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REPORT  
ON  
TT



**PETRARCH'S INKSTAND.**

IN THE POSSESSION OF MISS EDGEWORTH, PRESENTED TO HER BY A LADY.

By beauty won from soft Italia's land,  
Here Cupid, Petrarch's Cupid, takes his stand.  
Arch suppliant, welcome to thy fav'rite isle,  
Close thy spread wings, and rest thee here awhile ;  
Still the true heart with kindred strains inspire,  
Breathe all a poet's softness, all his fire ;  
But if the perjured knight approach this font,  
Forbid the words to come as they were wont,  
Forbid the ink to flow, the pen to write,  
And send the false one baffled from thy sight.

*Miss Edgeworth.*



THE

TABLE BOOK;



BY

WILLIAM HONE.

---

Cuttings with Cuts, facts, fancies, recollections,  
Heads, autographs, views, prose and verse selections,  
Notes of my musings in a lonely walk,  
My friends' communications, table-talk,  
Notions of books, and things I read or see,  
Events that are, or were, or are to be,  
Fall in my TABLE BOOK—and thence arise  
To please the young, and help divert the wise.

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VOLUME I.

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WITH SEVENTY ENGRAVINGS.

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LONDON :

PUBLISHED FOR WILLIAM HONE,  
BY HUNT AND CLARKE, YORK-STREET,  
COVENT-GARDEN.

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1827.

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LONDON:  
Printed by W. CLOWES,  
Stamford-street.

## P R E F A C E.

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ON the close of the EVERY-DAY BOOK, which commenced on New Year's Day, 1825, and ended in the last week of 1826, I began this work.

The only prospectus of the TABLE BOOK was the eight versified lines on the title-page. They appeared on New Year's Day, prefixed to the first number ; which, with the successive sheets, to the present date, constitute the volume now in the reader's hands, and the entire of my endeavours during the half year.

So long as I am enabled, and the public continue to be pleased, the TABLE BOOK will be continued. The kind reception of the weekly numbers, and the monthly parts, encourages me to hope that like favour will be extended to the half-yearly volume. Its multifarious contents and the illustrative engravings, with the help of the copious index, realize my wish, "to please the young, and help divert the wise." Perhaps, if the good old window-seats had not gone out of fashion, it might be called a parlour-window book—a good name for a volume of agreeable reading selected from the book-case, and left lying about, for the constant recreation of the family, and the casual amusement of visitors.

W. HONE.

*Midsummer, 1827.*

THE JOURNAL OF THE

THE JOURNAL OF THE

# THE FRONTISPIECE.

## PETRARCH'S INKSTAND.

MISS EDGEWORTH'S lines express her estimation of the gem she has the happiness to own. That lady allowed a few casts from it in bronze, and a gentleman who possesses one, and who favours the "*Table Book*" with his approbation, permits its use for a frontispiece to this volume. The engraving will not be questioned as a decoration, and it has some claim to be regarded as an elegant illustration of a miscellany which draws largely on art and literature, and on nature itself, towards its supply.

"I delight," says Petrarch, "in my pictures. I take great pleasure also in images; they come in show more near unto nature than pictures, for they do but appear; but these are felt to be substantial, and their bodies are more durable. Amongst the Grecians the art of painting was esteemed above all handicrafts, and the chief of all the liberal arts. How great the dignity hath been of statues; and how fervently the study and desire of men have reposed in such pleasures, emperors and kings, and other noble personages, nay, even persons of inferior degree, have shown, in their industrious keeping of them when obtained." Insisting on the golden mean, as a rule of happiness, he says, "I possess an amazing collection of books, for attaining this, and every virtue: great is my delight in beholding such a treasure." He slights persons who collect books "for the pleasure of boasting they have them; who furnish their chambers with what was invented to furnish their minds; and use them no otherwise than they do their Corinthian tables, or their painted tables and images, to look at." He contemns others who esteem not the true value of books, but the price at which they may sell them—"a new practice" (observe it is Petrarch that speaks) "crept in among the rich, whereby they may attain one art more of unruly desire." He repeats, with rivetting force, "I have great plenty of books: where such scarcity has been lamented, this is no small possession: I have an inestimable many of books!" He was a diligent collector, and a liberal impartor of these treasures. He corresponded with Richard de Bury, an illustrious prelate of our own country, eminent for his love of learning and learned men,

and sent many precious volumes to England to enrich the bishop's magnificent library. He vividly remarks, "I delight passionately in my books;" and yet he who had accumulated them largely, estimated them rightly: he has a saying of books worthy of himself—"a wise man seeketh not quantity but sufficiency."

Petrarch loved the quiet scenes of nature; and these can scarcely be observed from a carriage or while riding, and are never enjoyed but on foot; and to me—on whom that discovery was imposed, and who am sometimes restrained from country walks, by necessity—it was no small pleasure, when I read a passage in his "*View of Human Nature*," which persuaded me of his fondness for the exercise: "A journey on foot hath most pleasant commodities; a man may go at his pleasure; none shall stay him, none shall carry him beyond his wish; none shall trouble him; he hath but one labour, the labour of nature—to go."

In "*The Indicator*" there is a paper of peculiar beauty, by Mr. Leigh Hunt, "on receiving a sprig of myrtle from Vaucluse," with a paragraph suitable to this occasion: "We are supposing that all our readers are acquainted with Petrarch. Many of them doubtless know him intimately. Should any of them want an introduction to him, how should we speak of him in the gross? We should say, that he was one of the finest gentlemen and greatest scholars that ever lived; that he was a writer who flourished in Italy in the fourteenth century, at the time when Chaucer was young, during the reigns of our Edwards; that he was the greatest light of his age; that although so fine a writer himself, and the author of a multitude of works, or rather because he was both, he took the greatest pains to revive the knowledge of the ancient learning, recommending it every where, and copying out large manuscripts with his own hand; that two great cities, Paris and Rome, contended which should have the honour of crowning him; that he was crowned publicly, in the metropolis of the world, with laurel and with myrtle; that he was the friend of Boccaccio, the father of Italian prose; and lastly, that his

PETRARCH'S INKSTAND.

greatest renown nevertheless, as well as the predominant feelings of his existence, arose from the long love he bore for a lady of Avignon, the far-famed Laura, whom he fell in love with on the 6th of April, 1327, on a Good Friday; whom he rendered illustrious in a multitude of sonnets, which have left a sweet sound and sentiment in the ear of all after lovers; and who died, still passionately beloved, in the year 1348, on the same day and hour on which he first beheld her. Who she was, or why their connection was not closer, remains a mystery. But that she was a real person, and that in spite of all her modesty she did not show an insensible countenance to his passion, is clear from his long-haunted imagination, from his own repeated accounts, from all that he wrote, uttered, and thought. One love, and one poet, sufficed to give the whole civilized world a sense of delicacy in desire, of the abundant riches to be found in one single idea, and of the going out of a man's self to dwell in the soul and happiness of another, which has served to refine the passion for all modern times; and perhaps will do so, as long as love renews the world."

At Vacluse, or Valchiusa, "a remarkable spot in the old poetical region of Provence, consisting of a little deep glen of green meadows surrounded with rocks, and containing the fountain of the river Sorgue," Petrarch resided for several years, and composed in it the greater part of his poems.

The following is a translation by sir William Jones, of

AN ODE, BY PETRARCH,

TO THE FOUNTAIN OF VALCHIUSA,

Ye clear and sparkling streams!  
 (Warm'd by the sunny beams)  
 Through whose transparent crystal Laura play'd;  
 Ye boughs that deck the grove,  
 Where Spring her chaplets wove,  
 While Laura lay beneath the quivering shade;  
 Sweet herbs! and blushing flowers!  
 That crown yon vernal bowers,  
 For ever fatal, yet for ever dear;  
 And ye, that heard my sighs  
 When first she charm'd my eyes,  
 Soft-breathing gales! my dying accents hear.  
 If Heav'n has fix'd my doom,  
 That Love must quite consume

My bursting heart, and close my eyes in death;  
 Ah! grant this slight request,—  
 That here my urn may rest,  
 When to its mansion flies my vital breath.  
 This pleasing hope will smooth  
 My anxious mind, and soothe  
 The pangs of that inevitable hour;  
 My spirit will not grieve  
 Her mortal veil to leave  
 In these calm shades, and this enchanting bower.  
 Haply, the guilty maid  
 Through yon accustom'd glade  
 To my sad tomb will take her lonely way;  
 Where first her beauty's light  
 O'erpower'd my dazzled sight,  
 When love on this fair border bade me stray:  
 There, sorrowing, shall she see,  
 Beneath an aged tree,  
 Her true, but hapless lover's lowly bier;  
 Too late her tender sighs  
 Shall melt the pitying skies,  
 And her soft veil shall hide the gushing tear.  
 O! well-remember'd day,  
 When on yon bank she lay,  
 Meek in her pride, and in her rigour mild;  
 The young and blooming flowers,  
 Falling in fragrant showers,  
 Shone on her neck, and on her bosom smil'd:  
 Some on her mantle hung,  
 Some in her locks were strung,  
 Like orient gems in rings of flaming gold;  
 Some, in a spicy cloud  
 Descending, call'd aloud,  
 "Here Love and Youth the reins of empire hold."  
 I view'd the heavenly maid;  
 And, rapt in wonder, said—  
 "The groves of Eden gave this angel birth;"  
 Her look, her voice, her smile,  
 That might all Heaven beguile,  
 Wafted my soul above the realms of earth:  
 The star-bespangled skies  
 Were open'd to my eyes;  
 Sighing I said, "Whence rose this glittering scene?"  
 Since that auspicious hour,  
 This bank, and odorous bower,  
 My morning couch, and evening haunt have been.  
 Well mayst thou blush, my song,  
 To leave the rural throng  
 And fly thus artless to my Laura's ear;  
 But, were thy poet's fire  
 Ardent as his desire,  
 Thou wert a song that Heaven might stoop to hear.

It is within probability to imagine, that the original of this "ode" may have been impressed on the paper, by Petrarch's pen, from the inkstand of the frontispiece.

THE  
TABLE BOOK.

FORMERLY, a "Table Book" was a memorandum book, on which any thing was graven or written without ink. It is mentioned by Shakspeare. Polonius, on disclosing Ophelia's affection for Hamlet to the king, inquires

"When I had seen this hot love on the wing,  
what might you,  
Or my dear majesty, your queen here, think,  
If I had play'd the desk, or table-book?"

Dr. Henry More, a divine, and moralist, of the succeeding century, observes, that "Nature makes clean the *table-book* first, and then portrays upon it what she pleaseth." In this sense, it might have been used instead of a *tabula rasa*, or sheet of blank writing paper, adopted by Locke as an illustration of the human mind in its incipency. It is figuratively introduced to nearly the same purpose by Swift: he tells us that

"Nature's fair table-book, our tender souls,  
We scrawl all o'er with old and empty rules,  
Stale memorandums of the schools."

Dryden says, "Put into your *Table-Book* whatsoever you judge worthy."\*

I hope I shall not unworthily err, if, in the commencement of a work under this title, I show what a *Table Book* was.

Table books, or tablets, of wood, existed before the time of Homer, and among the Jews before the Christian æra. The table books of the Romans were nearly like ours, which will be described presently; except that the leaves, which were two, three, or more in number, were of wood surfaced with wax. They wrote on them with a style, one end of which was pointed for that purpose, and the other end rounded or flattened, for effacing or scraping out. Styles were made of nearly all the metals, as well as of bone and ivory; they were differently formed, and resembled ornamented skewers; the common style was iron. More anciently, the leaves of the table book were without wax, and marks were made by the iron style on the bare wood. The Anglo-Saxon style was very handsome. Dr. Pegge was of opinion that the well-known jewel of Alfred, preserved in the Ashmolean museum at Oxford, was the head of the style sent by that king with Gregory's Pastoral to Athelney.†

A gentleman, whose profound knowledge of domestic antiquities surpasses that of

preceding antiquaries, and remains unrivalled by his contemporaries, in his "Illustrations of Shakspeare," notices Hamlet's expression, "My tables,—meet it is I set it down." On that passage he observes, that the Roman practice of writing on wax tablets with a style was continued through the middle ages; and that specimens of wooden tables, filled with wax, and constructed in the fourteenth century, were preserved in several of the monastic libraries in France. Some of these consisted of as many as twenty pages, formed into a book by means of parchment bands glued to the backs of the leaves. He says that in the middle ages there were table books of ivory, and sometimes, of late, in the form of a small portable book with leaves and clasps; and he transfers a figure of one of the latter from an old work\* to his own: it resembles the common "slate-books" still sold in the stationers' shops. He presumes that to such a table book the archbishop of York alludes in the second part of King Henry IV.,

"And therefore will he wipe his tables clean  
And keep no tell-tale to his memory."

As in the middle ages there were table-books with ivory leaves, this gentleman remarks that, in Chaucer's "*Somnour's Tale*," one of the friars is provided with

"A pair of tables all of ivory,  
And a pointel ypolished fetisshly,  
And wrote alway the names, as he stood,  
Of alle folk that yave hem any good."

He instances it as remarkable, that neither public nor private museums furnished specimens of the table books, common in Shakspeare's time. Fortunately, this observation is no longer applicable.

A correspondent, understood to be Mr. Douce, in Dr. Aikin's "*Athenæum*," subsequently says, "I happen to possess a table-book of Shakspeare's time. It is a little book, nearly square, being three inches wide and something less than four in length, bound stoutly in calf, and fastening with four strings of broad, strong, brown tape. The title as follows: '*Writing Tables, with a Kalender for xxiii yeeres, with sundrie necessarie rules. The Tables made by Robert Triple. London, Imprinted for the Company of Stationers.*' The tables are inserted immediately after the almanack. At first sight they appear like what we call asses-skin, the colour being precisely

\* Johnson.  
† Fosbroke's *Encyclopædia of Antiquities*.

\* *Seneca De rerum fossilium figuris, &c. Tigrur. 1565: 12mo.*

the same, but the leaves are thicker : whatever smell they may have had is lost, and there is no gloss upon them. It might be supposed that the gloss has been worn off ; but this is not the case, for most of the tables have never been written on. Some of the edges being a little worn, show that the middle of the leaf consists of paper ; the composition is laid on with great nicety. A silver style was used, which is sheathed in one of the covers, and which produces an impression as distinct, and as easily obliterated as a black-lead pencil. The tables are interleaved with common paper."

In July, 1808, the date of the preceding communication, I, too, possessed a table book, and silver style, of an age as ancient, and similar to that described ; except that it had not "a Kalender." Mine was brought to me by a poor person, who found it in Covent-garden on a market day. There were a few ill-spelt memoranda respecting vegetable matters formed on its leaves with the style. It had two antique slender brass clasps, which were loose ; the ancient binding had ceased from long wear to do its office, and I confided it to Mr. Wills, the almanack publisher in Stationers'-court, for a better cover and a silver clasp. Each being ignorant of what it was, we spoiled "a table-book of Shakspeare's time."

The most affecting circumstance relating to a table book is in the life of the beautiful and unhappy "Lady Jane Grey." Sir John Gage, constable of the Tower, when he led her to execution, desired her to bestow on him some small present, which he might keep as a perpetual memorial of her : she gave him her *table-book*, wherein she had just written three sentences, on seeing her husband's body ; one in Greek, another in Latin, and a third in English. The purport of them was, that human justice was against his body, but the divine mercy would be favourable to his soul ; and that, if her fault deserved punishment, her youth at least, and her imprudence, were worthy of excuse, and that God and posterity, she trusted, would show her favour.\*

Having shown what the ancient table book was, it may be expected that I should say something about

*My*  
TABLE BOOK.

The title is to be received in a larger sense than the obsolete signification : the

old table books were for private use—mine is for the public ; and the more the public desire it, the more I shall be gratified. I have not the folly to suppose it will pass from *my* table to *every* table, but I think that not a single sheet can appear on the table of *any* family without communicating some information, or affording some diversion.

On the title-page there are a few lines which briefly, yet adequately, describe the collections in my *Table Book* : and, as regards my own "sayings and doings," the prevailing disposition of my mind is perhaps sufficiently made known through the *Every-Day Book*. In the latter publication, I was inconveniently limited as to room ; and the labour I had there prescribed to myself, of commemorating *every* day, frequently prevented me from topics that would have been more agreeable to my readers than the "two grains of wheat in a bushel of chaff," which I often consumed my time and spirits in endeavouring to discover—and did not always find.

In my *Table Book*, which I hope will never be out of "season," I take the liberty to "annihilate both time and space," to the extent of a few lines or days, and lease, and talk, when and where I can, according to my humour. Sometimes I present an offering of "all sorts," simpled from out-of-the-way and in-the-way books ; and, at other times, gossip to the public, as to an old friend, diffusely or briefly, as I chance to be more or less in the giving "vein," about a passing event, a work just read, a print in my hand, the thing I last thought of, or saw, or heard, or, to be plain, about "whatever comes uppermost." In short, my collections and recollections come forth just as I happen to suppose they may be most agreeable or serviceable to those whom I esteem, or care for, and by whom I desire to be respected.

MY TABLE BOOK is enriched and diversified by the contributions of my friends ; the teenings of time, and the press, give it novelty ; and what I know of works of art, with something of imagination, and the assistance of artists, enable me to add pictorial embellishment. My object is to blend information with amusement, and utility with diversion.

MY TABLE BOOK, therefore, is a series of continually shifting scenes—a kind of literary kaleidoscope, combining popular forms with singular appearances—by which youth and age of all ranks may be amused ; and to which, I respectfully trust, many will gladly add something, to improve its views.

\* Glossary by Mr. Archd. Nares.



# Ode to the New Year.

From the *Every Day Book*; set to Music for the *Table Book*,

By J. K.

ANDANTE.

All hail to the birth of the Year! See golden-hair'd

Phœ - bus a - far, Pre-pares to re - new his ca - reer, . And is

mounting his dew - spangled car. Stern Winter con-geals every

brook, That mur - mur'd so late - ly with glee, And pla - ces a

snowy peruke On the head of each bald - pated tree.

## The New Year.

HAGMAN-HEIGH.

Anciently on new year's day the Romans were accustomed to carry small presents, as new year's gifts, to the senators, under whose protection they were severally placed. In the reigns of the emperors, they flocked in such numbers with valuable ones, that various decrees were made to abolish the custom; though it always continued among that people. The Romans who settled in Britain, or the families connected with them by marriage, introduced these new year's gifts among our forefathers, who got the habit of making presents, even to the magistrates. Some of the fathers of the church wrote against them, as fraught with the greatest abuses, and the magistrates were forced to relinquish them. Besides the well-known anecdote of sir Thomas More, when lord chancellor,\* many instances might be adduced from old records, of giving a pair of gloves, some with "linings," and others without. Probably from thence has been derived the fashion of giving a pair of gloves upon particular occasions, as at marriages, funerals, &c. New year's gifts continue to be received and given by all ranks of people, to commemorate the sun's return, and the prospect of spring, when the gifts of nature are shared by all. Friends present some small tokens of esteem to each other—husbands to their wives, and parents to their children. The custom keeps up a cheerful and friendly intercourse among acquaintance, and leads to that good-humour and mirth so necessary to the spirits in this dreary season. Chandlers send as presents to their customers large mould candles; grocers give raisins, to make a Christmas pudding, or a pack of cards, to assist in spending agreeably the long evenings. In barber's shops "thrif-box," as it is called, is put by the apprentice boys against the wall, and every customer, according to his inclination, puts something in. Poor children, and old infirm persons, beg, at the doors of the charitable, a small pittance, which, though collected in small sums, yet, when put together, forms to them a little treasure; so that every heart, in all situations of life, beats with joy at the nativity of his Saviour.

