood, bears an inscription stating that it is also made from the oak and bell-metal from the Minster after it was burnt, 20th May, 1840." W. H. BAILEY, No. 1,362, November 1, replying to A. C. J., says: "No doubt the bell in his possession is composed of old bell-metal from the belfry of York Minster when destroyed by fire, but how the rosewood handle can be made of oak I cannot understand." He then states what the component parts of bell-metal are; but I do not think that A. C. J. gets the information he seeks. The candlesticks in Mr. JOHNSTONE'S possession, as well as the small bell mentioned by A. C. J. bear an inscription stating that they are made from the oak and bell-metal of the Minster. It appears that when the fire took place in the belfry that the oak frames which supported the bells were burnt, and that the bells fell from their position and were destroyed, and that the bells were melted and mixed with the timber, and that from this mixture the various relics were made. There does not seem to be any connection whatever in reference to the rosewood handle of the bell A. C. J. speaks of. I take it that the bell is made from the mixture of bell-metal and oak; this, I think, is the question A. C. J. asks—"what oak and bell-metal is?"

I have a relic of the Minster in the shape of a coin or medal. It is about the size of a shilling, the obverse of which has a polished silvery appearance. The centre is countersunk and has a pair of keys crossed, surmounted with a crown. On the raised rim the following inscription is engraved, viz.: "Bell-metal and wood of York Minster, burned May 20, 1840." The reverse is left in a rough state.

JAMES STELFOX.

Southport.

##### RIGHT HONOURABLE.

(Nos. 1,364, 1,390, and 1,424.)

[1,441.] Mr. HINDSHAW is in error as to Colonel Tulloch becoming a Right Honourable. He was made a K.C.B. (civil list), and even that slight honour was conferred as ungraciously as possible. It is correct that Sir John M'Neil, who was a knight, was made Right Honourable. H. T. C.

##### DAIMEN.

(Query No. 1,433, November 29.)

[1,442.] The following extract from Jamieson's Scottish Dictionary will probably solve this query:—

"Daimen: adj. Rare, occasional; what occurs only at times. S., auntrin. syn. Thus: 'A daimen icker'—an ear of corn. From A.S. aecer, an ear of corn. Moeso-G. Akran and perhaps diement counted; from A.S. dem = an, to reckon; as unclement, what cannot be counted." In the above, the contractions S. means Scotch; A.S. Anglo-Saxon; G. Gothic.

XIPHIAS.

ROYTON.

(Nos. 1,143 and 1,428.)

[1,443.] If THOMAS KEYWORTH refers to Royton near Oldham, it is clear he is wrong in his guess respecting the original mode of spelling Royton "Boydton." I have seen copies of deeds of very ancient date belonging to the Percival family, 1662 to 1765, from which it is quite evident the name Royton was given from the river Roy, a branch of the Irk, which runs through the village and in front of Royton Hall. Further, Royton was noted for its fine timber even within the recollections of its present oldest inhabitants, and I myself can well recollect large trees, beech and sycamore especially, growing in the park and hedgerows, and also nearly round the church, besides several plantations or nurseries of trees. Therefore I think it is evident your correspondent must be wrong in his conclusions.

THOMAS SEVILLE.

Helm House, Royton.

#### LEGAL TENDER OF COIN OF THE REALM.

(Query No. 1,435, November 28.)

[1,444.] Mr. A. C. Ewald, of Her Majesty's Record Office, in his work entitled *Our Constitution*, says:—"No copper coin can be tendered when the debt is sixpence or upwards. No tender of silver coin above forty shillings is legal, and Bank of England notes are legal tender for debts above £5. By 8 and 4 William IV., c. 98, tender of Bank of England notes for all sums above £5 is made good in law, provided that such notes shall not be deemed a legal tender of payment by the Bank of England itself, or any of its branch banks. By 33 Vict., c. 10, s. 4, gold coin is a legal tender for any amount. By the same act no payment of money made in silver coin of the realm of any sum exceeding forty shillings shall be legal tender; and no tender of payment in bronze coin is good for a sum exceeding one shilling."

MORDAUNT BUCKLEY.

London.

#### SHELLEY'S GUITAR LINES.

(Query No. 1,399, November 15.)

[1,445.] The lines quoted from Shelley by E. TEGGIN:—

And it knew  
That seldom heard mysterious sound,  
Which, driven on its diurnal round,  
As it floats through boundless day,  
Our world enkindles on its way,

have reference to the Pythagorean notion of the "music of the spheres." To make this clear it is necessary to observe that the true doctrine of the solar system, revived by Copernicus after the lapse of many centuries of ignorance, had previously been taught by Pythagoras to his disciples. In addition to this he also taught that the earth, the moon, and the rest of the planets, while moving in their orbits through the fields of ether, produce harmonious sounds, but that this harmony was inaudible to mortal ears. Shelley, by a stretch of poetical imagination, represents the guitar as being acquainted with that mysterious sound produced by the earth as it rushes on its way through boundless space. Allusions to this ethereal symphony occur in the writings of many of our British poets, namely, Cowley, Dryden, Pope, and others.

SAMUEL HEWITT.

#### "A RIGHT GUDE-WILLIE WAUGHT."

(Nos. 1,387, 1,412, and 1,429.)

[1,446.] The word "waught" is known about Bury in the form "waft," and there means "gulp," as in the sentence, "he took the glass of beer and drank it at one waft."

H. T. C.

An old Forfarshire man tells me that there is, or was, in use in that county a word "walie," meaning big, as "a walie nieve" [big flat], "a walie nose," and that he always understood the meaning of willie waucht (which he pronounced wally wacht) was big draught. A Scotch dictionary gives the word walie as "ample, large, jolly; also an interjection of distress"—the last meaning, I suppose, being taken from the well-known pathetic song. Dr. J. A. H. Murray points out the reading gudewillie in his book. In a note on Burns's authorship of the song "Auld Lang Syne," an authorship he repudiated, strange to say, Dr. Waddell says:—"That there was some old chorus in reality, with perhaps a line or an expression or two—such as 'trusty fiere' or willie-waught, which are simple German or the oldest Scotch—floating among the unrecorded minstrelsy of the people, is quite probable." A different reading is given from a copy

in the poet's handwriting to the third line of verse first, and third line of chorus: "we'll tak a waught o' Malaga," in Pickering's edition. So says the Globe edition's notes. However, I hope we shall be able to see what the different editions say early and otherwise.

HITTITE.

## THE CORNCRAKE OR LANDRAIL.

(Nos. 1,295, 1,339, 1,375, and 1,421.)

[1,447.] I must beg to differ with J. F. Kellas Johnstonewith regard to one statement made respecting the corncrake, landrail, or daker-hen (*Ortygonaetra crex*). He says this bird "is a ventriloquist." Strange enough, this appears to be a common belief with most people. Having keenly studied the habits of this bird during the day and night time of summer, I have come to this conclusion, that the corncrake is not a ventriloquist, and briefly I will give my reasons for entertaining this opinion. No other bird of its size can run with the same celerity, as lightly and nimbly. Its winding and doubling powers on foot are unrivalled. One moment you hear the untiring rick cry close to, now left, now right, at another far over the meadow. The fact is, the marvellous speed this bird runs through the long grass fields discouraging its monotonous cry accounts for the prevailing erroneous notion that it is a ventriloquist. It requires a quick keen-nosed dog, like my retriever, to spring the bird from cover, and this he has done scores and scores of times. It is fine to watch the bird when hard pressed take wing, just skimming the grass-tops, with its legs hanging down exactly like the water-hen skimming a stream, and dropping suddenly again into the grass. Frequently I have caught young birds of various breeds, decoying them by imitating the call of the parent bird, and by this means have brought them so close to me that I have quietly stooped and picked them up. In the spring time one silvery Sunday morning, I was taking a stroll round a well-timbered, sheltered, and picturesque pool, where the water-hen, mallard or wild duck, and dabchick congregate, when I espied one of the latter swimming, diving, and jerking about the pool, evidently very much distressed, uttering a fretful alarm note. When my dog approached the border of the pool the bird grew more and more excited and wilder in its movements. From the bird's strange manner I concluded there was a brood of young dabchicks not far off, so I looked in an opposite direction over the pool into some dark brushwood overhanging the

water. There I could see the water disturbed, so I began the cry of the parent bird, and immediately the little chicks came from cover. Her call-note then was rapidly given. I repeated the same, perhaps a trifle stronger than the mother; and the little brood, six in number, paddled up to my feet. I stooped and picked them up, examined them, and after carefully doing so I placed them in the wet grass by the pool, and with wonderful rapidity they toddled into the water and swam straight to the mother, who was still calling to her young, and delighted beyond measure she was when the chicks once more got around her. Just so have I caught young crakes, unfledged, attired in their soft black down, by imitating the parent bird; and to get an idea of the infant crake's running powers, I have carried one to a new-mown field, put it down, and allowed it to get away. Its running speed is truly wonderful. Almost as soon as it emerges from the shell it begins running after the mother. Of course at this stage the young crake cannot fly, depending entirely upon its legs. This bird remained longer this year because the hay harvest was at least a month later. As long as the grass remains uncut it can find plenty of food in the shape of slugs and insects; and I have noticed, as soon as the scythe is heard whistling in the clover, and slugs and insects begin to burrow in the earth, this extremely shy bird wings its flight to southern lands.

ARLUNYDD GLAN CONWAY.

Plas Celyn, Trefriw, North Wales.

## CHARLES SWAIN'S EARLY DAYS.

(Query No. 1,432, November 29.)

[1,448.] Charles Swain spent some of his early life, not in a factory but in a dye-house. His uncle was a dyer. In a brief notice of Swain, in the first volume of the Manchester Literary Club's *Papers*, Mr. George Milner says:—"Swain passed his earliest working years in his uncle's dye-house, in one of the dingiest of the many dingy streets of Ancoats. In past years we have often stood for a moment at the building—a long, low mass of dirty brickwork—and looking through the holes which served for windows at the wilderness of vats and presses, straps and pulleys, have thought what strange and incongruous surroundings for a young poet were those; and how many minds would have been dwarfed and stunted for ever by such a mean beginning?" Perhaps Mr. Milner would kindly say where the building was, and if it is still in existence. A MEMBER, M.L.C.

Charles Swain at the age of fourteen was placed in the dyeworks of Mr. Tavaré, his uncle, where he spent some fourteen years. J. ADAMSON.

It is rather improbable that Charles Swain ever worked in a cotton factory, as in his boyhood he is well known to have attended the school kept by the Rev. William Johns, in George-street.

KATE TAYLOR.

