This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

+ *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.

+ *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.

+ *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.

+ *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at `http://books.google.com/`

NOTTINGHAMSHIRE

FACTS AND FICTIONS:

A MISCELLANY OF

CURIOUS MANNERS AND CUSTOMS;
LEGENDS, TRADITIONS, AND ANECDOTES; AND
DEMONOLOGY, WITCHCRAFT, AND MISCELLANEOUS
SUPERSTITIONS.

COLLECTED AND EDITED

BY JOHN POTTER BRISCOE, F.R.H.S., &c.,

PRINCIPAL LIBRARIAN OF THE NOTTINGHAM FREE PUBLIC
LIBRARIES.

SECOND EDITION. PRICE SIXPENCE.

NOTTINGHAM:
PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY SHEPHERD BROS., ANGEL ROW.

1876.

G. A. Notts.
8° 28

Gough Add. Notts
8° 28.

NOTTINGHAMSHIRE

FACTS AND FICTIONS:

A MISCELLANY OF

CURIOUS MANNERS AND CUSTOMS;
LEGENDS, TRADITIONS, AND ANECDOTES; AND
DEMONOLOGY, WITCHCRAFT, AND MISCELLANEOUS
SUPERSTITIONS.

VIVIT POST FVNERA VIRTVS

BIBLIOTHEC

COLLECTED AND EDITED

BY JOHN POTTER BRISCOE, F.R.H.S., &c.,

PRINCIPAL LIBRARIAN OF THE NOTTINGHAM FREE PUBLIC
LIBRARIES.

SECOND EDITION. PRICE SIXPENCE.

NOTTINGHAM:
PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY SHEPHERD BROS., ANGEL ROW.

1876.

CONTENTS.

"All these things here collected are not mine,
But divers grapes make but one kind of wine;
So I from many learned authors took
The various matters written in this book.

. . . .

Some things are very good, pick out the best;
Good wits compiled them, and I wrote the rest."

PART I.

CURIOUS MANNERS AND CUSTOMS.

PAGE
Twelfth Cake ... 5
Plough Bullocks ... 6
Shrovetide at Aspley Hall in 1767 8
Shrove Tuesday ... 10
Old Customs at Newark ... 10
Penny Loaf Day at Newark ... 10
Mothering Sunday ... 11
Hot Cross Buns ... 11
Nottingham Corporation's Visit to St. Ann's Well ... 12
Eakring Ball Play ... 12
May Day Festivities ... 12
Nottingham Corporation's Annual Visit to Southwell ... 13
Oak and Nettle Day ... 14
Midsummer Eve Watch in Nottm. 14
Ancient mode of Electing Nottingham Mayors ... 15
Goose Fair ... 16
Curious Customs at Raleigh and Grymston ... 18

PAGE
Ferry Custom at Clifton ... 18
New Year's Eve Customs ... 18
Riding the Stang ... 19
Serenading in Nottingham in 1710 20
Butchers' Serenades ... 21
Bull Baiting ... 22
Badger Baiting ... 23
Bear Baiting ... 23
Cock Fighting ... 24
Public Whipping in Nottingham... 25
Nottingham Cuckstool ... 26
Southwell Ducking Stool ... 26
Nottingham Pillory ... 26
Matrimonial Customs ... 27
Nottinghamshire Gretna Green ... 28
Babies' Gifts ... 28
Passing Bell ... 28
Curfew Bell ... 29
Wilford Ferry and Tea Gardens ... 30

PART II.

LEGENDS, TRADITIONS, AND ANECDOTES.

PAGE
Fair Maid of Clifton 33
Maid of Broxtowe and the Republican Officer 36
The King and the Miller of Mansfield 40
Legend of Newstead Abbey 43
Lake at Newstead 44
Jottings about Byron 45
Marshal Tallard 49
Nottingham Mayor reproved by a King 50
The Nottingham Jacobite Mayor... 50
Nottingham Schoolmaster and the Lawyer 52
Parsimony of a Nottingham Benefactor 52
Anecdote of a Nottingham Historian 53
Story of Cecilia Ridgeway 53
Ruling Passion strong in death ... 53
PAGE
An absolute Fact 54
Remarkable Character 54
Squire Musters and the young anglers 53
Queen's Example 55
The King and the Newark Alderman 55
An illiterate Newark Alderman ... 55
King and the Southwell Shoemaker 55
James I. and Southwell Minster ... 56
Wife and Widow in five minutes... 56
Consequential Servant of Norwood Park 57
Parsimonious Nottingham Clergyman 57
Shelford Men and their Velvet Collars 57
Story of the Stocking Frame 58
Extraordinary tenacity of life 58
Why Dunblain Chapel was erected 59

PART III.

DEMONOLOGY, WITCHCRAFT, AND MISCELLANEOUS SUPERSTITIONS.

PAGE
Contest with the Devil near Nottingham 60
Demonology and Witchcraft in Nottingham 63
Preventive against Tempests 65
Children's Nails 65
Cats and Children's Breath 65
PAGE
Present of Sharp-edge Tools 66
Weddings, Childbirth, Cure for Hooping Cough, Hanging Soot 66
Salt, Tea Stalks, Ear Burning, Dog Howling, Funerals, Moles on the person 67
Horse Shoes 68

NOTTINGHAMSHIRE FACTS AND FICTIONS.

PART I.

CURIOUS MANNERS AND CUSTOMS.

"Old customs! oh! I love the sound,
However simple they may be:
Whate'er with time hath sanction found
Is welcome and is dear to me.
Pride grows above simplicity,
And spurns them from her haughty mind,
And soon the poet's song will be
The only refuge they can find." *Clare.*

"There are not unfrequently substantial reasons underneath for customs that appear to us absurd."—*Charlotte Bronte.*

"Be not so bigoted to any custom as to worship it at the expense of truth."—*Zimmermann.*

THE TWELFTH CAKE.

THE very ancient custom of putting certain articles into a rich cake is still preserved in Nottinghamshire. Usually a silver coin, a wedding ring, and a thimble are employed. These are mixed with the dough, and baked in the cake. On Twelfth Night the cake is divided amongst the family of the house and their guests. The person who obtains the coin will not want money for that year; the one who has the ring will be the first married; and the possessor of the thimble will die an old maid, or bachelor, as the case may be.

Then also every householder,
  To his ability,
Doth make a mighty cake, that may
  Suffice his company:
Herein some silver doth he put,
  Before it come to fire;
This he divides according as
  His household doth require,
And every piece distributeth,
  As round about they stand.

. . . .

  And whoso chanceth on the piece

Wherein the money lies,
  Is shouted king amongst them all,
And is with shouts and cries
  Exalted to the heavens above;
And she who gets the wedding ring
  Will ere long married be,
But she who doth the thimble get
  Will ne'er her husband see.

Adapted from Naogeorgus' *Popish Kingdom*.

PLOUGH BULLOCKS.

One of the most important, if not the most important, carnival of the agricultural labourers in Nottinghamshire, is held on the second Monday in January, and is generally known in the county as "Plough Monday," or "Plough Bullock Day." In Shelford, a village in Nottinghamshire, it is a usual custom on Plough Monday for the youngsters of the village to decorate their hats, &c., with strips of coloured paper, and with red-ochred faces, to present themselves at all the doors of the residents with the words, "Please can you remember the Plough Bullock?" The proceeds are divided amongst the youngsters of both sexes who participate in "plough bullocking." In the evening, as soon as it is dark, the youths go out on a similar errand, with their faces blacked, some with masks, and shake a small tin in solicitation of gifts of money. Immediately follow the men, who are fantastically arranged, actually drawing the plough itself, which is well cleaned and decorated for the occasion. Its exhibition is accompanied by the singing of the words:—

"My back is made of iron, my body's made of steel,
  And if you don't believe it, put your hands on and feel."

In past years, if any refused to present them with anything, they would plough up the ground round about the doors of such persons. In South Nottinghamshire the "Plough Bullocks," after being admitted into the houses of farmers and other residents, would proceed with the following novel play, a copy of which I received from my friend Mr. Brown, F.R.H.S., editor of *Notes about Notts.*:

In comes bold Anthony.
As bold as a mantle tree (*sic*).
I am come to show you sport, activity.
A room, a room, a gallant room!
And give us leave to sport,
For in this house I do resort,
It is a merry day.
Step in, the King of England, and boldly clear the way.

[*Enter King.*]

I am the King of England,
And so boldly do appear;
I'm come to seek my only son,
My only son and heir.
If you don't agree to what I say,
Step in, Prince George, thou valiant knight,
And boldly clear the way.

[*Enter the Prince.*]

I am Prince George, the valiant knight,
In fighting I took great delight;
I fought two fiery dragons, and brought about great slaughter,
And by those means I gained Selina, the King of England's daughter.

[At this juncture, *mirabile dictu*, a scrimmage ensues, and the warlike Prince is overcome.]

[*Enter Selina.*]

Who calls for Selina?
THE KING: Selina, to thee I call, behold!
They have killed my prince.
Oh, terrible! what hast thou done?
Thou hast ruined me, and killed my son.
Is there ne'er a doctor to be found?
To cure this deep and deadly wound.

[*Enter Doctor.*]

Oh, yes, there is a doctor to be found,
To cure this deep and deadly wound.
THE KING: What is your pay?
DOCTOR: Ten pounds is my pay,
But as thou art an old friend, I'll take nine of thee.
THE KING: What canst thou cure?
DOCTOR: I can cure the palsy and the gout,
Pains within and pains without;
Bring to me a woman aged three score years and ten,
I'll take her collar bone out and put it in again.
THE KING: Then, cure me my son.
DOCTOR: I'll cure your son as safe and sound
As any man on England's ground.

[*Applies something to the lips of the youth.*]

Here, George, take a little of my nip-nap (*sic.*),
Put it down thy lictap (*sic.*),
Arise, and fight again.

[*George rises accordingly.*]

I've searched his wounds, I've drained his blood,
I've given him that that's done him good.

Washington Irving thus describes the antics of the swains on Plough Monday, at Newstead Abbey:—"As I was walking in the cloisters, I heard the sound of rustic music, and now and then a burst of merriment, proceeding from the interior of the mansion. Presently the chambermaid came and informed me that a party of country lads were in the servants' hall, performing Plough Monday antics, and invited me to witness their mummery. I gladly assented, for I am somewhat curious about these relics of popular usages. The servants' hall was a fit place for the exhibition of an old gothic game. It was a chamber of great extent, which in monkish times had been the refectory of the abbey. A row of massive columns extended lengthwise through the centre, whence sprung gothic arches, supporting the low vaulted ceiling. Here was a set of rustics, dressed up in something like the style represented in the books concerning popular antiquities. One was in a rough garb of frieze, with his head muffled in bearskin, and a bell hanging behind him, which jingled at every movement. He was the clown, or fool of the party, probably a traditional representative of the ancient satyr. The rest were decorated with ribands, and armed with wooden swords. The leader of the troop recited the old ballad of St. George and the Dragon, which had been current among the country people for ages; his companions accompanied the recitation with some rude attempt at acting, while the clown cut all sorts of antics. To these succeeded a set of morris-dancers, gaily dressed up with ribands and hawks' bells. In this troop we had Robin Hood and Marian, the latter represented by a smooth-faced boy; also Beelzebub, equipped with a broom, and accompanied by his wife Bessy, a termagant old beldam. These rude pageants are the lingering remains of the old custom of Plough Monday, when bands of rustics, fantastically dressed, and furnished with pipe and tabor, dragged what was called the "fool plough" from house to house, singing ballads and performing antics, for which they were rewarded with money and good cheer."

SHROVETIDE AT ASPLEY OLD HALL IN 1767.

Aspley Hall, at the time of which we write, was the residence of an old lady and gentleman, members of the family at Wollaton Hall, who were always recognized as "His Honour," and "Madam" Willoughby. The old squire had a marked predilection for generous and promiscuous hospitality, and condescending familiarity on particular occasions with persons in humble life, so characteristic of the manners and habits of the English country gentleman a century ago. Bailey writes:—"At Shrovetide it was the custom of the Hall to provide butter and lard, fire and frying pans, for all the poor families of Wollaton, Trowell, and Cossall, who chose to come and eat their pancakes at his Honour's mansion. The only conditions attached to the feast were that no quarreling should take place, and that each wife and mother should fry for her own family, and that when the cake needed turning in the pan, the act should be performed by tossing it in the air and catching it again in the pan with the uncooked side downwards; and many were the roars of laughter which took place among the merry groups in the kitchen at the mishaps which occurred in the performance of the feat, in which his Honour and Madam heartily joined. Sometimes the unfortunate pancake came slap upon the floor; sometimes it fell across the edge of the pan, half in and half out, and had to be gathered up in the best way it could. When these disasters befel the younger wives and mothers of the assembly, which was generally the case, owing to their want of experience, the old couple would playfully remark, amidst the general titter of those around, that the defaulter would do better by the time she had 'half a dozen more children to fry for.' As no stint was put upon any person or family in respect of how much they should eat, the visitors generally took away what they came for, a good feast of Madam Willoughby's pancakes. To preserve order, as well as to enjoy the humour of the scene, his Honour and Madam always graced the kitchen with their presence, seated in the large high-backed chairs, and dressed each in one of their best holiday suits. Beside the squire and his lady was generally seen, through most of the entertainments, a pale thoughtful looking man in black, who at intervals pronounced a benediction on the food, and whose presence at the hall was a mystery to most of the villagers round, as he was never known to visit at any of the houses in the neighbourhood, and seldom was seen far from the precincts of the house, except it might be when indulging in a ramble in the adjoining wood. This person was in truth a Roman Catholic priest, kept in the house, not only to conduct the devotions of the family, but likewise to perform mass on those stated days when the small flock of Catholics from Nottingham, who at that time had no place of public worship in the town, were assembled, as was their wont, in the private chapel of Aspley Hall. In addition to the pancakes, each man had a quart of ale, each woman a pint, and each child a gill. There being as little stint put by the worthy host and hostess on gossip and goodhumoured pleasantry among the rustics as their eating, and there being uniformly about eight or ten families in the kitchen at a time, either waiting for or partaking of the products of the four or five frying-pans that were always kept going at the wide fire-grate, the utmost hilarity and cheerfulness prevailed throughout the whole day. It was indeed a real rural carnival; a day towards which scores of villagers, and especially the junior branches, looked forward to every year with feelings of the greatest delight."

SHROVE TUESDAY.

It is customary to present the first pancake cooked on Shrove Tuesday to Chanticleer for his sole gratification.

OLD CUSTOMS AT NEWARK.

In that curious miscellany of popular antiquities, Hone's *Every Day Book*, mention is made of a custom which existed on the anniversary of King Charles' execution, also on Shrove Tuesday. On those days the Market Place presented the appearance of a regular market, but the stalls only contained oranges, which might be raffled for, or, if preferred, purchased.

PENNY-LOAF DAY AT NEWARK.

About two hundred and thirty years ago, a person named Hercules Clay resided in the Market Place of Newark. He was a tradesman of some consequence, and an alderman. During the siege of Newark, on the night of March the 11th, 1643, he dreamed three times that his house was in flames; on the third warning he arose much terrified, alarmed the whole of his family, and caused its members to leave the premises, though at that time all appeared to be in perfect safety; but soon afterwards a bomb from the Parliamentary army on Beacon Hill fell into the house. This bomb was evidently intended for the destruction of the Governor's house, which was immediately opposite Mr. Clay's residence. In commemoration of this extraordinary deliverance Mr. Clay bequeathed £200 to the Corporation in trust to pay the Vicar of Newark for a sermon to be preached on each anniversary of this event, when the congregation is reminded of the happy deliverance. The interest of the other is devoted to the purchase of bread. Penny loaves are given to every one who makes application. Formerly they were distributed in the Church, but afterwards at the Town Hall. The applicants are admitted at the door in single file, and in order to prevent a second application, they are locked in until the whole is distributed.