The *Hagman Heigh* is an old custom observed in Yorkshire on new year's eve, as appertaining to the season. The keeper of the pinfold goes round the town, attended

by a rabble at his heels, and knocking at certain doors, sings a barbarous song, beginning with—

"To-night it is the new year's night, to-morrow is  
the day !  
We are come about for our right and for our ray,  
As we us'd to do in old king Henry's day :  
Sing, fellows, sing, *Hagman Heigh*," &c.

The song always concludes with "wishing a merry Christmas and a happy new year." When wood was chiefly used as fuel, in heating ovens at Christmas, this was the most appropriate season for the *hagman*, or wood-cutter, to remind his customers of his services, and to solicit alms. The word *hag* is still used in Yorkshire, to signify a wood. The "hagg" opposite to Easby formerly belonged to the abbey, to supply them with fuel. Hagman may be a name compounded from it. Some derive it from the Greek *Αγιαμηνη*, the holy month, when the festivals of the church for our Saviour's birth were celebrated. Formerly, on the last day of the year, the monks and friars used to make a plentiful harvest, by begging from door to door, and reciting a kind of carol, at the end of every stave of which they introduced the words "agia mene," alluding to the birth of Christ. A very different interpretation, however, was given to it by one John Dixon, a Scotch presbyterian minister, when holding forth against this custom in one of his sermons at Kelso. "Sirs, do you know what the *hagman* signifies? It is the devil to be in the house; that is the meaning of its Hebrew original."\*

## SONNET

ON THE NEW YEAR.

When we look back on hours long past away,  
And every circumstance of joy, or woe  
That goes to make this strange beguiling show,  
Call'd life, as though it were of yesterday,  
We start to learn our quickness of decay.  
Still flies unwearied Time;—on still we go;  
And whither?—Unto endless weal or woe,  
As we have wrought our parts in this brief play.  
Yet many have I seen whose thin blanched locks  
But ill became a head where Folly dwelt,  
Who having past this storm with all its shocks,  
Had nothing learnt from what they saw or felt:  
Brave spirits! that can look, with heedless eye,  
On doom unchangeable, and fixt eternity.

\* *Every-Day Book*, i. 9.

\* *Clarkson's History of Richmond*, cited by a correspondent, A. B.

## Antiquities.

### WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

The following letter, written by Horace Walpole, in relation to the tombs, is curious. Dr. —, whom he derides, was Dr. Zachary Pearce, dean of Westminster, and editor of Longinus, &c.

#### *Strawberry-hill, 1761.*

I heard lately, that Dr. —, a very learned personage, had consented to let the tomb of Aylmer de Valence, earl of Pembroke, a very great personage, be removed for Wolfe's monument; that at first he had objected, but was wrought upon by being told that *light* Aylmer was a knight templar, a very wicked set of people as his lordship had heard, though he knew nothing of them, as they are not mentioned by Longinus. I own I thought this a made story, and wrote to his lordship, expressing my concern that one of the finest and most ancient monuments in the abbey should be removed; and begging, if it was removed, that he would bestow it on me, who would erect and preserve it here. After a fortnight's deliberation, the bishop sent me an answer, civil indeed, and commending my zeal for antiquity! but avowing the story under his own hand. He said, that at first they had taken Pembroke's tomb for a knight templar's;—observe, that not only the man who shows the tombs names it every day, but that there is a draught of it at large in Dart's Westminster;—that upon discovering whose it was, he had been very unwilling to consent to the removal, and at last had obliged Wilton to engage to set it up within ten feet of where it stands at present. His lordship concluded with congratulating me on publishing learned authors at my press. I don't wonder that a man who thinks Lucan a learned author, should mistake a tomb in his own cathedral. If I had a mind to be angry, I could complain with reason,—as having paid forty pounds for ground for my mother's funeral—that the chapter of Westminster sell their church over and over again: the ancient monuments tumble upon one's head through their neglect, as one of them did, and killed a man at lady Elizabeth Percy's funeral; and they erect new waxen dolls of queen Elizabeth, &c. to draw visits and money from the mob.

Angoulême, in the sixteenth century, being awakened during the night, she was surprised at an extraordinary brightness which illuminated her chamber; apprehending it to be the fire, she reprimanded her women for having made so large a one; but they assured her it was caused by the moon. The duchess ordered her curtains to be undrawn, and discovered that it was a comet which produced this unusual light. "Ah!" exclaimed she, "this is a phenomenon which appears not to persons of common condition. Shut the window, it is a comet, which announces my departure; I must prepare for death." The following morning she sent for her confessor, in the certainty of an approaching dissolution. The physicians assured her that her apprehensions were ill founded and premature. "If I had not," replied she, "seen the signal for death, I could believe it, for I do not feel myself exhausted or peculiarly ill." On the third day after this event she expired, the victim of terror. Long after this period all appearances of the celestial bodies, not perfectly comprehended by the multitude, were supposed to indicate the deaths of sovereigns, or revolutions in their governments.

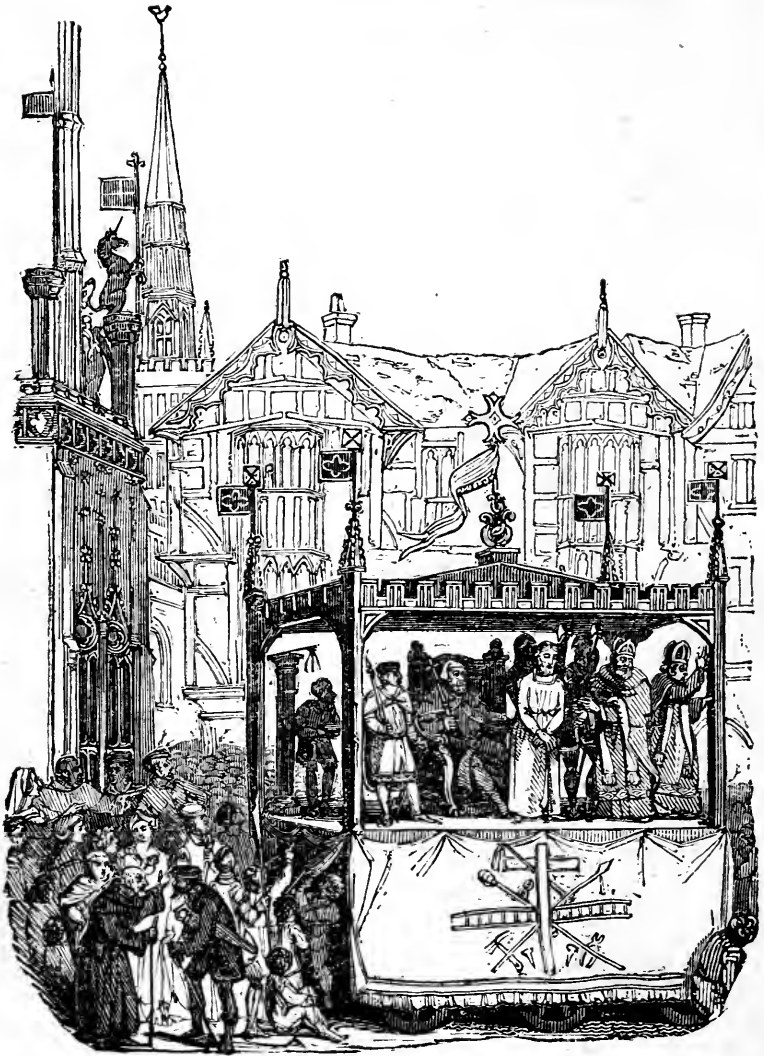
#### TWO PAINTERS.

When the duke d'Arenberg was confined at Antwerp, a person was brought in as a spy, and imprisoned in the same place. The duke observed some slight sketches by his fellow prisoner on the wall, and, conceiving they indicated talent, desired Rubens, with whom he was intimate, and by whom he was visited, to bring with him a pallet and pencils for the painter, who was in custody with him. The materials requisite for painting were given to the artist, who took for his subject a group of soldiers playing at cards in the corner of a prison. When Rubens saw the picture, he cried out that it was done by Brouwer, whose works he had often seen, and as often admired. Rubens offered six hundred guineas for it; the duke would by no means part with it, but presented the painter with a larger sum. Rubens exerted his interest, and obtained the liberty of Brouwer, by becoming his surety, received him into his house, clothed as well as maintained him, and took pains to make the world acquainted with his merit. But the levity of Brouwer's temper would not suffer him long to consider his situation any better than a state of confinement; he therefore quitted Rubens, and died shortly afterwards, in consequence of a dissolute course of life

## Biographical Memoranda.

### COMETARY INFLUENCE.

Brantome relates, that the duchess of



### Representation of a Pageant Vehicle and Play.

The state, and reverence, and show,  
 Were so attractive, folks would go  
 From all parts, ev'ry year, to see  
 These pageant-plays at Coventry.

This engraving is from a very curious print in Mr. Sharp's "Dissertation on the Pageants or Dramatic Mysteries, anciently performed at Coventry."

Coventry is distinguished in the history of the drama, because, under the title of "*Ludus Coventriæ*," there exists a manuscript volume of most curious early plays, not yet printed, nor likely to be, unless there are sixty persons, at this time sufficiently concerned for our ancient literature and manners, to encourage a spirited gentleman to print a limited number of copies. If by any accident the manuscript should be destroyed, these plays, the constant theme of literary antiquaries from Dugdale to the present period, will only be known through the partial extracts of writers, who have sometimes inaccurately transcribed from the originals in the British Museum.\*

Mr. Sharp's taste and attainments qualifying him for the task, and his residence at Coventry affording him facility of research among the muniments of the corporation, he has achieved the real labour of drawing from these and other unexplored sources, a body of highly interesting facts, respecting the vehicles, characters, and dresses of the actors in the pageants or dramatic mysteries anciently performed by the trading companies of that city; which, together with accounts of municipal entertainments of a public nature, form his meritorious volume.

Very little has been known respecting the stage "properties," before the rise of the regular drama, and therefore the abundant matter of that nature, adduced by this gentleman, is peculiarly valuable. With "*The Taylors' and Shearemens' Pagant*," complete from the original manuscript, he gives the songs and the *original music*, engraved on three plates, which is eminently remarkable, because it is, perhaps, the only existing specimen of the melodies in the old Mysteries. There are ten other plates in the work; one of them represents the club, or maul, of Pilate, a character in the pageant of the Cappers' company. "By a variety of entries it appears he had a club or maul, stuffed with wool; and that the exterior was formed of leather, is authenticated by the actual existence of such a club or maul, discovered by the writer of this Dissertation, in an antique chest within the Cappers' chapel, (together with an iron

cresset, and some fragments of armour,) where it had probably remained ever since the breaking up of the pageant." The subject of the Cappers' pageant was usually the trial and crucifixion of Christ, and the descent into hell.

The pageant vehicles were high scaffolds with two rooms, a higher and a lower, constructed upon four or six wheels; in the lower room the performers dressed, and in the higher room they played. This higher room, or rather, as it may be called, the "stage," was all open on the top, that the beholders might hear and see. On the day of performance the vehicles were wheeled, by men, from place to place, throughout the city; the floor was strewed with rushes; and to conceal the lower room, wherein the performers dressed, cloths were hung round the vehicle: there is reason to believe that, on these cloths, the subject of the performance was painted or worked in tapestry. The higher room of the Drapers' vehicle was embattled, and ornamented with carved work, and a crest; the Smiths' had vanes, burnished and painted, with streamers flying.

In an engraving, which is royal quarto, the size of the work, Mr. Sharp has laudably endeavoured to convey a clear idea of the appearance of a pageant vehicle, and of the architectural appearance of the houses in Coventry, at the time of performing the Mysteries. So much of that engraving as represents the vehicle is before the reader on the preceding page. The vehicle, supposed to be of the Smiths' company, is stationed near the Cross in the Cross-cheaping, and the time of action chosen is the period when Pilate, on the charges of Caiphas and Annas, is compelled to give up Christ for execution. Pilate is represented on a throne, or chair of state; beside him stands his son with a sceptre and poll-axe, and beyond the Saviour are the two high priests; the two armed figures behind are knights. The pageant cloth bears the symbols of the passion.

Besides the Coventry Mysteries and other matters, Mr. Sharp notices those of Chester, and treats largely on the ancient setting of the watch on Midsummer and St. John's Eve, the corporation giants, morris dancers, minstrels, and waites.

\* By a notice in Mr. Sharp's "Dissertation," he proposes to publish the "*Coventry Mysteries*," with notes and illustrations, in two vols. octavo: 100 copies on royal paper, at three guineas; and 25, on imperial paper, at five guineas. Notwithstanding he limits the entire impression to these 125 copies, and will commence to print as soon as the names of sixty subscribers are sent to his publishers, it appears that this small number is not yet complete. The fact is mentioned here, because it will be a reproach to the age if such an overture is not embraced.

I could not resist the very fitting opportunity on the opening of the new year, and of the *Table Book* together, to introduce a memorandum, that so important an accession has accrued to our curious litera-

ture, as Mr. Sharp's "Dissertation on the Coventry Mysteries."

"THE THING TO A T."

A young man, brought up in the city of London to the business of an undertaker, went to Jamaica to better his condition. Business flourished, and he wrote to his father in Bishopsgate-street to send him, with a quantity of black and grey cloth, twenty gross of black *Tacks*. Unfortunately he had omitted the top to his T, and the order stood twenty gross of black *Jacks*. His correspondent, on receiving the letter, recollected a man, near Fleet-market, who made quart and pint tin pots, ornamented with painting, and which were called *black Jacks*, and to him he gave the order for the twenty gross of *black Jacks*. The maker, surprised, said, he had not so many ready, but would endeavour to complete the order; this was done, and the articles were shipped. The undertaker received them with other consignments, and was astonished at the mistake. A friend, fond of speculation, offered consolation, by proposing to purchase the whole at the invoice price. The undertaker, glad to get rid of an article he considered useless in that part of the world, took the offer. His friend immediately advertised for sale a number of fashionable punch vases just arrived from England, and sold the jacks, gaining 200 per cent!

The young undertaker afterwards discouraging upon his father's blunder, was told by his friend, in a jocose strain, to order a gross of warming-pans, and see whether the well-informed correspondents in London would have the sagacity to consider such articles necessary in the latitude of nine degrees north. The young man laughed at the suggestion, but really put in practice the joke. He desired his father in his next letter to send a gross of warming-pans, which actually, and to the great surprise of the son, reached the island of Jamaica. What to do with this cargo he knew not. His friend again became a purchaser at prime cost, and having knocked off the covers, informed the planters, that he had just imported a number of newly-constructed sugar ladles. The article under that name sold rapidly, and returned a large profit. The parties returned to England with fortunes, and often told the story of the black jacks and warming-pans over the bottle, adding, that "Nothing is lost in a good market."

BOOKS.

Give me

Leave to enjoy myself. That place, that does  
Contain my books, the best companions, is.  
To me a glorious court, where hourly I  
Converse with the old sages and philosophers;  
And sometimes for variety, I confer  
With kings and emperors, and weigh their counsels;  
Calling their victories, if unjustly got,  
Unto a strict account; and in my fancy,  
Deface their ill-placed statues. Can I then  
Part with such constant pleasures, to embrace  
Uncertain vanities? No: be it your care  
To augment a heap of wealth: it shall be mine  
To increase in knowledge. FLETCHER.

IMAGINATION.

Imagination enriches every thing. A great library contains not only books, but "the assembled souls of all that men held wise." The moon is Homer's and Shakspeare's moon, as well as the one we look at. The sun comes out of his chamber in the east, with a sparkling eye, "rejoicing like a bridegroom." The commonest thing becomes like Aaron's rod, that budded. Pope called up the spirits of the Cabala to wait upon a lock of hair, and justly gave it the honours of a constellation; for he has hung it, sparkling for ever, in the eyes of posterity. A common meadow is a sorry thing to a ditcher or a coxcomb; but by the help of its dues from imagination and the love of nature, the grass brightens for us, the air soothes us, we feel as we did in the daisied hours of childhood. Its verdures, its sheep, its hedge-row elms,—all these, and all else which sight, and sound, and association can give it, are made to furnish a treasure of pleasant thoughts. Even brick and mortar are vivified, as of old at the harp of Orpheus. A metropolis becomes no longer a mere collection of houses or of trades. It puts on all the grandeur of its history, and its literature; its towers, and rivers; its art, and jewellery, and foreign wealth; its multitude of human-beings all intent upon excitement, wise or yet to learn; the huge and sullen dignity of its canopy of smoke by day; the wide gleam upwards of its lighted lustre at night-time; and the noise of its many chariots, heard, at the same hour, when the wind sets gently towards some quiet suburb.—*Leigh Hunt.*

ACTORS.

Madame Rollan, who died in 1785, in the seventy-fifth year of her age, was a principal dancer on Covent-garden stage in

1731, and followed her profession, by private teaching, to the last year of her life. She had so much celebrity in her day, that having one evening sprained her ankle, no less an actor than Quin was ordered by the manager to make an apology to the audience for her not appearing in the dance. Quin, who looked upon all dancers as "the mere garnish of the stage," at first demurred; but being threatened with a forfeiture, he growlingly came forward, and in his coarse way thus addressed the audience:

"Ladies and Gentlemen,

"I am desired by the manager to inform you, that the dance intended for this night is obliged to be postponed, on account of mademoiselle Rollan having dislocated her ankle: I wish it had been her neck."

In Quin's time Hippiessley was the Roscius of low comedy; he had a large scar on his cheek, occasioned by being dropped into the fire, by a careless nurse, when an infant, which gave a very whimsical cast to his features. Conversing with Quin concerning his son, he told him, he had some thoughts of bringing him on the stage. "Oh," replied the cynic, "if that is your intention, I think it is high time you should burn his face."

On one of the first nights of the opera of *Cydon* at Drury-lane theatre, when the late Mr. Vernon began the last air in the fourth act, which runs,

"Torn from me, torn from me, which way did they take her?"

a dissatisfied musical critic immediately answered the actor's interrogation in the following words, and to the great astonishment of the audience, in the exact tune of the air,

"Why towards Long-acre, towards Long-acre."

This unexpected circumstance naturally embarrassed poor Vernon, but in a moment recovering himself, he sung in rejoinder, the following words, instead of the author's:

"Ho, ho, did they so,  
Then I'll soon overtake her,  
I'll soon overtake her."

Vernon then precipitately made his exit amidst the plaudits of the whole house.

## Home Department.

POTATOES.

If potatoes, how much soever frosted, be only carefully excluded from the atmospheric air, and the pit not opened until

some time after the frost has entirely subsided, they will be found not to have sustained the slightest injury. This is on account of their not having been exposed to a sudden change, and thawing gradually.

A person inspecting his potato heap, which had been covered with turf, found them so frozen, that, on being moved, they rattled like stones: he deemed them irrecoverably lost, and, replacing the turf, left them, as he thought, to their fate. He was not less surprised than pleased, a considerable time afterwards, when he discovered that his potatoes, which he had given up for lost, had not suffered the least detriment, but were, in all respects, remarkably fine, except a few near the spot which had been uncovered. If farmers keep their heaps covered till the frost entirely disappears, they will find their patience amply rewarded.

## London.

LOST CHILDREN.

The Gresham committee having humanely provided a means of leading to the discovery of lost or strayed children, the following is a copy of the bill, issued in consequence of their regulation:—

TO THE PUBLIC.

London.