Whalley Range,

### QUERIES.

[1,449.] TOLL BAR AND SHAMBLES IN ANCOATS. In what year was the toll bar removed from the top of Butler-street, Oldham Road, Manchester? Also, in what year were the shambles removed from New Cross, Manchester? JOSEPH HETHERINGTON.

[1,450.] "THE LOOKER-ON SEES MOST OF THE GAME."—Is this proverb, aphorism, or whatever it is called, correctly put down? If so, it is a familiar perversion of a different saying. For see

Addison, *Spectator* No. 1.—"As standers-by discover blots which are apt to escape those who are in the game."

Congreve (1693), *The Old Bachelor*. Act II. sc. iii. "But you play the game, and consequently can't see the miscarriages obvious to every stander-by."

### HITITE.

[1,451.] HARES AND MADNESS.—From the following quotations it will be seen that the hare plays its part in literature as well as in so-called "sport":—

And who have hard hearts and obdurate minds,  
But vicious, hare-brained, and illiterate hinds?

Marlowe. *Hero and Leander*, sestiad ii.

The brain may devise laws for the blood, but a hot temper leaps o'er a cold decree: such a hare is madness, the youth to leap o'er the meshes of good counsel the cripple. Shakspeare. *Merchant of Venice*, act 1, sc. ii.

Hare-hearts.

Shakspeare. *Troilus and Cressida*, act 2, sc. ii.

Mad as a March hare.—Proverb.

Linger ye here, ye hearts of hares.

Sir W. Scott. *Marmion*.

A flap-dragon for your service, sir; and a hare's foot and a hare's scut for your service, sir! An' you be so cold and so courtly.

Congreve. *Way of the World*, act 3, sc. xv.

But why hares are considered mad in March; why a "wild, giddy, heedless" person is said to be hare-brained, if the word always has the meaning given to it in the inverted commas, I own are mysteries to me. Can any zoological reader clear it up? HITITE.

Saturday, December 13, 1879.

### NOTES.

#### REMINISCENCES OF MANCHESTER FIFTY YEARS AGO.

##### XV.—INDEPENDENT CHAPELS: PART SECOND.

[1,452.] We have seen that Mosley-street Chapel was built in 1788, principally by some Scotch seceders from Cannon-street. The chapel was enlarged in 1819. The first minister was the Rev. Mr. Kennedy, whom the seceders invited from Scotland, but his stay was a very brief one. His successor was the Rev. John Smith, from Rotherham College, who became very popular, and married a lady of considerable property. He shortly after relinquished his charge and entered the cotton trade, residing till his death at Strangeways Hall, but continuing to attend the chapel. The next minister was the Rev. Samuel Bradley, who held the pastorate for some years, and eventually became the minister of Cannon-street congregation. His successor was the Rev. Robert Stephen M'All, who was the pastor of the church fifty years ago, and whose house was in Arlington Place, Oxford Road, next to that of Mr. Richard Potter, afterwards M.P. Mr. M'All was a minister at Macclesfield at the time he received the pressing and unanimous invitation of the Mosley-street church and congregation to become their pastor. He had been a student in the Edinburgh University, where he obtained his degree of M.A. with such distinction that the Senate afterwards spontaneously conferred on him the degree of LL.D. without his previous knowledge.

Mosley-street Chapel stood on the right-hand side of Mosley-street going from Market-street, at the second corner of Charlotte-street, the first one being occupied by the Assembly Rooms, which like the chapel was a plain brick building. The entrance to the latter was by means of a colonnade situated in Charlotte-street. The chapel itself was what it is the fashion with our æsthetic friends to call a barn. But barn or no barn, it was a very comfortable place of worship, far more so than many places which make great pretensions, but in which you can neither see nor hear the preacher from certain positions. There are many places of worship of a similar type in various parts of the country, which have sacred and pleasant associations, and which are revered and loved by those who worship in them.

During the ministry of Dr. M'All at Mosley-street

Chapel it has been stated that there were to be seen more carriages drawn up at the chapel at the close of the service than at all the other churches and chapels put together. The congregation often contained Churchmen and Dissenters of all creeds, who could appreciate the highest style of pulpit oratory. I remember once passing just when the congregation was coming out, and being amazed at the number of carriages and coaches and at the crowd of people. I can call to mind one occasion of my forming a part of the congregation when Dr. M'All preached on a Sunday morning. The subject of the discourse was the training of children, his text being some such passage as "Train up a child in the way he should go." I well recollect how strongly he pleaded against corporeal punishment, arguing that the rod spoken of by Solomon in another passage must not be taken literally.

It was my privilege to hear Dr. M'All preach his very last sermon. This took place at Oldham-street Chapel on the evening of Easter Monday, 1838, when he preached the annual sermon to the Wesleyan Missionary Society of the Manchester district and to a crowded congregation. His text was from Isaiah: "Mighty to save." He preached two hours, pausing when half way through, a minister present giving out a hymn, which was sung by the congregation. Of his preaching it has been truly said "that his reputation for eloquence was only surpassed by the reality. His accurate scholarship, his cultured mind, his striking person, his natural dignity, and his elegance of gesture added many charms to his close reasoning and his fervid oratory."

The following gentlemen with their families used to attend the ministry of Dr. M'All: James Holt Heron, cotton merchant, whose house was in the Crescent, Salford, with his son, the present Sir Joseph Heron; Dr. J. Phillips Kay, afterwards Sir James Phillips Kay-Shuttleworth; Thomas Harbottle, who was almost a giant in size; J. S. Grafton, father of the present Frederick William Grafton and brother; Mr. John Robertson, the eminent surgeon; Dr. Jarrold; Richard Roberts, chairman of the Bank of Manchester; W. R. Callender, father of the late M.P. for Manchester; J. B. Clarke, of the firm of George Clarke and Co., cotton spinners; Thomas H. Bickham and three sons; Wood and Wright, calico printers, Clayton Vale; William Woodward, wholesale grocer; William Newall, grocer (Newall's Buildings); John

Latham, cotton spinner; Hugh Warburton, afterwards councillor; Rev. Joseph Whitworth, father of the present Sir Joseph; Robert Barge, calico printer; Daniel Procter; James Dilworth, cotton merchant; Joseph Midwood, manufacturer; John Fildes, afterwards M.P. for Grimsby; William, now Alderman Sharp; James Lamb, cabinet maker; Thomas and Henry Boddington; Thomas Roberts, of Roberts, Dale, and Co., Cornbrook; Thomas Hunter, of the firm of J. C. Harter and Co., drysalts, Chapel Walks; Rev. Barzillai Quaife, tutor to William Romaine Callender, jun., afterwards M.P., and Samuel Pope Callender, afterwards a deacon at Zion Independent Chapel, the two sons of W. R. Callender, sen.; John and James Edwards, the former being a prominent member of the Anti Corn Law League; Thomas Shimwell, now a partner in the firm of E. Potter and Co., calico printers; Joseph Ramsey, of High-street, who was secretary of the Juvenile Society; Henry Forth, afterwards of the firm of Forth and Marshall, commission agents, and William his brother; John Bradshaw, agent for Newall's Buildings and for other property belonging to Mr. Newall, and who was also the dispenser of the poor's fund in connection with the church. He had three daughters, the eldest of whom became the wife of Mr. W. P. Ellerby, and the youngest of whom was drowned when the Emma was capsized. There was also Henry Pope, whose three daughters were married to George Hadfield, W. R. Callender, sen., and Thomas Harbottle. The present Samuel Pope, Q.C., is the grandson of Henry Pope and was the nephew therefore of the late Messrs. Hadfield, Callender sen., and Harbottle. The Rev. R. M. Davies, now an Independent minister at Oldham, was then a young man connected with the church, and was sent to study for the ministry at the Blackburn Academy (as it was then called), and afterwards at the Withington College.

There was another young man who was a member of the congregation about this time, whose name ought not to be omitted. That is John Cassell, of the firm of Cassell, Petter, and Galpin, the eminent publishers. He was about this period a carpenter, having some of the habits of other working men; but one evening was induced to attend a temperance lecture in Oak-street. Deeply impressed by what he heard, he became from that night a total abstainer. Fired with zeal in a cause which he believed would prove a blessing to his fellow-workmen, he shortly after-

wards left the joiners' bench and became a voluntary temperance missionary, and joined the church and I believe the Sunday-school at Dr. M'All's. Furnished with a watchman's rattle, he used to go from village to village and invite the people to his meetings, often suffering great privations in his work. Ultimately he got to London, where he met with two good men who discovered the nobleness of his character and his ability, clothed him in a respectable suit, and sent him forth as a lecturer. By his love of reading and his remarkable spirit of perseverance his mind and manners rapidly improved, and he gradually lost his rough provincialism. Having married he became possessed of a sum sufficiently large to commence to print—first temperance tracts, then a monthly periodical, and then a weekly paper, and became widely known as the editor of the *Working Man's Friend*. His publications soon became too gigantic for one man to manage, and he entered into partnership with the eminent printers Messrs. Petter and Galpin. Some years afterwards, when spending a Sunday in Manchester, he went to the Sunday-school with which he had formerly been connected, and in an address to the scholars he alluded to his former connection with the school. He died in 1865, at the early age of forty-eight.

After the decease of Mr. Roby the following persons left Grosvenor-street Chapel and became seat-holders at Mosley-street: James Kershaw, afterwards M.P.; James Sidebotham; Joseph Thompson, grandfather of the present Alderman Thompson; Elkanah, afterwards Sir Elkanah Armitage; William Ellerby, stationer.

There was a Young Men's Mutual Improvement Society in connection with Dr. M'All's Chapel, which used to meet in one of the vestries upstairs, the entrance to which was in Back Mosley-street. When a young man, on the invitation of one of the members, I joined it. Its president was the Rev. Francis Beardsall, a Baptist minister, who afterwards went to America, and amongst its members were Mr. James Lamb, Mr. W. P. Ellerby, Mr. John Fildes, then cashier to Messrs. Barge, calico printers, and afterwards M.P. for Grimsby; and R. M. Davies, then quite a young man employed in a Manchester house. In due course he became the Rev. R. M. Davies, and received a call from the congregation of an Independent church at Oldham, the minister of which he remains, I believe, to this day. At this time the corn laws were not

abolished, but the subject was exciting a good deal of attention; and being as I have said a young man, when it came to my turn to read a paper before the society, I made an attempt to prove that the abolition of those laws would prove the ruin of the country.