MOTHERING SUNDAY.

The harshness and general painfulness of life in old times must have been much relieved by certain simple and affectionate customs which modern people have learned to dispense with. Amongst these was a practice, which existed last century, of visiting the parents on Mid-Lent Sunday, taking for them some little present. A youth engaged in this act of duty was said to go "a-mothering," and thence Mid-Lent Sunday itself became to be called "Mothering Sunday." One can readily imagine how, after a stripling or maiden had gone to service, or launched out into independent housekeeping, the old bonds of filial love would be brightened by the pleasant annual visitation, signalized, as custom demanded it should be, by the excitement attending some novel, and perhaps, surprising gift. There was also a cheering and peculiar festivity appropriate to the day, the prominent dish of "furmety," which is made of whole grains of wheat first boiled plump and soft, and then put into, and boiled in, milk, and sweetened and spiced. This practice originated from the Roman Hilaria, or feast in honour of the mother of the gods, on the eighth of March, on which day she is said to have been converted into the mother church.

HOT CROSS BUNS.

Who amongst us has not been awakened from "balmy sleep" by Young Nottingham calling out to the height of his voice, in not musical sounds, the usual

"Hot cross buns,
One a penny, two a penny,
Hot cross buns!"
If you have no daughters,
Give 'em to your sons.

and if you have been prevailed upon to give an order to one or more of your juvenile neighbours to be roused from the warm blankets by a ran-tanning at your doors by the youngsters bringing your round every-day buns with the addition of two slashes of the baker's knife, forming a cross—not the threecornered bun, which are provided for Good Friday in some parts of the country. The custom of having "hot cross buns" on Good Friday is no doubt a memorial of the ancient superstition regarding bread baked on Good Friday. Bread so baked was kept by families throughout the ensuing year, under a belief that a few eatings of it would prove a specific for any ailment, but particularly diarrhoea.

NOTTINGHAM CORPORATION'S VISIT TO ST. ANN'S WELL.

"By a custom time beyond memory," writes Deering, "the mayor and aldermen of the town and their wives have been used on Monday in Easter week, morning prayers ended, to march from the town to the well, having the town waits to play before them, and attended by all the clothing and their wives, together with the officers of the town, and many other burgesses and gentlemen, such as wish well to the woodward, this meeting being at first instituted, and since continued, for his benefit."

EAKRING BALL PLAY.

An annual festival called "Eakring Ball Play" was formerly held every Easter Tuesday, and had no doubt derived its name from its being anciently a great meeting for a trial of skill in the game of football, which was formerly such a favourite amusement in this county, that the lusty peasants often kicked the ball to and from the church on a Sunday; indeed, a reliable writer says he himself had witnessed this pollution of the sabbath, and sometimes seen the kicking of balls changed on the same day to the kicking of shins, which he stated was another sport in which this county had long excelled, and perhaps never been surpassed, not even by famous wrestlers of the southern counties.

MAY DAY FESTIVITIES.

The celebration of Mayday originated amongst the Romans. In England we have to go back several generations to find the observance of Mayday in its fullest development. It was usual, at Edwinstowe, and no doubt at many other villages in this county, on May mornings, for the youth of both sexes to hie themselves to the forest and gather token flowers and branches before day, and return with them, with accompaniments of music and all signs of merriment, to decorate the doors and windows of their lovers and neighbours before they were up in the morning. This is one of the rural customs which have passed away, never to return. Not content with this, these merry people had in every town and village a fixed pole, to which, on Mayday, they suspended wreaths of flowers. It was also decorated with ribbons. There was the milkmaid's dance, when they borrowed all the plates they could, and raised a pyramid of tankards and salvers on their pails, and then danced with these on their heads from door to door, receiving small gratuities from each of their customers. We only find mention of one in Nottingham. It was erected in 1747, and remained in its position at the end of Parliament Street until 1780, when it was ordered to be taken down by Mr. Thomas Wyer, one of the overseers of the highways for that year. This Maypole was the gift of Sir Charles Sedley, who presented this, the highest fir tree in Nuthall, to commemorate the triumph of his party, it not having returned a member since 1715. About the end of last century, Mr. Prime (in his autobiography) states that he saw a Maypole at Bradmore, where the people were dancing round it. It was made so that it could be lowered to the ground, in order to be dressed with flowers, and raised again. William Howitt says that about 1838 there was a Maypole at Linby, and another at Farnsfield. Garlands were generally wreathed by the hands of some fair damsel, and carried by some adventurous lad. Maypoles were recently standing at Linby, Stapleford, and Wellow; the former being blown down only a few months ago.

THE NOTTINGHAM CORPORATION'S ANNUAL VISIT TO SOUTHWELL.

The following is a transcript from the Register at Southwell:—"The Maiore of Nottingh. and his Brethren and all the clothing is likewise to ride in their best livery at their entry into Southvill on Wytson Monday, and so to procession te Deum, mithout the Maior and oder thick the contrary because of fouleness of way, or distemperance of weder. Also the said Maiore and his Brethren and all the clothing is likewise to ride in their Livery when they be comyn home from Southvill on the said Wytson Monday through the town of Nottingh. and the said Justices of Peace to have their clokes borne after them on horseback at the same time through the Town." "This is copyed out of the Leiger of Nott: Town by me Fran. Leek, Preb. de Woodborough." This shows a great likelihood that Southwell was the acknowledged mother church of Nottingham.

OAK AND NETTLE DAY.

A custom now dying out existed in Nottinghamshire on the twenty-ninth of May, or "Oak and Nettle Day," as it is termed in Nottinghamshire. The rising generation sally out in the morning, their caps and button-holes adorned with sprigs of oak. They also provide themselves with a bunch of nettles. They request all persons whom they meet with to "show your oak." If a single leaf even is produced they are permitted to pass along unmolested, but supposing they are unprovided with the necessary slip of leaf their face, neck, and hands are well "nettled." When punishment has thus been bestowed for disloyalty, a slip of oak is presented to the offending party, who is thus provided with protection from the next gang of youths and lads they meet. This nettling business is only performed up to midday. It is not recognized as "lawful" to nettle afterwards. Some, who are unable to procure it, endeavour to avoid the penalty by wearing dog-oak (maple), but the punishment is always more severe on discovery of the imposition. A more unpleasant custom prevailed in the northern portion of the county about twenty years ago. Those who did not conform to the usages of the "Royal Oak Day" were pelted with rotten eggs. In order to be well supplied with the "needful" for that day the young men would hoard up hen eggs for about a couple of months before they would be brought into requisition, so that the eggs would become rotten before they were required. This custom was in time carried to such an extent that the "strong arm of the law" was often brought into requisition to suppress it; the rough young folk pelting persons indiscriminately. Smaller eggs are still used by the school lads on "King Charles' Day."

MIDSUMMER EVE WATCH AT NOTTINGHAM.

This custom, which probably originated in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, and terminated in that of Charles the First, is described by Deering's Anonymous Author as follows:—"In this town by ancient custom they keep yearly a general watch every Midsummer Eve at night, to which every inhabitant of any ability sets forth a man, as well voluntaries as those who are charged with arms, with such munition as they have; some pikes, some muskets, calivers, or other guns, some partisans, halberts, and such as have armour send their servants in their armour. The number of these are yearly almost two hundred, who at sun-setting meet on the Row, the most open part of the town, where the Mayor's Sergeant-at-Mace gives them an oath, the terms whereof followeth in these words:—'You shall well and truly keep this town till to-morrow at the sun-rising, you shall come into no house without licence or cause reasonable. Of all manner of casualties, of fire, of crying of children, you shall due warning make to the parties, as the case shall require you. You shall due search make of all manner of affrays, bloodshed, outcries, and all other things that be suspected. You shall presentment make of the same, either to Mr. Mayor, the Sheriffs, or other officers. If any stranger come to the town, well and demeanably to behave yourself to them courteously, and to entreat them, and to bring them to their Inns, and well and secretly keep the watch, and other things that belong to the same watch, well and truly do, to your cunning and power, so help you God.' Which done they all march in orderly array through the principal streets of the town, and then they are sorted into several companies, and designed to several parts of the town, where they are to keep the watch till the sun dismiss them in the morning. One reason besides the points in the oath rendered for this custom is to keep their armour clean and fair, with all their accoutrements fit and ready to use upon any sudden occasion. In this business the fashion is for every watchman to wear a garland made in the fashion of a crown imperial, bedecked with flowers of various kinds, some natural, some artificial, bought and kept for that purpose, as also ribbons, jewels, and for the better garnishing whereof the townsmen use the day before to ransack the gardens of all the gentlemen within six or seven miles about Nottingham, beside what the town itself affords them, their greatest ambition being to outdo one another in the bravery of their garlands."

ANCIENT MODE OF ELECTING MAYORS IN NOTTINGHAM.

On the 29th of September, the aldermen and all those who had served the office of chamberlain or sheriff (or both) assembled in the morning at the mayor's house, who entertained them, besides tea and coffee, with a cold collation (formerly with hot roasted geese), from whence they went at ten o'clock to St. Mary's Church, attended by the waits (with scarlet cloaks laced with silver), who preceded them playing; and heard a sermon preached by one of the ministers of the three parishes of St. Mary, St. Peter, and St. Nicholas, who took their turn annually. For this service the chaplain received £20 by the hands of the chamberlains. Divine service ended, the whole body went into the vestry, where the old mayor seated himself in an arm chair, at a table covered with black cloth, the mace being laid in the middle of it, covered with rosemary and sprigs of bay, which they termed burying the mace; then the mayor presented the person nominated and virtually elected on the 14th of August at an hall meeting. The late mayor then took the mace up, and having kissed it, delivered it into the hands of the newly elected mayor, with a suitable compliment, who proposed the sheriff and chamberlains. They then went into the chancel, where the senior coroner administered the oath to the new mayor, in the presence of the old mayor, after which the sheriff and chamberlains took their oaths at the hands of the town clerk. This being done they marched on before to the hall. When near the Weekday Cross the town clerk proclaimed the mayor and sheriff. On the following market day they were again proclaimed (from the Malt Cross) in the face of the whole market. Long ago the mayor and sheriffs gave extravagant feasts, but these gave way to others of less splendour, which were held in the long room of the shambles, with bread and cheese, and fruit in season, pipes and tobacco, with plenty of wine, punch, and ale, if called for. On leaving each guest was presented by the sheriff with a piece of rich cake made expressly for that purpose.

NOTTINGHAM GOOSE FAIR.

The Goose Fair is referred to in a charter granted to the town of Nottingham by Edward the First in 1290. It formerly continued twenty-one days. Various tales are current of this, the greatest fair in the year, the most popular one being that related by Hone in his *Table Book*. It is as follows:—"A farmer who for some reason or other (whether grief for the loss of his wife, or her infidelity, or from mere curiosity, or dread of the fair sex, or some other reason equally unreasonable, according to various accounts) had brought up his three sons in total seclusion, during which they never saw woman. On arriving at man's estate he brought them to the October Fair, promising to buy each of them whatever he thought best. They gazed about them, asking the names of whatever they saw, when beholding some women walking, dressed in white, they demanded what they were. The farmer, somewhat alarmed at the eagerness of the question, replied, 'Pho, those silly things are geese.' When, without waiting an instant, all three exclaimed, 'Oh! father, buy me a goose.'" Another old story, told to suit circumstances and places, is given of the origin of this fair, which runs thus:—An angler was engaged in angling in the Trent, near Nottingham. In a time he felt or saw a bite that had been made. Unlike modern anglers he jerked the line high up in the air, together with the catch, which proved to be a large pike. A wild goose happening at that time to be flying overhead espied the fish in the air, which he at once secured. Not content with the pike, he carried off with him the rod, line, and *angler* too. The story goes on to relate that when passing over the Nottingham Market Place, either from fatigue or other cause, the goose dropped his booty of man, fish, and tackle. Very strange indeed to relate, the hero of our story alighted very comfortably, unhurt. To celebrate this exceeding good luck a holiday was proclaimed, and there was great rejoicing among the good folks of old Nottingham. Not very long ago large quantities of geese, from 15,000 to 20,000, were annually driven up from the Lincolnshire fens for sale here, at this time of the year, in the Market Place. Goose eating on Michaelmas-Day was considered very lucky, for it was supposed that he or she

"Who eats goose on Michaelmas-Day,
Shan't money lack his debts to pay."

and "Yet my wife would persuade me (as I am a sinner)
To have a fat goose on St. Michael for dinner;
And then all the year round, I pray you would mind it,
I shall not want money—oh! grant I may find it."

It was customary for landlords to receive presents from their tenants of a goose, which would at this time of the year be at its perfection, in consequence of the benefit derived from the stubble fields.

The custom came up from the tenants presenting
Their landlords with geese, to incline their relenting
On following payments, &c.

The fair is now proclaimed on the 2nd of October, unless that day falls on Sunday, and usually continues eight days. By the alteration of the style it should be proclaimed on the 3rd of October in the present century, but by an oversight this has never been done. As it has been, so it is now.

CURIOUS CUSTOMS AT RALEIGH AND GRYMSTON.

Near Raleigh there is a valley, said to have been caused by an earthquake several hundred years ago, which swallowed up a whole village, together with the church. Formerly it was a custom of the people to assemble in this valley every Christmas Day morning to listen to the ringing of the bells of the church beneath them. This it was positively asserted might be heard by putting the ears to the ground and harkening attentively. As late as 1827 it was usual on Christmas Day morning for old men and women to tell their children and young friends to go to the valley, stoop down, and hear the bells ring merrily. Our country cousins were evidently ignorant of a fact with which the North American Indians are perfectly conversant, that sound is communicated by the ground from a distance, and may be heard by placing the ear to the ground. The villagers evidently heard the ringing of the bells of some neighbouring church. We give this story on the authority of Hone, but we are not aware in what part of the county Raleigh is situated, or whether Hone's informant is mistaken in the county. Tradition states that the village of of Grymston was once entirely destroyed by a fearful earthquake, and wonderful stories are told of the ghosts who are said to haunt its site. The villagers affirm that upon old Christmas Day the church bells of Grymston may be heard ringing merry peals beneath the ground.

A CURIOUS CUSTOM.

The inhabitants of North Clifton were formerly ferry free. In consequence the ferryman and his dog were indulged with a dinner each at the vicar's at Christmas, and it is said that the minister's dog was turned out of doors whilst the ferryman's dog enjoyed itself. The ferryman also on that day received of the inhabitants a prime loaf of bread.

NEW YEAR'S EVE CUSTOMS.

The close of the year brings along with it a mingled feeling of gladness and melancholy; of gladness in the anticipation of brighter days to come with the advent of the new year, and of melancholy in reflections on the fleeting nature of time, and the gradual approach to the inevitable goal in the race of life. That so interesting an occasion should be distinguished by some observance or ceremony appears but natural, and we accordingly find various customs prevail, some sportive, others serious, and others in which both the mirthful and pensive moods are intermingled. The most general of these is that of sitting up until midnight on New Year's Eve, and when the eventful hour has struck by the bells of the neighbouring churches, to proceed to the house door at the knock of friends who have come to "let in the new year," and admit such friends who will bring them good luck, who must be dark complexioned gentlemen. Should any friend not answering this description present himself at the door he is firmly denied admission until one of the lucky complexion is admitted. Not unfrequently does one of the family, previous to locking the door for the last time in the year, cautiously deposit a gold coin in close proximity to the door, and immediately on the entry of the new year take in the gold. This is believed to be a sure sign that in the new year the family will never want money. More especially amongst the dissenters, it is usual to have a midnight service, termed the "watch," the occasion being deemed peculiarly adapted for meditation and thankfulness. Everyone knows that the arrival of the new year is heralded by the peals of bells, which burst from the steeples of the churches.