If persons who may have lost a child, or found one, in the streets, will go with a written notice to the Royal Exchange, they will find boards fixed up near the medicine shop, for the purpose of posting up such notices, (*free of expense.*) By fixing their notice at this place, it is probable the child will be restored to its afflicted parents on the same day it may have been missed. The children, of course, are to be taken care of in the parish where they are found, until their homes are discovered.

From the success which has, within a short time, been found to result from the *immediate* posting up notices of this sort, there can be little doubt, when the knowledge of the above-mentioned boards is general, but that *many* children will be *speedily* restored. It is recommended that a bellman be sent round the neighbourhood, as heretofore has been usually done.

Persons on receiving this paper are requested to fix it up in their shop-window, or other conspicuous place.

The managers of Spa-Fields chapel improving upon the above hint, 'caused

a board to be placed in front of their chapel for the same purpose, and printed bills which can be very soon filled up, describing the child lost or found, in the following forms:—

CHILD LOST.		CHILD FOUND.	
Sex	Age	Sex	Age
Name		Name	
Residence		May be heard of at	
Further particulars		Further particulars	

The severe affliction many parents suffer by the loss of young children, should induce parish officers, and others, in populous neighbourhoods, to adopt a plan so well devised to facilitate the restoration of strayed children.

### TICKET PORTERS.

By AN ACT of common council of the city of London, Heygate, mayor, 1823, the ticket porters are not to exceed five hundred.

A ticket porter, when plying or working, is to wear his ticket so as to be plainly seen, under a penalty of 2s. 6d. for each offence.

No ticket porter is to apply for hire in any place but on the stand, appointed by the acts of common council, or within six yards thereof, under a penalty of 5s.

### FARES OF TICKET-PORTERS.

	Qr.	Half	One	1½	Two	For every half mile farther.
	Mile.	Mile.	Mile.	Mile.	Miles.	
	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.
For any Package, Letter, &c. not exceeding 56 lbs	0 4	0 6	0 9	1 0	1 6	0 6
Above 56 lbs. and not exceeding 112 lbs.	0 6	0 9	1 0	1 6	2 0	0 9
Above 112 lbs. and not exceeding 168 lbs.	0 8	1 0	1 6	2 0	2 6	1 0

For every parcel above 14 lbs. which they may have to bring back, they are allowed half the above fares.

A ticket porter not to take more than one job at a time, penalty 2s. 6d.

Seven, or more, rulers of the society, to constitute a court.

The governor of the society, with the court of rulers, to make regulations, and annex reasonable penalties for the breach thereof, not exceeding 20s. for each offence, or three months' suspension. They may discharge porters who persist in breach of their orders.

The court of rulers to hear and determine complaints in absence of the governor.

Any porter charging more than his regular fare, finable on conviction to the extent of 20s., by the governor, or the court of rulers.

Persons employing any one within the city, except their own servants or ticket porters, are liable to be prosecuted.

### Manners.

OLIVER CROMWELL.

The following is an extract from one of Richard Symons's Pocket-books, preserved amongst the Harleian MSS. in the British Museum, No. 991. "At the marriage of

his daughter to Rich, in Nov. 1657, the lord protector threw about sack-posses among all the ladies to soyle their rich cloaths, which they tooke as a favour, and also wett sweetmeats; and daubed all the stooles where they were to sit with wett sweetmeats; and pulled off Rich his peruque, and would have thrown it into the fire, but did not, yet he sate upon it."

### OLD WOMEN.

De Foe remarks in his "Protestant Monastery," that "If any whimsical or ridiculous story is told, 'tis of an *Old Woman*. If any person is awkward at his business or any thing else, he is called an *Old Woman* forsooth. Those were brave days for young people, when they could swear the old ones out of their lives, and get a woman hanged or burnt only for being a little too old—and, as a warning to all ancient persons, who should dare to live longer than the young ones think convenient."

### DUEL WITH A BAG:

"Two gentlemen, one a Spaniard, and the other a German, who were recom-



mended, by their birth and services, to the emperor Maximilian II., both courted his daughter, the fair Helene Scharfequinn, in marriage. This prince, after a long delay, one day informed them, that esteeming them equally, and not being able to bestow a preference, he should leave it to the force and address of the claimants to decide the question. He did not mean, however, to risk the loss of one or the other, or perhaps of both. He could not, therefore, permit them to encounter with offensive weapons, but had ordered a large bag to be produced. It was his decree, that whichever succeeded in putting his rival into this bag should obtain the hand of his daughter. This singular encounter between the two gentlemen took place in the face of the whole court. The contest lasted for more than an hour. At length the Spaniard yielded, and the German, Ehberhard, baron de Talbert, having planted his rival in the bag, took it upon his back, and very gallantly laid it at the feet of his mistress, whom he espoused the next day.

Such is the story, as gravely told by M. de St. Foix. It is impossible to say what the feelings of a successful combatant in a duel may be, on his having passed a small sword through the body, or a bullet through the *thorax*, of his antagonist; but might he not feel quite as elated, and more consoled, on having put his adversary "into a bag?"

#### "A NEW MATRIMONIAL PLAN."

This is the title of a bill printed and distributed four or five years ago, and now before me, advertising "an establishment where persons of all classes, who are anxious to sweeten life, by repairing to the *altar of Hymen*, have an opportunity of meeting with proper partners." The "plan" says, "their personal attendance is not absolutely necessary, a statement of facts is all that is required at first." The method is simply this, for the parties to become *subscribers*, the amount to be regulated according to circumstances, and that they should be arranged in classes in the following order, viz.

#### "Ladies."

"1st Class. I am twenty years of age, heiress to an estate in the county of Essex of the value of 30,000*l.*, well educated, and of domestic habits; of an agreeable, lively disposition and genteel figure. Religion that of my future husband.

"2d Class. I am thirty years of age, a widow, in the grocery line in London—have children; of middle stature, full made, fair complexion and hair, temper agreeable, worth 3,000*l.*

"3d Class. I am tall and thin, a little lame in the hip, of a lively disposition, conversable, twenty years of age, live with my father, who, if I marry with his consent, will give me 1,000*l.*

"4th Class. I am twenty years of age; mild disposition and manners; allowed to be personable.

"5th Class. I am sixty years of age; income limited; active, and rather agreeable.

#### "Gentlemen."

"1st Class. A young gentleman with dark eyes and hair; stout made; well educated; have an estate of 500*l.* per annum in the county of Kent; besides 10,000*l.* in the three per cent. consolidated annuities; am of an affable disposition, and very affectionate.

"2d Class. I am forty years of age, tall and slender, fair complexion and hair, well tempered and of sober habits, have a situation in the Excise of 300*l.* per annum, and a small estate in Wales of the annual value of 150*l.*

"3d Class. A tradesman in the city of Bristol, in a ready-money business, turning 150*l.* per week, at a profit of 10*l.* per cent., pretty well tempered, lively, and fond of home.

"4th Class. I am fifty-eight years of age; a widower, without incumbrance; retired from business upon a small income; healthy constitution; and of domestic habits.

"5th Class. I am twenty-five years of age; a mechanic of sober habits; industrious, and of respectable connections.

"It is presumed that the public will not find any difficulty in describing themselves; if they should, they will have the assistance of the managers, who will be in attendance at the office, No. 5, Great St. Helen's, Bishopgate-street, on Mondays, Wednesdays, and Fridays, between the hours of eleven and three o'clock.—Please to inquire for Mr. Jameson, up one pair of stairs. All letters to be post paid.

"The subscribers are to be furnished

with a list of descriptions, and when one occurs likely to suit, the parties may correspond; and if mutually approved, the interview may be afterwards arranged. Further particulars may be had as above."

Such a strange device in our own time, for 'catching would-be lovers, seems incredible, and yet here is the printed plan, with the name and address of the match-making gentleman you are to inquire for "up one pair of stairs."

## Topographical Memoranda.

### CLERICAL LONGEVITY.

The following is an authentic account, from the "Antiquarian Repertory," of the incumbents of a vicarage near Bridgnorth in Shropshire. Its annual revenue, till the death of the last incumbent here mentioned, was not more than about seventy pounds per annum, although it is a very large and populous parish, containing at least twenty hamlets or townships, and is scarcely any where less than four or five miles in diameter. By a peculiar idiom in that country, the inhabitants of this large district are said to live "in Worfield-home:" and the adjacent, or not far distant, parishes (each of them, containing in like manner, many townships, or hamlets) are called Claverly, or Claverly-home, Tatnall-home, Womburn-home, or, as the terminating word is every where pronounced in that neighbourhood, "whome."

"A list of the vicars of Worfield in the diocese of Lichfield and Coventry, and in the county of Salop, from 1564 to 1763, viz.

"Demerick, vicar, last popish priest, conformed during the six first years of Elizabeth. He died 1564.

Barney, vicar 44 years; died 1608.

Barney, vicar 56 years; died 1664.

Hancocks, vicar 42 years; died 1707.

Adamson, vicar 56 years: died 1763.

"Only 4 vicars in 199 years.

### SPELLING FOR A WAKE.

Proclamation was made a few years ago, at Tewkesbury, from a written paper, of which the following is a copy:—

"HOBNAIL'S WAKE—This his to give notis on Tuesday next—a Hat to be playd at bac sord fore. Two Belts to be tuseld fore. A plum cack to be gump in bags fowr. A pond of backer to be bold for, and a showl to danc lot by wimen."

## THE BEAUTIES OF SOMERSET.

A BALLAD:

I'm a Zummerzetzhire man,  
Zhew me better if you can,  
In the North, Zouth, East, or West;  
I waz born in Taunton Dean,  
Of all places ever seen  
The richest and the best. OLD BALLAD.

Tune, *Alley Croker.*

That Britain's like a precious gem  
Set in the silver ocean,  
Our Shakspeare sung, and none condemn  
Whilst most approve the notion,—  
But various parts, we now declare,  
Shine forth in various splendour,  
And those bright beams that shine most fair,  
The western portions render;—  
O the counties, the matchless western counties,  
But far the best,  
Of all the rest,  
Is Somerset for ever.

For come with me, and we'll survey  
Our hills and vallies over,  
Our vales, where clear brooks bubbling stray  
Through meads of blooming clover;  
Our hills, that rise in giant pride,  
With hollow dells between them,  
Whose sabre forests, spreading wide,  
Enrapture all who've seen them;  
O the counties, &c.

How could I here forgetful be  
Of all your scenes romantic,  
Our rugged rocks, our swelling sea,  
Where foams the wild Atlantic!  
There's not an Eden known to men  
That claims such admiration,  
As lovely Culbone's peaceful glen,  
The Tempe of the nation;  
O the counties, &c.

To name each beauty in my rhyme  
Would prove a vain endeavour;  
I'll therefore sing that cloudless clime  
Where *Summer sets* for ever;  
Where ever dwells the Age of Gold  
In fertile vales and sunny,  
Which, like the promis'd land of old,  
O'erflows with milk and honey;  
O the counties, &c.

But O! to crown my county's worth,  
What all the rest surpasses,  
There's not a spot in all the earth  
Can boast such lovely lasses;  
There's not a spot beneath the sun  
Where hearts are open'd wider,  
Then let us toast them every one,  
In bowls of native cyder;  
O the counties, &c.

## Weather.

### A NEW HYGROMETER.

A new instrument to measure the degrees of moisture in the atmosphere, of which the following is a description, was invented by M. Baptist Lendi, of St. Gall: In a white flint bottle is suspended a piece of metal, about the size of a hazel nut, which not only looks extremely beautiful, and contributes to the ornament of a room, but likewise predicts every possible change of weather twelve or fourteen hours before it occurs. As soon as the metal is suspended in the bottle with water, it begins to increase in bulk, and in ten or twelve days forms an admirable pyramid, which resembles polished brass; and it undergoes several changes, till it has attained its full dimensions. In rainy weather, this pyramid is constantly covered with pearly drops of water; in case of thunder or hail, it will change to the finest red, and throw out rays; in case of wind or fog, it will appear dull and spotted; and previously to snow, it will look quite muddy. If placed in a moderate temperature, it will require no other trouble than to pour out a common tumbler full of water, and to put in the same quantity of fresh. For the first few days it must not be shaken.

## Omniana.

### CALICO COMPANY.

A red kitten was sent to the house of a linen-draper in the city; and, on departing from the maternal basket, the following lines were written:—

#### THE RED KITTEN.

O the red red kitten is sent away,  
No more on parlour hearth to play;  
He must live in the draper's house,  
And chase the rat, and catch the mouse,  
And all day long in silence go  
Through bales of cotton and calico.

After the king of England fam'd,  
The red red kitten was Rufus nam'd.  
And as king Rufus sported through  
Thicket and brake of the Forest New,  
The red red kitten Rufus so  
Shall jump about the calico.

But as king Rufus chas'd the deer,  
And hunted the forest far and near,  
Until as he watch'd the jumpy squirrel,  
He was shot by Walter Tyrrel;  
So, if Fate shall his death ordain,  
Shall kitten Rufus by dogs be slain,  
And end his thrice three lives of woe  
Among the cotton and calico.

## Twelfth-Day

### SONNET

TO A PRETTY GIRL IN A PASTRY-COOK'S SHOP.

*Sweet Maid, for thou art maid of many sweets,  
Behind thy counter, lo! I see thee standing,  
Gaz'd at by wanton wand'ers in the streets,  
While cakes, to cakes, thy pretty fist is handing.*

*Light as a puff appears thy every motion,  
Yet thy replies I've heard are sometimes tart;  
I deem thee a preserve, yet I've a notion  
That warm as brandied cherries is thy heart.*

*Then be not to thy lover like an ice,  
Nor sour as raspberry vinegar to one  
Who owns thee for a sugar-plum so nice,  
Nicer than comfit, syllabub, or bun.*

*I love thee more than all the girls so natty,  
I do, indeed, my sweet, my savoury PATTY.*

### "HOLLY NIGHT" AT BROUGH.

#### For the Table Book.

The ancient custom of carrying the "holly tree" on Twelfth Night, at Brough in Westmoreland, is represented in the accompanying engraving.

Formerly the "Holly-tree" at Brough was really "holly," but ash being abundant, the latter is now substituted. There are two head inns in the town, which provide for the ceremony alternately, though the good townspeople mostly lend their assistance in preparing the tree, to every branch of which they fasten a torch. About eight o'clock in the evening, it is taken to a convenient part of the town, where the torches are lighted, the town band accompanying and playing till all is completed, when it is removed to the lower end of the town; and, after divers salutes and huzzas from the spectators, is carried up and down the town, in stately procession, usually by a person of renowned strength, named Joseph Ling. The band march behind it, playing their instruments, and stopping every time they reach the town bridge, and the cross, where the "holly" is again greeted with shouts of applause. Many of the inhabitants carry lighted branches and flambeaus; and rockets, squibs, &c. are discharged on the joyful occasion. After the tree is thus carried, and the torches are sufficiently burnt, it is placed in the middle of the town, when it is again cheered by the surrounding populace, and is afterwards thrown among them. They eagerly watch for this opportunity; and, clinging to each end of the tree, endeavour to carry it away to the inn they are contending for, where they are allowed their usual quantum of



## Carrying the "Holly Tree" at Brough, Westmoreland.

To every branch a torch they tie,  
 To every torch a light apply;  
 At each new light send forth huzzas  
 Till all the tree is in a blaze;  
 And then bear it flaming through the town,  
 With minstrelsy, and rockets thrown.

ale and spirits, and pass a "merry night," which seldom breaks up before two in the morning.

Although the origin of this usage is lost, and no tradition exists by which it can be traced, yet it may not be a strained surmise to derive it from the church ceremony of the day when branches of trees were carried in procession to decorate the altars, in commemoration of the offerings of the Magi, whose names are handed down to us as Melchior, Gaspar, and Balthasar, the patrons of travellers. In catholic countries, flambeaus and torches always abound in their ceremonies; and persons residing in the streets through which they pass, testify their zeal and piety by providing flambeaus at their own expense, and bringing them lighted to the doors of their houses.

W. H. H.

## Note.

COMMUNICATIONS for the *Table Book* addressed to me, in a parcel, or under cover, to the care of the publishers, will be gladly received.

NOTICES to CORRESPONDENTS will appear on the wrappers of the monthly parts only.

THE TABLE BOOK, therefore, after the present sheet, will be printed continuously, without matter of this kind, or the intervention of temporary titles, unpleasant to the eye, when the work comes to be bound in volumes.

LASTLY, because this is the last opportunity of the kind in my power, I beg to add that some valuable papers which could not be included in the *Every-Day Book*, will appear in the *Table Book*.

MOREOVER LASTLY, I earnestly solicit the immediate activity of my friends, to oblige and serve me, by sending *any* thing, and *every* thing they can collect or recollect, which they may suppose at all likely to render my *Table Book* instructive, or diverting.

W. HONE.



### Emigration of the Deer from Cranbourn Chase, 1826.

The genial years increase the timid herd  
 Till wood and pasture yield a scant supply ;  
 Then troop the deer, as at a signal word,  
 And in long lines o'er barren downs they hie,  
 In search what food far vallies may afford—  
 Less fearing man, their ancient enemy,  
 Than in their native chase to starve and die,

The deer of Cranbourn chase usually average about ten thousand in number. In the winter of 1826, they were presumed to amount to from twelve to fifteen thousand. This increase is ascribed to the unusual mildness of recent winters, and the consequent absence of injuries which the animals are subject to from severe weather.

In the month of November, a great number of deer from the woods and pastures of the Chase, between Gunvile and Ashmore, crossed the narrow downs on the western side, and descended into the adjacent parts of the vale of Blackmore in quest of subsistence. There was a large increase in the number about twelve years preceding, till the continued deficiency of food occasioned a mortality. Very soon afterwards, however, they again increased and emigrated for food to the vallies, as in the present instance. At the former period, the greater part were not allowed or were unable to return.

The tendency of deer to breed beyond the means of support, afforded by parks and other places wherein they are kept, has been usually regulated by converting them into venison. This is clearly more humane than suffering the herds so to enlarge, that there is scarcely for "every one a mouthfull, and no one a bellyfull." It is also better to pay a good price for good venison in season, than to have poor and cheap venison from the surplus of starving animals "killed off" in mercy to the remainder, or in compliance with the wishes of landholders whose grounds they invade in their extremity.

The emigration of the deer from Cranbourn Chase suggests, that as such cases arise in winter, their venison may be bestowed with advantage on labourers, who abound more in children than in the means of providing for them; and thus the surplus of the forest-breed be applied to the support and comfort of impoverished human beings.