Referring to the time of which I am writing, one cannot help saying "there were giants in those days;" for Manchester was often visited by several eminent Independent ministers from other places, who were deservedly very popular preachers, and who often filled the pulpits, principally of Grosvenor-street and Mosley-street, on special occasions. Amongst these were William Jay, of Bath, large-hearted and catholic; John Angell James, of Birmingham, earnest and eloquent; Dr. Winter Hamilton, of Leeds, erudite and grandiloquent; Dr. Raffles, of Liverpool, portly and dignified; Dr. Harris, of Cheshunt, finished and exhaustive in style; James Parsons, of York, weak in voice but powerful in matter; John Ely, of Leeds, persuasive and convincing; Thomas Binney, of London, expository and instructive; and Dr. Liefchild, of London, lucid and weighty. When Dr. M'All left home he frequently had his pulpit supplied by Dr. Hamilton, of Leeds, and would make an announcement to that effect, saying, "My noble friend, Dr. Winter Hamilton, will supply my place."

It has been my privilege to hear the whole of these preachers in Manchester. I never willingly missed an opportunity of hearing James Parsons, whose sermons had a peculiar charm for me. From a defect in his vocal organs he had a very weak voice, and was only heard when there was perfect stillness in the chapel. There seemed to exist a tacit understanding between his congregation and himself, the former preserving the most complete stillness during the sermon, until Mr. Parsons at some suitable point in his discourse made a pause, and thus gave his audience liberty to cough and clear their throats, of which they invariably availed themselves. To anyone hearing him for the first time, the effect of the whole congregation simultaneously being seized with a coughing fit, which as suddenly subsided when the preacher was ready to begin afresh, was very singular. But his hearers got accustomed to it. William Jay, of Bath, I heard at the opening of Ducie Chapel, Cheetham Hill Road. Dr. Winter Hamilton I heard one Sunday evening at Dr. M'All's chapel preach from the words, "Was Paul crucified for you?"

Dr. M'All died in the very zenith of his popularity

on the 27th of July, 1838, at the age of forty-six, and was buried in Rusholme Road Cemetery. There was a large concourse of people at his funeral, amongst whom I was present. His body was first taken to the chapel, where there was a service, and an address given by the Rev. John Ely. At the grave an oration was delivered by the Rev. John Angell James. Dr. Raffles preached the funeral sermon on the 5th of August following. On the monument erected to Dr. M'All's memory he is described as "of commanding and attractive bodily presence, of mental powers acute, brilliant, and profound, and gifted with an eloquence seldom surpassed."

Dr. M'All was succeeded by the Rev. Dr. Halley, during whose ministry the old chapel was sold, and warehouses were built on the site. The chapel in Cavendish-street was erected, and to it the church and congregation removed.

In speaking of Cannon-street Chapel last week, I said that externally it had undergone no alteration. In this I find I was mistaken. It was originally a plain brick building, but is now stuccoed and painted. There were also two doors, but now only one. Otherwise the general contour of the building appears as it did.

J. T. SLUGG.

#### MANCHESTER SCUTTling AND SCUTTlers IN PAST TIMES.

[1453.] The law by its representative, the Chairman of the Salford Hundred Sessions, has just now set its face determinedly, threateningly, and warningly against Scuttling and Scuttlers.

Scuttling in Manchester is no new pugnacious indulgence, for between fifty and sixty years ago it was very prevalent amongst the rough boys, rising youth, and not thoroughly developed manhood of those times; but neither sticks or dangerous weapons were used, nor were the public insulted or assaulted. It was an expression of pluck and a trial of physical strength, flats, clods of grassy earth, with an occasional shower of pebble stones, being the missiles used in a general *mêlée*, varied by single pitched battles amongst the lads of neighbouring districts.

Thus there was a feud of long standing between the Ancoats Lane and Bank Top (London Road) lads, which outrivalled for bitterness that of the Capulets and Montagues, and which a defiant glance of the eye, if not "a biting of the thumb," started into action. The banks of Shooter's Brook between Ancoats Lane and Bank Top, then open, unenclosed

crofts, were the fighting grounds, and the contests there made the brook as locally famous as did the battles of the Danes and Saxons on the banks of our Lancashire river Douglas give it a place in history. A generation before lots of such like rough lads were napped for the American War, and pugnacity and pugilism were encouraged.

Granby Row Fields, overhanging another length of Shooter's Brook, were another battle ground for a feud between the boys of a school in Back Mosley-street and the lads of Granby Row National School, and many a pair of brilliant black eyes have in those encounters been given and taken in exchange. Then there was the ancient grudge between the Grammar School boys and the College lads, who never neglected a chance of a fight, a chance which stout gates and stone walls made difficult of attainment.

The dyers and calico-printers at the several works on the banks of the river Medlock, between Downing-street Bridge and Clayton Bridge, set their boy assistants, technically called blue-dippers and tier-boys, against each other; and at each works one lad, by force of fist, reigned supreme over his fellows as "cock of the walk," which dignity he had to hold against each new-comer, or be beaten. The battle-field for the lads of Statham's dyeworks in Tipping-street was in the back lanes behind the George and Dragon, Ardwick Green, then a roadside yellow-washed, low-storeyed country public-house, with its long water-trough for refreshing the horses on reaching the top of the hill from Downing-street Bridge.

JAMES BURY.

#### COMMENTS AND ANSWERS.

WALIE.

(No 1,446.)

[1454.] This word, pronounced wawlie, and so printed in the second Edinburgh edition of Burns's poems, is current in the north of Scotland. What in England would be called "a handsome or well-grown child" would there be called "a wawlie bairn." The word occurs in *Tam o' Shanter*:—

But Tam ken'd what was what fu' brawlie,  
There was ae winsome wench an' wawlie

Burns borrowed the rhyme from Allan Ramsay's *Three Bonnets*, where it occurs, viz.:—

She was a winsome wench an' wawlie,  
An' could put on her claes fu' brawlie.

If I remember rightly, William Forbes makes a similar use of the word in his poem of personal adventure,

*The Dominie Deposed.* Aberdeen, 1746. The word expresses luxuriant growth (German, walea); in its proper usage is applied exclusively to animate objects; has no connection with gudewillie; and when coupled with the word "waucht" is simply nonsense.

—JA. F. KELLAS JOHNSTONE.

#### CHARLES SWAIN'S EARLY DAYS.

(Nos. 1,432 and 1,448.)

[1,455.] Charles Swain left school (Dr. John's) when he was fifteen years of age, and he was placed with his mother's brother, Mr. Tavaré, then a celebrated dyer in Ancoats, and for seven years he acted as his uncle's bookkeeper. He tried the business of bookselling, but was not successful. He then joined the firm of a warm-hearted friend, Mr. Lockett, with whom he stayed some time, leaving it to begin the trade of an engraver and printer, which he purchased from the Messrs. Lockett. His first business place was in Fennel-street, afterwards in Peel-street, and then Cannon-street. He lived in Union-street, Ardwick, in his "early days." I have heard him speak with great pleasure of the Ardwick of those days. Whilst walking through the fields there it occurred to him to write a poem in which the principal characters in Scott's works should appear. He was very fond of these works, and Scott had then just died. The outcome was that stately poem "Dryburgh Abbey." This led to considerable notice in the London press, and acquired him the friendship of William Jerdan, the editor of the *Literary Gazette*. To the pages of this paper Swain became a constant contributor. He had also offers to follow a literary career in London, but he could not leave his large body of Manchester friends. I believe his "first appearance in print" was in the *Manchester Iris*.

Swain in his younger days was much sought after as an excellent talker and a keen and polished wit. A gentle, kind-hearted, courteous Christian gentleman he ever was. For the festive gatherings in his early days he composed many humorous pieces; one notably, the "Christmas Masque," was printed for private circulation, and was performed at a friendly gathering in Greenheys—then a country place. He will long be remembered as "The Chairman" of the Manchester Gentlemen's Glee Club, from his sparkling wit and his happy and genial manner in conducting the business at its gatherings. His old friends Agnew, Marsden, Chappells, Peacock, Pander, Mendel,

and others, were only too happy to shirk their part if by it they could "get Swain in the chair!"

Southey said of Swain, "If Manchester is not proud of him now, the time will come when it will be." And now that portraits and busts of eminent men are being gathered into the Manchester Town Hall, is not the time come to think of Manchester's sweetest bard, Charles Swain? Salford already boasts its portrait of him by Bradley. Cannot Manchester equal the sister borough by placing in her magnificent hall a bust or portrait of him—one of its most eminent men?

J. HOWARD.

Devises.

[There is a portrait of Swain by Bradley, the property of the town, in the entrance-hall of the Central Free Library in King-street.—EDITOR.]

I knew Mr. Charles Swain well, as also his uncle Charles Tavaré, who kept a dye-house in Canal-street, Ancoats, opposite St. Jude's Church. I dissent from the miserable description given of the place. It must be remembered that half a century ago Canal-street was a different spot to what it is now. It was then comparatively in the country, and now even it is not the dingiest but the leading street of the district; and, again, Ancoats is just the place for cotton mills and foundries, and where could it be out of place? Charles Swain was not a menial servant of his uncle, but a bookkeeper in his counting-house, where it was my duty many times to go. At this period I was serving my apprenticeship with the Messrs. Thomsons, booksellers, Market-street, and they were amongst our customers. Charles Swain was tall, and very gentlemanly in his deportment. I well remember he was a regular visitor on magazine days, to get to see the reviews with reference to his production.

W. H. D.

50, Oxford Road.

#### THE REV. WILLIAM ROBY.

(No. 1,439, December 6.)

[1,456.] Amongst the principal persons who attended Mr. Roby's ministry may be added: Thomas Wright, the prison-philanthropist, who was a deacon up to the time of his decease. John Griffiths, hatter, Deansgate, whose connection with the place will be readily gathered from the following inscription upon a memorial tablet in the chapel:—  
In memory of John Griffiths, for thirty-two years a faithful deacon of this church. During the long



period of nearly fifty years a devoted superintendent of the Roby Sunday-schools. This tablet is erected to commemorate his genial disposition, sterling character, kind acts, and eminently useful life. Born 11th October, 1797. Died 5th January, 1874. "Behold thou hast instructed many and thou hast strengthened the weak hands. Thy words have upholden him that was falling, and thou hast strengthened the feeble knees."—Job. chap. iv., verses 3 and 4.

Edward Lewis, solicitor, became a member of the church on the 2nd June, 1826, and was subsequently and until the day of his decease a deacon. He attended regularly until May, 1875 (in which month he died in London). Mr. Lewis was, in 1826, a clerk with Mr. Brackenbury—the firm becoming in 1842 Brackenbury and Lewis, the late Mr. Darbishire not joining the firm until after the death of Mr. Brackenbury some years later. Hugh Sheldon (of the firm of Samuel Fletcher, Son, and Co.) was also a leading supporter of the chapel, and, I believe, a deacon. Samuel Goodwin, silk manufacturer, Bridgewater Place, was also a regular worshipper at Grosvenor-street; as also was John Holt, lead merchant, Shudehill.