RIDING THE STANG.

Formerly punishment for minor offences were intended to produce shame in the offenders by exposing them to public ridicule. It was with this view that the carrying out of the punishment was left greatly in the hands of the people. This was the practice in the case of the cucking stool, the stocks, the pillory, &c., all of which are now banished by the progress of civilization; but there is one species of punishment which the people seem determined, chiefly in country places, to carry out. If a husband is known to beat his wife, or allow himself to be "henpecked," &c., the offender, if living in a village, will probably soon be serenaded with a rough concert of "music." This is produced by men, women, and children of the village assembling, each provided with a frying pan, warming pan, and tea kettles, which are drummed on with a key; iron pot lids serve as cymbals; fire shovels and tongs contribute to the noise; pokers or marrow bones; in fact, anything with which a loud, harsh, and discordant sound can be produced. Thus provided, the villagers proceed to the house of the culprit and salute him or her with an outburst of their music. This custom still lingers in most parts of the county. The following is a brief description of "stang riding," as practised near Southwell forty-four years ago. The practice was when any man had been beating his wife his effigy was made and placed in a cart, and drawn through the village by the people, shouting these lines, accompanied by the beating of the cans, &c.:

With a ran, tan, tan,
This man has been licking* his good, his good woman,
For what, and for why?
For eating so much when hungry,
And drinking so much when dry.
With a ran, tan, tan.

After going the round of the village the effigy was brought to the door of the house of the offending husband, and there set on fire. The following lines were intoned by the leader of the stang riders of North Nottinghamshire about fifty years ago:—

With a ran, dan, dan,
Sign o' my owd frying pan,
A brazen-faced villain has been paying his best wo-man;
He neither paid her wi' stick, stake, nor a stower,
But he up wi' his fisses, an' he knocked her ower.
With a ran, dan, dan.
This is not all that I've got to say;
If they should chance to faw an' fight another day,
She shall have the ladle, and he shall have his fisses,
And them that wins the day
Shall wear the dawbin' brichees.
With a ran, dan, dan.
Come all you owd wimmin, come all you wimmin-kind,
You get together an' be in a mind;
Be in a mind your husban's to gang,
And you may depend upon't I shall ride th' stang.
And if he does th' like again,
As I suppose he will,
I'll set him on a nanny-goat,
An' he shall ride to hell.

Other stang riding doggerels might be added, but we have given enough to give our readers a sufficient idea of their character.

SERENADING IN NOTTINGHAM IN 1710.

The practice of serenading appears to have been carried out to a very considerable extent in the early portion of last century in the ancient town (or city) of Nottingham, judging from the following, which appeared in the pages of the *Tatler*:—"Whereas,

*beating

by letters from Nottingham, we have advice that the young ladies of that place complain for want of sleep, by reason of certain riotous lovers who for this last summer have very much infested the streets of that eminent *city* with violins and bass viols, between the hours of twelve and four in the morning, to the great disturbance of many of her Majesty's peaceful subjects. And whereas I have been importuned to publish some edict against those midnight alarms which, under the name of serenades, do greatly annoy many well disposed persons, not only in the place above mentioned, but also in most of the polite towns of this island, I have taken that matter into my serious consideration, and do find that this custom is by no means to be indulged in in this country and climate."

BUTCHERS' SERENADES.

The butchers of Nottingham, on the return of Members of Parliament, and on other occasions, rang peals on their cleavers with marrow bones with some effect. On the return of Mr. D. P. Coke in 1776, the butchers, dressed in blue waistcoats, rang a peal which made a favourable impression on the company present. Another peal was given in the Market Place, and a third in the Corn Market, before the King's Head gate. They were then sent for by Mrs. Pole, of Radbourne, to ring another peal at her lodgings, which so delighted her that she offered them a guinea and a half. A party of these having duly accomplished themselves for the purpose, made a point of attending in front of a house containing a wedding party with their cleavers, and each provided with a marrow bone, wherewith to perform a sort of rude serenade, of course with the expectation of a fee in requital for their music. Sometimes the group would consist of four, the cleaver of each ground to the proportion of a tone; but a full band—one entitled to the highest grade or reward—would be not less than eight, producing a complete octave; and where there was a fair skill, this series of notes would have all the fine effect of a peal of bells. When this serenade happened in the evening the men would be dressed neatly in clean blue aprons, each with a portentious wedding favour of white paper in his breast or hat. It was wonderful with what quickness and certainty the serenaders "got wind" of a coming marriage, and with what tenacity of purpose they would go on with their performance until the expected fee was forthcoming.

BULL BAITING IN NOTTINGHAMSHIRE.

The Nottingham butchers in times past, whenever they intended to kill a bull, were obliged to first bait him in the Market Place, for which purpose there used to be a ring fixed in the ground, and the mayoress was to find a rope, for which she had the consideration of one shilling from everyone who took up his freedom of the town. Instead of this, Deering says the butchers paid to the lady of the mayor 3s. 4d., called pin money, for every bull they killed. This brutal sport was also carried on in Burton Leys, and at the bottom of Hockley, behind the Leather Bottle Inn. The practice of bull baiting seems to have been compulsory on the inhabitants of Worksop, for by a bye-law on the court rolls of the lord of the manor, it is provided that "no bull shall be killed and sold in the market of Worksop without having been first baited in the bull ring." It was explained that the bye-law was enacted with the laudable intention of saving our worthy ancesters from the unpleasantness of eating "bull beef," which they might incautiously have purchased, had not the fact of the slaughter of each tender victim been made public in this manner. So provident were the good men of those times. The bull ring was on the Lead Hill, and existed until the middle of the eighteenth century. The following description of the English bull baiting from the pen of Misson, the French advocate, who resided in this country in the reign of William the Third, may prove interesting to our readers:—"They tie a rope to the root of the horns of the bull, and fasten the other end of the cord to an iron ring fixed to a stake driven into the ground; so that the cord, being about fifteen feet long, the bull is confined to a space of about thirty feet diameter. Several butchers, *or other gentlemen*, that are desirous to exercise their dogs, stand round about, each holding his own by the ears; and when the sport begins they let loose one of their dogs. The dog runs at the bull; the bull, immoveable, looks down on the dog with an eye of scorn, and only turns a horn to him to hinder him from coming near. The dog is not daunted at this, he runs round him, and tries to get beneath his belly. The bull then puts himself in a position of defence; he beats the ground with his feet, which he joins together as closely as possible, and his chief aim is not to gore the dog with the point of his horn (which, when too sharp, is put into a kind of wooden sheath), but to slide one of them under the dog's belly, who creeps close to the ground to hinder it, and to throw him so high in the air that he may break his neck in the fall. To avoid this danger the dog's friends are ready beneath him, some with their backs, to give him a soft reception, and others with a pole, which they offer him slantways, to the intent that, sliding down them, it may break the force of his fall. Notwithstanding all this care, a toss generally makes him sing to a very scurvy tune, and draw his phiz into a pitiful grimace. But unless he is totally stunned with the fall he is sure to crawl again towards the bull, come on't what will. Sometimes a second frisk into the air disables him for ever; but sometimes, too, he fastens upon his enemy, and when he has once seized him with his eye-teeth he sticks to him like a leech, and would sooner die than loose his hold. Then the bull bellows and bounds and kicks, all to shake off the dog. In the end either the dog tears out the piece he had laid hold on, and falls, or else remains fixed to him with an obstinacy that would never end, did not they pull him off. To call him away would be in vain; to give him a hundred blows would be as much so; you might cut him to pieces, joint by joint, before he would let him loose. What is to be done then? While some hold the bull, others thrust staves into the dog's mouth, and open it by main force." The practice of bull baiting was not forbidden by Act of Parliament until 1835; and after an existence of at least seven centuries, this ceased to rank among the amusements of the English people.

BADGER BAITING.

Badger baiting was a favourite sport in this country until the close of the last century, and perhaps until early in the present one. It was a very ancient amusement. The sport consisted in kennelling the animal in a tub, where dogs were set upon him to worry him out. When dragged from his tub by his tormentors, the poor beast was allowed to retire to it till he recovered the attack. This process was repeated several times a day, especially in public-houses, where a badger was kept for the delectation of the customers. From the *Autobiography of George Prime*, nephew of the Rev. Owen Dinsdale, rector of Wilford, who was placed with the Rev. W. Beetham, vicar of Bunny, in 1792, we gather that this cruel sport was carried on at Bradmore at that time. He had seen wild badgers in Rancliffe Wood.

BEAR BAITING.

From about the twelfth to the commencement of the nineteenth century bear baiting was a popular sport of the English people. It was considered a very proper one even for the ladies. "Good Queen Bess," soon after her accession to the throne, entertained the French ambassadors with the baiting of bulls and bears, and herself watched the proceedings until six o'clock in the evening. From an ancient book, belonging to the Nottingham Corporation, greatly damaged by fire, written early in the sixteenth century, we glean the following curious note:—"Item.—The s^d mayre for tyme being is lykewise to give them knowlege of every bere baityng and bull baityng within towne, to see the sport of the game after the old custom and usage." Hentzner, who visited this country in 1598, thus describes the place and brutal sport of bear baiting:—"There is a place built in the form of a theatre, which serves for the baiting of bulls and bears. They are fastened behind, and then worried by great English bulldogs; but not without great risque to the dogs, from the horns of the one and the teeth of the other: and it sometimes happens they are killed on the spot. Fresh ones are immediately supplied in the place of those that are wounded or tired. To this entertainment there often happens that of whipping a blinded bear, which is performed by five or six men, with whips, which they exercise upon him without any mercy, as he cannot escape from them because of his chain. He defends himself with all his force and skill, throwing down all who come within his reach, and are not quite active enough to get out of it, and tearing the whips out of their hands and breaking them. At these spectacles, and everywhere else, the English are constantly smoking tobacco." James the First prohibited the baiting of bears on Sunday, although he did not otherwise discourage the sport. In the reign of Charles the First the garden at Bankside was still a favourite resort, but the Commonwealth ordered the bear to be killed, and forbade the amusement. However, with the Restoration, the custom was revived. In 1802 a bill was introduced into the Commons for the suppression of the practice, but it was rejected. It was not until 1835 that baiting was finally put down by Act of Parliament; and after at least seven centuries it ceased to exist as one of the amusements of the English people.

COCK FIGHTING.

The following advertisement, with a rude woodcut, is a specimen of an announcement of a cock fight, which appeared in the *Nottingham Journal* in 1795:—

COCKING.

A main of cocks and stags will be fought at the White Lion Inn, in Nottingham, on Monday, Tuesday, and Wednesday, the 16th, 17th, and 18th of February [1795], betwixt the Gentlemen of Derbyshire and the Gentlemen of Nottinghamshire. To shew sixteen stags, and twenty-five cocks in the main, and ten byes, to fight for four guineas a battle, and one hundred guineas the main. Feeders: Redfern, jun., for Derbysh. Clay, for Nottinghamsh.

PUBLIC WHIPPING IN NOTTINGHAM.

Public flagellation originated directly after the dissolution of the monasteries. Owing to such dissolution, a great number of poor persons were suddenly thrown on the country without any means of support except charity. They naturally wandered from town to town in quest of subsistence from the benevolent. This roving life soon produced theft to a considerable extent, when stringent measures were resorted to for the suppression of the crime. In the reign of Henry the Eighth an act was passed by which vagrants were "carried to some market town or other place, and there tied to the end of a cart naked, and beaten with whips throughout such market town or other place, till the body should be bloody by reason of such whipping." This punishment was slightly mitigated in the reign of Elizabeth. In Nottingham, vagrants, thieves, and others were usually whipped at the tail of a cart, from the corner of the Exchange to the corner of what is now Market street, and occasionally back again. A young woman, aged 19, was sentenced in 1769 to be publicly whipped through the Nottingham Market Place on the Saturday for obtaining goods under false pretences. This brutal order was carried into execution. Dr. R. Chambers, in the *Book of Days*, informs us that the whipping of female vagrants was expressly forbidden by a statute of 1792. Bailey says that he could distinctly remember, when a youth, seeing a middle-aged female publicly flogged. A writer in the *Nottingham Guardian* Local Notes and Queries, says:— "I remember well, being at that time a pupil at Dr. Nicholson's school, in Parliament Street, in 1830, seeing a man publicly flogged, not at the cart tail, for he stood in the cart, his hands being fastened to a framework in front. He was naked to the waist, and a little man who rode with him briskly applied a birch rod to his back. There was very little crowding or excitement. The cart moved slowly from the House of Correction to the pump, near the top of Sheep Lane, and back again. I remember it also being a subject of conversation amongst the boys that another flogging took place in the Market Place within a few weeks of the former one." A friend informs me that about the same period he saw a person flogged, tied to a cart tail, the operator being a little man known as "Jerry." The cart proceeded slowly up the Long Row to the end of old Sheep Lane, and there turned. It appeared to be a by no means rare occurrence. The last public whipping took place in Nottingham, May 26th, 1830.

THE CUCKSTOOL IN NOTTINGHAM.

This instrument of torture, which was used for the exposure of females of bad repute, was situated about midway between Timber Hill (now the South Parade) and the top of Wheeler Gate. It consisted of a hollow box, which was sufficiently large to admit of two persons being exposed at the same time. Through holes at the side the heads of the culprits were placed. In fact, the Nottingham cuckstool was similar to a pillory. The last time this ancient instrument of punishment was brought into requisition was in 1731, when the mayor (Thomas Trigge) caused a female to be placed in it for immorality, and left her to the mercy of the mob which had assembled, who ducked her so severely that her death ensued shortly afterwards. The mayor, in consequence, was prosecuted, and the Nottingham cuckstool was ordered to be destroyed.

THE SOUTHWELL DUCKING STOOL.

Shilton stated, in 1818, that within the memory of some of the older inhabitants, there was, at the water mill, a then useless machine known by the name of the ducking stool, wherein ladies (?) who "overstepped the modesty of nature" in their declamations, or perhaps showed too much of the animal, were secured, and treated (?) to a little salutary aquatic purgation.

THE NOTTINGHAM PILLORY.

A pillory usually consisted of a wooden frame erected on a stool, with holes and folding boards for the admission of the head and hands of bakers who sold bread of light weight, vendors of adulterated food, impostors, beggars, thieves, and persons of bad character generally. The pillory was for ages frequently to be met with in most European countries. It is said to have existed in England prior to the Norman Conquest (1066) in the form of a stretch-neck, in which the head only was inserted. By an Act of Parliament, dated the 30th of June, 1837, the pillory became abolished in the United Kingdom. Of the early history of the pillory in Nottingham we can glean but little information. We learn that about 1740 the pillory was used in Nottingham; who was the culprit, and what the offence was, we cannot learn. In 1808, on the 6th of April, a great concourse of the Nottingham people assembled in the Market Place to witness the exposure in the pillory (which was specially erected in the Market Place for the occasion) of a wretch named Robert Calvin, a Scotchman. He remained there exposed to a very heavy fall of rain, which to him was no punishment. To guard against any disorder, or any attempt to abuse the criminal, the magistrates, bearing in mind the maltreatment of a female who was placed in the cuckstool, which was the cause of her death (already alluded to), caused a large force of constables to be in attendance. This was the last occasion on which the pillory was used in Nottingham.

MATRIMONIAL CUSTOMS.