#### Cranbourn.

Cranbourn is a market town and parish in the hundred of Cranbourn, Dorsetshire, about 12 miles south-west from Salisbury, and 93 from London. According to the last census, it contains 367 houses and 1823 inhabitants, of whom 104 are returned as being employed in trade. The parish includes a circuit of 40 miles, and the town is pleasantly situated in a fine champaign country at the north-east extremity of the county, near Cranbourn Chase, which extends

almost to Salisbury. Its market is on a Thursday, it has a cattle market in the spring, and its fairs are on St. Bartholomew's and St. Nicholas' days. It is the capital of the hundred to which it gives its name, and is a vicarage valued in the king's books at £6.13s. 4d. It is a place of high antiquity, famous in the Saxon and Norman times for its monastery, its chase, and its lords. The monastery belonged to the Benedictines, of which the church at the west end of the town was the priory.\*

#### *Affray in the Chase.*

On the night of the 16th of December, 1780, a severe battle was fought between the keepers and deer-stealers on Chettle Common, in Bursey-stool Walk. The deer-stealers had assembled at Pimperne, and were headed by one Blandford, a sergeant of dragoons, a native of Pimperne, then quartered at Blandford. They came in the night in disguise, armed with deadly offensive weapons called swindgels, resembling flails to thresh corn. They attacked the keepers, who were nearly equal in number, but had no weapons but sticks and short hangers. The first blow was struck by the leader of the gang, it broke a knee-cap of the stoutest man in the chase, which disabled him from joining in the combat, and lamed him for ever. Another keeper, from a blow with a swindgel, which broke three ribs, died some time after. The remaining keepers closed in upon their opponents with their hangers, and one of the dragoon's hands was severed from the arm, just above the wrist, and fell on the ground; the others were also dreadfully cut and wounded, and obliged to surrender. Blandford's arm was tightly bound with a list garter to prevent its bleeding, and he was carried to the lodge. The Rev. William Chafin, the author of "Anecdotes respecting Cranbourn Chase," says, "I saw him there the next day, and his hand in the window: as soon as he was well enough to be removed, he was committed, with his companions, to Dorchester gaol. The hand was buried in Pimperne churchyard, and, as reported, with the honours of war. Several of these offenders were labourers, daily employed by Mr. Beckford, and had, the preceding day, dined in his servants' hall, and from thence went to join a confederacy to rob their master." They were all tried, found guilty, and condemned to be transported for seven years; but, in consideration of their great

\* Hutchins's Dorset. Capper.

suffering from their wounds in prison, the humane judge, sir Richard Perryn, commuted the punishment to confinement for an indefinite term. The soldier was not dismissed from his majesty's service, but suffered to retire upon half-pay, or pension; and set up a shop in London, which he denoted a game-factor's. He dispersed hand-bills in the public places, in order to get customers, and put one into Mr. Chafin's hand in the arch-way leading into Lincoln's-inn-square. "I immediately recognised him," says Mr. Chafin, "as he did me; and he said, that if I would deal with him, he would use me well, for he had, in times past, had many hares and pheasants of mine; and he had the assurance to ask me, if I did not think it a good breeding-season for game!"

#### *Buck-hunting.*

*Buck-hunting*, in former times, was much more followed, and held in much greater repute, than now. From letters in Mr. Chafin's possession, dated in June and July 1681, he infers, that the summers then were much hotter than in the greater part of the last century. The time of meeting at Cranbourn Chase in those days seems invariably to have been at four o'clock in the evening; it was the custom of the sportsmen to take a slight repast at two o'clock, and to dine at the most fashionable hours of the present day. Mr. Chafin deemed hunting in an evening well-judged, and advantageous every way. The deer were at that time upon their legs, and more easily found; they were empty, and more able to run, and to show sport; and as the evening advanced, and the dew fell, the scent gradually improved, and the cool air enabled the horses and the hounds to recover their wind, and go through their work without injury; whereas just the reverse of this would be the hunting late in a morning. What has been mentioned is peculiar to *Buck-hunting* only.

*Stag-hunting* is in some measure a summer amusement also; but that chase is generally much too long to be ventured on in an evening. It would carry the sportsman too far distant from their homes. It is absolutely necessary, therefore, in pursuing the stag, to have the whole day before them.

It was customary, in the last century, for sportsmen addicted to the sport of *Buck-hunting*, and who regularly followed it, to meet every season on the 29th day of May, king Charles's restoration, with oak-

boughs in their hats or caps, to show their loyalty, (velvet caps were chiefly worn in those days, even by the ladies,) and to hunt young male deer, in order to enter the young hounds, and to stoop them to their right game, and to get the older ones in wind and exercise, preparatory to the commencement of the buck-killing season.

This practice was termed "bleeding the hounds;" and the young deer killed were called "bleeding-deer," and their venison was deemed fit for an epicure. It was reported, that an hind quarter of this sort of venison, which had been thoroughly hunted, was once placed on the table before the celebrated Mr. Quin, at Bath, who declared it to be the greatest luxury he ever met with, and ate very heartily of it. But this taste seems not to have been peculiar to Mr. Quin; for persons of high rank joined in the opinion: and even judges, when on their circuits, indulged in the same luxury.

The following is an extract from a steward's old account-book, found in the noble old mansion of Orchard Portman, near Taunton, in Somersetshire:

"10th August

1680.

Delivered Sr William, in the higher Oriol, going a hunting with the Judges £2. Os. Od."

From hence, therefore, it appears, that in those days *buck-hunting*, for there could be no other kind of hunting meant, was in so much repute, and so much delighted in, that even the judges could not refrain from partaking in it when on their circuits; and it seems that they chose to hunt their own venison, which they annually received from Orchard park at the time of the assizes. "I cannot but deem them good judges," says Mr. Chafin, "for preferring hunted venison to that which had been shot."

#### *Other Sports of Cranbourn Chase.*

Besides *buck-hunting*, which certainly was the principal one, the chase afforded other rural amusements to our ancestors in former days. "I am well aware," Mr. Chafin says, in preparing some notices of them, "that there are many young persons who are very indifferent and care little about what was practised by their ancestors, or how they amused themselves; they are looking forward, and do not choose to look back: but there may be some not so indifferent, and to whom a relation of the sports of the field in the last century may not be displeasing." These sports, in addition

to hunting, were hawking, falconry, and cocking.

Packs of hounds were always kept in the neighbourhood of the chase, and hunted there in the proper seasons. There were three sorts of animals of chase besides deer, viz. foxes, hares, and merrincats: the race of the latter are nearly extinct; their skins were too valuable for them to be suffered to exist. At that time no hounds were kept and used for any particular sort of game except the buck-hounds, but they hunted casually the first that came in their way.

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#### *First Pack of Fox-hounds.*

The first real steady pack of fox-hounds established in the western part of England was by Thomas Fownes, Esq. of Stepleton, in Dorsetshire, about 1730. They were as handsome, and fully as complete in every respect, as any of the most celebrated packs of the present day. The owner was obliged to dispose of them, and they were sold to Mr. Bowes, in Yorkshire, the father of the late lady Strathmore, at an immense price. They were taken into Yorkshire by their own attendants, and, after having been viewed and much admired in their kennel, a day was fixed for making trial of them in the field, to meet at a famous hare-cover near. When the huntsman came with his hounds in the morning, he discovered a great number of sportsmen, who were riding in the cover, and whipping the furzes as for a hare; he therefore halted, and informed Mr. Bowes that he was unwilling to throw off his hounds until the gentlemen had retired, and ceased the slapping of whips, to which his hounds were not accustomed, and he would engage to find a fox in a few minutes if there was one there. The gentlemen sportsmen having obeyed the orders given by Mr. Bowes, the huntsman, taking the wind of the cover, threw off his hounds, which immediately began to feather, and soon got upon a drag into the cover, and up to the fox's kennel, which went off close before them, and, after a severe burst over a fine country, was killed, to the great satisfaction of the whole party. They then returned to the same cover, not one half of it having been drawn, and very soon found a second fox, exactly in the same manner as before, which broke cover immediately over the same fine country: but the chase was much longer; and in the course of it, the fox made its way to a nobleman's park. It had been customary to stop hounds before they could enter it, but the best-mount-

ed sportsmen attempted to stay the Dorsetshire hounds in vain. The dogs topped the highest fences, dashed through herds of deer and a number of hares, without taking the least notice of them; and ran in to their fox, and killed him some miles beyond the park. It was the unanimous opinion of the whole hunt, that it was the finest run ever known in that country. A collection of field-money was made for the huntsman, much beyond his expectations; and he returned to Stepleton in better spirits than he left it.

Before this pack was raised in Dorsetshire, the hounds that hunted Cranbourn Chase, hunted all the animals promiscuously, except the deer, from which they were necessarily kept steady, otherwise they would not have been suffered to hunt in the chase at all.

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#### *Origin of Cranbourn Chase.*

This royal chase, always called "The King's Chase," in the lapse of ages came into possession of an earl of Salisbury. It is certain that after one of its eight distinct walks, called Fernditch Walk, was sold to the earl of Pembroke, the entire remainder of the chase was alienated to lord Ashley, afterwards earl of Shaftesbury. Alderholt Walk was the largest and most extensive in the whole Chase; it lies in the three counties of Hants, Wilts, and Dorset; but the lodge and its appurtenances is in the parish of Cranbourn, and all the Chase courts are held at the manor-house there, where was also a prison for offenders against the Chase laws. Lord Shaftesbury deputed rangers in the different walks in the year 1670, and afterwards dismembering it, (though according to old records, it appears to have been dismembered long before,) by destroying Alderholt Walk; he sold the remainder to Mr. Freke, of Shroton, in Dorsetshire, from whom it lineally descended to the present possessor, lord Rivers.

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Accounts of Cranbourn Chase can be traced to the æra when king John, or some other royal personage, had a hunting-seat at Tollard Royal, in the county of Wilts. Hence the name of "royal" to that parish was certainly derived. There are vestiges in and about the old palace, which clearly evince that it was once a royal habitation; and it still bears the name of "King John's House." There are large cypress trees growing before the house, the relics of grand terraces may be easily traced, and



the remains of a park to which some of them lead. A gate at the end of the park at the entrance of the Royal Chase, now called "Alarm Gate," was the place probably where the horn was blown to call the keepers to their duty in attending their lord in his sports. There is also a venerable old wych-elm tree, on the Chase side of the "Alarm Gate," under which lord Arundel, the possessor of Tollard Royal, holds a court annually, on the first Monday in the month of September. A view of the mansion in its present state, is given in the "Gentleman's Magazine" for September 1811.

### Barley-break.

Mr. Strutt, the indefatigable historian of the "Sports and Pastimes of the People of England," says of *Barley-break*: "The excellency of this sport seems to have consisted in running well, but I know not its properties." Beyond this Mr. Strutt merely cites Dr. Johnson's quotation of two lines from sir Philip Sidney, as an authority for the word. Johnson, limited to a mere dictionary explanation, calls it "a kind of rural play; a trial of swiftness."

Sidney, in his description of the rural courtship of Urania by Strephon, conveys a sufficient idea of "*Barley-break*." The shepherd seeks the society of his mistress wherever he thinks it likely to find her.

Nay ev'n unto her home he oft would go,  
Where bold and hurtless many play he tries;  
Her parents liking well it should be so,  
For simple goodness shined in his eyes:  
Then did he make her laugh in spite of woe  
So as good thoughts of him in all arise;  
While into none doubt of his love did sink,  
For not himself to be in love did think.

This "sad shepherd" held himself towards Urania according to the usual custom and manner of lovers in such cases.

For glad desire, his late embosom'd gnest,  
Yet but a babe, with milk of sight he nurst:  
Desire the more he suckt, more sought the breast  
Like dropsy-folk, still drink to be athirst;  
Till one fair ev'n an hour ere sun did rest,  
Who then in Lion's cave did enter first,  
By neighbors pray'd, she went abroad thereby  
At *Barley-break* her sweet swift foot to try.

Never the earth on his round shoulders bare  
A maid train'd up from high or low degree,  
That in her doings better could compare  
— Mirth with respect, few words with courtesie,  
A careless comeliness with comely care,  
Self-guard with mildness, sport with majesty;

Which made her yield to deck this shepherd's band:  
And still, believe me, Strephon was at hand.

Then couples three be straight allotted there,  
They of both ends the middle two do fly;  
The two that in mid-place, Hell,\* called were,  
Must strive with waiting foot, and watching eye,  
To catch of them, and them to Hell to bear.  
That they, as well as they, Hell may supply:  
Like some which seek to salve their blotted name  
With other's blot, till all do taste of shame.

There you may see, soon as the middle two  
Do coupled towards either couple make,  
They false and fearful do their hands undo,  
Brother his brother, friend doth his friend forsake,  
Heeding himself, cares not how fellow do,  
But of a stranger mutual help doth take:  
As perjured cowards in adversity,  
With sight of fear, from friends to fremb'd† doth fly.

The game being played out with divers  
adventurers

All to second *Barley-break* again are bent.

During the second game, Strephon was  
chased by Urania.

Strephon so chased did seem in milk to swim;  
He ran, but ran with eye o'er shoulder cast,  
More marking her, than how himself did go,  
Like Numid's lions by the hunters chased,  
Though they do fly, yet backwardly do glow  
With proud aspect, disdain'd greater haste:  
What rage in them, that love in him did show;  
But God gives them instinct the man to shun,  
And he by law of *Barley-break* must run.

Urania caught Strephon, and he was  
sent by the rules of the sport to the con-  
demned place, with a shepherdess, named  
Nous, who affirmed

————— it was no right, for his default,  
Who would be caught, that she should go—  
But so she must. And now the third assault  
Of *Barley-break*. ———

Strephon, in this third game, pursues  
Urania; Klaius, his rival suitor, suddenly  
interposed.

For with pretence from Strephon her to guard,  
He met her full, but full of warefulness,  
With in-how'd bosom well for her prepared,  
When Strephon cursing his own backwardness  
Came to her back, and so, with double ward,  
Imprison'd her, who both them did possess  
As heart-bound slaves. ———

\* It may be doubted whether in the rude simplicity of ancient times, this word in the game of *Barley-break* was applied in the same manner that it would be in ours.

† *Frembe*, (obsolete,) strange, foreign. *Ash*. Corrupted from *fremd*, which, in Saxon and Gothic, signified a stranger, or an enemy. *Nares*,

Her race did not her beauty's beams augment,

For they were ever in the best degree,

But yet a setting forth it some way lent,

As rubies lustre when they rubbed be:

The dainty dew on face and body went.

As on sweet flowers, when morning's drops we see:

Her breath then short, seem'd loth from home to pass,

Which more it moved, the more it sweeter was.

Happy, O happy! if they so might bide

To see their eyes, with how true humbleness,

They looked down to triumph over pride;

With how sweet blame she chid their sauciness—

Till she brake from their arms—

And farewelling the flock, did homeward wend,

And so, that even, the *Barley-break* did end.

This game is mentioned by Burton, in his "Anatomy of Melancholy," as one of our rural sports, and by several of the poets, with more or less of description, though by none so fully as Sidney, in the first eclogue of the "Arcadia," from whence the preceding passages are taken.

The late Mr. Gifford, in a note on Massinger, chiefly from the "Arcadia," describes *Barley-break* thus: "It was played by six people, (three of each sex,) who were coupled by lot. A piece of ground was then chosen, and divided into three compartments, of which the middle one was called *hell*. It was the object of the couple condemned to this division to catch the others, who advanced from the two extremities; in which case a change of situation took place, and *hell* was filled by the couple who were excluded by preoccupation from the other places: in this *catching*, however, there was some difficulty, as, by the regulations of the game, the middle couple were not to separate before they had succeeded, while the others might break hands whenever they found themselves hard pressed. When all had been taken in turn, the last couple were said to be in *hell*, and the game ended."

Within memory, a game called *Barley-break* has been played among stacks of corn, in Yorkshire, with some variation from the Scottish game mentioned presently. In Yorkshire, also, there was another form of it, more resembling that in the "Arcadia," which was played in open ground. The childish game of "Tag" seems derived from it. There was a "tig," or "tag," whose touch made a prisoner, in the Yorkshire game.

#### BARLA-BREIKIS.

‡ In Scotland there is a game nearly the same in denomination as "*Barley-break*,"

though differently played. It is termed "*Barla-breikis*," or "*Barley-bracks*." Dr. Jamieson says it is generally played by young people, in a corn-yard about the stacks; and hence called *Barla-bracks*, "One stack is fixed as the *dule* or goal; and one person is appointed to catch the rest of the company, who run out from the *dule*. He does not leave it till they are all out of his sight. Then he sets out to catch them. Any one who is taken, cannot run out again with his former associates, being accounted a prisoner, but is obliged to assist his captor in pursuing the rest. When all are taken, the game is finished; and he who is first taken, is bound to act as catcher in the next game. This innocent sport seems to be almost entirely forgotten in the south of Scotland. It is also falling into desuetude in the north."\*

## Scraps.

### PLATE TAX.

An order was made in the house of lords in May, 1776, "that the commissioners of his majesty's excise do write circular letters to all such persons whom they have reason to suspect to have *plate*, as also to those who have not paid regularly the duty on the same." In consequence of this order, the accountant-general for household plate sent to the celebrated John Wesley a copy of the order. John's answer was laconic:—

"Sir,

"I have *two* silver tea-spoons in London, and *two* at Bristol. This is all the plate which I have at present; and I shall not buy any more while so many round me want bread. I am, Sir,

"Your most humble servant,

"JOHN WESLEY."

### THE DIAL.

This shadow on the dial's face,

That steals, from day to day,

With slow, unseen, unceasing pace,

Moments, and months, and years away;

This shadow, which in every clime,

Since light and motion first began,

Hath held its course sublime;

What is it?—Mortal man!

It is the scythe of Time.

—A shadow only to the eye.

It levels all beneath the sky.

\* Mr. Archdeacon Nares's Glossary.



## Mock Funeral of a Bath Chairman.

A chairman late 's a chairman dead,  
And to his grave, by chairman sped,  
They wake him, 'as they march him through  
The streets of Bath, to public view.

To the Editor.

Bath.

Sir,—I beg leave to transmit for your use the following attempt at description of an old and singular custom, performed by the chairman of this my native city, which perhaps you are not altogether a stranger to, and which is still kept up among them as often as an opportunity permits for its performance. Its origin I have not been able to trace, but its authenticity you may rely on, as it is too often seen to be forgotten by your Bath readers. I have also accompanied it with the above imperfect sketch, as a further illustration of their manner of burying the “dead,” alias, ex-

posing a drunkard of their fraternity.” The following is the manner in which the “obsequies” to the intoxicated are performed.

If a chairman, known to have been “dead” drunk over night, does not appear on his station before ten o'clock on the succeeding morning, the “undertaker,” *Anglice*, his partner, proceeds, with such a number of attendants as will suffice for the ceremony, to the house of the *late* unfortunate. If he is found in bed, as is usually the case, from the effects of his sacrifice to the “jolly God,” they pull him out of his nest, hardly permitting him to dress, and place him on the “bier,”—a chairman’s horse,—and, throwing a coat over him,

which they designate a "pall," they perambulate the circuit of his station in the following order:—

1. *The sexton*—a man tolling a small hand-bell.

2. *Two mutes*—each with a black stocking on a stick.

3. *The torch bearer*—a man carrying a lighted lantern.

4. *The "corpse"* borne on the "hearse," carried by two chairmen, covered with the aforesaid pall.

The procession is closed by the "mourners" following after, two and two; as many joining as choose, from the station to which the drunkard belongs.

After exposing him in this manner to the gaze of the admiring crowd that throng about, they proceed to the public-house he has been in the habit of using, where his "wake" is celebrated in joviality and mirth, with a gallon of ale at his expense. It often happens that each will contribute a trifle towards a further prolongation of the carousal, to entrap others into the same deadly snare; and the day is spent in baiting for the chances of the next morning, as none are exempt who are not at their post before the prescribed hour.

I am, &c.  
W. G.

## William Gifford, Esq.

On Sunday morning, the 31st of December, 1826, at twenty minutes before one o'clock, died, "at his house in James-street, Buckingham-gate, in the seventy-first year of his age, William Gifford, Esq., author of the 'Baviad and Mæviad,' translator of 'Juvenal and Persius,' and editor of the 'Quarterly Review,' from its commencement down to the beginning of the year just past. To the translation of 'Juvenal' is prefixed a memoir of himself, which is perhaps as modest and pleasant a piece of autobiography as ever was written."—*The Times*, January 1, 1827.

INTERESTING

## Memoir of Mr. Gifford.

BY HIMSELF—VERBATIM.