Mr. Roby's last sermon was preached (from Matthew 19 chap. 16 to 22 v.) on the 3rd January, 1830. It was his thirty-fifth annual sermon to the young. He died at eight a.m. on the 11th, and was interred on the 20th January, 1830. The Rev. Mr. M'All preached the funeral sermon on the 24th January, 1830. A.

My father, who was a member of Cannon-street Chapel, and also of the one subsequently erected in Piccadilly, once related to me an anecdote to the following effect. The Rev. William Roby, he said, occasionally preached in the open air, and one Sunday he selected as his spot for that purpose a field in the neighbourhood of New Cross, a locality in which were to be found some very rough as well as respectable individuals. The former immediately after the opening of his discourse began to throw sods at him, which annoyance he very patiently bore, at the same time keeping his eye upon the man whom he supposed to be the ringleader, and when he had concluded his address he stepped down from the temporary platform upon which he had been engaged, and going up to this man placed his hand gently upon his shoulder and informed him that he intended

to preach to them again on the following Sunday, and would be glad if he could count upon his assistance in preserving order. The effect of this was that the man so recognized took it as a marked compliment, and in return not only paid due deference to his wishes, but eventually became a Christian member of his chapel.

The list given by Mr. SLUGG containing the names of the principal persons at one time attending the chapel at Piccadilly appears to exclude several well-known members of the chapel and very useful members of the Sabbath school, such as Mr. David Fletcher, superintendent, and a man of unremitting energy and zeal in furthering the religious training of the scholars; also Mr. John Griffiths, who was connected with the school for about thirty years; besides Mr. John Acton and others.

ISAAC FELTHAM,

Heaton Moor.

YORK MINSTER: OAK AND BELL-METAL.

(No. 1,440.)

[1,457.] M. Taine says that an English joke consists in saying something funny with great solemnity. Mr. JAMES STELFOX gives another explanation of oak and bell metal which really cannot be serious. He says that, "I take it that the bell is made from the mixture of bell metal and oak."

Permit me to state that this is impossible; for bell-metal and oak will not mix. Oak carbonizes (becomes charcoal) at 700 degrees Fahrenheit, and disappears up the chimney at from 800 to 1,000 degrees; long before bell-metal will melt at all, which it only does at from 2,000 to 3,000 degrees. Oak will not melt; bell-metal will.

The candlesticks mentioned evidently have had wooden base-plates made of the old bell frame timber or other portions of the wood of the Minster.

The relic in the possession of Mr. STELFOX is neither a coin nor a medal; for it is probably a name-plate, a tablet, or an escutcheon, and has no doubt been used to indicate a certain fact, and has been fastened, glued, or inlaid in an oak ornament made of the timber of the Minster. That this is so is quite evident and clear for one portion, being out of sight, was not finished. All name-plates being so, "the reverse is left in a rough state."

The name-plate is made of metal from the old

bells and the timber in which it was fixed was made of wood from the old oak of the ruined Minster. Excuse me being exact in my terminology. There are now in Yorkshire many of these relics, for I remember seeing some in Hull, where I went to school for a short time when a boy. This name-plate belonging to Mr. STELFOX has a polished silvery appearance. All bell-metal has that colour when polished; it is much whiter than yellow brass; and also not so red as gun-metal bronze. It is nearly as white as German silver.

I dare say that many will recollect how common was the distribution in many shapes at one time (such as snuff-boxes, watch-stands, and needle-cases) of similar relics of the Royal George, the wreck of which Cowper wrote about in verses known to nearly every schoolboy:—

Toll for the brave,  
The brave that are no more;  
All sunk beneath the wave,  
Fast by their native shore.

W. H. BAILEY.

Summerfield, Eccles New Road.

I cannot help feeling amused with the idea of Mr. JAMES STELFOX that the candlesticks and bell alluded to are made from a conglomerate of fused bell-metal and charred oak. With regard to the candlesticks, the pedestals and shafts are of brown oak, the candleholders of pure bell-metal. Similarly I suppose A. C. J.'s bell to be of the metal and the handle probably of oak, but mistaken by him for rosewood on account of its high colour. The fire of 1840 was not confined to the belfry of the Minster.

Apropos, an inquiry has been addressed to me why certain cathedrals are exclusively distinguished by the name of Minster. I understand the word is properly applicable to churches formerly connected with a monastery, whether cathedral churches or not.

J. A. F. KELLAS JOHNSTONE.

#### SNAPPE HEY.

(Query No. 1,245.)

[1,458.] A correspondent asks whether this name is a corruption of Snipe Hey and whether hey means a field or meadow.

It is very improbable that snape is a corruption of snipe. Hey does mean a field, or meadow, or a park, or anything enclosed with a hedge. Snipes frequent

marshy places, and it is not likely that a marsh would have the name hey. There are several streets in Liverpool called hey, such as Hackin's Hey and Tempest Hey. In both these cases the Heys are named after families—the Hackings who lived near, and the Tempests who held land in the neighbourhood. Snape Hey may derive its name in the same manner. Snape is a surname which is known in many parts of the country. There are Snapes in Liverpool and in Nottingham, and very likely in Manchester. I cannot say with certainty what is the derivation of Snape, but I think it is from the word which Shakspeare uses in the form of "sneap." In some of the northern counties it is pronounced snape, and means to rebuke or check. In the times when men were acquiring surnames it would be very easy to win the title snape. It is possible that Snape Hey may have obstructed the nearest road to some place, and then it might be called Snape Hey because it turned people back; but probably it is derived from the name of a person.

Hey has been derived from the French "haie," a hedge-row. This word is related to the English word "haigh," the Dutch "haag," the Old High-German "hag." They are traced to a Sanscrit word which means bush and fence. The spelling, hey, shows a form which was common in Chaucer's time, when the "e" had the sound which we generally associate with "a." Changes in pronunciation caused most of the words in "e" to take "ea" instead, that they might show the old sound. This is the case with bread and dead. But hey retains the "e" in many places, though the sound is that of "a." Snape Hey is pronounced like Snape Hay.

THOMAS KEYWORTH.

Liverpool.

#### DAIMEN.

(Nos. 1,243 and 1,442.)

[1,459.] I doubt na, whyles, but thou may thieve;  
What then? puir beastie, thou maun live!  
A daimen icker in a thrave  
's a sma' request;  
I'll get a blessin' wi the lave,  
An' never miss't.

BURNS' ADDRESS TO A MOUSE.

The only literary authority I have ever been able to find for the word "daimen," in the sense in which

the poet employs it, is the poet himself. Even Jamieson, the Scottish lexicographer, was able to find no other; and I think the poet's use of the word must have perplexed him greatly. Jamieson's etymology, as I recollect it, appeared far-fetched and unsatisfactory.

In the Glossary which Burns appended to the first (Kilmarnock) edition of his Poems the word is printed "daimen, now and then, seldom;" but perhaps he wrote these synonyms with misgiving, for in the subsequent Edinburgh editions the explanation was enlarged to this form: "Daimen, rare, now and then; daimen icker, an ear of corn now and then." The word as a colloquialism is unknown in Scotland, and is never heard except in connection with the poet's phrase, which, like that other sentiment from the same poem,

The best laid schemes o' mice an' men  
Gang aft agley.

has taken rank among the proverbial expressions of the Scottish nation.

An aged relative in Banffshire, whom I consulted on the subject about twelve years ago, was of opinion that Burns had mistaken the precise meaning of the word. The Scottish word for "now and then, rare, seldom," is "antrin," and my friend said that "daimen" (or *deman*), when applied to crops signified "blighted by bad weather or mildew;" when applied to animals, "illused by neglect." In these senses the word was of rare occurrence in the north-east of Scotland.

I subsequently formed an opinion of my own upon the matter. In reading Barbour's *Bruce* I stumbled upon a verb "deman" (e in Barbour and ai in Burns have nearly the same pronunciation), which I interpreted "to despise, to look upon as of no importance, as insignificant, as trifling." It struck me then that as this was the sort of idea which Burns intended to convey in his sentiment it was possible that a part of my grandfather's surmise was correct, and that the poet had strained the meaning of an ancient Scottish word lingering in the speech of his father. When words are becoming obsolete their signification becomes more hazy, as less understood; and it is possible that even old William Burness, if he read the poem before his death in 1784, may have been deceived by the context into the belief that his talented

son was perpetuating in its true sense a word which would otherwise have been lost to futurity.

My opinions on such matters are not based on philological authority, and may be quite wrong. I was obliged to give up the study of Scottish philology seven years ago, and I write from memory and without the aid of works of reference.

J. A. F. KELLAS JOHNSTONE.

#### QUERIES.

[1,460.] THE McNAUGHT STEAM ENGINE.—What is the distinguishing feature or peculiarity of a McNaughted steam engine, or what is the McNAUGHT principle? F. D.

[1,461.] TEST FOR SEWER GAS.—Can any of your readers describe a moderately simple chemical or other test for the escape of sewer gas from traps? F. D.

[1,462.] JOHN MEADOWCROFT, THE MUSICIAN.—Can any of your readers say what church in Manchester possessed the first voluntary surpliced choir, and whether the late Mr. John Meadowcroft, well-known as a talented musician, was the founder of it? I should be highly pleased if some particulars of his life could be furnished. As a pupil I feel bound to pass a tribute to his amiable disposition, to his skill as a teacher, and to ascribe in a considerable measure the slight musical knowledge I have attained to his aptness of communication. His loss, some five years ago, is even now mourned by every class of the community. THOMAS H. PEGG.

WILD BEASTS IN INDIA.—Some interesting statistics are published by Government regarding the destruction of wild animals and venomous snakes in British India, and of the number of human beings and cattle killed by them. The general results of the reports from various local Governments show that the number of persons killed by wild animals in 1877 was 2,918, and in the following year 3,444; by venomous snakes 16,777 and 16,812 in the same years respectively. Cattle killed by wild animals and snakes in 1877 and 1878 numbered 53,197 and 48,701 in each year. In 1877, 22,851 wild animals were destroyed, and in the following year 22,487; and of venomous snakes, 127,295 in the former and 117,958 in the latter year. The amount of rewards paid for the destruction of wild beasts and poisonous snakes was in 1877 1,03,017rs., and in 1878 99,189rs. The general results, therefore, are that the number of persons killed has increased, while the number of cattle so killed, the number of wild animals and snakes destroyed, and the amount of rewards paid show a decrease.

Saturday, December 20, 1879.

COMMENTS AND ANSWERS.