It has been the custom from time immemorial in the parish of Wellow, when the banns of marriage are published, for a person selected by the clerk to rise and say "God speed them well," the clerk and congregation responding "Amen." Owing to the death, in the early part of 1853, of the person who officiated in this ceremony, on Sunday, April 22nd, 1853, after the banns of marriage were read, a perfect silence prevailed, the person appointed to this office, either from want of courage or loss of memory, did not perform his part until after an intimation from the clerk, and then he did so in so faint a tone as to be scarcely audible. His whispered good wishes were however followed by a hearty "Amen," mingled with some laughter in different parts of the church.—It appears to be one of the privileges of the chimney sweepers in the neighbourhood of Nottingham to levy "black mail" upon all persons who reside in the nighbourhood who are about to be admitted into the bonds of matrimony. Should the demand not be recognized, "the knight of the brush" threatens to shake his soot bag over the intended bride on emerging from the house to enter the wedding equipage (if one is provided). In order to prevent this the demand is complied with, and the bride is allowed to proceed to church, with the best wishes of the neighbouring chimney sweep.—In North Nottinghamshire a curious wedding custom exists. Upon the wedding equipage is placed, immediately upon going to church, an old boot. This is said to be carrying luck with the couple, instead of having it thrown after them in the ordinary way. Another curious custom which prevails in North Notts. is to throw rice and wheat at the wedding party. This is said to ensure domestic happiness and a large family. In some parts of this county a custom exists at weddings to throw corn, and say,

"Bread for life, and pudding for ever."

Amongst the country people it is usual to make plum and preserve tarts for the young people to eat on these festive occasions. Particular notice is taken while these tarts are disposed of to ascertain the number of stones found in the first tart. It is stated that as many years will elapse before the young person enters the matrimonial state as there are stones found in the tart.

THE GRETNA GREEN OF NOTTINGHAM.

In the early portion of the last century the scattered village of Fledborough received the appellation of the Gretna Green of Nottinghamshire, from Mr. Sweetapple, the rector, who, like the blacksmith of the Scottish border, fettered with the chain which cannot be broken, except by death and the divorce court, all who made application to him for that purpose.

BABIES' GIFTS.

It is usual to give, amongst other gifts to a baby, the well-known toy with bells, ring, and a piece of coral at the end, which is generally suspended from the neck by a coloured ribbon; but the giver is very rarely aware of the meaning which was formerly attached to such a gift. An old writer on witchcraft says that "the coral preserveth such as bear it from fascination or bewitching." For this reason were they hung about the neck. The bells were also supposed to preserve the child from evil spirits.

THE PASSING BELL.

At the present day there are many ceremonies and customs in use amongst us for the existence of which we are at a loss to account. The change of circumstances, and the opinions of men, as time rolls on its way, cause us no longer to see the origin of numberless institutions which we still possess, and which we retain with respect and affection, although we no longer know their cause or their meaning, and whereby we often unconsciously celebrate that of which we might not approve. Of such is the ceremony of tolling the bell at the time of death, still called

THE PASSING BELL, OR SOUL BELL,

which seems to be as ancient as the first introduction of bells themselves, about the seventh century. Venerable Bede (born 672 or 673, died 735) is the first who makes mention of bells, and he tells us that, at the death of Saint Thilda, one of the sisters of a distant monastery, as she was sleeping, thought she heard the bells which called to prayers when any of them departed this life. The custom was therefore as ancient as his day, and the reason of this institution was not, as some imagine, for no other purpose than to acquaint the neighbourhood that such a person was dead, but chiefly that whoever heard the bell should offer up their prayers for the soul that was departing, or passing. It was also rung to drive away the evil spirits which were supposed to wait about the house, ready to seize their prey, or to molest and terrify the soul in its passage. By the ringing of a bell the evil ones were supposed to be kept aloof (for Durandus tells us that they are afraid of bells), and the soul allowed to pass quietly away. The passing bell is rung in many places in the county. At Woodborough it is rung, for a man, three times three, and rung up, and then down; for a woman, three times two, and rung up and down. When the age is rung it is by tens. At Gedling, for a man, three times three, the age tolled, then rung up, then down; age tolled, three times three. For a woman, three times two, the age tolled; then rung up and then down, &c. For a child it is the same, the age being omitted. At Ruddington it is tolled for an hour, then three times three, for a man, and three times two for a woman.

CURFEW BELL.

The practice of ringing the curfew bell (Fr. *couvre-feu*, cover fire) prevailed throughout the continent of Europe at an early period, its object being that of preventing fires, which were very frequent and destructive, owing to the houses being composed of wood; but it was not until the conquest of this country by

William of Normandy that it was introduced into England, the object of it being to warn the people to cover up their fires, and retire to rest, so as to prevent any meetings of the conquered people being held; heavy penalties being imposed on all who did not attend to the signal. The curfew bell was rung in the summer at sunset, and in the winter at eight o'clock. The custom of ringing this bell at eight or nine o'clock is still continued in many parts of England, though its original significance is of course lost. It is still rung at Bingham, Sutton Bonnington, Wysall, and other places in the county. At Wysall it is rung at eight o'clock every evening, excepting Saturday, when it is rung at seven o'clock, and on Sunday, when it is omitted. After the curfew has rung, the days of the month are then tolled on a large bell. Mr. Prime, in his autobiography, states that about 1792 the curfew bell was rung at Bunny.

A RELIC OF BYGONE DAYS.

WILFORD FERRY AND TEA GARDENS, 1851.

It is a holiday afternoon; the sun is in the equinox, and the gaily dressed parties wending their way across the meadows appear fatigued, though just commencing their rambles. The entire pathway from the railway to

THE FERRY *

is thronged with pedestrians, all respectably, and many of them fashionably, attired. Here a party of mechanics, with their wives and families, trudge along in their Sunday finery, seeming determined to enjoy their holiday, sultry as the weather is, and enlivening their walk with merry jest and laughter. There a prim shopman saunters along the pathway with his "ladye-love," whose fair face seeks shelter from the sunbeams under one of the tiniest of parasols, and jogging along after them is a globular old couple, with a spoiled grandchild sulking behind them, wondering whether "the boat" will be *very crowded.* To Wilford do old and young, stout and slim, alike wend—all save that gaunt, melancholy old man, who, with fishing rod upon his shoulders, is intent upon winning a meal from the waters of the Trent. We, as we too have our half-holiday, will e'en make a pilgrimage to

---

* This was really a primitive ferry. A massive iron chain stretched across the river, and acting on a moveable pillar, or short mast, which stood at the head of the ferry boat, required but the brawny arms of the boatman to keep shifting his hold of the chain; and, with a score or two of pulls, he brought his passengers safe to the sloping and gravelly shore.

Wilford ourselves. A walk of five minutes' duration brings us to our glorious old river, whose gay green banks are dotted with parties—here a family, and there a pair of fond lovers reclining upon the sward, and gazing upon the river from beneath the scanty canopy of a parasol; whilst near the landing place stands a crowd, pushing and jostling lest they should be unable to cross the river at the next opportunity. But, steady, here is the boat. Bump it comes against the platform, and see how the multitude are struggling and squeezing to get in. Ha! our old acquaintance, the prim little shopman, is floundering in the Trent, and meeting with nothing but jeers and laughter as he emerges from the river, dripping like a naiad! And worse still, his new Parisian hat is floating down the river, and to add to this unfortunate disaster a number of wicked urchins are pelting at it with stones as it sails mournfully along. At length we arrive safely on board, and become one of a compact mass of human beings, who are wedged to the very sides of the boat. The chain creaks, and 'midst curses and complaints, we cross the bosom of old Father Trent; and, after being jostled and crushed to our heart's content, we set our willing feet upon the green grass again. Here we are at last, entering the widely-famed

WILFORD TEA GARDENS.

What a picture of suburban enjoyment! The thick foliage of clustering elms, oak trees, and hazels completely embower the place, offering a grateful coolness to the languid rambler. As you enter you perceive three diminutive cribs, resembling neither coal sheds nor dog kennels, but still partaking of the description of both, wherein are seated several loving couples, having before them divers jugs and glasses. The young ladies are eating shrimps, and the young gentlemen smoking very bad cigars with all the *nonchalance* they are capable of assuming. Almost the entire length of the grounds is occupied by a series of impromptu tables, formed of boards and tressels, at which are seated a medley multitude of visitors from the town. At one table a group of mechanics are smoking their yards of clay, and discussing the politics of the week over foaming jugs of ale. At another a dozen of embryo Brummels are sipping gin and water, and criticizing the feminine portions of the passers by in terms very discreditable to their *gentility*. Whilst at a third a party of soldiers, wearing the somewhat inelegant costume of "the line," are making the place echo with their boisterous revelry. Here and there may be seen a fat old tradesman, taking his bottled stout, or a prim middle-aged bachelor, moralizing upon the scene before him. The paths are crowded with promenaders, and ever and anon may be descried the waiters, conspicuous in their "jackets of jean," at one time invitingly inquiring if "any gentleman called here?" at another hurrying off in a state of bewilderment, with their orders to the wrong places: whilst hawkers provokingly pester you with their "comestibles," as if the greatest duty in life were to eat shrimps and gingerbread, or break your teeth by cracking nuts. Moving slowly onward, we arrive at an extraordinary piece of *architecture*, which is said, by professedly competent judges, to resemble "Noah's Ark." A circular table ornaments the interior of the "Ark," upon which are broken pipes and waste provisions; every available space being occupied by pleasure seekers. Joy irradiates every countenance; young and old alike feel its genial influence. Children are romping about, and making as much as they can of their half-holiday, and the "elder folk" seem to be enjoying a sweet respite from all the little carking duties and troubles which embitter our daily life. Sweet Wilford, thou art losing thy rural honours, as round about thee new buildings and streets are stretching in every direction, swallowing up sweet spots and sunny nooks, which were dear to us, and thy sward is becoming polluted by the refuse of the neighbouring coalpit.

◆

NOTTINGHAMSHIRE FACTS AND FICTIONS.

PART II.

LEGENDS, TRADITIONS, AND ANECDOTES.

"Will you mock at an ancient tradition?"—*Henry V.*

THE FAIR MAID OF CLIFTON.

CLIFTON is about four miles south-west of Nottingham. Clifton Grove, now famed for the tragedy depicted in the ballad, is a place of popular resort for the Nottingham people, who assemble there in great numbers in the summer season; indeed, in holiday times, the Grove presents the appearance of a fair. There are various legends of the *Fair Maid of Clifton*, both in prose and verse. Throsby, referring to the tragic occurrence, says:—"Here, tradition says, the Clifton beauty, who was debauched and murdered by her sweetheart, was hurled down the precipice into her watery grave. The place is shown you, and it has long been held in veneration by lovers." The late Sir Robert J. Clifton, Bart., M.P., some years ago gave the following version, which varies from that already given:—"A perjured maid, sheltering from a storm, was struck by lightning, and carried from the Grove into the Clifton Deeps below; and, as people say, curiously enough from that day to this the spot on which she was struck, and the declivity down which she fell, have remained a belt of arid land!" Henry Kirke White, the youthful poet of Nottingham, has devoted one of his longest poems to this subject. In the British Museum are preserved several versions of the old story under the title of *Bateman's Tragedy*. Dr. Booker has given a pretty sketch of this occurrence. Each of these writers give different versions of the tragic end of Bateman. Our townsman, Mr. Goodyer, has devoted much attention to this subject, and has modelled the story for the stage. The following ballad was written from the dictation of the schoolmistress of Wells' Hospital, at Nottingham; and printed in *Walks round Nottingham*, a work written by Capt. Barker, the old sailor, under the pseudonym of "A Wanderer," and issued in 1835:—

Ye gallant dames so finely framed in beauty's choicest mould,
And you that trip it up and down like lambs in Cupid's fold,
Here is a lesson to be learn'd of a peculiar kind,
By such as do prove false in love and bear a faithless mind.

Not far from Nottingham, of late (in Clifton as we hear,)
There liv'd a rich and comely maid who never knew compeer;
Her cheeks were like the crimson rose, but as you will perceive,
The fairest face may have false heart, and soonest will deceive.

"This beauteous dame she was belov'd by many in that place,
And many strove in marriage bonds to hold her in embrace;
At length there came a proper youth, young Bateman call'd by name,
And speedily they both did feel a mutual glowing flame.

"Such love and liking there was found that he, from all the rest,
Soon stole away this maiden's heart, and she did like him best;
Then secretly the plighted oath did pass between these two,
That nothing could, but death itself, this true love-knot undo.

"She broke a piece of gold in twain—one half to him she gave,
'The other, as a pledge,' said she, 'I for myself will have:
If ever I do break my vow while I remain alive,
May everything I take in hand be never known to thrive.'

"This passed on for three months' space, and then this maid began
To settle all her love and like upon another man;
Old Germain (who a widower was) must needs her husband be,
Because he was of greater wealth, and better in degree.

"The vows she had to Bateman made she solemnly denied,
And in despite of him and his, she utterly defied:
'Oh, well,' quoth he, 'if it be so, and thou wilt me forsake,
And like a false and foresworn wretch another husband take,

"Thou shalt not live one quiet hour, for thee I'll surely have;
Alive or dead I'll claim my right—and when I'm in the grave,
Then faithless maid thou shalt repent; of this be well assured,
I'll make you suffer for my sake the troubles I've endured.'

"But mark how Bateman died for love, and finished his life;
For on that day that she was wed, and made old Germain's wife,
He with a strangling cord, God wot, great moans and cries therefore,
Hang'd up himself, with despair fraught, before the young bride's door.

"Wherewith such sorrow pierced her heart, and trouble seized her mind,
That she could never after that one day of comfort find;
For wheresoever she did go, her fancy did surmise
Young Bateman's pale and ghastly ghost standing before her eyes.

"One night as she in bed did lie, within her husband's arms,
In hopes thereby to sleep and rest secure from all alarms,
Deep groans and grievous moans she heard, and a voice that sometimes cried,
'O thou art she whom I must have, and will not be denied.'

"But being in a thriving way, she for the infant's sake,
Was shielded from the spirit's power, no vengeance could it take;
The babe unborn did safely keep (as God appointed so,)
Its mother's body from the fiend which sought her overthrow.

"But when at last the time came round, and she was brought to bed,
Her cares and griefs began anew, and inward sorrow bred;
Most of her friends she did invite, desiring them to stay,
'For from my bed this very night I shall be borne away.

"'I've seen the spirit of my love, with pale and ghastly face,
Until he bears me hence he'll not depart the place;
Alive or dead he claims my vow, and me he'll surely have,
For I am his by solemn oath and the promises I gave.

"Oh! watch with me this night, I pray, and see you do not sleep,
For only whilst you keep awake my body you can keep."
They promised to do their best, but nothing can suffice,
For at the middle of the night soft slumber sealed their eyes.

So being all thrown off their guard, to them unknown which way
The child-bed woman on that night from them was borne away;
And to what place no creature knew, nor to this day can tell—
The oddest thing that ever yet in any age befel.

Ye maidens that desire to love, and would good husbands choose,
The man with whom you've broken gold, oh! never do refuse;
For God, who knows such secret oaths, will surely vengeance take
On such as dare their solemn vows and promises to break.