I am about to enter on a very uninteresting subject: but all my friends tell me that it is necessary to account for the long delay of the following work; and I can only do it by advertising to the circumstances of my life. Will this be accepted as an apology?

I know but little of my family, and that little

is not very precise: My great-grandfather (the most remote of it, that I ever recollect to have heard mentioned) possessed considerable property at Halsbury, a parish in the neighbourhood of Ashburton; but whether acquired or inherited, I never thought of asking, and do not know.

He was probably a native of Devonshire, for there he spent the last years of his life; spent them, too, in some sort of consideration, for Mr. T. (a very respectable surgeon of Ashburton) loved to repeat to me, when I first grew into notice, that he had frequently hunted with his hounds.\*

† My grandfather was on ill terms with him: I believe, not without sufficient reason, for he was extravagant and dissipated. My father never mentioned his name, but my mother would sometimes tell me that he had ruined the family. That he spent much, I know; but I am inclined to think, that his undutiful conduct occasioned my great-grandfather to bequeath a considerable part of his property from him.

My father, I fear, revenged in some measure the cause of my great-grandfather. He was, as I have heard my mother say, "a very wild young man, who could be kept to nothing." He was sent to the grammar-school at Exeter; from which he made his escape, and entered on board a man of war. He was reclaimed from this situation by my grandfather, and left his school a second time, to wander in some vagabond society.† He was now probably given up; for he was, on his return from this notable adventure, reduced to article himself to a plumber and glazier, with whom he luckily staid long enough to learn the business. I suppose his father was now dead, for he became possessed of two small estates, married my mother,‡ (the daughter of a carpenter at Ashburton,) and thought himself rich enough to set up for himself; which he did, with some credit, at South Molton. Why he chose to fix there, I never inquired; but I learned from my mother, that after a residence of four or five years, he thoughtlessly engaged in a dangerous frolic, which drove him once more to sea: this was an attempt to excite a riot in a Methodist chapel; for which his companions were prosecuted, and he fled.

My father was a good seaman, and was soon made second in command in the *Lyon*, a large armed transport in the service of government: while my mother (then with child of me) returned to her native place, Ashburton, where I was born, in April, 1756.

\* The matter is of no consequence—no, not even to myself. From my family I derived nothing but a name, which is more, perhaps, than I shall leave: but (to check the sneers of rude vulgarity) that family was among the most ancient and respectable of this part of the country, and, not more than three generations from the present, was counted among the wealthiest.—*ERRATA*

† He had gone with Bamfylde Moor Carew, then an old man.

‡ Her maiden name was Elizabeth Cain. My father's christian name was Edward.

The resources of my mother were very scanty. They arose from the rent of three or four small fields, which yet remained unsold. With these, however, she did what she could for me; and as soon as I was old enough to be trusted out of her sight, sent me to a schoolmistress of the name of Parret, from whom I learned in due time to read. I cannot boast much of my acquisitions at this school; they consisted merely of the contents of the "Child's Spelling Book:" but from my mother, who had stored up the literature of a country town, which, about half a century ago, amounted to little more than what was disseminated by itinerant ballad-singers, or rather, readers, I had acquired much curious knowledge of Catskin, and the Golden Bull, and the Bloody Gardener, and many other histories equally instructive and amusing.

My father returned from sea in 1764. He had been at the siege of the Havannah; and though he received more than a hundred pounds for prize money, and his wages were considerable; yet, as he had not acquired any strict habits of economy, he brought home but a trifling sum. The little property yet left was therefore turned into money; a trifle more was got by agreeing to renounce all future pretensions to an estate at Totness,\* and with this my father set up a second time as a glazier and house painter. I was now about eight years old, and was put to the freeschool, (kept by Hugh Smerdon,) to learn to read, and write and cipher. Here I continued about three years, making a most wretched progress, when my father fell sick and died. He had not acquired wisdom from his misfortunes, but continued wasting his time in unprofitable pursuits, to the great detriment of his business. He loved drink for the sake of society, and to this he fell a martyr; dying of a decayed and ruined constitution before he was forty. The town's-people thought him a shrewd and sensible man, and regretted his death. As for me, I never greatly loved him; I had not grown up with him; and he was too prone to repulse my little advances to familiarity, with coldness, or anger. He had certainly some reason to be displeased with me, for I learned little at school, and nothing at home, although he would now and then attempt to give me some insight into his business. As impressions of any kind are not very strong at the age of eleven or twelve, I did not long feel his loss; nor was it a subject of much sorrow to me, that my mother was doubtful of her ability to continue me at school, though I had by this time acquired a love for reading.

I never knew in what circumstances my mother was left: most probably they were inadequate to her support, without some kind of exertion, especially as she was now burthened with a second child about six or eight months old. Unfortu-

nately she determined to prosecute my father's business; for which purpose she engaged a couple of journeymen, who, finding her ignorant of every part of it, wasted her property, and embezzled her money. What the consequence of this double fraud would have been, there was no opportunity of knowing, as, in somewhat less than a twelvemonth, my poor mother followed my father to the grave. She was an excellent woman, bore my father's infirmities with patience and good humour, loved her children dearly, and died at last, exhausted with anxiety and grief more on their account than her own.

I was not quite thirteen when this happened; my little brother was hardly two; and we had not a relation nor a friend in the world. Every thing that was left, was seized by a person of the name of Carlile, for money advanced to my mother. It may be supposed that I could not dispute the justice of his claims; and as no one else interfered, he was suffered to do as he liked. My little brother was sent to the alms-house, whither his nurse followed him out of pure affection: and I was taken to the house of the person I have just mentioned, who was also my godfather. Respect for the opinion of the town (which, whether correct or not, was, that he had amply repaid himself by the sale of my mother's effects) induced him to send me again to school, where I was more diligent than before, and more successful. I grew fond of arithmetic, and my master began to distinguish me; but these golden days were over in less than three months. Carlile sickened at the expense; and, as the people were now indifferent to my fate, he looked round for an opportunity of ridding himself of a useless charge. He had previously attempted to engage me in the drudgery of husbandry. I drove the plough for one day to gratify him; but I left it with a firm resolution to do so no more, and in despite of his threats and promises, adhered to my determination. In this, I was guided no less by necessity than will. During my father's life, in attempting to clamber up a table, I had fallen backward, and drawn it after me: its edge fell upon my breast, and I never recovered the effects of the blow; of which I was made extremely sensible on any extraordinary exertion. Ploughing, therefore, was out of the question, and, as I have already said, I utterly refused to follow it.

As I could write and cipher, (as the phrase is,) Carlile next thought of sending me to Newfoundland, to assist in a storehouse. For this purpose he negotiated with a Mr. Holdsworth of Dartmouth, who agreed to fit me out. I left Ashburton with little expectation of seeing it again, and indeed with little care, and rode with my godfather to the dwelling of Mr. Holdsworth. On seeing me, this great man observed with a look of pity and contempt, that I was "too small," and sent me away sufficiently mortified. I expected to be very ill received by my godfather, but he said nothing. He did not however choose to take me back himself, but sent me in the passage-boat to Totness, from

\* This consisted of several houses, which had been thoughtlessly suffered to fall into decay, and of which the rents had been so long unclaimed, that they could not now be recovered, unless by an expensive litigation.

whence I was to walk home. On the passage, the boat was driven by a midnight storm on the rocks, and I escaped almost by miracle.

My godfather had now humbler views for me, and I had little heart now to resist any thing. He proposed to send me on board one of the Torbay fishing-boats; I ventured, however, to remonstrate against this, and the matter was compromised by my consenting to go on board a coaster. A coaster was speedily found for me at Brixham, and thither I went when little more than thirteen.

My master, whose name was Full, though a gross and ignorant, was not an ill-natured, man; at least, not to me: and my mistress used me with unvarying kindness; moved perhaps by my weakness and tender years. In return, I did what I could to requite her, and my good will was not overlooked.

Our vessel was not very large, nor our crew very numerous. On ordinary occasions, such as short trips to Dartmouth, Plymouth, &c. it consisted only of my master, an apprentice nearly out of his time, and myself: when we had to go further, to Portsmouth for example, an additional hand was hired for the voyage.

In this vessel (the *Two Brothers*) I continued nearly a twelvemonth; and here I got acquainted with nautical terms, and contracted a love for the sea, which a lapse of thirty years has but little diminished.

It will be easily conceived that my life was a life of hardship. I was not only a "shipboy on the high and giddy mast," but also in the cabin, where every menial office fell to my lot: yet if I was restless and discontented, I can safely say, it was not so much on account of this, as of my being precluded from all possibility of reading; as my master did not possess, nor do I recollect seeing during the whole time of my abode with him, a single book of any description, except the *Coasting Pilot*.

As my lot seemed to be cast, however, I was not negligent in seeking such information as promised to be useful; and I therefore frequented, at my leisure hours, such vessels as dropt into Torbay. On attempting to get on board one of these, which I did at midnight, I missed my footing, and fell into the sea. The floating away of the boat alarmed the man on deck, who came to the ship's side just in time to see me sink. He immediately threw out several ropes, one of which providentially (for I was unconscious of it) intangled itself about me, and I was drawn up to the surface, till a boat could be got round. The usual methods were taken to recover me, and I awoke in bed the next morning, remembering nothing but the horror I felt, when I first found myself unable to cry out for assistance.

This was not my only escape, but I forbear to speak of them. An escape of another kind was now preparing for me, which deserves all my notice, as it was decisive of my future fate.

On Christmas day (1770) I was surprised by a message from my godfather, saying that he had

sent a man and horse to bring me to Ashburton; and desiring me to set out without delay. My master, as well as myself, supposed it was to spend the holydays there; and he therefore made no objection to my going. We were, however, both mistaken.

Since I had lived at Brixham, I had broken off all connection with Ashburton. I had no relation there but my poor brother,\* who was yet too young for any kind of correspondence; and the conduct of my godfather towards me, did not entitle him to any portion of my gratitude, or kind remembrance. I lived therefore in a sort of sullen independence on all I had formerly known, and thought without regret of being abandoned by every one to my fate. But I had not been overlooked. The women of Brixham, who travelled to Ashburton twice a week with fish, and who had known my parents, did not see me without kind concern, running about the beach in a ragged jacket and trousers. They mentioned this to the people of Ashburton, and never without commiserating my change of condition. This tale, often repeated, awakened at length the pity of their auditors, and, as the next step, their resentment against the man who had reduced me to such a state of wretchedness. In a large town, this would have had little effect; but in a place like Ashburton, where every report speedily becomes the common property of all the inhabitants, it raised a murmur which my godfather found himself either unable or unwilling to encounter: he therefore determined to recall me; which he could easily do, as I wanted some months of fourteen, and was not yet bound.

All this, I learned on my arrival; and my heart, which had been cruelly shut up, now opened to kinder sentiments, and fairer views.

After the holydays I returned to my darling pursuit, arithmetic: my progress was now so rapid, that in a few months I was at the head of the school, and qualified to assist my master (Mr. E. Farlong) on any extraordinary emergency. As he usually gave me a trifle on those occasions, it raised a thought in me, that by engaging with him as a regular assistant, and undertaking the instruction of a few evening scholars, I might, with a little additional aid, be enabled to support myself. God knows, my

\* Of my brother here introduced for the last time, I must yet say a few words. He was literally,

The child of misery baptized in tears;

and the short passage of his life did not belie the melancholy presage of his infancy. When he was seven years old, the parish bound him out to a husbandman of the name of Leman, with whom he endured incredible hardships, which I had it not in my power to alleviate. At nine years of age he broke his thigh, and I took that opportunity to teach him to read and write. When my own situation was improved, I persuaded him to try the sea; he did so; and was taken on board the *Egmont*, on condition that his master should receive his wages. The time was now fast approaching when I could serve him, but he was doomed to know no favourable change of fortune: he fell sick, and died at Cork.

ideas of support at this time were of no very extravagant nature. I had, besides, another object in view. Mr. Hugh Smerdon (my first master) was now grown old and infirm; it seemed unlikely that he should hold out above three or four years; and I fondly flattered myself that, notwithstanding my youth, I might possibly be appointed to succeed him. I was in my fifteenth year, when I built these castles: a storm, however, was collecting, which unexpectedly burst upon me, and swept them all away.

On mentioning my little plan to Carlile, he treated it with the utmost contempt; and told me, in his turn, that as I had learned enough, and more than enough, at school, he must be considered as having fairly discharged his duty; (so, indeed, he had;) he added, that he had been negotiating with his cousin, a shoemaker of some respectability, who had liberally agreed to take me without a fee, as an apprentice. I was so shocked at this intelligence, that I did not remonstrate; but went in sullenness and silence to my new master, to whom I was soon after bound,\* till I should attain the age of twenty-one.

The family consisted of four journeymen, two sons about my own age, and an apprentice somewhat older. In these there was nothing remarkable; but my master himself was the strangest creature!—He was a Presbyterian, whose reading was entirely confined to the small tracts published on the Exeter Controversy. As these (at least his portion of them) were all on one side, he entertained no doubt of their infallibility, and being noisy and disputacious, was sure to silence his opponents; and became, in consequence of it, intolerably arrogant and conceited. He was not, however, indebted solely to his knowledge of the subject for his triumph: he was possessed of Fenning's Dictionary, and he made a most singular use of it. His custom was to fix on any word in common use, and then to get by heart the synonym, or periphrasis by which it was explained in the book; this he constantly substituted for the simple term, and as his opponents were commonly ignorant of his meaning, his victory was complete.

With such a man I was not likely to add much to my stock of knowledge, small as it was; and, indeed, nothing could well be smaller. At this period, I had read nothing but a black letter romance, called *Parismus* and *Parimemus*, and a few loose magazines which my mother had brought from South Molton. With the Bible, indeed, I was well acquainted; it was the favourite study of my grandmother, and reading it frequently with her, had impressed it strongly on my mind; these then, with the *Imitation of Thomas à Kempis*, which I used to read to my mother on her death-bed, constituted the whole of my literary acquisitions.

As I hated my new profession with a perfect

hatred, I made no progress in it; and was consequently little regarded in the family, of which I sunk by degrees into the common drudge: this did not much disquiet me, for my spirits were now humbled. I did not however quite resign the hope of one day succeeding to Mr. Hugh Smerdon, and therefore secretly prosecuted my favourite study, at every interval of leisure.

These intervals were not very frequent; and when the use I made of them was found out, they were rendered still less so. I could not guess the motives for this at first; but at length I discovered that my master destined his youngest son for the situation to which I aspired.

I possessed at this time but one book in the world: it was a treatise on algebra, given to me by a young woman, who had found it in a lodging-house. I considered it as a treasure; but it was a treasure locked up; for it supposed the reader to be well acquainted with simple equation, and I knew nothing of the matter. My master's son had purchased Fenning's Introduction: this was precisely what I wanted; but he carefully concealed it from me, and I was indebted to chance alone for stumbling upon his hiding-place. I sat up for the greatest part of several nights successively, and, before he suspected that his treatise was discovered, had completely mastered it. I could now enter upon my own; and that carried me pretty far into the science.

This was not done without difficulty. I had not a farthing on earth, nor a friend to give me one: pen, ink, and paper, therefore, (in despite of the flippant remark of Lord Orford,) were, for the most part, as completely out of my reach, as a crown and sceptre. There was indeed a resource; but the utmost caution and secrecy were necessary in applying to it. I beat out pieces of leather as smooth as possible, and wrought my problems on them with a blunted awl: for the rest, my memory was tenacious, and I could multiply and divide by it, to a great extent.

Hitherto I had not so much as dreamed of poetry: indeed I scarcely knew it by name; and, whatever may be said of the force of nature, I certainly never "lisp'd in numbers." I recollect the occasion of my first attempt: it is, like all the rest of my non-adventures, of so unimportant a nature, that I should blush to call the attention of the idlest reader to it, but for the reason alleged in the introductory paragraph. A person, whose name escapes me, had undertaken to paint a sign for an ale-house: it was to have been a lion, but the unfortunate artist produced a dog. On this awkward affair, one of my acquaintance wrote a copy of what we called verse: I liked it; but fancied I could compose something more to the purpose: I made the experiment, and by the unanimous suffrage of my shopmates was allowed to have succeeded. Notwithstanding this encouragement, I thought no more of verse, till another occurrence, as trifling as the former, furnished

\* My indenture, which now lies before me, is dated the 1st of January, 1772.

me with a fresh subject : and thus I went on, till I had got together about a dozen of them. Certainly, nothing on earth was ever so deplorable : such as they were, however, they were talked of in my little circle, and I was sometimes invited to repeat them, even out of it. I never committed a line to paper for two reasons ; first, because I had no paper ; and secondly—perhaps I might be excused from going further ; but in truth I was afraid, as my master had already threatened me, for inadvertently hitching the name of one of his customers into a rhyme.

The repetitions of which I speak were always attended with applause, and sometimes with favours more substantial : little collections were now and then made, and I have received sixpence in an evening. To one who had long lived in the absolute want of money, such a resource seemed a Peruvian mine : I furnished myself by degrees with paper, &c., and what was of more importance, with books of geometry, and of the higher branches of algebra, which I cautiously concealed. Poetry, even at this time, was no amusement of mine : it was subservient to other purposes ; and I only had recourse to it, when I wanted money for my mathematical pursuits.

But the clouds were gathering fast. My master's anger was raised to a terrible pitch, by my indifference to his concerns, and still more by the reports which were daily brought to him of my presumptuous attempts at versification. I was required to give up my papers, and when I refused, my garret was searched, and my little hoard of books discovered and removed, and all future repetitions prohibited in the strictest manner.

This was a very severe stroke, and I felt it most sensibly ; it was followed by another severer still ; a stroke which crushed the hopes I had so long and so fondly cherished, and resigned me at once to despair. Mr. Hugh Smerdon, on whose succession I had calculated, died, and was succeeded by a person not much older than myself, and certainly not so well qualified for the situation.

I look back on that part of my life which immediately followed this event, with little satisfaction ; it was a period of gloom, and savage unsociability : by degrees I sunk into a kind of coporeal torpor ; or, if roused into activity by the spirit of youth, wasted the exertion in spleetic and vexatious tricks, which alienated the few acquaintances whom compassion had yet left me. So I crept on in silent discontent, unfriended and unpitied ; indignant at the present, careless of the future, an object at once of apprehension and dislike.

From this state of abjectness I was raised by a young woman of my own class. She was a neighbour ; and whenever I took my solitary walk, with my *Wolfius* in my pocket, she usually came to the door, and by a smile, or a short question, put in the friendliest manner, endeavoured to solicit my attention. My heart had

been long shut to kindness, but the sentiment was not dead in me : it revived at the first encouraging word ; and the gratitude I felt for it, was the first pleasing sensation which I had ventured to entertain for many dreary months.

Together with gratitude, hope, and other passions still more enlivening, took place of that uncomfortable gloominess which so lately possessed me : I returned to my companions, and by every winning art in my power, strove to make them forget my former repulsive ways. In this I was not unsuccessful ; I recovered their good will, and by degrees grew to be somewhat of a favourite.

My master still murmured, for the business of the shop went on no better than before : I comforted myself, however, with the reflection that my apprenticeship was drawing to a conclusion, when I determined to renounce the employment for ever, and to open a private school.

In this humble and obscure state, poor beyond the common lot, yet flattering my ambition with day-dreams, which, perhaps, would never have been realized, I was found in the twentieth year of my age by Mr. William Cookesley, a name never to be pronounced by me without veneration. The lamentable doggerel which I have already mentioned, and which had passed from mouth to mouth among people of my own degree, had by some accident or other reached his ear, and given him a curiosity to inquire after the author.