A RIGHT GUDEWILLIE WAUGHT.

(Nos. 1,387, 1,412, 1,429, and 1,448.)

[1,463.] In Note 1,412 I gave preference to certain editions of Burns's works as, in my opinion, the best and most laborious, but I did not recommend any one of them as the work of a "purist," nor was it material to my choice how the subject of our discussion was printed in them. I did not refer to R. Chambers's library edition of 1856, but I do feel surprised that the error should occur in it. Among my esteemed editors I omitted Dr. James Currie, who first collected the works of the poet, and upon the result of whose labours all subsequent editions are more or less founded.

"Auld Langsyne" first appeared in MS. in Burns' letter to Mrs. Dunlop of Dunlop, 17th December, 1788. He there says: "Is not the Scotch phrase 'Auld Langsyne' exceedingly expressive? There is an old song and tune which has often thrilled through my soul. . . . Light be the turf on the breast of the heaven-inspired poet who composed this glorious fragment. There is more of the fire of native genius in it than half a dozen of modern English bacchanalians." He next (September, 1793) enclosed the song to Mr. George Thomson, remarking: "The air is but mediocre; but the following song, the old song of the olden times, and which has never been in print, nor even in manuscript, until I took it down from an old man's singing, is enough to recommend any air." (It is right to note here that the air which Burns pronounces to be mediocre is not that to which the words are now adapted.) He subsequently admitted to Johnson that the two verses, each beginning "We twa," were his own. It is probable that the three others were really old. At all events it is obvious his song is no remodelling of the oldest verses then printed to the air (Watson's collection, 1716, part iii.) or of Allan Ramsay's later song (*Tea Table Miscellany*, 1724, vol. 1).

Burns's song first appeared in print in Johnson's *Musical Museum*, vol. v. (Edin. Dec. 1796), and is there marked Z, signifying that it is an old song with additions, and it was subsequently included by Currie in his first edition of the poet's works (Liverpool, 1800, four vols.) Thus far it appears *sine errore*,

except that Currie altered the order of the stanzas. The earliest copy in which I have found "willie" hyphenated to "waught" is a purported reprint of Currie, four vols., 1819; but as upwards of eighty editions were published between 1800 and 1819, it is not improbable the error may have crept into an earlier than the one I have named. It is quite impossible for either HITTITE or myself to collate the hundreds of editions which have emanated from the press; and, like him, I have only consulted those upon my own bookshelves. The error occurs in editions where we would least expect it, e.g., Allan Cunningham's (Virtue and Co., n.d.) and Professor Wilson's (Glasgow, 1853). In the latter instance the professor is only responsible for the biography of the poet. But HITTITE will be glad to hear that "gudewillie waught" has not been tampered with in the *Miniature Museum of Scottish Songs*, Edin., 1818; *The Scottish Songs*, edited by Robert Chambers, Edin., 1829; reprint of Currie's *Burns*, London, 1835; White-law's *Book of Scottish Song*, Glasgow, 1859; The *Songs of Burns*, Glasgow, 1859; and the *Kilmarnock Burns*, two vols., 1871.

I was drawn into this discussion chiefly by HITTITE's estimate of the amount of ignorance which exists regarding the meaning of the words we have been discussing. I understood HITTITE to mean that not one Scot per million knows, but he disclaims this interpretation of his somewhat ambiguous phrase; wherefore I accept, in the same spirit in which they have been made, any well-founded strictures upon my remarks, and am as ready as ever to sing:—

Here's a hand, my trusty fere,  
An' gies a hand o' thine;  
An' we'll tak a richt gudewillie waught  
For auld lang syne.

I find our word in an old Scottish proverb in the collection of the Rev. David Fergusson, minister of Dunfermline, who died towards the end of the sixteenth century: "They're aye gudewillie o' their horse that hae nane."

I thank HITTITE for his reference to certain philological works which I had not read. By the kindness of our Editor I have now an opportunity of perusing Dr. Murray's admirable treatise. It is the best book on the subject I have ever seen. Grigor's *Banffshire Dialect* I hope to procure.

J. A. F. KELLAS JOHNSTONE.

## THE MACNAUGHT STEAM ENGINE.

(Query No. 1,460, December 13.)

[1,464.] F. D. asks what is the distinguishing feature or peculiarity of a Macnaughted steam engine, and what is the Macnaught principle? I will endeavour, so far as I can, to supply the necessary information.

The steam engine, as left by Newcomen, could only be rendered of service in a few instances, such as for pumping or raising water; and it was not susceptible of general application, or even of much development, as its motion, by the rising and falling of the beam, was in vertical right lines only. It was also enormously expensive and wasteful, owing to the great loss of steam incurred by its being condensed in the cylinder, which was thus subjected alternately to the temperature of cold water, say from 50 to 60 degrees, and that of steam, say at 230 degrees. Moreover useful effect could only be obtained during the down stroke. The cylinder being open-topped, steam was admitted underneath the piston, and then condensed by running cold water in; producing a partial vacuum, thus causing the piston to be forced downwards by atmospheric pressure; a counterweight fixed upon the connecting rod or opposite end of the beam raising it again after each stroke.

Watt by his invention in 1769 of the principle of condensation in a separate vessel (supplemented by an air pump) removed the great cause of waste and loss, and enabled the cylinder to be provided with a top, thus rendering it double acting and consequently twice as effective.

Steed's invention of the crank, and Watt's own beautiful sun and planet motion, brought out about 1781, gave the means of producing rotatory motion; and gave to the world a complete motor capable of adoption to every purpose. The cylinder having been provided with a cover, the use of higher pressure steam became practicable, and the expansive power of steam was pointed out and utilized by Watt in his engines.

The great advantages and benefits accruing both to the inventors and to the public led others to consider the question, and eventually Ernest Woolf, in 1834, invented the compound engine, the principle of which consists in attaching a second cylinder in which the steam is first used, or expanded, and afterwards passed to the original cylinder, in which it acts precisely as in the engine of Watt. By this method, in addition to securing sufficient expansion of the

steam, the process of condensation is still further removed from the "boiler steam" cylinder. Woolf was deceived in his estimate of the amount of saving to be produced, but the advantage was decided, and many imitators arose.

Woolf claimed the addition of one or more cylinders, but appears principally to have placed the second cylinder in a line with the beam and in front of the original cylinder. Hick of Bolton, in 1843, reversed this arrangement, placing the second cylinder at the outside.

These designs, however, related to new engines only, and it was left for Mr. William Macnaught, now of this city, in 1845, to see that by attaching a cylinder midway between the beam centre and the connecting-rod end of the beam, he could not only compound every then existing beam engine in the country, but that he could do so in an easy, cheap, and thoroughly efficient manner, as the strain upon the beam would be equalized and distributed upon both sides of the working centre, thus relieving the engine of violent shocks, and assisting in producing steadier and more regular motion. The Macnaught engine is, therefore, a happy adaptation of the Woolf principle, or engine, to the beam engine as already constructed; and its distinguishing feature, or peculiarity, is simply the exact position it occupies upon the working beam, at what is technically known as the jack pump centre; in contradistinction to the position taken by those Woolf, Hick, or others.

This plan was so simple and efficacious that it became very generally adopted, saving, in many instances, in the early part of Mr. Macnaught's career, as much as two-thirds of the fuel previously used; in many subsequent cases half; and as engine economy progressed, rendering further reduction more difficult, lessening to one-third. Even now, with all the later improvements in engines, I believe a saving of twenty-five per cent can usually be guaranteed by the addition of such an engine to a beam engine working under the usual conditions.

I need hardly remark that subsequent schemers seized upon every unprotected portion of the beam, and one enterprising genius actually attached his cylinder to the connecting rod end, having for the purpose to fix it in an inverted position high up in the beam chamber.

I am aware it is held as proved by many engineers

considered able, that no advantage can be derived from the compound system, and they have to their own satisfaction shown that, theoretically, a simple condensing engine can work quite as economically; in fact the leading engineering paper of the day the *Engineer* strenuously and persistently advocates this view. Nevertheless, the inexorable fact remains, that manufacturers and others continue to adopt the compound principle, and to apply such and similar engines in the many and various forms which are now offered, the commonest perhaps being that known in this country as a "Pusher," it being a horizontal non-condensing engine applied to the outer end of the crank shaft. It is found that the saving realized will generally suffice to pay for the cost of the addition in from two to three years—a sufficiently handsome percentage to justify the expenditure even with the present state of trade.

Although Mr. Macnaught's patent expired twenty years ago, numbers of engines upon his plan are, I believe, still being made, many of them to his own designs.

ADWALTON.

#### INDEPENDENT CHAPELS.

(Nos. 1,439 and 1,452).

[1,465.] It is somewhat surprising that neither Mr. SLUGG, in his interesting account of the Roby Independent Chapel, nor any of your other correspondents, have mentioned the name of Samuel Fletcher amongst the notabilities who fifty years ago worshipped in that chapel. Samuel Fletcher was the head of the now well-known home-trade house of Samuel Fletcher, Son, and Co., of Parker-street. His connection with Roby Chapel extended over a period of fifty years. He had the honour of laying the foundation stone of the present school-rooms on Saturday, July 6, 1844. These schools were "christened" Roby after the then pastor, a name by which they are now known far and wide. Samuel Fletcher should be gratefully remembered by the young men of Manchester because of the part he took in the formation of Owens College, the original conception of which was due to him.

Mr. ISAAC FELTHAM is mistaken in supposing that David Fletcher was at any time a superintendent of the Sunday-school. He was for many years the beloved teacher of the third class. The superintendents of fifty years ago were Thomas Steele (during whose term of office the numbers rose from 200 in 1809 to

1,300 in 1818), James Kershaw (afterwards M.P. for Stockport), Samuel Fletcher (who was president of the school up to the time of his death in 1862), Lewis Williams, Thomas Harbottle, and Edward Coward.

I may add, for the information of any of your readers who take an interest in this old chapel, that its history is now appearing in the pages of the *Manchester and Salford Congregational Magazine*, a monthly, published by Messrs. Tubbs and Brook.

CRICKET SAM.

Will you allow me to point out one or two errors in Mr. SLUGG's article on Mosley-street Chapel? Referring to the second minister of Mosley-street Chapel, he is described as the "Rev. John Smith." I believe his name was Joseph, and I am not sure whether he was the rev. However the fact may be with regard to his claim to that designation, it is true that he was in the cotton trade, and if I am not mistaken, one of the members (holding by-the-bye very different opinions) for this division of the county is a grandson, and the late venerable member for Stockport was a son or nephew, and a member of the firm founded by the gentleman in question.

Secondly, Dr. M'All's name was not Robert Stephen but Robert Stephens M'All.