Kirke White, in the poem previously alluded to, after Margaret's marriage, says—

"Six guilty months had marked the false one's crime,
When Bateman hailed once more his native clime.
Sure of her constancy, elate he came,
The lovely partner of his soul to claim.
Light was his heart, as up the well-known way
He bent his steps—and all his thoughts were gay.
Oh! who can paint his agonizing throes,
When on his ears the fatal news arose!
Chill'd with amazement—senseless with the blow,
He stood a marble menument of woe;
Till call'd to all the horrors of despair,
He smote his brow, and tore his horrent hair
Then rush'd impetuous from the dreadful spot,
And sought those scenes, (by memory ne'er forgot,)
Those scenes the witness of their growing flame,
And now like witnesses of Margaret's shame.
'Twas night—he sought the river's lonely shore,
And traced again the former wanderings o'er.
Now on the bank in silent grief he stood,
And gazed intently on the stealing flood,
Death in his mien, and madness in his eye,
He watch'd the waters as they murmur'd by:

Bade the base murderess triumph o'er his grave—
Prepared to plunge into the whelming wave.
Yet still he stood irresolutely bent;
Religion sternly stay'd his rash intent.
He knelt—cool played upon his cheek the wind,
And fann'd the fever of his maddening mind.
The willows waved, the stream it sweetly swept,
The paly moonbeam on its surface slept,
And all was peace;—he felt the general calm
O'er his rack'd bosom shed a genial balm:
When casting far behind his streaming eye,
He saw the grove,—in fancy saw *her* lie,
His Margaret lull'd in Germain's arms to rest,
And all the demon rose within his breast.
Convulsive now, he clench'd his trembling hand,
Cast his dark eye once more upon the land,
Then, at one spring he spurn'd the yielding bank,
And in the calm deceitful current sank.
Sad on the solitude of night, the sound,
As in the stream he plunged, was heard around;
Then all was still, the wave was rough no more,
The river swept as sweetly as before;
The willows waved, the moonbeams shone serene,
And peace returning brooded o'er the scene."

Tradition states that Margaret was carried away by demons to the dell. When at the summit she clung so closely to a tree that the fiend struck the fair maid's head violently against the trunk. From this grew a wen, which has been seen in the memory of some now living. This tree has been down about forty years, but the spot on which it stood is still pointed out.

THE MAID OF BROXTOWE AND THE REPUBLICAN OFFICER: A BROXTOWE TRADITION.

Tradition tells the following love story, arising out of the occupation of Broxtowe by the Republican forces. The lover, who was likewise the commander of the fort, was a gallant and handsome young man, of gentle birth, though an uncompromising Republican in politics, and a Puritan in religion. The object of his affection was Agnes Willoughby, only daughter of the then recent occupier of Aspley Wood Hall, a Royalist and a Papist. Captain Thornhalgh, son of the brave and virtuous officer who acted so distinguished a part in many a bloody fray at that period (and at length perished in battle with the Scots at Preston Pans), had rescued the beautiful maiden from the rude hands of a party of vagabonds—half soldiers and half robbers, who infested all parts of the country during the time of the civil commotions—as she was returning to her home, after a visit of mercy to the house of a poor sick man at the adjoining village of Bilborough. Aroused by a cry of female distress, as he was walking, with his bible in his hand, at a short distance from the fort, in the cool of the evening, the gallant officer rushed forward to the spot from whence the sounds proceeded, when he discovered a young female engaged in a struggle for her honour, if not for life, with three wretches, who had already hurled her to the ground. Drawing a pistol from his belt, he fired, and shot one of the ruffians, the other two making their escape over the fields, when the young officer, unwilling to leave his act of heroism and gallantry incomplete, undertook, on being informed of her name and parentage, to escort the terrified damsel to her father's house. Struck with her beauty, and impressed with the religious feeling that it was by an act of special providence that he was sent to her rescue, Captain Thornhalgh, in spite of the difference of religious creed and political sentiments which he was aware existed between himself and the inmates of Aspley Hall, could not dispossess his mind of the influence which their providential meeting had cast over it. The young Roundhead officer, in spite of his puritanical formality of dress, and, in some respects, of language and manners, was still handsome and accomplished: that he was brave and generous too, he had given Agnes Willoughby sufficient proof, in that, without stopping to calculate personal risks, he had hazarded his own life in order to save her from injury, if not from disgrace and death. Under such circumstances, could a woman's heart at the impulse of the moment, do other than yield itself up to the tenderest of emotions? A call by Captain Thornhalgh on a subsequent day at Aspley, to inquire after the health of the rescued damsel, developed to him charms in her mind equal to those which were displayed in her person. Agnes saw too, in her deliverer, even more of beauty and excellence of character than she had before discovered. She could not but look upon him with more than admiration—with affection; yet the obtruding thought that he was a rebel and a heretic compelled her painfully to check the rising passion within her heart. Religion in those days was an earnest thing; something that was believed as well as professed—that was felt in the heart, as well as uttered by the lips; a thing for which men, aye, and tender women too, were content to suffer, and even to die. Nor was this profound feeling, this stern maintenance of faith, believed by either party, though in direct opposition to each other, to be "that once delivered to the saints," less deeply seated in the heart of the Puritan than in that of the Papist. It cannot, therefore, but be expected that the gallant Thornhalgh, in his calmer moments, felt the same check to the indulgence of the tender passion in favour of Agnes Willoughby, as the maiden experienced in reference to himself. Still they loved each other. Nor did the character of the young soldier, though viewed as a heretic, and a supporter of the usurpation, produce anything like so unfavourable an impression upon the minds of the parents of the damsel, as might previously have been expected. It is true, that though they honoured and respected him as the deliverer of their beloved child from the hands of lawless ruffians, and had never, seriously, even warned her against the impropriety of allowing the tender intimacy, which they could not but see was growing up between the young couple, from ripening into ardent affection, yet, in their solemn and solitary musings on the events passing before them, they never could bring their minds, in all, to tolerate the idea of a Roundhead and a Puritan, a rebel, and a contemner of the venerable and holy faith which they professed, and in which their daughter had been carefully educated, becoming that daughter's husband, and their son-in-law. Several stolen interviews between the lovers served but the more to influence the ardour of their passion for each other; and at the same time, as the period for decision drew nearer, to increase their embarrassment, by revealing to them the danger and difficulties in which their union would involve them. They saw in each other all those natural and acquired excellencies of character that

> "Fair high fancy forms, or lavish hearts can wish,
> Or looked they on the mind, or mind illumined face."

They, indeed, seemed made to love, and to be loved by each other; but love, the ordinary master passion of our nature, more especially in the heart of woman, was, in the solemn moments of deep reflection, met in each of their bosoms by a feeling stronger —when conscientiously cherished—than love itself, *the deep sense of religious duty;* the consideration of what was really owing to their faith, their profession, their God. Could Agnes Willoughby think of becoming a heretical Protestant—of abandoning the creed of her fathers, and her own deeply cherished faith; could she think of bringing up her children in ways which she now believed would lead them to eternal perdition; could she sacrifice all peace of mind on these important subjects—all religious consolation on earth, all hope of heaven in future, for a lover and husband, however much she admired and loved, and honoured him as a man, a friend, and earthly deliverer? She could not. The sacrifice might break her heart, but the cost might save her soul. Nor was the young officer, who had a great reputation among the troops, as a man mighty in words and doctrine, and who regularly led his regiment in prayer, as well as in battle, a whit less straitened in mind than was the damsel. He sought the Lord often, with tears and deep anguish of spirit, for assistance and direction in this, the most trying and critical in his whole life's affairs; but, as yet, he saw that his union with her was all but an impossibility. It was on a morning, early in November, in the year one thousand six hundred and forty-five, that after he had been seeking the Lord on his knees for a considerable time, for direction on this important subject, he received an order from Colonel Hutchinson, the governor of Nottingham Castle, to join him with all possible speed, along with whatever number of men that could be spared from the fort of Broxtowe, preparatory to the attack on the fortresses of Shelford and Wiverton, on their way to the siege of Newark, then held in considerable force for the king. Captain Thornhalgh had only just time, through the agency of the trusty person employed by him on all former occasions in his communication with Agnes Willoughby, to inform the angel of his heart of this new call of duty; to commend his love to her, and ask her prayers for his preservation, ere he was on his way to Nottingham Castle. Agnes received the message with a heavy heart. A deep foreboding of evil seemed to seize upon the maiden's spirit as she contemplated this dangerous enterprize. She retired to her chamber, and before the images of her patron saint, and that of the blessed Virgin Mother, she poured out the deep anguish of her overladen heart, mingled with fervent supplications for her lover. The day following the troops left Nottingham, *en route* for Newark, and on the morning after commenced making preparations for the assault on Shelford Manor-house, which had been converted into a fort, and, from its situation, was a place of considerable strength. In the storming of one of the half-moon batteries, erected by the besieged within the fort, and whilst performing prodigies of valour, at the head of his detachment, Captain Thornhalgh received a musket ball in his breast, and, without uttering a word, fell, never to rise again. The intelligence of the fall of the late commander of Broxtowe was not long in reaching that place, whence the dismal tidings were speedily conveyed to Aspley Hall. Poor Agnes Willoughby received it with a thrill of emotion which shook, to its very centre, her inmost soul, but her grief, outwardly, was expressed only by a flood of tears. But the man she loved—almost revered, had died by a sudden stroke in battle, without time for repentance—a heretic—had died in open rebellion against his sovereign and his God. These were the solemn considerations which now sunk deep into her heart, and made her at once resolve to live a life of holy virginhood for his sake, and devote all her remaining days, to whatever length her life might be prolonged, to prayer and fasting, and almsgiving, if so be, that by supplications of the saints in heaven, joined with her prayers, the mercy of God might rescue his precious soul from that utter perdition, to which, she else feared, it would be inevitably doomed, and faithfully she kept her word. The maiden immediately flung aside all her dainty attire, clothed herself in sable habiliments of the lowest possible construction consistent with her station in life, abandoned all the vain and idle amusements of the world, and lived, for sixty years afterwards, in the performance of all good works—a perfect pattern in manners, temper, and disposition, of every christian grace which could adorn the female character, and at length, in a ripe old age, amidst the tears and regrets of all who knew her, sank into the grave with a quiet spirit, in the cheering hope of yet meeting, in heaven, him she had so long and faithfully loved on earth.

THE KING AND THE MILLER OF MANSFIELD.

Henry VIII., King of England, loved the chase. One day (as the old stories commence) he proceeded to merry Sherwood with his nobles for sport. Darkness coming on, they were compelled to retrace their steps. As the night advanced, and the king rode quickly, he quite lost his lords in the wood. Wandering along wearily, and considerably fatigued, Henry met with a miller, of whom he inquired the most direct way to "fair Nottingham."

"Sir, quoth the miller, I mean not to jest,
Yet I think, what I think sooth for to say,
You do not lightly ride out of your way."

Upon the miller being interrogated by the king as to his hasty judgment, the miller expressed his conviction that he was but some "gentleman thief," and bade him stand back, else he should "crack his knavish crown." Upon hearing this abuse, the king stated that such was not the case. "Thou hast not," said the miller, "one groat in thy purse; all thy inheritance hangs on thy back." The king contradicted this statement, adding that he had "gold to discharge all he called, if it be forty pence." "If thou art a true man," quoth the miller, "I'll lodge thee all night." Upon the king's assertion that such he was, they proceeded to the miller's house, which the miller entered, followed by King Henry. "Now," said the miller, "I like well thy countenance, thou hast an honest face; with my son Richard this night thou shalt lie." The miller's wife had the impression that the king was a runaway youth; but the king assured her that such was not the case, adding that he was a poor courtier. After some quiet conversation between the miller and his dame, they came to the conclusion that he should stay the night in their domicile, informing him that they had laid fresh straw and good brown hempen sheets on the bed he was to occupy with their son. The wearied king was heartily glad to partake of their supper, which consisted of hot bag-puddings and apple pies, and ale supplied in a brown bowl. After the mutual pledging, the wife brought a venison pasty, which the king was invited to partake of, with an admonition to make no waste. The hungry king so relished it that he exclaimed that he never ate anything so dainty. The son replied that it was no dainty, but their daily fare. The king inquired where such might be purchased, but was informed that the venison was obtained from the king's own deer. The king was enjoined to keep the secret, which he promised to do. Before retiring for the night they partook of a cup of what was termed "lamb's wool," which consisted of ale and roasted apples. The nobles sallied forth early next morning to search for their lost king in the neighbouring towns. At last they perceived their king just as he was in the act of mounting his horse, and fell down on their knees before him. On perceiving this, and discovering that it was the king, the miller trembled and shook, believing that he would be hanged for questioning the character of the lost king. Seeing the miller trembling, the king unsheathed his sword, but did not speak. The miller at once dropped on his knees, expecting that he was about to be decapitated, imploring for mercy. But the king had no such intention, as he bestowed upon him great living, and conferred knighthood on the hospitable miller of Mansfield. On the king's return from Nottingham to Westminster he recounted his sports, but of them all the miller of Mansfield's sport pleased him the best. The king sent off to the newly confirmed knight and the king's bedfellow, Richard, the miller's son, desiring their company at court. The message was received in fear by the recipients, as the miller thought it was only a jest, asking of what use their presence would be. The son expected that they were about to be suspended in mid-air. These fears were allayed by the messenger, who added that they would be the chief guests at a feast given by the king. The miller could not comprehend that they were to be guests, and sent a message that they would "wait on his mastership in everything." The king's messenger, smiling at their simplicity, took leave of them. The miller began to discuss what would be the expense, but be what it might they must attend. New garments were wanted, and they must have horses and serving men. The wife told the miller not to fret, as she would turn and trim up her old russet gown, and they would ride to court on their mill horses. Thus they went, with their son as their advance guard. He, for good luck, placed a cock's feather in his hat, and strutted along. The king, with his nobles, hearing of the approach of his late entertainers, issued forth to meet them. "Welcome, Sir Knight," said the king, "with your gay lady; good Sir John Cockle, once welcome again." Dick, hearing no allusion to him, said, "A bots on you! do you know me?" As this greeted their ears, the king and courtiers laughed right heartily. Then they sat down to the banquet, when, after they had eaten well, they fell to jesting, and the king, in a bowl of wine, drank to the knight; afterwards in wine, ale, and beer, to both. The compliment was returned by Sir John Cockle. The king then expressed his wish that they had some of the pasty which he had partaken of to supper in the miller's hut Poor Richard, imagining that something unpleasant was about to occur (for the pasty was made of the king's deer), burst out with the expression, "Ho! ho! 'tis knavery to eat it, and then betray it." Their fears being allayed, Dick intimated that the dishes provided were so small, that he preferred a black pudding to them all. Then the company prepared for a dance, when the king placed the miller-knight and his son into position. Their movements being so droll and heavy, great amusement was caused to both nobles and ladies. The king, in thanking them for their presence, asked Richard if he would wed, and if so, which from the company would he select as his partner. "Jugg Grumball, Sir," the miller's son said, "she's my love, and her only will I wed." Then the miller of Mansfield, Sir John Cockle, received from the king the appointment of overseer to Sherwood Forest, with a salary of £300 per annum; adding that he was not in future to steal his deer, and commanding his attendance quarterly, bade him adieu.

A LEGEND OF NEWSTEAD ABBEY.