It was my good fortune to interest his benevolence. My little history was not untinctured with melancholy, and I laid it fairly before him : his first care was to console ; his second, which he cherished to the last moment of his existence, was to relieve and support me.

Mr. Cookesley was not rich : his eminence in his profession, which was that of a surgeon, procured him, indeed, much employment ; but in a country town, men of science are not the most liberally rewarded : he had, besides, a very numerous family, which left him little for the purposes of general benevolence : that little, however, was cheerfully bestowed, and his activity and zeal were always at hand to supply the deficiencies of his fortune.

On examining into the nature of my literary attainments, he found them absolutely nothing : he heard, however, with equal surprise and pleasure, that amidst the grossest ignorance of books, I had made a very considerable progress in the mathematics. He engaged me to enter into the details of this affair ; and when he learned that I had made it in circumstances of peculiar discouragement, he became more warmly interested in my favour, as he now saw a possibility of serving me.

The plan that occurred to him was naturally that which had so often suggested itself to me. There were indeed several obstacles to be overcome ; I had eighteen months yet to serve ; my handwriting was bad, and my language very incorrect ; but nothing could slacken the zeal of this excellent man ; he procured a few of my



poor attempts at rhyme, dispersed them amongst his friends and acquaintance, and when my name was become somewhat familiar to them, set on foot a subscription for my relief. I still preserve the original paper; its title was not very magnificent, though it exceeded the most sanguine wishes of my heart: it ran thus, "A Subscription for purchasing the remainder of the time of William Gifford, and for enabling him to improve himself in Writing and English Grammar." Few contributed more than five shillings, and none went beyond ten-and-sixpence: enough, however, was collected to free me from my apprenticeship,\* and to maintain me for a few months, during which I assiduously attended the Rev. Thomas Smerdon.

At the expiration of this period, it was found that my progress (for I will speak the truth in modesty) had been more considerable than my patrons expected: I had also written in the interim several little pieces of poetry, less rugged, I suppose, than my former ones, and certainly with fewer anomalies of language. My preceptor, too, spoke favourably of me; and my benefactor, who was now become my father and my friend, had little difficulty in persuading my patrons to renew their donations, and to continue me at school for another year. Such liberality was not lost upon me; I grew anxious to make the best return in my power, and I redoubled my diligence. Now, that I am sunk into indolence, I look back with some degree of scepticism to the exertions of that period.

In two years and two months from the day of my emancipation, I was pronounced by Mr. Smerdon, fit for the University. The plan of opening a writing school had been abandoned almost from the first; and Mr. Cookesley looked round for some one who had interest enough to procure me some little office at Oxford. This person, who was soon found, was Thomas Taylor, Esq. of Denbury, a gentleman to whom I had already been indebted for much liberal and friendly support. He procured me the place of Bib. Lect. at Exeter College; and this, with such occasional assistance from the country as Mr. Cookesley undertook to provide, was thought sufficient to enable me to live, at least, till I had taken a degree.

During my attendance on Mr. Smerdon I had written, as I observed before, several tuneful trifles, some as exercises, others voluntarily, (for poetry was now become my delight,) and not a few at the desire of my friends.† When

I became capable, however, of reading Latin and Greek with some degree of facility, that gentleman employed all my leisure hours in translations from the classics; and indeed I scarcely know a single school-book, of which I did not render some portion into English verse. Among others, JUVENAL engaged my attention, or rather my master's, and I translated the tenth Satire for a holyday task. Mr. Smerdon was much pleased with this, (I was not undelighted with it myself,) and as I was now become fond of the author, he easily persuaded me to proceed with him; and I translated in succession the third, the fourth, the twelfth, and, I think, the eighth Satires. As I had no end in view but that of giving a temporary satisfaction to my benefactors, I thought little more of these, than of many other things of the same nature, which I wrote from time to time, and of which I never copied a single line.

On my removing to Exeter College, however, my friend, ever attentive to my concerns, advised me to copy my translation of the tenth Satire, and present it, on my arrival, to the Rev. Dr. Stinton, (afterwards Rector,) to whom Mr. Taylor had given me an introductory letter: I did so, and it was kindly received. Thus encouraged, I took up the first and second Satires, (I mention them in the order they were translated,) when my friend, who had sedulously watched my progress, first started the idea of going through the whole, and publishing it by subscription, as a scheme for increasing my means of subsistence. To this I readily acceded, and finished the thirteenth, eleventh, and fifteenth Satires: the remainder were the work of a much later period.

When I had got thus far, we thought it a fit time to mention our design; it was very generally approved of by my friends; and on the first of January, 1781, the subscription was opened by Mr. Cookesley at Ashburton, and by myself at Exeter College.

So bold an undertaking so precipitately announced, will give the reader, I fear, a higher opinion of my conceit than of my talents; neither the one nor the other, however, had the smallest concern with the business, which originated solely in ignorance: I wrote verses with great facility, and I was simple enough to imagine that little more was necessary for a translator of Juvenal! I was not, indeed, unconscious of my inaccuracies: I knew that they were numerous, and that I had need of some friendly eye to point them out, and some judicious hand to rectify or remove them: but for these, as well as for every thing else, I looked to Mr. Cookesley, and that worthy man, with his usual alacrity of kindness, undertook the laborious task of revising the whole translation. My friend was no great Latinist, perhaps I was the better of the two; but he had taste and

bers, and when subsequent events enabled me to renew them, I was ashamed to inquire after what was most probably unworthy of concern.

\* The sum my master received was six pounds.

† As I have republished one of our old poets, it may be allowable to mention that my predilection for the drama began at an early period. Before I left school, I had written two tragedies, the Oracle and the Italian.

My qualifications for this branch of the art may be easily appreciated; and, indeed, I cannot think of them without a smile.—These rhapsodies were placed by my indulgent friend, who thought well of them, in the hands of two respectable gentlemen, who undertook to convey them to the manager of —: I am ignorant of their fate. The death of Mr. Cookesley broke every link of my connection with the majority of my subscri-

judgment, which I wanted. What advantages might have been ultimately derived from them, there was unhappily no opportunity of ascertaining, as it pleased the Almighty to call him to himself by a sudden death, before we had quite finished the first Satire. He died with a letter of mine, unopened, in his hands.

This event, which took place on the 15th of January, 1781, afflicted me beyond measure.\* I was not only deprived of a most faithful and affectionate friend, but of a zealous and ever active protector, on whom I confidently relied for support: the sums that were still necessary for me, he always collected; and it was to be feared that the assistance which was not solicited with warmth, would insensibly cease to be afforded.

In many instances this was actually the case: the desertion, however, was not general; and I was encouraged to hope, by the unexpected friendship of Servington Savery, a gentleman who voluntarily stood forth as my patron, and watched over my interests with kindness and attention.

Some time before Mr. Cookesley's death, we had agreed that it would be proper to deliver out, with the terms of subscription, a specimen of the manner in which the translation was executed.† To obviate any idea of selection, a sheet was accordingly taken from the beginning of the first Satire. My friend died while it was in the press.

After a few melancholy weeks, I resumed the translation; but found myself utterly incapable of proceeding. I had been so accustomed to connect the name of Mr. Cookesley with every part of it, and I laboured with such delight in the hope of giving him pleasure, that now, when he appeared to have left me in the midst of my enterprise, and I was abandoned to my own efforts, I seemed to be engaged in a hopeless struggle, without motive or end: and his idea, which was perpetually recurring to me, brought such bitter anguish with it, that I shut up the work with feelings bordering on distraction.

To relieve my mind, I had recourse to other pursuits. I endeavoured to become more intimately acquainted with the classics, and to acquire some of the modern languages: by permission too, or rather recommendation, of the Rector and Fellows, I also undertook the care of a few pupils: this removed much of my anxiety respecting my future means of support. I have

a heartfelt pleasure in mentioning this indulgence of my college: it could arise from nothing but the liberal desire inherent, I think, in the members of both our Universities, to encourage every thing that bears even the most distant resemblance to talents; for I had no claims on them from any particular exertions.

The lapse of many months had now soothed and tranquillized my mind, and I once more returned to the translation, to which a wish to serve a young man surrounded with difficulties had induced a number of respectable characters to set their names; but alas, what a mortification! I now discovered, for the first time, that my own inexperience, and the advice of my too, too partial friend, had engaged me in a work, for the due execution of which my literary attainments were by no means sufficient. Errors and misconceptions appeared in every page. I had, perhaps, caught something of the spirit of Juvenal, but his meaning had frequently escaped me, and I saw the necessity of a long and painful revision, which would carry me far beyond the period fixed for the appearance of the volume. Alarmed at the prospect, I instantly resolved (if not wisely, yet I trust honestly,) to renounce the publication for the present.

In pursuance of this resolution, I wrote to my friend in the country, (the Rev. Servington Savery,) requesting him to return the subscription money in his hands to the subscribers. He did not approve of my plan; nevertheless he promised, in a letter, which now lies before me, to comply with it; and, in a subsequent one, added that he had already begun to do so.

For myself, I also made several repayments; and trusted a sum of money to make others, with a fellow collegian, who, not long after, fell by his own hands in the presence of his father. But there were still some whose abode could not be discovered, and others, on whom to press the taking back of eight shillings would neither be decent nor respectful: even from these I ventured to flatter myself that I should find pardon, when on some future day I should present them with the Work, (which I was still secretly determined to complete,) rendered more worthy of their patronage, and increased by notes, which I now perceived to be absolutely necessary, to more than double its proposed size.

In the leisure of a country residence, I imagined that this might be done in two years: perhaps I was not too sanguine: the experiment, however, was not made, for about this time a circumstance happened, which changed my views, and indeed my whole system of life.

I had contracted an acquaintance with a person of the name of ———, recommended to my particular notice by a gentleman of Devonshire, whom I was proud of an opportunity to oblige. This person's residence at Oxford was not long, and when he returned to town I maintained a correspondence with him by letters. At his particular request, these were enclosed in covers, and sent to Lord Grosvenor: one day I inadvertently omitted the direction, and his lordship,

\* I began this unadorned narrative on the 15th of January, 1801: twenty years have therefore elapsed since I lost my benefactor and my friend. In the interval I have wept a thousand times at the recollection of his goodness; I yet cherish his memory with filial respect; and at this distant period, my heart sinks within me at every repetition of his name.

† Many of these papers were distributed; the terms, which I extract from one of them, were these: "The work shall be printed in quarto, (without notes,) and be delivered to the Subscribers in the month of December next."

"The price will be sixteen shillings in boards, half to be paid at the time of subscribing, the remainder on delivery of the book."

necessarily supposing the letter to be meant for himself, opened and read it. There was something in it which attracted his notice; and when he gave it to my friend, he had the curiosity to inquire about his correspondent at Oxford; and, upon the answer he received, the kindness to desire that he might be brought to see him upon his coming to town: to this circumstance, purely accidental on all sides, and to this alone, I owe my introduction to that nobleman.

On my first visit, he asked me what friends I had, and what were my prospects in life; and I told him that I had no friends, and no prospects of any kind. He said no more; but when I called to take leave, previous to returning to college, I found that this simple exposure of my circumstances had sunk deep into his mind. At parting, he informed me that he charged himself with my present support, and future establishment; and that till this last could be effected to my wish, I should come and reside with him. These were not words, of course: they were more than fulfilled in every point. I did go, and reside with him; and I experienced a warm and cordial reception, a kind and affectionate esteem, that has known neither diminution nor interruption from that hour to this, a period of twenty years!\*

In his lordship's house I proceeded with Juvenal, till I was called upon to accompany his son (one of the most amiable and accomplished young noblemen that this country, fertile in such characters, could ever boast) to the continent. With him, in two successive tours, I spent many years; years of which the remembrance will always be dear to me, from the recollection that a friendship was then contracted, which time and a more intimate knowledge of each other, have mellowed into a regard that forms at once the pride and happiness of my life.

It is long since I have been returned and settled in the bosom of competence and peace; my translation frequently engaged my thoughts, but I had lost the ardour and the confidence of youth, and was seriously doubtful of my abilities to do it justice. I have wished a thousand times that I could decline it altogether; but the ever-recurring idea that there were people of the description already mentioned, who had just and forcible claims on me for the due performance of my engagement, forbid the thought; and I slowly proceeded towards the completion of a work in which I should never have engaged, had my friend's inexperience, or my own, suf-

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\* I have a melancholy satisfaction in recording that this revered friend and patron lived to witness my grateful acknowledgment of his kindness. He survived the appearance of the translation but a very few days, and I paid the last sad duty to his memory, by attending his remains to the grave. To me—this laborious work has not been happy: the same disastrous event that marked its commencement, has embittered its conclusion; and frequently forced upon my recollection the calamity of the rebuilders of Jericho, "He laid the foundation thereof in Abiram, his first born, and set up the gates thereof in his youngest son, Sebul." 1806.

fered us to suspect for a moment the labour, and the talents of more than one kind, absolutely necessary to its success in any tolerable degree. Such as I could make it, it is now before the public.

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majora canamus.

*End of the Memoir.*

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### MR. GIFFORD

Having attained an university education by private benevolence, and arrived at noble and powerful patronage by a circumstance purely accidental, Mr. Gifford possessed advantages which few in humble life dare hope, and fewer aspire to achieve. He improved his learned leisure and patrician aid, till, in 1802, he published his translation of Juvenal, with a dedication to earl Grosvenor, and the preceding memoir. In 1806, the work arrived to a second edition, and in 1817 to a third; to the latter he annexed a translation of the Satires of Persius, which he likewise dedicated to earl Grosvenor, with "admiration of his talents and virtues." He had previously distinguished himself by the "Baviad and Mæviad," a satire unsparingly severe on certain fashionable poetry and characters of the day; and which may perhaps be referred to as the best specimen of his powers and inclination. He edited the plays of Masinger, and the works of Ben Jonson, whom he ably and successfully defended from charges of illiberal disposition towards Shakspeare, and calumnies of a personal nature, which had been repeated and increased by successive commentators. He lived to see his edition of Ford's works through the press, and Shirley's works were nearly completed by the printer before he died.

When the "Quarterly Review" was projected, Mr. Gifford was selected as best qualified to conduct the new journal, and he remained its editor till within two years preceding his death. Besides the private emoluments of his pen, Mr. Gifford had six hundred pounds a year as a comptroller of the lottery, and a salary of three hundred pounds as paymaster of the band of gentlemen-pensioners.

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To his friend, Dr. Ireland, the dean of Westminster, who was the depository of Mr. Gifford's wishes in his last moments, he addressed, during their early career, the

following imitation of the "Otium Divos Rogat" of Horace.—"I transcribe it," says Mr. Gifford, "for the press, with mingled sensations of gratitude and delight, at the favourable change of circumstances which we have both experienced since it was written."

Wolfe rush'd on death in manhood's bloom,  
 Paulet crept slowly to the tomb ;  
 Here breath, there fame was given :  
 And that wise Power who weighs our lives,  
 By *contras*, and by *pros*, contrives  
 To keep the balance even.

To thee she gave two piercing eyes,  
 A body, just of Tydeus' size,  
 A judgment sound, and clear ;  
 A mind with various science fraught,  
 A liberal soul, a threadbare coat,  
 And forty pounds a year.

To me, one eye, not over good ;  
 Two sides, that, to their cost, have stood  
 A ten years' hectic cough ;  
 Aches, stitches, all the numerous ills  
 That swell the dev'lish doctors' bills,  
 And sweep poor mortals off.

A coat more bare than thine ; a soul  
 That spurns the crowd's malign controul ;  
 A fix'd contempt of wrong ;  
 Spirits above affliction's pow'r,  
 And skill to charm the lonely hour  
 With no inglorious song.

## Omnia.

### ADVERTISEMENT.

The following is a literal copy of an English card, circulated by the master of an hotel, at Ghent :—

"Mr. Dewit, in the Golden Apple, out of the Bruges Gate at Ghent, has the honour to prevent the Persons who would come at his house, that they shall find there always good and spacious Lodging, a Table served at their taste, Wine of any quality, ect. Besides he hires Horses and Chaises, which shall be of a great conveniency for the Travellers ; the Bark of Bruges depart and arrives every day before his door. He dares flatter himself that they shall be satisfied, as well with the cheapness of the price, as with the cares such an establishment requires."

### CAPITAL FOR BANKING.

A nobleman's footman in Hampshire, to whom two years' wages were due, de-

manded the sum from his master, and gave notice that he would quit his place. The master inquired the reason of the man's precipitancy, who told his lordship, "that he and a fellow-servant were about to set up a *country bank*, and they wanted the wages for a *capital*!"

### MARCH OF INTELLECT.

In "The Times," a few days since, appeared the following advertisement :—"To SCHOOL ASSISTANTS.—Wanted, a respectable gentleman of good character, capable of teaching the classics as far as Homer, and Virgil. Apply, &c. &c. A day or two after the above had appeared, the gentleman to whom application was to be made received a letter as follows :—"Sir—With reference to an advertisement which were inserted in *The Times* newspaper a few days since, respecting a school assistant, I beg to state that I should be happy to fill that situation ; but as most of my friends reside in London, and not knowing how far Homer and Virgil is from town, I beg to state that I should not like to engage to teach the classics farther than *Hammer-smith* or *Turnham Green*, or at the very utmost distance, farther than *Brentford*, *Waiting* your reply, I am, Sir, &c. &c.

John Sparks."

The schoolmaster, judging of the classical abilities of this "youth of promise," by the wisdom displayed in his letter, considered him too dull a *spark* for the situation, and his letter remained unanswered. (This puts us in mind of a person who once advertised for a "*strong coal heaver*," and a poor man calling upon him the day after, saying, "he had not got such a thing as a '*strong coal heaver*,' but he had brought a '*strong coal scuttle*, made of the best iron ; and if that would answer the purpose, he should have it a bargain.")—*Times*, 1st January, 1827.

### MISSING A STYLE.

Soon after the publication of Miss Burney's novel, called "*Cecilia*," a young lady was found reading it. After the general topics of praise were exhausted, she was asked whether she did not greatly admire the style? Reviewing the incidents in her memory, she replied, "The style? the style?—Oh! sir, I am not come to that yet!"



## The Newsman.

"I, that do bring the news."

*Shakspeare.*

Our calling, however the vulgar may deem,  
Was of old, both on high and below, in esteem;  
E'en the gods were to much curiosity given,  
For Hermes was only the Newsman of heaven.

Hence with wings to his cap, and his staff, and his heels,  
He depicted appears, which our myst'ry reveals,  
That news flies like wind, to raise sorrow or laughter,  
While, leaning on Time, Truth comes heavily after.

*Newsman's Verses, 1747.*

The newsman is a "lone person." His business, and he, are distinct from all other occupations, and people...

All the year round, and every day in the year, the newsman must rise soon after four o'clock; and be at the newspaper offices to

procure a few of the first morning papers allotted to him, at extra charges, for particular orders, and despatch them by the "early coaches." Afterwards, he has to wait for his share of the "regular" publication of each paper, and he allots these as well as he can among some of the most urgent of his town orders. The *next* publication at a later hour is devoted to his remaining customers; and he sends off his boys with different portions according to the supply he successively receives. Notices frequently and necessarily printed in different papers, of the hour of final publication the preceding day, guard the interests of the newspaper proprietors from the sluggishness of the indolent, and quicken the diligent newsman. Yet, however skilful his arrangements may be, they are subject to unlooked for accidents. The late arrival of foreign journals, a parliamentary debate unexpectedly protracted, or an article of importance in one paper exclusively, retard the printing and defer the newsman. His patience, well-worn before he gets his "*lust papers*," must be continued during the whole period he is occupied in delivering them. The sheet is sometimes half snatched before he can draw it from his wrapper; he is often chid for delay when he should have been praised for speed; his excuse, "*All the papers were late this morning*," is better heard than admitted, for neither giver nor receiver has time to parley; and before he gets home to dinner, he hears at one house that "*Master has waited for the paper these two hours*;" at another, "*Master's gone out, and says if you can't bring the paper earlier, he won't have it all*;" and some ill-conditioned "*master*," perchance, leaves positive orders, "*Don't take it in, but tell the man to bring the bill; and I'll pay it and have done with him*."