The appropriateness of the epigrammatic descriptions of the famous preachers who formerly visited Manchester will, of course, be matter of opinion. Some of those furnished by Mr. SLUGG seem to me, to say the least, inadequate. I would mention, for example, the notice of the Rev. Thomas Binney. I write, however, not to criticise, but to point out one or two errors, probably accidental.

W. W.

Mr. SLUGG, in his remarks on Coldhouse Chapel, says: "The old building is gone and its site is now occupied by a substantial block of warehouses in which, till recently, some Baptists occupied a room." In this he is mistaken. The chapel is simply surrounded, or nearly so, by the large block of warehouses to which he refers, and service is held there regularly as usual at the times which he saw painted on the door-post. Mrs. Hollond, of Nelson-street, Miles Platting, has attended this place of worship for about forty years, and could no doubt give much interesting information respecting this old place of worship.

J. MELLOR.

JOHN CASSELL.

(Query No. 1,333, November 8.)

[1466.] John Cassell was born in Manchester on the 23rd of January, 1817. His parents were very poor, and there being in his day no board schools his education was correspondingly meagre. As soon as he was able to do anything in the shape of work he was put to the trade of a carpenter. He had, however, very early the good sense to perceive that his education, if it was worthy of the name, was very imperfect; and he resolved, to the utmost of his opportunity, to educate himself. By his own endeavours, after his day's labours he was enabled to acquire a considerable amount of knowledge of English literature, as well as a fund of general information, of which he made good use in his after life. His knowledge of French, which was also self-acquired, was of great service to him in his repeated visits to the Continent. Mr. Joseph Livesey, of Preston, the well-known temperance advocate at the outset of the total abstinence movement, visited Manchester about the year 1835, when he first met John Cassell at one of the meetings. "I remember quite well," he wrote, "Cassell standing on the steps of the platform with a fustian jacket and a white apron on." Cassell adopted the temperance principle and became an advocate of teetotalism. Thinking that London would give him a better opportunity to work at his trade and advocate temperance, he left Manchester in 1836, and when in the metropolis found his way to a temperance meeting in the New Jerusalem Schoolroom in Westminster Bridge Road, where he made his first speech. He is described on this, his first public appearance, as "a gaunt stripling, poorly clad, and travel-stained; plain, straightforward in speech, but broad in provincialism." He confessed at the meeting that the whole of his wealth was in his pocket. His earnestness, however, attracted the attention of a gentleman who was present, who took him to his own home, and in a few days introduced him to Mr. Meredith, who engaged him as a temperance lecturer. Cassell immediately started upon a temperance tour, which was subsequently noticed in the *Preston Temperance Advocate*: "John Cassell, the Manchester carpenter, has been labouring with great success in the county of Norfolk. He is passing through Essex on his way to London. He carries his watchman's rattle—an excellent accompaniment of temperance labours." When in Lincoln-

shire his zeal not only won him a convert but a wife.

With the aid of his friends he opened a shop in the Strand, London, as a temperance bookshop and temperance publishing office. Subsequently he added to his employments a large tea and coffee business, which ultimately was found to be greater than his capital could sustain. He had, however, by his integrity secured many influential friends, one of whom, having faith in his capacity and honesty, gave him a new start in life. He became associated with Messrs. Petter and Galpin, printers, and began the business of publishers of popular books in La Belle Sauvage Yard. In 1850 the firm published the *Working Man's Friend*; and shortly after the Great Exhibition the *Illustrated Exhibitor*. The *Popular Educator* introduced the enterprising firm to tens of thousands of homes where fathers and brothers were engaged in the noble work of self-help. This work was followed before Cassell's death by a whole library of useful works which had but one purpose, to interest and improve the reader. After visiting America, where he was most flatteringly received, he started a company for the manufacture of petroleum, which was the first in England to recognize the value of the new discovery. One of the most profitable ventures of Cassell, Petter, and Galpin, was the issue of weekly papers, which, the outer pages being left blank for local news, were circulated under various titles through the kingdom. The greatest venture of the firm, however, was the *Family Bible*, the cost of producing which was £100,000; in six years 350,000 copies were sold. Up to his death Cassell manifested great interest in the temperance movement, upon which subject he frequently lectured. The last book he took an interest in prior to his death was the *Life of Julius Cæsar*, by the ex-Emperor. His death occurred on the 1st of April, 1865, at his residence in Regent's Park.

The share of the business which he left to his wife is said to have been of the value of forty-two thousand pounds. At the time of Cassell's death the printing firm employed 500 men; 855,000 sheets were printed weekly, requiring a consumption of 1,310 reams of paper. Since that time the firm has largely increased its business, publishing some of the most expensive illustrated works of the half century.

JOSEPH JOHNSON.

Douglas.

[For John Cassell's connection with Moaley-street Independent Chapel, see the twenty-fifth chapter of Mr. Slugg's *Reminiscences* (*City News*, December 13).—**EDITOR.**]

### QUERIES.

[1,467.] **RANTIPOLE.**—Is or was this some game? I notice in a Yorkshire almanack for next year the expression "lakin' at rantipowle." Is there any analogy to be had from Maypole? **HITTITE.**

[1,468.] **FIRST DISCUSSION ON TEETOTALISM.**—Dr. Grin-trod, in giving his account of this matter (No. 1,341) entirely omits the important factor of the date of his debate with Mr. Youil. Can this be supplied? **A.**

[1,469.] **CANNON-STREET.**—How did Cannon-street, Corporation-street, get its name? Had it any connection with the old cannons which used to be at the end of each narrow street running across it.

**J. M.**

[1,470.] **THE OLDFIELD LANE DOCTOR.**—Was Edmund Taylor in possession of the business of the Oldfield Lane Dispensary, Salford, in the year 1840; and had he a son living in that year named Richard; and what age would the son be about then?

**WHALLEY HOTEL.**

[1,471.] **CHARLES SWAIN.**—The register of the Manchester poet, Charles Swain's birth at St. Ann's Church gives January 4, 1801. Can any of your contributors say whether it is correct, as Swain's brief notice says his birth was January 4, 1803?

**INQUIRER.**

[1,472.] **AUTHORSHIP OF LINES.**—Who is the author of the following lines?—

The schoolmaster, wisely stern,  
Did not teach but ordered them to learn.

**LITTLE STEPHANO.**

Oldham.

[1,473.] **IN MEMORIAM.**—The opening stanza of *In Memoriam* is as follows:—

I held it truth with him who sings  
To one clear harp in divers tones,  
That men may rise on stepping-stones  
Of their dead selves to higher things.

Can any reader furnish the information as to what poet or poem or series of poems Tennyson refers to in the above stanza?

**IGNORAMUS.**

[1,474.] **THE BREATHING OF FISHES.**—I came across a disputed point in natural history the other day, and find, upon further inquiry, that it is pretty general, viz.:—Does a fish breathe entirely under water, or does it swim to the surface of the water to inhale the air and so fill its air bladder? I regretted my inability to answer the question, and shall be glad to hear of any work for reference; or perhaps some of your correspondents could answer the same.

**J. B.**

[1,475.] **DR. FRANKLIN'S PHILADELPHIA BEQUEST.** Dr. Franklin, who died about 1790, left in his will £1,000 to the town of Philadelphia, to be lent out to assist respectable young tradesmen of the town who were desirous of beginning business on their own account, the principal and interest to be repaid at a certain fixed rate. He calculated that at the end of a hundred years the principal would amount to £131,000 of which he left instructions that £100,000 were to be spent for public works and the remainder to be put to the same purpose as before, which at the end of another term of a hundred years would amount to the grand total of four millions. As the first term is now up or nearly so, can any of your readers give us any notion how the matter has prospered? **B.**

**ILLUSTRATIONS OF OLD LONDON.**—At the instance of the trustees of the British Museum, the Government has bought the very numerous and incomparably important Crace collection of maps, plans, topographical drawings, and views of London, which has been and is still exhibited in the Exhibition Road, South Kensington. Owing to the patriotic liberality of the late owner, who desired to carry out the wishes of his deceased father, the collector, the trustees have obtained this collection at less than half its market value, the price being £3,000; whereas if the works were sold severally they would realize a very much greater sum. The collection was valued at between £6,000 and £7,000. It comprises large and extremely rare, some unique, views of ancient London on large scales, besides topographical drawings by Rowlandson, Days, the Sandbys, Havell, and others, and some interesting and rare portraits.—*Athenæum.*



Saturday, December 27, 1879.

NOTES.

REMINISCENCES OF MANCHESTER FIFTY YEARS AGO.

XXVI. INDEPENDENT CHAPELS: PART THIRD AND LAST.

[1,476.] Mr. Alderman Joseph Thompson has kindly furnished me with a few additional particulars concerning Dr. M'All and his chapel, and Roby chapel, which are worth recording.

The doctor preached long sermons, and the deacons, remembering the Sunday school, tried to limit them, but in vain. One expedient tried was a gilded ball, which was to be released at twelve o'clock by the deacon who sat below, and set oscillating. It was tried, once, and failed. The ball was let go, and swung backwards and forwards, but the preacher stopped it in his hand, and went on as if nothing had happened. It was either George Hadfield or William Woodward who told Mr. Thompson that John Owens, the founder of Owens College, formerly attended Mosley-street chapel, and had a large square pew. When Dr. M'All became so popular, and attracted such crowds, the half-empty square pew was regarded with covetous eyes by the deacons, who greedily snapped up every spare square inch of sitting room. Mr. Owens was asked to be so good as to allow part of his pew to be let to others, but he was so offended as to leave the place, and after, for a time joining the Unitarians, found his way to St. John's church. Mr. Thompson's grandfather was superintendent of the Sunday school connected with Roby's chapel in 1825 or earlier. He kept a diary in which he recorded his experiences of the difficulties of his office, and doubted his fitness for the post because the young teachers would go out of town, leaving their classes unprovided with substitutes. How many superintendents are there at the present day who could echo the same complaint? The diary evidences how earnestly and prayerfully he watched over his teachers and elder scholars, and how steadily he visited the sick and soothed the dying. He had a son Joseph, who died about 1837, who seems to have been a notable man in his day. He was a capital man of business, so much so that he was appointed liquidator of a firm of calico printers at the age of twenty-two, Mr. Kershaw saying he

would withdraw his opposition if Joseph Thompson, jun., would act as liquidator. He was a fair musician, and had an organ which was presented by Mr. Alderman Thompson's father to the Chorlton Workhouse. He joined in violin and violoncello quartetts and quintetts, Moses Hughes taking part therein. After Mr. Roby died he was the only person allowed to sit in his chair, in which he read the scriptures to the widow. The chair is that in which Mr. Roby sat when his portrait was taken, and was bought by the grandfather. It is now in Mr. Thompson's possession.