The rising gusts of an autumnal evening sighed around the Abbey of Newstead, and fearfully howled through the adjacent Forest of Sherwood, bestrewing the dark and silent glades with russet foliage, and throwing up the chilling waters of the lake. The fallow deer bounded through the trees at every hollow sound, and amidst the elemental uproar, at intervals, was heard the monastery bell swinging slow its sullen roar, calling to vespers the cowled inmates, when, along the borders of the lake, approached two green-garbed figures, bearing between them, on a stake, an antlered tenant of the woods. Approaching the abbey, they threw down their burden, and leaning against a postern, awaited the conclusion of the service, listening with seeming reverence to the solemn chant of choral voices, which rose in the anthem of *De Profundis*. A hollow sounding blow at the studded door brought forth the porter, a lay brother of the order, and they were admitted. The venison is now laid along the oaken board of the refectory, and presently the portly father abbot, with rosy cheeks, and an eye neither faded nor lustreless with toil or privation, dropped in from the cloisters, attended by his tonsured brethren, whose cowls thrown back disclosed plump and polished visages, seemingly well pleased with the world's service. Joyously they pat the plump sides of the animal, and now the hale superior hiccups a plenary pardon for the sins of the outlaws, for which it appears the buck was a propitiatory sacrifice. The subsequent morning rose bleak and cloudy; a ruddy tinge in the eastern horizon indicated stormy weather; the wind sighed mournfully through the dark woods, and their early matins were fearfully interrupted by the appalling tidings of the fatal decree of the capricious monarch to prepare to receive the commissioners, and yield the charter deeds of the foundation. The abbot, with blanched cheeks, called a convocation in the chapel, and it was resolved to foil the tyrant in the substance of his prey, maintaining a latent hope that the pope's supremacy might yet be made manifest, and finally restore their ancient privileges. In the silence of midnight, the sacristan, with three sturdy friars, got in readiness the massive iron chest containing the sacred utensils, gold and silver chalices, and jewels, secured by many locks, and also the massive molten spread eagle used to support the huge black-letter bible in the church, in the hollow of which was safely concealed the charter deeds of the house, together with a grant of certain indulgences, thereby handed down to posterity, on a discovery of the figure some centuries afterwards. The keel of the fishing boat is now drawn upon the shore, the ponderous cargo is soon afloat in the centre of the water. Resting upon the oars they warily cast an eye on either side, fearful that some prowling outlaw or stroller might detect their midnight plot. Nothing was seen but the gloomy foliage, or the bat skimming the surface of the lake; nothing heard save the solemn sighing of the breeze, or the distant howling of some famished wolf. Now the brazen eagle is safely sunk in deep water, and the undulation caused by the heavy mass disturbing the scarcely ruffled bosom of the lake, moved the vessel some fathoms onward. Now the monks essay to hoist the massive chest upon the oars laid over the side, which task performed, they raise them as levers; they strain and creak, it falls on one side, and lo! the weight oversets the boat, and all are overwhelmed in a black chilling vortex; hissing bubbles arise; the holy canons are for some seconds sunk in twenty feet of water; low and stifling cries for help wake the echoes of the forest; lights quickly approach and gleam on the bank; another boat skims the water; and the supplicants are soon drawn from a watery fate, faint, terrified, and exhausted, and being placed before a rousing fire of oak faggots, they were soon restored to vitality.

THE LAKE AT NEWSTEAD

has inherited its share of the traditions and fables connected with everything in and around the abbey. It was a petty Mediterranean Sea, on which "the wicked old lord" used to gratify his nautical tastes and humours. He had his mimic castles and fortresses along its shores, and his mimic fleets upon its waters, and used to get up mimic sea fights. The remains of his petty fortifications still awaken the curious inquiries of visitors. In one of his vagaries he caused a large vessel to be brought on wheels from the sea coast. The country people were surprised to see a ship thus sailing on dry land. They called to mind a saying of Mother Shipton, the famous prophet of the vulgar, that whenever a ship freighted with ling should cross Sherwood Forest Newstead would pass out of the Byron family. The country people, who detested the old lord, were anxious to verify the prophecy. Ling, in the dialect of Nottinghamshire, is the name for heather; with this plant they heaped the fated bark as it passed, so that it arrived full freighted at Newstead. The most important stories about the lake, however, relate to the treasures which are supposed to be buried in its bosom. These may have taken their origin in a fact which actually occurred. There was one time fished up from the deep part of the lake a great eagle of molten brass, with expanded wings, standing on a pedestal or perch of the same material. It had doubtless served as a stand or reading desk in the abbey chapel, to hold a folio bible or missal. The sacred relic was sent to a brazier to be cleaned. As he was at work upon it he discovered that the pedestal was hollow, and composed of several pieces. Unscrewing these, he drew forth a number of parchment deeds appertaining to the abbey, and bearing the seals of Edward the Third and Henry the Eighth, which had thus been concealed, ultimately sunk in the lake by the friars, to substantiate their right and title to these domains at some future day. The brazen eagle has been transferred to the parochial and collegiate church of Southwell, where it may still be seen in the centre of the chancel, supporting, as of yore, a ponderous bible. As for the documents it contained, they are carefully treasured, among the other deeds and papers, in an iron chest, secured by a patent lock of nine bolts, almost equal to a magic spell.

JOTTINGS ABOUT BYRON.

BYRON'S FIRST RHYMING EFFUSION.

An elderly lady, who was in the habit of visiting the mother of Byron, had made use of some expression that greatly affronted the future poet. These slights, his nurse said, he resented violently and implacably. The old lady had some curious notions respecting the soul, which she imagined took its flight to the moon after death, as a preliminary essay before it proceeded further. One day, after a repetition, it is supposed, of her original insult to the boy, he appeared before his nurse in a violent rage. "Well, my little hero," she asked, "what's the matter with you now!" Upon which the child answered that "this old woman had put me into a most terrible passion, that I cannot bear the sight of her, &c., &c.," and then broke into the following doggerel lines, which he frequently repeated, as if delighted with the vent he had found for his rage:—

"In Nottingham town, very near to Swine Green,
Lives as curst an old lady as ever was seen:
And when she does die, which I hope will be soon,
She firmly believes she will go to the moon."

This is conjectured to have been the earliest rhyming effusion of Byron, though he himself dated his "first dash into poetry," as he termed it, a year later.

BYRON AND THE SKULL.

Whilst living at Newstead, Lord Byron once found a human skull of large dimensions and peculiar whiteness. He concluded that it belonged to some "jolly old soul" of a friar, who had been domesticated at Newstead, prior to the confiscation of the monasteries by Henry the Eighth; and thought it no harm in converting the cranium of this "Friar Tuck" into a drinking vessel. Accordingly he dispatched it to London, where it was elegantly mounted On its return to Newstead, Byron instituted a new order at the abbey, constituting himself Grand Master, or Abbot, of the Skull. The members, twelve in number, were provided with black gowns. That of Byron, as head of the fraternity, was distinguished from the rest. A chapter was held at certain times, when the skull-drinking goblet was filled with claret, and handed about amongst the gods of this consistory, in imitation of the Goths of old, whilst many a grim joke was cracked at the expense of this *caput mortuum*. The following lines were inscribed upon it by Byron:—

"Start not, nor deem my spirit fled;
In me behold the only skull
From which, unlike a living head,
Whatever flows is never dull.

I lived, I loved, I quaffed like thee;
I died: let earth my bones resign;
Fill up, thou canst not injure me;
The worm hath fouler lips than thine.

Where once my wit, perchance hath shone,
In aid of others' let me shine;
And when, alas! our brains are gone,
What nobler substitute than wine.

Quaff while thou canst: another race,
When thou and thine, like me are sped,
May rescue thee from earth's embrace,
And rhyme and revel with the dead.

Why not? since through life's little day
Our heads such bad effects produce;
Redeem'd from worms and wasting clay,
This chance is theirs, to be of use."

The skull is buried beneath the floor of the chapel at Newstead Abbey.

BYRON'S SUPERSTITIONS.

Lord Byron was a firm believer in omens; a few instances of which we shall give:—The first time he saw Miss Millbanke, the future wife of the bard, was at the house of a lady of title. On going upstairs he stumbled, and remarked to Moore, his future biographer, who accompanied him, that it predicted no good. Having married this lady, and the marriage proving very unfortunate, Byron remarked that he ought to have taken warning of that omen.—On receiving a note informing him of the decease of his old physician, Polidori, Byron remarked, "I was convinced something very unpleasant hung over me last night. I expected to hear that somebody I knew was dead; so it turned out. Who can help being superstitious? Scott believed in second sight, Rousseau tried whether he would be dammed or not by aiming at a tree with a stone, Goethe trusted to a chance of a knife's striking the water whether he was to succeed in some undertaking."—On another occasion Byron remarked, "Several extraordinary things happened on my birthday; so they did to Napoleon; and a more wonderful circumstance still occurred to Marie Antoinette. At my wedding something whispered to me that I was signing my death warrant. At the last moment I would have retreated if I could have done so. I am a great believer in presentiment. Socrates' demon was no fiction; Monk Lewis had his monitor; and Bonaparte many warnings."—Byron likewise believed in unlucky days. He once refused an introduction to a lady because it was on a Friday the introduction was to take place. He would never pay visits on this day.

BYRON AND A LADY'S TONGUE.

A party came into the public rooms at Buxton, somewhat later in the morning than usual, and requested some tongue. They were informed that Lord Byron had eaten it all. "I am very angry with his lordship," said a lady, sufficiently loud for the observation to be heard by Byron, upon hearing which he retorted, "I am sorry for it, madam, but before I ate the tongue, I was assured *you* did not want it."

On reading some lines addressed to Lady Holland by the Earl of Carlisle, persuading her to reject the snuffbox bequeathed to her by the great Napoleon, beginning

"Lady, reject the gift."

Byron, a strong admirer of Napoleon, immediately composed the following parody on those lines, but conveying a sentiment quite the reverse of that in Lord Carlisle's lines:—

"Lady, accept the gift a hero wore,
In spite of all this elegiac stuff;
Let not seven stanzas, written by a bore,
Prevent your ladyship from taking snuff."

At the time when Byron and Scott were the two lions of London, Hookham Frere observed, "Great poets formerly (Homer and Milton) were blind, now they are lame."

An instance of the occasionally plain diet of Byron is given in Rogers' *Table Talk*. Having accepted an invitation to dine at Rogers' to meet Moore, Byron sat down to dinner, when Rogers asked him if he would take soup. No, he never took soup, was the effect of his reply. Would he take some fish? No, he never took fish. Presently he was asked to partake of mutton, but his lordship stated that he never ate mutton. He was next asked if he would partake of wine, but Byron never tasted wine. It was now necessary to inquire what he did eat and drink; and the answer was, "Nothing but hard biscuits and soda water." Unfortunately, neither hard biscuits nor soda water were at hand, but he dined upon potatoes bruised down on his plate, and drenched with vinegar. Some days after, meeting Hobhouse, Rogers asked him, "How long will Lord Byron persevere in his present diet?" He replied, "Just as long as you continue to notice it." After leaving Rogers' house, Byron went to a club in St. James' street, where he ate a hearty meat supper.

After Byron had become the rage many manœuvres were made by certain noble ladies to form an acquaintance with him through his friend Rogers, who would receive a note from Lady ——, requesting the pleasure of his company on a particular evening, with a postscript, "Pray, could you not contrive to bring Lord Byron with you?" Once, at a great party given by Lady Jersey, Mrs. Sheridan ran up to Rogers, saying, "Do, as a favour, try if if you can place Lord Byron beside me at supper."

Byron, at one period of his life, never dined with Lady Byron, for it was one of his fancies, or affectations, that he could not endure to see women eat. On one occasion he refused to meet

Madame de Staël at dinner, but came in the evening. If he received an invitation to dinner from an intimate friend without mentioning the company, he would write to ascertain if he had invited any women.

BYRON'S PETS.

Shelley and Byron were familiar acquaintances. They made an excursion together round the Lake of Geneva, and afterwards saw a great deal of each other in Italy. Shelley believed implicitly in Byron's genius, yet their natures were not, in many respects, congenial. Byron was a problem to Shelley, and sometimes a source of amusement. We meet with a playful instance of his quiet sarcasm in a letter to Peacock, written in August, 1821, which will also afford a curious illustration of their manner of life:—"Lord Byron gets up at two. I get up, quite contrary to my usual custom, but one must sleep or die, like Southey's sea snake in *Kehama*, at twelve. After breakfast, we sit talking till six. From six till eight we gallop through the pine forests which divide Ravenna from the sea; then come home and dine, and sit up gossiping till six in the morning. I do not think this will kill me in a week or a fortnight, but I shall try it no longer. Lord B.'s establishment consists, besides servants, of ten horses, eight enormous dogs, three monkeys, five cats, an eagle, a crow, and a falcon; and all these, except the horses, walk about the house, which every now and then resounds with their unarbitrated quarrels, as if they were masters of it. . . . P.S.—After I have sealed my letter, I find that my enumeration of the animals in this Circean palace was defective, and that in a material point. I have just met on the grand staircase five peacocks, two Guinea hens, and an Egyptian crane. I wonder who all these animals were before they were changed into these shapes."

MARSHAL TALLARD.

In 1704 Marshal Tallard, the French commander at Blenheim, and other distinguished prisoners taken on that field, were brought to Nottingham, where they resided for several years. The party included the Marquis de Montperroux, general of horse; the Compte de Blanzac; Lieutenant-General de Hautefuille, general of dragoons; the Marquis de Valsome; Marquis de Leppeville; and several other officers of distinction. Tallard resided in the house near the top of Castle Gate, on the right hand proceeding from the Castle, recently occupied by Mr. Jalland, architect.

There he occupied his compulsory leisure by cultivating a garden, full of rare flowers, and most tastefully laid out (the admiration of the whole neighbourhood). The Nottingham housewives he blessed by writing a little cookery book, which taught them especially the art of making French rolls and fancy bread. These light pursuits the Marshal varied, says tradition, by setting the boys in the Market Place to trials of their skill in wrestling and fisticuffs for suitable rewards; and Tallard and his companions were lost in admiration at the early developed power of receiving punishment, and the love of fair play shown by the young Britons, giving it as their opinion that in those respects they were above all other species of the genus boy to be found in the world; though whether the Nottingham mothers regarded the cookery book as a set off to this employment of their sons is somewhat questionable. It is said that Marshal Tallard, when here, wrote to the King of France, telling him to continue the war, for England was nearly drained of men. Shortly afterwards he visited Goose Fair, and immediately wrote off to France, counselling his Majesty to give up the war, because he had seen as many men at one time in one English market place as could conquer the whole of France.

A NOTTINGHAM MAYOR REPROVED BY A KING.

After receiving an address and a purse of £50 from the Nottingham Corporation, headed by the deputy recorder, the king (Charles I.) summoned the mayor of the town to his presence, and demanded from him his insignia of office—the mace. On receiving this the king chided the mayor for not publishing his proclamation, as was his duty, nor attending him as required at York, returned the mace, with some advice as to the future. His worship, greatly crestfallen, received his mace, and marched slowly back to his residence, amidst the jeers and laughter of the crowd.

STORY OF THE NOTTINGHAM JACOBITE MAYOR.

The following sketch, illustrative of local Jacobitism, appeared in *The Town Magazine*:—"The house standing on the north-east corner of Chapel Bar, formerly known by the sign of the 'Eagle and Child,' [and at present occupied as a spirit store], was erected in 1714 by Mr. Thomas Hawksley, an alderman of the town. Mr. Alderman Hawksley was a violent Jacobite, or maintainer of the rights of the Stuarts, in favour of which family there had always existed a powerful party in the town. In the year 1715, the eventful year of the first rebellion in the north in favour of the exiled family, Mr. Hawksley was nominated to the mayoralty, which period, and probably on the occasion of some temporary success that followed the first movements of the partizans of Charles James, Mr. Hawksley gave an entertainment to a party of his political friends; when, probably in a state of inebriety or elevation of spirits from the copious libations of strong ale, in which the aldermen of Nottingham, along with the rest of the inhabitants, were at that time accustomed to indulge on festive occasions, and to which Mr. Hawksley, from the nature of his business, might be considered to be more than ordinarily addicted, *he went down on his bare knees* before the company, and, from a large silver tankard, drank 'Success to the House of Stuart, and —— to his enemies.' At least, so swore one Mather, an attendant or waiter, on whose oath the mayor was committed by a brother magistrate to the house of correction. As might have been expected, a considerable degree of confusion attended the execution of this warrant, and several persons were severely injured. The Orange party, however prevailed, and his worship was safely lodged within the walls of the prison. A 'hall' was immediately called, and, after a very stormy contention, during which the whole of the corporate body were more than once on the point of getting to cudgels or handycuffs, the Whigs succeeded in carrying a vote to deprive Mr. Hawksley of his official dignity, and invest Mr. Alderman Watkinson with the mace. During the period of Mr. Hawksley's detention in prison, which was only for a short time, he was visited by vast numbers of his brother Jacobites, more especially those of the higher class in society, for many miles round, the novelty of the circumstance having created a considerable sensation in the adjacent parts, with many congratulations on his spirit and patriotism, and offers of pecuniary and legal assistance. It is creditable to the parties opposed to the recusant mayor to say that they offered no reasonable opposition to him receiving all the comforts and accommodation during his confinement which himself or his friends deemed necessary. He kept a good table in the house of correction, and had every day a party to dine with him; the bed on which he slept was furnished from his own house; the bed furniture was green damask, and of these curtains a flag was afterwards made, which was many years the rallying standard of the Tory, or High Church party. . . . .