Besides buyers, every newsman has readers at so much each paper per hour. One class stipulates for a journal always at breakfast; another, that it is to be delivered exactly at such a time; a third, at any time, so that it is left the full hour; and among all of these there are malecontents, who permit nothing of "time or circumstance" to interfere with their personal convenience. Though the newsman delivers, and allows the use of his paper, and fetches it, for a stipend not half equal to the lowest paid porter's price for letter-carrying in London, yet he finds some, with whom he covenanted, objecting, when it is called for,—"I've not had my breakfast,"—"The paper did not come at the proper time,"—"I've not had leisure to look at it yet,"—

"It has not been left an hour,"—or any other pretence equally futile or untrue, which, were he to allow, would prevent him from serving his readers in rotation, or at all. If he can get all his morning papers from these customers by four o'clock, he is a happy man.

Soon after three in the afternoon, the newsman and some of his boys must be at the offices of the evening papers; but before he can obtain his requisite numbers, he must wait till the newsmen of the Royal Exchange have received theirs, for the use of the merchants on 'Change. Some of the first he gets are hurried off to coffee-house and tavern keepers. When he has procured his full quantity, he supplies the remainder of his town customers. These disposed of, then comes the hasty folding and directing of his reserves for the country, and the forwarding of them to the post-office in Lombard-street, or in parcels for the mails, and to other coach-offices. The Gazette nights, every Tuesday and Friday, add to his labours,—the publication of second and third editions of the evening papers is a super-addition. On what he calls a "*regular day*," he is fortunate if he find himself settled within his own door by seven o'clock, after fifteen hours of running to and fro. It is now only that he can review the business of the day, enter his fresh orders, ascertain how many of each paper he will require on the morrow, arrange his accounts, provide for the money he may have occasion for, eat the only quiet meal he could reckon upon since that of the evening before, and "*steal a few hours from the night*" for needful rest, before he rises the next morning to a day of the like incessant occupation: and thus from Monday to Saturday he labours every day.

The newsman desires no work but his own to prove "*Sunday no Sabbath*;" for on him and his brethren devolves the circulation of upwards of fifty thousand Sunday papers in the course of the forenoon. His Sunday dinner is the only meal he can ensure with his family, and the short remainder of the day the only time he can enjoy in their society with certainty, or extract something from, for more serious duties or social converse.

The newsman's is an out-of-door business at all seasons, and his life is measured out to unceasing toil. In all weathers, hail, rain, wind, and snow, he is daily constrained to the way and the fare of a way-faringman. He walks, or rather runs, to distribute information concerning all sorts of

circumstances and persons, except his own. He is unable to allow himself, or others, time for intimacy, and therefore, unless he had formed friendships before he took to his servitude, he has not the chance of cultivating them, save with persons of the same calling. He may be said to have been divorced, and to live "separate and apart" from society in general; for, though he mixes with every body, it is only for a few hurried moments, and as strangers do in a crowd.

Cowper's familiar description of a newspaper, with its multiform intelligence, and the pleasure of reading it in the country, never tires, and in this place is to the purpose.

This folio of four pages, happy work!  
Which not ev'n critics criticise; that holds  
Inquisitive Attention, while I read,  
Fast bound in chains of silence, which the fair,  
Though eloquent themselves, yet fear to break,  
What is it, but a map of busy life,  
Its fluctuations, and its vast concerns?  
Houses in ashes, and the fall of stocks,  
Births, deaths, and marriages—

—The grand debate,

The popular harangue, the tart reply,  
The logic, and the wisdom, and the wit,  
And the loud laugh—  
Cat'racts of declamation thunder here;  
Their forests of no meaning spread the page,  
In which all comprehension wanders lost;  
While fields of pleasantry amuse us there,  
With merry descants on a nation's woes.  
The rest appears a wilderness of strange  
But gay confusion; roses for the cheeks,  
And lilies for the brows of faded age,  
Teeth for the toothless, ringlets for the bald,  
Heav'n, earth, and ocean, plunder'd of their sweets,  
Nectareous essences, Olympian dews,  
Sermons, and city feasts, and fav'rite airs,  
Æthereal journeys, submarine exploits,  
And Katerfelto, with his hair an end  
At his own wonders, wand'ring for his bread.

'Tis pleasant, through the loopholes of retreat,  
To peep at such a world; to see the stir  
Of the great Babel, and not feel the crowd;  
To hear the roar she sends through all her gates,  
At a safe distance, where the dying sound  
Falls a soft murmur on th' uninjured ear.  
Thus sitting, and surveying thus, at ease,  
The globe and its concerns, I seem advanced  
To some secure and more than mortal height,  
That lib'rates and exempts us from them all.

This is an agreeable and true picture;  
and, with like felicity, the poet paints the  
bearer of the newspaper.

Hark! 'tis the twanging horn o'er yonder bridge,  
That with its wearisome but needful length  
Bestrides the wintry flood, in which the moon  
Sees her unwrinkled face reflected bright;—  
He comes, the herald of a noisy world,

With spatter'd boots, strapp'd waist, and frozen locks  
News from all nations lumb'ring at his back.  
True to his charge, the close pack'd load behind  
Yet careless what he brings, his one concern  
Is to conduct it to the destin'd inn;  
And, having dropp'd th' expected bag, pass on.  
He whistles as he goes, light-hearted wretch,  
Cold and yet cheerful: messenger of grief  
Perhaps to thousands, and of joy to some;  
To him indiff'rent whether grief or joy.

Methinks, as I have always thought, that  
Cowper here missed the expression of a  
kind feeling, and rather tends to raise an  
ungenerous sentiment towards this poor  
fellow. As the bearer of intelligence, of  
which he is ignorant, why should it be

"To him indiff'rent whether grief or joy?"

If "cold, and yet cheerful," he has attained to the "practical philosophy" of bearing ills with patience. He is a frozen creature that "whistles," and therefore called "light-hearted wretch." The poet refrains to "look with a gentle eye upon this wretch," but, having obtained the newspaper, determines to enjoy himself, and cries

Now stir the fire, and close the shutters fast,  
Let fall the curtains, wheel the sofa round,  
And, while the bubbling and loud-hissing urn  
Throws up a steamy column, and the cups,  
That cheer, but not inebriate, wait on each,  
So let us welcome peaceful ev'ning in.

This done, and the bard surrounded with means of enjoyment, he directs his sole attention to the newspaper, nor spares a thought in behalf of the wayworn messenger, nor bids him "God speed!" on his further forlorn journey through the wintry blast.

In London scarcely any one knows the newsman but a newsman. His customers know him least of all. Some of them seem almost ignorant that he has like "senses, affections, passions," with themselves, or is "subject to the same diseases, healed by the same means, warmed and cooled by the same winter and summer." They are indifferent to him in exact ratio to their attachment to what he "serves" them with. Their regard is for the newspaper, and not the newsman. Should he succeed in his occupation, they do not hear of it: if he fail, they do not care for it. If he dies, the servant receives the paper from his successor, and says, when she carries it up stairs, "If you please, the newsman's dead:" they scarcely ask where he lived, or his fall occasions a pun—"We always said he *was*, and now we have

proof that he *is*, the *late* newsman." They are almost as unconcerned as if he had been the postman.

Once a year, a printed "copy of verses" reminds every newspaper reader that the hand that bore it is open to a small boon. "The Newsman's Address to his Customers, 1826," deplorably adverts to the general distress, patriotically predicts better times, and seasonably intimates, that in the height of annual festivities he, too, has a heart capable of joy.

—————"although the muse complains  
And sings of woes in melancholy strains,  
Yet Hope, at last, strikes up her trembling wires,  
And bids Despair forsake your glowing fires.  
While, as in olden time, Heaven's gifts you share,  
And Englishmen enjoy their Christmas fare;  
While at the social board friend joins with friend,  
And smiles and jokes and salutations blend;  
Your Newsman wishes to be social too,  
And would enjoy the opening year with you:  
Grant him your annual gift, he will not fail  
To drink your health once more with Christmas ale:  
Long may you live to share your Christmas cheer,  
And he still wish you many a happy year!"

The losses and crosses to which news-men are subject, and the minutiae of their laborious life, would form an instructive volume. As a class of able men of business, their importance is established by excellent regulations, adapted to their interests and well-being; and their numerous society includes many individuals of high intelligence, integrity, and opulence.

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## The Drama.

LICENSE FOR ENACTING A PLAY.

To the Editor.

Sir,—As many of your readers may not have had an opportunity of knowing the form and manner in which dramatic representations were permitted, by the Master of the Revels, upon the restoration of the Stuarts, I submit a transcript of a licence in my possession. It refers to a drama, called "Noah's Flood," apparently not recorded in any dramatic history. It is true, Isaac Reed, in the "Biographia Dramatica," 1782, vol. ii. p. 255, cites "Noah's Flood, or the Destruction of the World, an opera, 1679, 4to.," and ascribes it to "Edward Ecclestone," but it is questionable whether this was the "play" for which the license below was obtained, as Reed, or perhaps George Steevens, the commentator, who assisted the former con-

siderably in the compilation of that work, as it appeared in 1782, expressly entitles it "an opera."

Reed states his inability to furnish any particulars of Ecclestone, and his continuator, Mr. Stephen Jones, has not added a single word. Ecclestone was a comedian, though I cannot immediately cite my authority. His opera of "Noah's Flood," which is excessively scarce, is said, by Reed, to be "of the same nature with Dryden's 'State of Innocence,' but falls infinitely short of the merit of that poem." This may be readily believed; for we are informed that the unhappy bookseller, to prevent the whole impression retting on his shelves, again obtruded it for public patronage, with a new title, "The Cataclasm, or General Deluge of the World," 1684, 4to.; and again as "The Deluge, or Destruction of the World," 1691, 4to., with the addition of sculptures. These attempts probably exhausted the stock on hand, as, some years afterwards, it was reprinted in 12mo., with the title of "Noah's Flood, or the History of the General Deluge," 1714. Many plays were reprinted by Meares, Feales, and others, at the commencement of the last century, as stock-plays; and Reed's assertion, that this was an imposition, is correct, so far as it came forth as a new production, the preface stating that the author was unknown.

The license alluded to is on a square piece of parchment, eleven inches high, by thirteen wide. The office seal, red wax, covered by a piece of white paper, is engraved in one of the volumes of George Chalmers's "Apology for the Believers of the Shakspeare Papers."

The License.

"To all Mayors Sherriffs Justices of the Peace Bayliffs Constables Headboroughs, and all other his Maties. Officers, true Leigmen & Ioueing Subjects, & to euery of them greeting. Know yee that wheras George Bayley of London Musitioner desires of me a Placard to make Shew of a Play called Noah's flood with other Seuerall Scenes. These are therefore by vertue of his Maties. Lettrs. Pattents made ouer vnto me vnder the great Seale of England to licence & allow the said George Bayley wth eight Servants wch are of his Company to make shew of the said Play called Noah's flood with other Scenes requireing you and euery of you in his Maties Name to pmitt & Suffer the said Persons to shew the said Play called Noah's flood, and to be aiding & assisting them & euery of them



if any wrong or iniury be offered vnto him or any of them Provided that he and they doe not act any thing offensive against ye lawes of God or of the Land, and that he & they doe make shew of the said Noah's flood at lawfull times wth Exception of the Lords Day or any other Day in the time of Devine Service, or on any other day prohibited by Proclamation or other lawfull Authority. And this Licence to continue for a year and noe longre from the day of the date hearof and to Serue throughout the Kingdome of England Scotland & Ireland & all other his Maties. Territories & Dominions the said Geo. Bayly haueing giuen me security for his good behaviour that hee doe not intrench vpon the lawes of the land. Giuen at his Maties. Office of the Revills vnder my hand & Seale of the said Office the fowerteenth day of Aprill one thousand six hundred sixty and two & in the fowerteenth year of the raigne of o'r Soueraigne Lord Charles ye Second by the grace of God of England Scotland frrance and Ireland King Defender of the faith &c.

J. POYNTZ.

A marginal memorandum, below the seal, contains a direction to the persons named in this license, thus:—

"You are to allow him either Town hall Guild hall Schoole house or some other convenient place for his use & to continue in any one place for ye space of florty Daies."

The above transcript is literal in every respect & trusting that it may be deemed worthy insertion,

I am, Sir, &c.

WILL O' THE WHISP.

The identical seal of the office of the Revels, mentioned in the preceding letter, was engraven on wood, and is now in the possession of Francis Douce, Esq. F. S. A.

### THOMAS AIRAY,

THE GRASSINGTON MANAGER AND HIS THEATRICAL COMPANY, CRAVEN, YORKSHIRE.

#### *For the Table Book.*

"Nothing like this in *London!*"

*John Reeve* in *Peregrine Proteus*.

At this season, every thing appears dull and lifeless in the neighbourhood of my favourite mountain village. In my younger days it was otherwise, Christmas was then

a festival, enlivened by a round of innocent amusements, which the present enlightened age has pronounced superstitious or trifling. Formerly we had a theatre, at this season, and perhaps a few particulars relating to it may not be uninteresting.

Gentle reader! should you ever visit Skipton-in-Craven, go on the market-day, and stand opposite to the vicarage-house in the High-street; there you will see a cart with this inscription, "Thomas Airay, Grassington and Skipton carrier." Keep your eye on that cart, and about the hour of three in the afternoon you will behold approach the owner, a little, fat, old man, with reddish whiskers and a jolly face, that Liston or John Reeve would not be ashamed to possess. In that countenance a mere tyro in physiognomy may discover a roguish slyness, a latent archness, a hidden mine of fun and good humour. Then when Airay walks, mark his stately gait, and tell me if it does not proclaim that he has worn the sock and buskin, and trod the Thespian floor: he was the manager of the Grassington theatre—the "Delawang" of Craven.

I fancy some rigid moralist bestowing a cold glance on poor Tom, and saying to himself, "Ah, old man, this comes of acting; had you, in your youth, followed some industrious pursuit, nor joined an idle strolling company, instead of now being a country carrier, you might have been blessed with a comfortable independence!" Think not so harshly of Airay; though not the manager of a patent theatre, nor of one "by royal authority," he never was a stroller, nor an associate with vagabonds, nor did he ever, during his theatrical career, quake under the terrors of magisterial harshness, or fear the vagrant act.

No idle, worthless, wandering man was he,

But in the dales, of honest parents bred,

Train'd to a life of honest industry,

He with the lark in summer left his bed,

Thro' the sweet calm, by morning twilight shed,

Walking to labour by that cheerful song,

And, making a pure pleasure of a tread,

When winter came with nights so dark and long,

'Twas his, with mimic art, to amuse a village throng!

Tom Airay's sole theatre was at Grassington; and that was only "open for the season"—for a few weeks in the depth of winter, when the inclemency of the weather, which in these mountainous parts is very severe, rendered the agricultural occupations of himself and companions impossible to be pursued. They chose rather to earn a scanty pittance by acting, than to trouble their neighbours for eleemosynary support.

The *corps dramatique* of Tom Airay consisted chiefly of young men, (they had no actresses,) who moved in the same line of life as the manager, and whose characters were equally respectable with his, which was always unassailable; for, setting aside our hero's occasionally getting tipsy at some of the neighbouring feasts, nothing can be said against him. He is a worthy member of society, has brought up a large family respectably, and, if report speak truth, has realized about a thousand pounds.

Few of Tom Airay's company are living, and the names of many have escaped me. There was honest Peter W——, whose face peeped from behind the green curtain like the full moon. He was accounted a bit of a wag: ever foremost in mischief, he, more than once, almost blew up the stage by gunpowder, half suffocated the audience by assafetida, and was wont to put hot cinders in the boots of his associates. He has "left the mimic scene to die indeed," and sleeps peacefully under the beautiful lime-trees of Kirby Malhamdale churchyard, undisturbed by the murmur of that mountain stream, which, rippling over its pebbly channel, hymns, as it were, his requiem. Then there was Isaac G——, the fiddler and comic singer: *he* exists no longer. There was Waddilove, and Frankland of Hetton, and Bill Cliff, the Skipton poet and bailiff—all dead! There were, also, the Hetheringtons, and Jack Solomon the besom maker, and Tommy Summersgill the barber and clock maker, and Jack L—— the politician of Threshfield, who regarded John Wilkes as his tutelary saint, and settled in the Illinois, from whence he occasionally sends a letter to his old friends, informing them what a paltry country England is, what a paradise the new world is, and how superior the American rivers are to those

"That through our vallies run  
Singing and dancing in the gleams  
Of summer's cloudless sun."

Besides these, there were fifteen or sixteen others from Arncliffe, Litton, Coniston, Kilnsay, and the other romantic villages that enliven our heath-clad hills.

The "Grassington theatre," or rather playhouse, for it never received a loftier appellation, where (to borrow the phraseology of the Coburg) our worthies received their "nightly acclamations of applause," has been pulled down, but I will endeavour to describe it. It was an old limestone "lathe," the Craven word for barn, with huge folding-doors, one containing a smaller one, through which the audience was admitted to the pit

and gallery, for there were no boxes. Yet on particular occasions, such as when the duke of Devonshire or earl of Thanet good-naturedly deigned to patronise the performances, a "box" was fitted up, by railing off a part of the pit, and covering it, by way of distinction, with brown paper, painted to represent drapery. The prices were, pit sixpence, and gallery threepence. I believe they had no half price. The stage was lighted by five or six halfpenny candles, and the decorations, considering the poverty of the company, were tolerable. The scenery was respectable; and though sometimes, by sad mishap, the sun or moon would take fire, and expose the tallow candle behind it, was very well managed—frequently better than at houses of loftier pretension. The dresses, as far as material went, were good; though not always in character. An outlaw of the forest of Arden sometimes appeared in the guise of a Craven waggoner, and the holy friar, "whose vesper bell is the bowl, ding dong," would wear a bob wig, cocked hat, and the surplice of a modern church dignitary. These slight discrepancies passed unregarded by the audience; the majority did not observe them, and the few who did were silent; there were no prying editors to criticise and report. The audience was always numerous, (no empty benches *there*) and respectable people often formed a portion. I have known the village lawyer, the parson of the parish, and the doctor comfortably seated together, laughing heartily at Tom Airay strutting as Lady Randolph, his huge Yorkshire clogs peeping from beneath a gown too short to conceal his corduroy breeches, and murdering his words in a manner that might have provoked Fenning and Bailey from their graves, to break the manager's head with their weighty publications. All the actors had a bad pronunciation. Cicero was called *Kikhero*, (which, by the by, is probably the correct one;) Africa was called *Afryka*, fatigued was *fattygewed*, and pageantry was always called *paggyantry*. Well do I remember Airay exclaiming, "What *pump*, what *paggyantry* is there here!" and, on another occasion, saying, "*Ye damons o' deeth come saddle my sword!*" The company would have spoken better, had they not, on meeting with a "dictionary word," applied for information to an old schoolmaster, who constantly misled them, and taught them to pronounce in the most barbarous mode he could devise; yet such was the awe wherewith they were accustomed to regard this dogmatical personage, and the profound

respect they paid to his abilities, that they received his deceiving tricks with thankfulness. One of them is too good to be omitted: Airay, in some play or farce, happened to meet with this stage direction, "they sit down and play a game at piquet;" the manager did not understand the term "piquet," and the whole of the *corps dramatique* were equally ignorant—as a *dernier ressort*, application was made to their old friend, the knight of the birch, who instructed them that "piquet" was the French word for *pie-cut*, and what they had to do was to make a large pie, and sit round a table and eat it; and this, on the performance of the piece, they actually did, to the great amusement of the few who were acquainted with the joke. When Tom was informed of the trick, he wittily denominated it a *substantial* one.