I have heard from another source that the gilded ball Mr. Alderman Thompson speaks of was intended to strike a little bell; that the apparatus was made by Peter Clare; and though made at Dr. M'All's suggestion, it utterly failed in its design. The Doctor became so absorbed in the flow of his own eloquence that he seemed to treat it as a slight impertinence, and took no notice of it beyond stopping its motion with his hand, but would go on without let or hindrance till one, and sometimes till half-past. I am told also that John Owens had a solitary sitting in the gallery of the chapel, previous to his occupying the large square pew downstairs.

RUSHOLME ROAD, was built principally through the efforts of the late George Hadfield, afterwards M.P., for Sheffield, and was opened for worship in 1825. The first congregation was composed mainly of persons from the Grosvenor-street and Mosley-street chapels. The Rev. James Griffin, a thin but interesting young man, became the pastor, under whom the congregation and church flourished. Besides Mr. Hadfield, amongst the worshippers there were to be found James, the father of Mr. Alderman Thompson; the Hopkinson family, including the present alderman; Dr. Henry Brown; Henry Waterhouse, architect; Thomas Crighton, machinist; Mr. Melland, surgeon; John Parry, lately deceased; C. J. Richardson, of Richardson, Tee, and Rycroft; Thomas Coward; Edward Wood; Charles Cutting; and Stanway Jackson. It happened that a certain day in September, 1829, had been fixed both for the ordination of Mr. Griffin and for the wedding of Mr. James Thompson. When this became known, Mr. Thompson put the wedding off till the following day, so as to be able to attend the ordination. Mr. Griffin often referred to it, and regarded it as the greatest compliment ever paid to him. Mr. Griffin for some years resided at Richmond

Terrace, Stretford Road, during which he was a guardian of the poor for Stretford, which at the time was a part of the Chorlton Union. Mr. James Thompson was also a guardian in the same union, and was its chairman for some years before its death, which occurred in 1860.

JACKSON-STREET, HULME.—I am not able to say in what year this chapel was built. Fifty years ago there was no stated minister attached to it, but shortly afterwards the Rev. James Gwyther was chosen as its pastor. He laboured very assiduously and with such success that shortly it became necessary to seek for more commodious premises. Amongst the congregation at this time were the late Edward Goodall, of King-street, and his sister. A larger and more handsome structure was erected on the Stretford Road, which was named Zion Chapel, to which the church and congregation removed. Mr. Gwyther remained their pastor till the infirmities of age compelled him to give place to a younger man, when the Rev. Edward Simon succeeded him. Mr. Gwyther has left three sons, one of whom is a surgeon, having married a sister of the late W. R. Callender, M.P.; another is an Independent minister; and another is assistant professor of mathematics at Owens College.

CHAPEL-STREET.—We have seen that in 1818 nineteen members were transferred from Grosvenor-street to form the nucleus of a church in Chapel-street, Salford, which was built near the end of New Bailey-street. Its first minister was the Rev. John Addison Coombs, who retained the position fifty years ago. He was ordained in February, 1820, on which occasion there was no laying on of hands. Dr. Winter, the uncle of Dr. Winter Hamilton, after the ordination prayer, ascended the pulpit to give the charge, and began by lamenting and blaming the omission. A large and flourishing congregation was gathered in the course of time by Mr. Coombs' ministrations, which included the late Mr. James Carlton, who then lived in Strangeways, and shortly afterwards in Broughton Lane; John Dracup, draper, Chapel-street; James Hilton Hulme, solicitor, of King-street, whose house was at Broughton; Thomas Gasquoine, cotton merchant, Bank Parade; Mr. M'Clure, of Acton Square; Mr. Edge the surgeon; and Joseph Ward, now of Southport, who afterwards attended the ministry of Dr. Halley.

WINDSOR BRIDGE CHAPEL.—The minister of this chapel in 1829 was the Rev. James Priddie. He wa

Mr. Roby's assistant in 1816, on the occasion of his undertaking a fortnight's preaching excursion to the populous towns and villages within a distance of ten miles of Manchester, thus preparing the way, as at Ashton and Oldham, for the establishment of new churches. In this he was greatly assisted by Mr. Priddie. He subsequently resigned his position at Windsor Bridge and accepted a call to Halifax. He was succeeded at Windsor Bridge by the Rev. George Tayler. Mr. now Sir John Hawkshaw, C.E., who, I am told, has the scheme in hand for connecting France and England by means of a submarine tunnel, when engineer of the Lancashire and Yorkshire Railway, was a member of this congregation. The Rev. John Clunie, LL.D., who had a good boys' school in Leaf Square, was also for many years a member of the congregation, and when necessity arose conducted the services.

The chapel in LEE-STREET, ANCOATS, had no stated minister fifty years ago.

At the time of which we are speaking there were several Independent ministers in other parts of Lancashire, of whom it would be very pleasant to speak, did the limits of these communications allow it. I may be permitted, however, to allude to one of the most eminent of these, the Rev. William Alexander. He originally came from Scotland and became the pastor of the Independent congregation of Prescott, then of Leigh, and afterwards of Churchtown, near Southport. He was a friend of William Roby, and much resembled him in spirit and in laborious zeal; frequently walking thirty miles in one day, some times preaching four times on a Sunday, and sometimes twice out of doors. He died at the patriarchal age of ninety-two, in the enjoyment of all his faculties. He was the father of the Rev. John Alexander, of Norwich, and grandfather of Mr. John Fletcher Alexander, the agent of the Liberation Society here, who was himself educated for the ministry, I believe.

In reference to the various remarks made in last Saturday's *City News* on this subject, I wish to say that Mr. Samuel Fletcher's name was mentioned in connection with his two partners as amongst the members of Mr. Roby's congregation, though perhaps more prominence ought to have been given to it. He was head and shoulders above all the rest as regards ability, influence, and energetic labour for the good of the place at the time

"W. W." is correct in saying that the second minister of Mosley-street Chapel was Joseph Smith, one of whose sons held an incumbency at Leamington and died a few years ago. The late J. B. Smith, M.P. for Stockport, was the nephew of Joseph Smith. Mr. Hardcastle, M.P. for the south-eastern division of the county, was also a nephew, his mother being a Smith. The late Mr. Gardom, surgeon, of Salford, married a niece of Mrs. Smith. A friend informs me that he has seen all these Smiths at once at Mosley-street Independent Chapel. Dr. M'All's second Christian name, I am told, was neither Stephen nor Stephens, but really Stevens, his father calling him so after a well-known philanthropist who lived about the time of his birth.

I shall be much obliged if any reader of the *City News* can inform me if there is a picture of Mosley-street Chapel in existence, and where it may be seen. I shall also be glad to know whereabouts in Hanover-street the keys of Cold House Chapel are kept.

J. T. SLUGG.

IMPERIUM ET LIBERTAS.

[1,477.] We have had much talk about Lord Beaconsfield's *Imperium and Libertas*. People have been searching up and down to find whence the words came. One of the regular correspondents of a provincial paper referred us a day or two ago to a new source, Cicero's Fourth Oration against Catiline. I have taken down my Cicero and had the pleasure of reading through the oration once more, for which I thank Lord Beaconsfield and the correspondent in question. The following passage towards the close of the oration is seemingly the one referred to:—"Cogitate, quantis laboribus fundatum imperium, quanta, virtute stabilitam libertatem, quanta deorum benignitate auctas exaggeratasque fortunas una nox pene delerit." CHARLES H. COLLYNS. Winkworth.

COTTON IN ENGLAND ONE HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

[1,478.] It may possibly interest some of your readers to learn that in 1788 a pamphlet was published on the Cotton and Muslin Manufactures of Great Britain, in which it was stated that there were 100,000 persons employed in spinning, and in the subsequent manufacture of cotton 240,000—in all

340,000 persons employed in this industry; and that the cotton imported was from—

	Lbs.
British Islands .....	6,600,000
French and Spanish Settlements .....	6,000,000
Dutch Settlements .....	1,700,000
Portuguese Settlements.....	2,500,000
East India, procured from Ostend .....	100,000
Smyrna or Turkey .....	5,700,000
	22,600,000

The estimated weight of cotton imported in 1878 was 1,905,747,823lbs., and the estimated quantity consumed in Great Britain in 1878 was 1,191,845,200lbs., or nearly fifty-four times the quantity consumed in 1788. RICHARD HAWORTH.

THE EGLANTINE.

[1,479.] Mr. MORGAN BRIERLEY, to whom the readers of the *Manchester City News* are indebted for much pleasant chat about Selborne and Gilbert White, has in his second paper accused Wordsworth of having "made the strange mistake of confounding the eglantine (sweet briar) with the common wild briar." He does not cite the instance, but he would probably refer us to the little poem "The Waterfall and the Eglantine" for the evidence on which to sustain the charge. The plant therein described is a wild rose, hanging its long bare swaying branches, once flowery wreaths, across the gully of a small waterfall, which is not the habit, Mr. BRIERLEY might perhaps say with botanical severity, of *Rosa rubiginosa* (the sweet briar). Let us see whether the assumption, that the bounds of the eglantine and the sweet briar are co-extensive, be correct.

The word "Eglantine" is no doubt Norman-French, and it is still in common use in France. Chaucer mentions it several times in *The Flower and the Leaf* as the "eglater" or "eglater," and like Wordsworth speaks of it as "wreathed in fere" (intertwined), not forgetting however to add its "savour sweet." Milton in *L'Allegro* actually distinguishes the sweetbriar from the eglantine, *e. g.* ;—

Through the sweet briar, or the vine,  
Or the twisted eglantine.

On the other hand Robert Herrick, a contemporary of Milton, in one of his trifling amatory odes, "The Bleeding Hand," offers with scratched fingers a "sprig of eglantine to a maid," which is obviously sweetbriar.

On referring to Halliwell's Dictionary of Archaic and Provincial Words we find "Eglantine, Sweetbriar. The name was occasionally given to the wild rose." In the Dictionary of English Plant Names, lately published by the English Dialect Society, the lax use of the appellation "eglantine" is fully recognized.

Seeing that the word is of French extraction, it will not be foreign to our inquiry to ascertain the meaning attached to it on the other side of the English Channel. In the *Nouvelle Flore Française* by M. Gillet and M. Magne, the popular name "eglantier" is applied to the dog-rose (*rosa canina* and its varieties) and not to the sweetbriar (*rosa rubiginosa*). In the *Dictionnaire International Français-Anglais*, which has the official sanction for its use in the colleges and public schools of France, we find eglantine, with the meaning "wild rose, sweetbriar rose, dog-rose."