Mr. Hawksley brought three distinct actions against the committing magistrate for false imprisonment, but failed in every one of them. The date of the imprisonment was engraved on one of the stones at the corner of the building, and is still seen distinctly."

THE NOTTINGHAM SCHOOLMASTER AND THE LAWYER.

The Rev. Richard Johnson, head master of the Free (now High) School, was a learned and very eccentric character. Early in the last century the Corporation brought an action against him to remove him from his position on the ground of incapacity; but, previous to its being brought into court, he obtained all the aldermen's signatures to a paper expressive of his capability to teach a school, under pretence of obtaining another school, professing himself conscious that he must lose his situation as master of the Free School, but he cunningly presented this paper in court as evidence of his capability, and the Corporation thereby lost the suit. In the course of the trial one of the counsel, who was engaged in the interests of the Corporation, said to Mr. Johnson, *who was esteemed of unsound mind,* "Mr. Johnson, I think I may say to you, as Festus said to St. Paul, 'too much learning has made thee mad:'" to which Mr. Johnson replied, "Truly, sir, but if you should go mad *no one will say the same of you.*" This brought on such a peal of laughter upon the counsel as caused him to sit down in a not very peaceful frame of mind.

PARSIMONY OF A NOTTINGHAM BENEFACTOR.

Woolley, of whom we are about to write, was an eccentric character, residing at Codnor, but who was identified with Nottingham as the maker and donor of the clock in the Nottingham Exchange. When young he was detected shooting on the estate of Horne, the murderer, when he made a vow never to cease from labour except when nature compelled him until he had sufficient property to justify him following his favourite sport on his own grounds. He accordingly set to work, and continued at it day and night. He denied himself the use of an ordinary bed, and of every other comfort, as well as necessaries, except of the meanest kinds. When his object was attained his relish for sport had departed, and he continued to work at clock making, except when he found an opportunity of trafficking in land, until he had amassed a considerable fortune, which on his death, which happened about 1770, he bequeathed to one of his relations. The following anecdote will clearly show his character in full:—"A person came one Sunday to pay him for a clock, and after having paid the money was actually invited by this miserly clockmaker to stay. The invitation having been accepted, the host said: 'Well, then, I will boil a *whole* penny loaf, otherwise I should have boiled *half* of one;' which he did, over a cow-dung fire, and this constituted the Sunday dinner of two men."

ANECDOTE OF A NOTTINGHAM HISTORIAN.

Doctor Charles Deering, the Nottingham historian, who died in 1749, whilst on his deathbed was visited by a lady named Turner, on hearing of the doctor's long illness and poverty, at his rooms, on the south side of St. Peter's square (now pulled down). After conversing with him for some time, she left him half a guinea with the mistress of the house. When the latter produced the gift, and told him whence it came, he exclaimed, "If you had stabbed me to the heart I should have thanked you, but this I cannot bear."

THE STORY OF CECILIA RIDGEWAY.

There is a curious record of a pardon preserved in the Tower of London, which was granted to a female named Cecilia Ridgeway, who refused to plead guilty of murdering her husband, at the assizes held at Nottingham, and was remanded back to prison, where, it is related, she remained *forty days without sustenance*, for which miraculous (?) preservation she received the pardon alluded to, under the Great Seal of England. This extremely remarkable occurrence took place about the year one thousand three hundred and fifty-seven, when people's credulity was considerably greater than it is in the nineteenth century.

THE RULING PASSION STRONG IN DEATH.

We have heard of many men whose natural propensities for drollery never left them, and who died with a joke upon their lips; but it is almost unnatural to suppose a man about to suffer the last ignominious penalty of the law would "go off" with a pun, but such is a fact. A criminal, executed at Nottingham, when his fetters were knocked off, said he *freely* forgave his enemies.

AN ABSOLUTE FACT.

Strange as it may appear, it is nevertheless most true, that a young and respectable female, connected with her sisters in the management of a ladies' school in Nottingham, had, until twenty-four years of age, never seen a green field. Accident enforced a visit to Ruddington, and on her arrival at the end of her journey, a distance of three miles and a half, she exclaimed, in expressions of real amazement, "I never would have ventured out if I had known the world had been so large."

A REMARKABLE CHARACTER.

James Hutchinson, a framework-knitter, died 28th July, 1813, at the age of ninety-three. He never was more than seven miles from Nottingham, never drank a cup of tea in the course of his long life, and for fourteen years never tasted ale. His principal food for more than thirty years was milk, which he liked best when thick and sour, and which he boiled till it coagulated, and then called it cheesecake. He usually had fourteen pennyworths of milk, standing in a row, which he made use of in order, always taking the oldest, that he might have it as sour as possible. He had worked at the frame seventy-six years, during fifty-six of which he was employed by one firm, that of Messrs. Rawson; and for twenty-nine years he worked by the light of one window, during which time his frame was never removed. He died at the house of his granddaughter, in Narrow Marsh, Nottingham. He left more than thirty descendants.

SQUIRE MUSTERS AND THE YOUNG ANGLERS.

Old John Musters, squire of Colwick, was a strict conserver of the fishing on his estate, and was wont to keep a sharp look-out on the youngsters from Nottingham, who daily visited the banks of the Trent on his estate. "Ho! young fellow, what paper does your father read?" "Please, sir, he takes in the *Review.*" "Get off, you scoundrel, instantly!" At which of course the lad took to his heels. If the *Journal* was read by the father of the would-be angler, then the squire permitted the youth to remain as long as he wished. The drift of the squire's question soon got wind in Nottingham and the neighbourhood. If the tales told the squire were true the circulation of the conservative *Journal* amongst the red-hot radical parents of young Nottingham must have been immense.

A QUEEN'S EXAMPLE: A NEWARK ANECDOTE.

Echard, the historian, speaking of Newark, states that the ladies of that town are obedient to their husbands, owing to the good example of one of our queens who visited the town during the troubles for the furtherance of her royal husband's cause, where she remained for a few days, during which time she treated the ladies of the town and neighbourhood in a very polite manner. They pressed her majesty to remain with them, but her reply was to the effect that she was under the commands of the king, and was about to march by his orders to another place; and though she could not comply with their request, she, by her obedience, would set them an example to obey their husbands.

THE KING AND THE NEWARK ALDERMAN.

An anecdote is related of King James the First, who, on his way to London, arrived in Newark on the twenty-first day of April, in the year one thousand six hundred and two, on which occasion he was received by the Corporation of that town, and addressed by the alderman (there being then no mayor), Mr. Twentyman, in a long *Latin* speech, with which his majesty was so well pleased that he conferred upon him the office of "purveyor of wax to the royal household" in the counties of Nottingham, York, Lincoln, and Derby. When about to depart the king ordered him to repeat the speech; then asked him his name, and, on being told, replied sharply, "Then, by my saul, man, thou art a traitor; the Twentymans pulled down Redkirk, in Scotland." This, however, must have been in jest, as he continued his favour to him, and was often accompanied by him in his hunting excursions in the forest.

AN ILLITERATE NEWARK ALDERMAN.

A certain alderman of Newark, having occasion to write to a Duke of Newcastle, actually made *thirteen* mistakes in spelling a word of five letters. In writing the following sentence, "such *usage* is not to be borne," he omitted the whole of the right letters of the second word (usage), and spelt it "yowzitch," substituting eight fresh letters in place of the five omitted.

THE KING AND THE SOUTHWELL SHOEMAKER.

Walking about the town, as it was his practice to do, Charles the First entered the shop of a fanatical shoemaker, named James Lee. Finding that his person was unknown to the "knight of the awl and lapstone," the king entered into conversation with him, and in the end wished to be measured for a pair of shoes. Lee had no sooner taken his majesty's foot in his hand to measure it, than, eyeing him very attentively, he was suddenly seized with a panic, and would not go on. The king, surprised at his behaviour, pressed him to proceed, but this disciple of St. Crispin absolutely refused, informing the king that he was the customer himself whom he had been warned of in his sleep the preceding night; that the king was doomed to destruction, and those who performed any work for him would never thrive. The forlorn monarch, whose misfortunes had opened his mind to the impressions of superstition, uttered an ejaculation expressive of his resignation to the will of providence, and retired.

JAMES THE FIRST AND SOUTHWELL MINSTER.

On his way to take possession of the throne of England, King James the First passed through Southwell in April, 1603. He was struck with surprise on beholding so large a pile of building as the church in the centre of so small a town. One of his retinue observing that York and Durham were far more magnificent churches, James replied rather peevishly, in his Scotch accent, "Vare wele, vare wele, but by my blude this kirk shall justle with York or Durham, or ony in Christendom."

A WIFE AND WIDOW IN FIVE MINUTES.

It is seldom that we hear of any persons entering the bonds of matrimony when they are at death's door, but a case of this character occurred at the church of Southwell, on the second of April, 1807. Robert Barlow Cook, a young man twenty-seven years of age, had for some years paid his addresses to a female of the name of Sarah Sandaver. Their union having been protracted in consequence of the declining state of his health, he, this morning, having arrived at the last stage of consumption, determined upon attempting a marriage. Being with great difficulty raised from his bed, and, after much trouble, clothed, he proceeded, supported by the arm of his intended brother-in-law, to the church. His rallied spirits supported him tolerably well throughout the ceremony. The priest closed the book; but before he could make the usual entry in the church register Cook sank on the floor, and instantly expired.

THE CONSEQUENTIAL SERVANT OF NORWOOD PARK.

An anecdote has been handed down to us from the seventeenth century of a confidential servant of Mr. Cludd, a county magistrate, who resided at Norwood Park, in this county, which serves to show the weight of the master's character in the neighbourhood. Being despatched to the metropolis with information respecting the movements and approximation of the royal army, and also what measures Mr. Cludd thought advisable to be taken towards defeating their designs, he was asked by some person how matters went on in Nottinghamshire. His reply was (to the same effect as Wolsey's, "I and my king") "I and my master rule all there."

A PARSIMONIOUS NOTTINGHAMSHIRE CLERGYMAN.

It is stated that one of the former incumbents of Flintham was of such a parsimonious disposition that he would perform any duties for persons of all ranks of society for a trifling consideration. He had been known to perform duties for thatchers so as to enable him to save a single penny. On another occasion he is said to have been the bearer of a letter to Newark for twopence. He is said to have accumulated the sum of one thousand five hundred pounds by his penurious mode of living.

SHELFORD MEN AND THEIR VELVET COLLARS.

Some years ago the people of Shelford were much talked of among their neighbours for wearing red velvet collars to their coats. Everyone wondered whence this strange fashion could have arisen. At length the vicar, a sagacious and pious man, discovered it proceeded from a cause as singular as lamentable. The dandy tailor, who gave the fashions to the village, was also the sexton. As Shelford is the burial place of the Earls of Chesterfield, "Mr. Tailor and Sexton" had "cabbaged" red velvet from the coffins of the noble sleepers for the country round. The vicar wrote in terms of great horror and lamentation to the earl on the subject of this unhallowed depredation. The witty nobleman, however, administered but ghostly comfort to the vicar. His lordship exhorted him to moderate the excess of his sorrow, and to join with himself in admiring and commending the provident ingenuity of the village tailor, for bringing into light, and employing usefully, what his ancestors and himself had consigned to eternal darkness and decay.

STORY OF THE STOCKING FRAME.

There are two stories current as to the origin and invention of the machine for stocking making. The first supports the trite saying that whatever obstacles are placed in the way of lovers "love will find out a way" to overcome them. The stocking frame was invented by the Rev. William Lee, M.A., a native of Woodborough, in this county, in the year 1589. The inventor was heir to a pretty freehold estate, and being deeply in love with a young person to whom he paid his addresses, but whom he found more intent upon her knitting than to his vows and protestations, he was induced to contrive a machine which should render the mode of knitting by hand entirely useless. We have, however, seen it stated that Mr. Lee was a poor curate, and married, and his wife being obliged to occupy herself industriously with knitting, which interfered very much with the attention necessary to her family, he was prompted to attempt the invention of a stocking knitting machine. It is certain that he or his brother exhibited the loom before Queen Elizabeth; but his invention being despised in his native country, he went to France with several English workmen, where he was patronized by Henry the Fourth. The murder of that monarch overturned all his hopes of success. Mr. Lee died of grief and chagrin at Paris.

EXTRAORDINARY TENACITY OF LIFE.

In this county a most remarkable case of the tenacity of life in the lower animals occurred near the close of last century. Two sheep, during a most severe winter, were found *thirteen feet* beneath the surface of the snow, where, most wonderful to relate, they had remained *twenty-nine days*. The diameter of space in which they lived, or rather existed, did not exceed five feet, and that was not only eaten bare, but turned up to get at the roots of the grass. The miserable animals were discovered by means of their breath, which ascended through pores of the snow, occasioned by the warmth of breathing. Notwithstanding that care was taken to recover them, one of them expired a short time after it was housed.

WHY DUNBLAIN CHAPEL WAS ERECTED.

Oral tradition gives the following circumstances which led to the erection of Dunblain Chapel. A swineherd of a happy countenance was placed near Flawford Church (of which Dunblain Chapel was cemetery) to tend pigs. A gentleman coming by questioned him respecting his parentage, and subsequently, by fair promises, persuaded the boy to go away with him. At the decease of this stranger this swineherd came into possession of his property. Many years afterwards he returned to his native village, and discovered that his parents were dead, and were interred near the church, he caused a tomb to be placed over their graves, on which their figures were cut, with a dog at their feet. These graves were afterwards walled in, and from that date this ground was called Dunblain's Chapel, from the name of the swineherd's parents.

NOTTINGHAMSHIRE FACTS AND FICTIONS.

PART III.

DEMONOLOGY, WITCHCRAFT, AND MISCELLANEOUS SUPERSTITIONS.

"Superstition! that horrible incubus which dwells in darkness, shunning the light . . . is passing away, never to return. Religion cannot pass away. The burning of a little straw may hide the stars of the sky; but the stars are there, and will reappear."—*Carlyle.*

"I think we cannot too strongly attack superstition, which is the disturber of society; nor too highly respect genuine religion, which is the supporter of it."—*Rousseau.*

"Superstition renders a man a fool, and scepticism makes him mad."—*Fielding.*

THE CONTEST WITH THE DEVIL

IN A POSSESSED MAN, NEAR NOTTINGHAM, BY THE REV. RICHARD ROTHWELL.