Turning from the literary to the botanical aspect of the question, it may be remarked that the limits of *Rosa rubiginosa* are far from being clearly defined. Though well marked in its scrubby, sweet-scented, typical development, it admits of considerable variation, and passes through a series of intermediate forms into conterminous species. One of its subspecies, *Rosa micrantha*, has long arched branches, and is considered to be midway between *R. rubiginosa* and *R. canina*. The glandular hairs and fragrant odour also become fewer and fainter and disappear altogether in its extreme varieties. (See Hooker's *Student's Flora*.)

To sum up: The state of the case appears to be that while the term eglantine is certainly synonymous with sweet briar, it has also a much wider signification and is applicable to other of our indigenous roses. Nature has refused to observe the "scientific frontier" of *Rosa rubiginosa*, and hence the popular latitude with respect to the eglantine has a natural foundation. Wordsworth cannot fairly be charged with ignorance because he has preferred, like most poets, common usage to technical precision. "Communis error facit jus."

R. B. S.

#### COMMENTS AND ANSWERS.

JOHN MEADOWCROFT.

(Query No. 1,462, December 13.)

[1,480.] Although I am unable to inform your correspondent THOMAS PEGG which was the first

voluntary surpliced choir in Manchester, and whether or not it was trained by my late lamented uncle, John Meadowcroft, I have a very clear recollection of the interest he took in the choir of St. Andrew's, Ancoats, and the high state of efficiency it attained under his guidance, something like thirty years ago. It may, I think, be truly said that no man, at least in this part of the world, has done more to promote church and popular singing than John Meadowcroft. There is before me at this moment a list of choirs in and about Manchester which he trained, far too long for reproduction here, and which causes one to think that it would be much easier to furnish a list of choirs which he did not train. It is not remarkable that he was popular and much respected—I was almost saying beloved—wherever he went, since his character was at once noble, generous, and beneficent, resulting in a life pure and given to all manner of good works. As his unworthy successor I naturally had much to do with numbers of his quondam pupils, and they one and all spoke of him in terms of the most affectionate regard. As one who knew him for a long period, I may perhaps be permitted to say that so excellent and sincere a friend, so estimable and gifted a teacher, and so thoroughly good a Christian as John Meadowcroft undoubtedly was, is rare indeed; and I cannot but feel that we may not look upon his like again.

His somewhat uneventful life may be briefly summarized. He was born in Salford in 1826, and early entered the Grammar School, where he made very creditable progress in all branches of study. At eight he entered the Cathedral choir, where he remained six years, sharing with one or two others the honour of being "the best boy treble ever heard in Manchester." At fourteen he was apprenticed to Robert Weston, with whom he worked in perfect harmony and concert until he was twenty-one. His life during these seven long years was one of incessant toil, and I have many times listened with wonderment at the stories of the hardships he had to endure in travelling on pony-back not only to but also from innumerable neighbouring towns where, even as a boy, he had to conduct large singing classes. From the day of his majority until almost his last day upon earth—August 28, 1873—he was hard at work; and, paraphrasing Shakspeare, one may say that the good he did lives after him.

JOHN TOWERS.

## RANTIPOLE.

(Query No. 1,467, December 20.)

[1,481.] "Lakin at rantipowle" = playing at see-saw: vide page 26 of the extra Christmas number of the *Yorkshireman* for the present year. I cannot think there is any analogy to be had from Maypole. The adjective "ranty" signifies friaky, and its combination with "pole" probably refers to the motion of the plank when used by children in playing the merry old game of see-saw.

JA. F. KELLAS JOHNSTONE.

## DATE OF CHARLES SWAIN'S BIRTH.

(Query No. 1,471, December 20.)

[1,482.] I can attest that Charles Swain was born in Every-street, Ancoats, January 4, 1801, where his mother Mrs. Caroline lived for many years near her brother's dyeworks. I well remember that my late father used to say that C. S. was born in 1801. She (my great aunt) married John Swain in March, 1800. There were two children by this marriage. One, Henry Edward, died young; and the other, Charles, died in September, 1874, in his seventy-fourth year.

FREDERICK LAWRENCE TAVARE.

Bydal Mount, Hightown, Oseetham.

The register of Charles Swain's birth at St. Ann's is quite correct, as we have a memorandum of it in my father's handwriting.

CATHERINE TAVARE.

## TENNYSON'S IN MEMORIAM.

(Query No. 1,473, December 20.)

[1,483.] The idea expressed in the opening stanza of *In Memoriam*:—

That men may rise on stepping-stones  
Of their dead selves to higher things,

appears to have originated in the mind of Saint Augustine. The "one clear harp" of the singer "in divers tones," to which Tennyson refers, is probably that of Longfellow, who unfolds the fine fancy at length in his poem entitled *The Ladder of St. Augustine*. A few verses may be cited in illustration:—

Saint Augustine! Well hast thou said  
That of our vices we can frame  
A ladder, if we will but tread  
Beneath our feet each deed of shame!

All common things—each day's events,  
That with the hour begin and end  
Our pleasures and our discontents  
Are rounds by which we may ascend.

Standing on what too long we bore  
With shoulders bent and downcast eyes,  
We may discern, unseen before,  
A path to higher destinies.

Nor deem the irrevocable past  
As wholly wasted, wholly vain,  
If rising on its wrecks, at last,  
To something nobler we attain.

It is a trivial circumstance, but the lover of Tennyson will note that in introducing the reference just discussed he has employed almost the same words as those used in *Locksley Hall*—"This is truth the poet sings"—when he renders the famous lines of Dante:—

Nessun maggior dolore  
Che ricordarsi del tempo felice  
Nella miseria.

R. B. S.

## QUERIES.

[1,484.] SKEDADDLE.—In J. C.'s interesting note on "Hens in Cocks' Plumage," the word skedaddling is mentioned. What is the origin of this word?

HOLM LEIGH.

[1,485.] DIETETIC VALUE OF THE APPLE.—The reminiscence of the late Boston Browne in last week's *City News* reminded me of an alleged custom of his—that of always eating an apple at night before going to bed. I have heard, too, of others, chiefly foreigners, who do the same. What is the dietetic value of the apple thus used?

POMONA.

[1,486.] RECORDS OF CATHEDRAL BELL PEALS. Can any correspondent say where the peal-boards or tablets recording celebrated peals rung at the Manchester Cathedral are now, or whether they are in existence? When the old tower of the Cathedral was taken down these boards were put on a hand-cart and taken to Knott Mill and sold by auction. Some reader may be able to give further information.

ROBERT LANGTON.

[1,487.] IS HYMNOLOGY A SCIENCE?—Hymnology has been the lifelong hobby of a rev. gentleman who made it the subject of a lecture delivered last week at the Y.M.C.A. Amongst a number of new

fangled phrases which he employed "the science of Hymnology" was one of frequent occurrence. He further claimed for it being the "most ancient of all the sciences." This, however, he only proved from an obscure passage of Scripture, which would hardly substantiate the statement, either from a literal or figurative interpretation. Science is a term which is constantly undergoing a process of rapid generalization, but I fail to see how its use can be appropriate in a case of this kind. If the collector of a number of hymns, with the authors' names and dates of composition, is content with nothing less than the ambitious title of "Science" for his performance, practical science will soon have to find another name. I shall be obliged if any of your readers can supply a few instances in which Hymnology is designated a science by good authorities; or whether it may really be considered an abstract science.

ALETHEIA.

UNANSWERED QUERIES OF THE YEAR.

The following is a list of some of the queries inserted during the year to which no answers have been received:—

788. Jan. 4...Gilbert White's Brother, Vicar of Blackburn.
819. " 18...Poem: Zara and Sebastian.
830. " 25...Italian Warehousemen.
831. " 25...Judges and Barristers' Wigs and Gowns.
854. Feb. 8...Leases of Land: Why 999 years?
871. " 15...Parker, a Manchester Organ-builder.
873. " 15...The Horse-shoe Trial at Lancaster.
895. March 1...La Cave, a Manchester Artist.
903. " 8...Toad Lane and Hyde's Cross.
936. " 29...Old Lectern in Manchester Cathedral.
937. " 29...Passage in *Othello*.
947. April 5...Chemists' Coloured Globes.
951. " 5...French Nursery Rhyme.
979. " 19...A Churchwarden's Jug.

994. " 26...The Rev. John Hopwood, Accrington.
995. " 26...The Shandean.
- 1,006. May 3...Mock Beggars' Hall.
- 1,007. " 3...County and Borough Magistrates.
- 1,029. " 10...“The Blackbird Whistleth.”
- 1,042. " 17...Art Workmen's Association.
- 1,043. " 17...Miss Lee, and Mr. Lee, Engineer.
- 1,058. " 24...Cross Lane, Salford.
- 1,093. June 7...Cupid's Alley, Deansgate.
- 1,129. " 28...Bradford Rate Book.
- 1,133. " 28...Portraits of Christ.
- 1,170. July 19...Cavalry Barracks in Byrom-street.
- 1,174. " 19...Ballad: The Lancashire Miller.
- 1,210. August 2...The Wooden Coal Scuttle.
- 1,213. " 2...The Phrase "Give it Best."
- 1,225. " 9...Roman Catholic Martyr at Lancaster.
- 1,252. " 30...First use of Steel Pens.
- 1,271. Sept. 6...Work, Wages, and Inns in Germany.
- 1,272. " 6...Old Manchester Private Residences.
- 1,282. " 13...Dickens's Key to a Woman's Heart.
- 1,283. " 13...Abbey Hey, Gorton.
- 1,284. " 13...Large Railway Stations.
- 1,285. " 13...Sale Priory.
- 1,296. " 20...Dr. Cowling.
- 1,309. " 27...Burnley Crosses.
- 1,328. Oct. 11...The Verb "to cotton."
- 1,329. " 11...Champagne: when introduced into England.
- 1,343. " 18...Mrs. Gaskell and the White Republican.
- 1,354. " 25...Ardwick Corporation and Mayor.
- 1,368. Nov. 1...Interment at Top of Ancoats Old Hall.
- 1,369. " 1...Mounting of Geological Specimens.
- 1,381. " 8...Lancashire Glee Writers.
- 1,398. " 15...Erasmus' Paradise.
- 1,400. " 15...Meteorological.
- 1,402. " 15...“Sure” and “Though.”
- 1,431. " 29...Commissionaire.
- 1,434. " 29...Library in Tib Lane.
- 1,449. Dec. 6...Tollbar and Shambles in Ancoats.
- 1,451. " 6...Hares and Madness.
- 1,461. " 13...Simple Test for Sewer Gas.