THE following account is taken from a very scarce work printed in Bolton about 1787, being Gower's *Life of the Rev. Richard Rothwell.* The subject of this biography lived between 1563 and 1627:—"There was one John Fox, living about Nottingham, who had no more learning than enabled him to read and write. This man was possessed with a devil, who would violently throw him down, and take away the use of every member of his body, which turned as black as pitch in those fits, and then spake with an audible voice in him, which seemed sometimes to be heard out of his belly, sometimes out of his throat, and sometimes out of his mouth, his lips not moving. He lay thus, if I mistake not, some years. Many prayers were put up to God for him, and great resort, especially of godly ministers to him: amongst the rest Mr. Bernard, of Batcomb, then of Worksop, and Mr. Langley, of Truswel, betwixt whom and John Fox I have seen divers passages in writing, he relating by pen his temptations, and they giving answers when he was stricken dumb. As Mr. Rothwell was riding to see him, the devil told all that were in the house, 'Yonder comes Rothwell; but I will make a fool of him before he goes.' The people looked forth, and saw him coming about a quarter of a mile from the house. As soon as he entered the room the devil said, 'Now Rothwell is come;' and spake thus: 'Rothwell, thou sayest there is no possession; what thinkest thou now? Here is a man opens not his lips, and yet he speaketh.' And, after a while, he further said, 'Say nothing to me of this man, for I tell thee he is damned;' and he added thereto many fearful blasphemies. Rothwell replied, 'Thou art a liar, and the father of lies; nor art thou so well acquainted with the mind of God concerning this man, which makes thee thus to torment him, therefore I believe thee not. I believed he shall be saved by Jesus Christ.' 'He is a murderer, and thou knowest no murderer must come into heaven.' 'Thou liest, for David murdered, and is in heaven; and the Jews with wicked hands crucified the Lord of glory, yea, but Christ prayed for them, and Peter exhorts them to repentance, that their sins may be blotted out.' 'But this man hath not, cannot, shall not repent.' 'If he had not thou wouldst not have told him so, but if he have not I believe God will give him repentance, and thou shalt not be able to hinder it.' 'Thou art a murderer thyself, and yet talkest thus.' 'Thou liest again. I have fought the Lord's battles against his known enemies, the idolatrous and bloody Papists in Ireland, rebels to the Queen my sovereign, by whose authority I bore arms against them; otherwise I have killed no man.' The devil swore and blasphemed, and said, 'Thou didst murder one this day, and there is one behind thee will justify it.' Rothwell looked over his shoulder, and with that the devil set up an hideous laughter, and nothing could be heard for a great while, and then said, 'Look you now, did I not tell you I would make Rothwell a fool? and yet it is true, for thou didst murder one this day; for as thou camest over the bridge (which he named) there I would have killed thee, and there thy horse trod upon a fly and killed it.' Mr. Rothwell's horse, you must know, had stumbled there; it seems the devil had the power to cause it, but without the least hurt to Mr. Rothwell or his horse. 'Thou hast oft beguiled me; I hope God will in time give me wisdom to discern, and power to withdraw, all thy delusions; and he it is that hath delivered me out of his hands, and will, I doubt not, also deliver this poor man.' The devil blasphemed fearfully, quoted many scriptures out of the Old and New Testaments, both in Hebrew and Greek, cavilled and played the critic, and backed his allegations with sayings out of the Fathers and Poets in their own language, which he readily quoted, so that the company trembled to hear such thing from one that understood no learning, and that neither moved tongue or lip. Mr. Rothwell was mightily enabled by God to detect the devil's sophistry. 'Why stand I talking with thee? All men know thou art *Bold Rothwell*;' and Rothwell, turning to the people, said, 'Good people, you see the goodness of our God, and his great power; though the devil made a fool of me now through my weakness, God hath made the devil dumb now; do you see how he lieth? Therefore let us go to prayer, that God who hath made him dumb will, I doubt not, drive him out of this poor man.' The devil raged and blasphemed, and said, 'And wilt thou go to prayer? If thou do I will make such a noise that the prayer shall be distracted, and thou knowest God will not hear a distracted prayer; but thou has got a device, because thou wilt not be distracted with thy eyes in prayer, thou winkest (so he always did), but if thou pray I will pull out thy eyes.' 'I look to find thee as great an enemy in this duty now as I have done heretofore, but I fear not thy threat, I know thou art limited. God heareth the prayers of the upright, hath promised to give his spirit to supply information; therefore, in confidence of his spirit, and in the name and intercession of his son Jesus Christ, we will go to prayer.' They did so. Mr. Rothwell kneeled by the bed on which the poor man lay. The devil, for a quarter of an hour together, or more, made a horrid noise; nevertheless Mr. Rothwell's voice was louder than the devil's. After a while the devil roared at Mr. Rothwell's face (this was the first motion of any part of the man's body). Mr. Rothwell opened his eyes and brought down the hand, which he held with great ease, two men being scarcely able to hold the other hand. Prayer still continued. At length the devil lay silent in the man, and after that the devil departed from him. The man fetched divers sighs, insomuch as they thought he had been expiring, but his colour returned to him, and the use of all his members, senses, and understanding; and at the next petition he said (to the glory of God) to the amazement, but comfort, of all the company, 'Amen;' and so continued to repeat his amen to every petition. Prayer was now turned into thanksgiving, and so concluded. After prayer, John Fox said, 'Good Mr. Rothwell, leave me not; I shall not live long, for the devil tells me he will choke me with the first bit of meat that I eat.' Mr. Rothwell answered, 'Wilt thou believe the devil, who seeks thy destruction, before thou wilt trust in God through Jesus Christ that seeks thy salvation? Hath not God by His almighty power dispossessed him? Had he had his will thou hadst been in hell before now: but he is a liar, and as he is not able to hinder thy soul's life, so neither shall he be able to destroy the life of thy body, wherefore get me something ready, saith he for him, and I will see him eat before I go, and will crave a blessing upon it.' When it was brought, 'Eat,' saith Mr. Rothwell, 'and fear not the devil;' shewing him that he might do it in faith of that ordinance by which God appoints meat to preserve human life, and urged that place of Jairus' daughter restored to life. 'He commanded to give her meat.'—*Luke* viii., 55. With much ado, and in great trembling, at last the man took and eat it. 'Look,' says Mr. Rothwell, 'you all see the devil is a liar, the first bit hath not choked him, neither shall the rest.' Mr. Rothwell left him, after which he was stricken dumb for three years together. I had a book written with his own hand, of the temptations the devil haunted him with afterwards, and the answers divers godly and reverend ministers gave to those temptations; but the Cavaliers got them, and all my books and writings. Thus the poor man remained tempted, but no longer possessed. At length by prayer also (which was instantly put up to God for him every sabbath and and lecture day, in many places) the Lord opened his mouth, and restored his speech to him; one using this petition, 'Lord, open thou his mouth, that his lips may shew forth thy praise.' He answered in the congregation, *amen*, and so continued to speak, and spake graciously to his dying day."

DEMONOLOGY AND WITCHCRAFT IN NOTTINGHAM.

Among those who have raised themselves in the town to a "bad eminence," we find William Somers and the Rev. James Darrel, two impostors, who, at the close of the sixteenth century, came to Nottingham, and practised their vile frauds upon the credulity of the inhabitants, under the delusion of witchcraft and demonology, of which so many instances were exhibited during many ages of the Reformation. Somers, in his boyhood, had lived servant at Ashby-de-la-Zouch, in the house where Darrel lodged, and where that wily priest (who had entered the Church from lazy and selfish motives) first instructed him in the art (White says heart) of contorting his body, so as to exhibit what were called "the fourteen signs of demoniac possession." Somers having come to live in Nottingham, repeatedly threw himself into these violent paroxysms, in which he declared he was bewitched, and that no person could relieve him but the "pious Mr. Darrel," who was then living at Mansfield, but was sent for to "cast the devils out" of the supposed sufferer. Having arrived, he declared the impostor was "suffering for all the sins of Nottingham," and that there must be a fast in the town, held especially for the youth's recovery. This fast afforded (White says afored) Darrel an opportunity of performing a grand exorcism in the face of a crowded congregation in St. Mary's Church, where the youth, after feigning much agony during the imposing ceremony, as ingeniously feigned a recovery, and declared the pious man had "dispossessed him." After this happy conclusion, the duped auditors made a large collection for the performers, and Mr. Darrel was chosen curate of the church, where he afterwards gave out in his sermon that Somers was still in great danger, as well as the rest of the family; for, said he, the devil often repeats his visits to the same house, coming sometimes in the shape of a cock, a crane, a snake, a toad, a set of dancers, or an angel. To verify the prophecies of this reverend cheat Somers again showed signs of "possession," and added to them the discrimination of pointing out witches, under which name he caused thirteen poor aged women to be committed to the town gaol. Soon after this, Mary Cooper, the half-sister of Somers, commenced the lucrative profession of "witch-finder,' and pointed out Alice Freeman as the bewitching tormentor; but this lady being sister to Alderman Freeman (who was mayor in 1606 and 1613), caused Somers to be apprehended and examined by the corporate magistrates, to whom he confessed the whole to be an imposition, in which he had been instructed by the Rev. James Darrel, who was afterwards conveyed to London, and tried before the Archbishop of Canterbury, the Bishop of London, and two Lords Chief Justice, who convicted him of contriving the whole imposture, for which he was ejected from his living, and committed to prison.

WITCHCRAFT IN NOTTINGHAM.

"In Nottingham, a town of twenty thousand inhabitants," says William Howitt in his *Rural Life*, "I knew a shoemaker, who stood six feet in height, and might dance in iron mail, who lately lived in constant dread of the evil arts of witches and wizards. On the lintel and sill of his door he had the ancient charm of reversed horseshoes, nailed, but he said he found them of little use against the audacious malice of witchcraft. He had standing regularly by his fireside a sack-bag of salt, for he bought it by a bag at a time for the purpose; and of this he frequently during the day, but more especially on dark and stormy nights, took a handful, with a few horsenail stumps and crooked pins, and casting them into the fire together, prayed to the Lord to torment all witches and wizards in the neighbourhood, and he believed that they were tormented. As I stood by the man's fire while he related this, it was burning with the purple hue of salt. On all other subjects he appeared quite as grave and sober as his neighbours."

A PREVENTIVE AGAINST TEMPESTS.

On the north wall of St. Mary's Church, Nottingham, there were the remains of an ancient gigantic picture of a man, which was supposed to represent St. Christopher. Why the figure of St. Christopher should be painted in a church not dedicated to that saint could not be understood. Dr. Stukely, the noted antiquarian, who died in 1687, states, in his dissertation on the cave at Royston, that "St. Christopher was a Canaanite or Syrian by birth. He, considering his great stature and strength, and how he might best serve God, and be useful to mankind, built himself a cell by a river side, where there was neither bridge nor boat, and there employed himself in carrying over all passengers. Further, this saint was thought to have a special privilege in preventing tempests and earthquakes, for which reason we often see him so painted in churches." Deering was of opinion that this painting was placed on the walls about the year 1185, immediately after the earthquake of March of that year (which split Lincoln Cathedral from top to bottom), to guard against a similar catastrophe to St. Mary's Church, Nottingham.

CHILDREN'S NAILS.

It is a firm belief, current throughout Nottinghamshire, that if the nails of a child are *cut* before it is twelve months old the child will be unfortunate through life. Prior to reaching the age of a year the nails may be *bitten* when they require shortening.

CATS AND CHILDREN'S BREATHS.

The notion that cats suck the breath of infants, and thus destroy life, is current in this county. This extremely unphilosophical notion of cats preferring exhausted to pure air is frequently a cause of great annoyance to poor pussy, when, after having established herself close to baby, in a snug warm cradle, she finds herself ignominiously hustled out under suspicion of compassing the death of her quiet new acquaintance, who is not yet big enough to pull her tail.

PRESENT OF SHARP-EDGED TOOLS.

To make a present of a knife, a pair of scissors, &c., to a friend, is said to "cut love;" for a difference is certain to arise between the giver and the receiver of the present.

WEDDINGS.

The sun shining upon a bride is said to betoken future happiness and prosperity for her; if it rains while the wedding party are on their way to church, or returning, it betokens a life of bickering and unhappiness.

"Happy is the bride whom the sun shines on."

CHILDBIRTH.

A mother must not go outside her own house until she goes to be "churched." Of course the principle of this is a good one; it is right under such circumstances. The first use a woman should make of her restored strength should be to go to church, and thank God for recovery; but in practice this principle sometimes degenerates into mere superstition.

CURE FOR HOOPING COUGH.

Cut some hairs from the back of the head of the child having hooping cough, place them between two pieces of buttered bread, and give them to the first dog you meet. If the dog eats it an immediate cure is effected, so it is believed. This belief is still current in Nottingham.

HANGING SOOT.

It is said that if the soot hangs loosely on the bars of the fire grate a stranger may be expected to visit that domicile in a very short time. The pieces of hanging soot are termed "strangers."

If the "stranger" hangs from the top bar a gentleman visitor may be expected; if on the next, a lady may be looked for; on the next, a gentleman, and so on.

SALT.

It is deemed very unlucky to lend salt.

TEA STALKS.

Stems of tea floating in "the cup that cheers, but not inebriates," indicate the near approach of a sweetheart or a stranger. The time of his arrival may be known by placing the stem on the back of the hand, and smacking it with the back of the other. The number of blows given before it is removed indicates the number of days before the arrival.

EAR BURNING.

If a person's ear burns it is said to be a sure sign that he or she is the subject of conversation at that moment. If it is the right ear that is affected it is an indication that the person is very well spoken of; if the left ear, the contrary.

DOG HOWLING A SIGN OF DEATH.

A strong feeling exists in the minds of many residents in this county that a dog howling before a house is a certain indication of an approaching death, either of some person residing in that house, or of some friend and acquaintance.

FUNERALS.

The rain falling upon a coffin is generally believed to be indicative of the happiness of the departed spirit.

"Blessed is the dead whom the rain falls on."

MOLES ON THE PERSON.

A belief was formerly current throughout the country in the significance of moles on the human body. Many works have been written on the subject, from one of which, published in 1653, we gather that "When a mole appeareth on the upper side of the right temple, above the eye, to a woman it signifies good and happy fortune by marriage, an industrious carriage." This one in particular was believed in in this county early in the present century, as we learn from the following lines, which were often repeated by a poor girl at Bunny:—

"I have a mole above my right eye,
And shall be a lady before I die.
As things may happen, as things may fall,
Who knows but that I may be Lady of Bunny Hall."

It is stated that the poor girl's hopes were realized, she ultimately becoming "Lady of Bunny Hall."

HORSE SHOES.

The horseshoe, which is so frequently seen nailed to the doors of stables and cow hovels, was formerly used as a charm against the machinations of witches. It is said to owe its virtue chiefly to its shape. Any other object presenting two points or forks is said to possess similar power.

ALFRED EVERINGTON,

Watchmaker, Jeweller, & Silversmith,

3 & 5, PELHAM STREET, NOTTINGHAM,

INVITES INSPECTION OF HIS VARIED STOCK OF

GOLD AND SILVER WATCHES

AND GEM JEWELLERY,

CAREFULLY SELECTED FROM THE BEST LONDON MANUFACTURERS.

THE STOCK COMPRISES

GENT'S ALBERT & GUARD CHAINS.

SERPENT, SIGNET, AND GEM RINGS.

LADIES' VICTORIA AND GUARD CHAINS.

BRACELETS, BROOCHES, EARRINGS, NECKLETS,
LOCKETS, GEM AND FANCY RINGS.

ENGAGEMENT RINGS,

Set with Diamonds, Emeralds, Rubies, Opals, Pearls, &c., in great variety.

Guinea Gold Wedding Rings and 18-Carat Gold Keeper Rings.

SILVER AND ELECTRO-PLATED GOODS

Of every description; of the best quality and design.

THE PARISIAN DEPARTMENT IS REPLETE WITH STATUETTES, VASES, GROUPS, &c.

In Bronze, Dresden and Parian China; of the choicest description.

DRAWING & DINING ROOM CLOCKS

In Ormolu and Marble; suitable for presentation; by the best makers, and of the newest designs.

Repairs of every description in Watches, Clocks, Jewellery, &c., done on the premises by competent workmen.