The plays usually performed at Grassington were of the regular drama, the productions of Shakspeare, Dryden, Otway, or Lillo. George Barnwell has many a time caused the Craven maids to forget "Turpin," and "Nevison," and bloody squires, and weep at the shocking catastrophe of the grocer's apprentice. Melodramas were unknown to them, and happy had it been for the dramatic talent of this country if they had remained unknown elsewhere; for since these innovations, mastiff dogs, monkeys, and polichinellos have followed in rapid succession, and what *monstrum horrendum* will next be introduced, is difficult to conceive. We may say,

"Alas, for the drama, its day has gone by."

At the time of Airay's glory, had the word melodrama been whispered in his ear, he would probably have inquired what sort of a beast it was, what country it came from, and whether one was in the tower?—Grassington being too poor to support a printer, the play-bills were written, and by way of making the performances better known, the parish bellman was daily employed to cry the play in a couplet composed by the manager. I only remember one.

Guy in his youth, our play we call,  
At six to the hay-mow\* hie ye all!

This not only apprized the inhabitants of the play for the evening, but frequently the novelty of the mode induced a passing stranger to honour the house with his pre-

sence. It was also preferable to printing, for that was an expense the proceeds of the house could not afford.

While thus hastily sketching the peculiarities of Airay and his associates, it would be unjust not to state in conclusion, that their performances were always of a moral character; if any indelicate sentiment or expression occurred in their plays, it was omitted; nothing was uttered that could raise a blush on the female cheek. Nor were the audiences less moral than the manager: not an instance can be recorded of riot or indecency. In these respects, Tom Airay's theatre might serve as a model to the patent houses in town, wherein it is to be feared the original intent of the stage, that of improving the mind by inculcating morality, is perverted. Whenever Airay takes a retrospective glance at his theatrical management, he can do it with pleasure; for never did he pander to a depraved appetite, or render his barn a spot wherein the vicious would covet to congregate.

T. Q. M.

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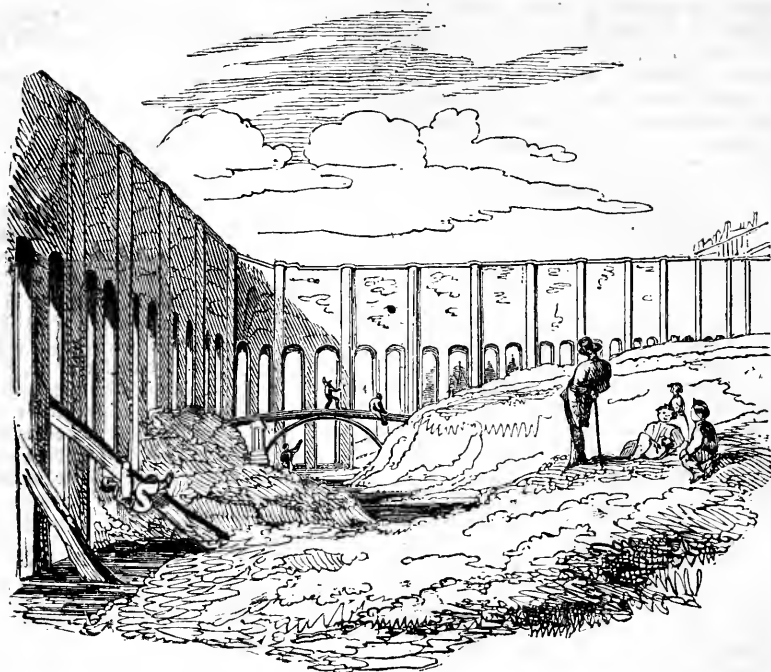
## Literary Novelty.

"THE SYBIL'S LEAVES, or a Peep into Futurity, published by Ackermann, Strand, and Lupton Relfe, Cornhill," consist of sixty lithographic verses on as many cards, in a case bearing an engraved representation of a party in high humour consulting the cards. Thirty of them are designed for ladies, and as many for gentlemen: a lady is to hold the gentleman's pack, and *vice versa*. From these packs, each lady or gentleman wishing to have "the most important points *infallibly* predicted" is to draw a card.

The idea of telling fortunes at home is very pleasant; and the variety of "the Sybil's Leaves" assists to as frequent opportunities of re-consultation as the most inveterate craver can desire. A lady condemned by one of the leaves to "wither on the virgin thorn," on turning over a new leaf may chance to be assured of a delightful reverse; and by a like easy process, a "disappointed gentleman" become, at last, a "happy man."

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\* In Craven, the hay is not stacked as in the south, but housed in barns, which from this custom are called hay-mows.



### The ancient River Fleet at Clerkenwell.

Lo! hither Fleet-*brook* came, in former times call'd the Fleet-*river*,  
 Which navies once rode on, in present times hidden for ever,  
 Save where water-cresses and sedge mark its oozing and creeping,  
 In yonder old meadows, from whence it lags slowly—as weeping  
 Its present misgivings, and obsolete use, and renown—  
 And bearing its burdens of shame and abuse into town,<sup>1</sup>  
 On meeting the buildings sinks into the earth, nor aspires<sup>2</sup>  
 To decent-eyed people, till forced to the Thames at Blackfriars.

In 1825, this was the first open view nearest London of the ancient River Fleet: it was taken during the building of the high-arched walls connected with the House of Correction, Cold-bath-fields, close to which prison the river ran, as here seen. At that time, the newly-erected walls communicated a peculiarly picturesque effect to the stream flowing within their confines. It arrived thither from Bagnigge-wells, on its way to a covered channel, whereby it passes between Turnmill-street, and again emerging, crosses Chick-lane, now called West-street, near Field-lane, at the back of which it runs on, and continues under Holborn-bridge, Fleet-market, and Bridge-street, till it reaches

the Thames, close to the stairs on the west side of Blackfriars-bridge. The bridge, whereby boys cross the stream in the engraving, is a large iron pipe for conveying water from the New River Company's works, to supply the houses in Grays-inn-lane. A few years ago, the New River water was conducted across this valley through wooden pipes. Since the drawing was made, the Fleet has been diverted from the old bed represented in the print, through a large barrel drain, into the course just mentioned, near Turnmill-street. This notice of the deviation, and especially the last appearance of the river in its immemorial channel, may be of interest, because the Fleet is the only ancient stream running

into London which is not yet wholly lost to sight.

The River Fleet at its source, in a field on the London side of the Hampstead ponds, is merely a sedgy ditchling, scarcely half a step across, and "winds its sinuosities along," with little increase of width or depth, to the road from the Mother Red Cap to Kentish Town, beneath which road it passes through the pastures to Camden Town; and in one of these pastures, the canal, running through the Tunnel at Pentonville to the City-road, is conveyed over it by an arch. From this place its width increases, till it reaches towards the west side of the road leading from Pancras Workhouse to Kentish Town. In the rear of the houses on that side of the road, it becomes a brook, washing the edge of the garden in front of the premises late the stereotype-foundery and printing-offices of Mr. Andrew Wilson, which stand back from the road; and, cascading down behind the lower road-side houses, it reaches the Elephant and Castle, in front of which it tunnels to Battle-bridge, and there levels out to the eye, and runs sluggishly to Bagnigge-wells, where it is at its greatest width, which is about twelve feet across; from thence it narrows to the House of Correction, and widens again near Turnmill-street, and goes to the Thames, as above described.

In a parliament held at Carlile, in 35 Edward I., 1307, Henry Lacy earl of Lincoln complained that, in former times, the course of water running under Holborn-bridge and Fleet-bridge into the Thames, had been of such breadth and depth that ten or twelve ships at once, "navies with merchandise," were wont to come to Fleet-bridge, and some of them to Holborn-bridge; yet that, by filth of the tanners and others, and by raising of wharfs, and especially by a diversion of the water in the first year of king John, 1200, by them of the New Temple, for their mills without Baynard's Castle, and by other impediments, the course was decayed, and ships could not enter as they were used. On the prayer of the earl, the constable of the Tower, with the mayor and sheriffs of London, were directed to take with them honest and discreet men to inquire into the former state of the river, to leave nothing that might hurt or stop it, and to restore it to its wonted condition. Upon this, the river was cleansed, the mills were removed, and other means taken for the preservation of the course; but it was not brought to its old depth and breadth, and therefore it was no longer termed a

river, but a brook, called Turne-mill or Tremill Brook, because mills were erected on it.

After this, it was cleansed several times; and particularly in 1502, the whole course of Fleet Dike, as it was then called, was scoured down to the Thames, so that boats with fish and fuel were rowed to Fleet-bridge and Holborn-bridge.

In 1589, by authority of the common council of London, a thousand marks were collected to draw several of the springs at Hampstead-heath into one head, for the service of the City with fresh water where wanted, and in order that by such "a follower," as it was termed, the channel of the brook should be scoured into the Thames. After much money spent, the effect was not obtained, and in Stow's time, by means of continual encroachments on the banks, and the throwing of soil into the stream, it became worse clogged than ever.\*

After the Fire of London, the channel was made navigable for barges to come up, by the assistance of the tide from the Thames, as far as Holborn-bridge, where the Fleet, otherwise Turnmill-brook, fell into this, the wider channel; which had sides built of stone and brick, with ware-houses on each side, running under the street, and used for the laying in of coals, and other commodities. This channel had five feet water, at the lowest tide, at Holborn-bridge, the wharfs on each side the channel were thirty feet broad, and rails of oak were placed along the sides of the ditch to prevent people from falling into it at night. There were four bridges of Portland stone over it; namely, at Bridewell, Fleet-street, Fleet-lane, and Holborn.

When the citizens proposed to erect a mansion-house for their lord mayor, they fixed on Stocks-market, where the Mansion-house now stands, for its site, and proposed to arch the Fleet-ditch, from Holborn to Fleet-street, and to remove that market to the ground they would gain by that measure. In 1733, therefore, they represented to the House of Commons, that although after the Fire of London the channel of the Fleet had been made navigable from the Thames to Holborn-bridge, yet the profits from the navigation had not answered the charge; that the part from Fleet-bridge to Holborn-bridge, instead of being useful to trade, had become choked with mud, and was therefore a nuisance, and that several persons had lost their lives

\* Stow's Survey.

by falling into it. For these and other causes assigned, an act passed, vesting the fee simple of the site referred to in the corporation for ever, on condition that drains should be made through the channel, and that no buildings on it should exceed fifteen feet in height. The ditch was accordingly arched over from Holborn to Fleet-bridge, where the present obelisk in Bridge-street now stands, and Fleet-market was erected on the arched ground, and opened with the business of Stocks-market, on the 30th of September, 1737.

In 1765, the building of Blackfriars-bridge rendered it requisite to arch over the remainder, from Fleet-bridge to the Thames; yet a small part remained an open dock for a considerable time, owing to the obstinate persistence of a private proprietor.\*

Previous to the first arching of the Fleet, Pope, in "The Dunciad," imagined the votaries of Dulness diving and sporting in Fleet-ditch, which he then called

The king of dykes ! than whom no sluice of mud  
With deeper sable blots the silver flood.

"I recover," says Pennant, "the present noble approach to Blackfriars-bridge, the well-built opening of Chatham-place, a muddy and genuine ditch." It has of late been rendered a convenient and capacious sewer.

During the digging of Fleet-ditch, in 1676, with a view to its improvement after the Fire of London, between the Fleet-bridge and Holborn-bridge, at the depth of fifteen feet, several Roman utensils were discovered; and, a little lower, a great quantity of Roman coins, of silver, copper, brass, and various other metals, but none of gold; and at Holborn-bridge, two brass lares, or household gods, of the Romans, about four inches in length, were dug out; one a Ceres, and the other a Bacchus. The great quantity of coins, induces a presumption that they were thrown into this river by the Roman inhabitants of the city, on the entry of Boadicea, with her army of enraged Britons, who slaughtered their conquerors, without distinction of age or sex. Here also were found arrow-heads, spurrowels of a hand's breadth, keys, daggers, scales, seals with the proprietors' names in Saxon characters, ship counters with Saxon characters, and a considerable number of medals, crosses, and crucifixes, of a more recent age.†

Sometime before the year 1714, Mr. John Conyers, an apothecary in Fleet-street, who made it his chief business to collect antiquities, which about that time were daily found in and about London, as he was digging in a field near the Fleet, not far from Battle-bridge, discovered the body of an elephant, conjectured to have been killed there, by the Britons, in fight with the Romans; for, not far from the spot, was found an ancient British spear, the head of flint fastened into a shaft of good length.\* From this elephant, the public-house near the spot where it was discovered, called the Elephant and Castle, derives its sign.

There are no memorials of the extent to which the river Fleet was anciently navigable, though, according to tradition, an anchor was found in it as high up as the Elephant and Castle, which is immediately opposite Pancras workhouse, and at the corner of the road leading from thence to Kentish-town. Until within these few years, it gave motion to flour and flattening mills at the back of Field-lane, near Holborn.†

That the Fleet was once a very serviceable stream there can be no doubt, from what Stow relates. The level of the ground is favourable to the presumption, that its current widened and deepened for navigable purposes to a considerable extent in the valley between the Bagnigge-wells-road and Gray's-inn, and that it might have had accessions to its waters from other sources, besides that in the vicinity of Hampstead. Stow speaks of it under the name of the "*River of Wells*, in the west part of the citie, and of *old* so called of the *Wells*;" and he tells of its running from the moor near the north corner of the wall of Cripplegate postern. This assertion, which relates to the reign of William the Conqueror, is controverted by Maitland, who imagines "great inattention" on the part of the old chronicler. It is rather to be apprehended, that Maitland was less an antiquary than an inconsiderate compiler. The drainage of the city has effaced proofs of many appearances which Stow relates as existing in his own time, but which there is abundant testimony of a different nature to corroborate; and, notwithstanding Maitland's objection, there is sufficient reason to apprehend that the river of Wells and the Fleet river united and flowed, in the same channel, to the Thames.

\* Noorthouck.

† Maitland. Pennant.

\* Letter from Bagford to Hearne.

† Nelson's History of Islington.

## January.

If you are *ill* at this season, there is no occasion to send for the doctor—only *stop eating*. Indeed, upon general principles, it seems to me to be a mistake for people, every time there is any little thing the matter with them, to be running in such haste for the “doctor;” because, if you are going to die, a doctor can’t help you; and if you are not—there is no occasion for him.\*

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### ANGLING IN JANUARY.

Dark is the ever-flowing stream,  
And snow falls on the lake;  
For now the noontide sunny beam  
Scarce pierces bower and brake;  
And flood, or envious frost, destroys  
A portion of the angler’s joys.

Yet still we’ll talk of sports gone by,  
Of triumphs we have won,  
Of waters we again shall try,  
When sparkling in the sun;  
Of favourite haunts, by mead or dell,  
Haunts which the fisher loves so well.

Of stately Thames, of gentle Lea,  
The merry monarch’s seat;  
Of Ditton’s stream, of Avon’s brae,  
Or Mitcham’s mild retreat;  
Of waters by the meer or mill,  
And all that tries the angler’s skill.

*Annals of Sporting.*

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### PLOUGH MONDAY.

The first Monday after Twelfth-day is so denominated, and it is the ploughman’s holiday.

Of late years at this season, in the islands of Scilly, the young people exercise a sort of gallantry called “goose-dancing.” The maidens are dressed up for young men, and the young men for maidens; and, thus disguised, they visit their neighbours in companies, where they dance, and make jokes upon what has happened in the island; and every one is humorously “told their own,” without offence being taken. By this sort of sport, according to yearly custom and toleration, there is a spirit of wit and drollery kept up among the people. The music and dancing done, they are treated with liquor, and then they go to the next house of entertainment.†

## Topography.

WILLY-HOWE, YORKSHIRE.

*For the Table Book.*

There is an artificial mount, by the side of the road leading from North Burton to Wold Newton, near Bridlington, in Yorkshire, called “Willy-howe,” much exceeding in size the generality of our “hows,” of which I have often heard the most preposterous stories related. A cavity or division on the summit is pointed out as owing its origin to the following circumstance:—

A person having intimation of a large chest of gold being buried therein, dug away the earth until it appeared in sight; he then had a train of horses, extending upwards of a quarter of a mile, attached to it by strong iron traces; by these means he was just on the point of accomplishing his purpose, when he exclaimed—

“Hop Perry, prow Mark,  
Whether God’s will or not, we’ll have this ark.”

He, however, had no sooner pronounced this awful blasphemy, than all the traces broke, and the chest sunk still deeper in the hill, where it yet remains, all his future efforts to obtain it being in vain.

The inhabitants of the neighbourhood also speak of the place being peopled with fairies, and tell of the many extraordinary feats which this diminutive race has performed. A fairy once told a man, to whom it appears she was particularly attached, if he went to the top of “Willy-howe” every morning, he would find a guinea; this information, however, was given under the injunction that he should not make the circumstance known to any other person. For some time he continued his visit, and always successfully; but at length, like our first parents, he broke the great commandment, and, by taking with him another person, not merely suffered the loss of the usual guinea, but met with a severe punishment from the fairies for his presumption. Many more are the tales which abound here, and which almost seem to have made this a consecrated spot; but how they could at first originate, is somewhat singular.

That “Hows,” “Carnedds,” and “Barrows,” are sepulchral, we can scarcely entertain a doubt, since in all that have been examined, human bones, rings, and other remains have been discovered. From the coins and urns found in some of them, they have been supposed the burial-places of Roman generals. “But as hydrotaphia, or urn-burial, was the custom among the Romans, and interment the practice of the

\* Monthly Magazine, January, 1827.

† Strutt’s Sports, 307.

Britons, it is reasonable to conjecture, where such insignia are discovered, the tumuli are the sepulchres of some British chieftains, who fell in the Roman service." The size of each tumulus was in proportion to the rank and respect of the deceased; and the labour requisite to its formation was considerably lessened by the number employed, each inferior soldier being obliged to contribute a certain quantum to the general heap. That the one of which we are speaking is the resting-place of a great personage may be easily inferred, from its magnitude; its name also indicates the same thing, "*WILLY-HOWE*," being *the hill of many, or the hill made by many*: for in Gibson's Camden we find "*Willy and Will* among the English Saxons, as *Viele* at this day among the Germans, signified *many*. So *Willielmus*, the defender of many. *Wilfred*, peace to many." Supposing then a distinguished British chieftain, who fell in the imperial service, to have been here interred, we may readily imagine that the Romans and Britons would endeavour to stimulate their own party by making his merits appear as conspicuous as possible; and to impress an awe and a dread on the feelings of their enemies, they would not hesitate to practise what we may call a pardonable fraud; in a pretension that the fairies were his friends, and continued to work miracles at his tomb. At the first glance, this idea may seem to require a stretch of fancy, but we can more readily reconcile it when we consider how firm was the belief that was placed in miracles; how prevalent the love that existed, in those dark ages of ignorance and superstition, to whatever bore that character; and how ready the Romans, with their superior sagacity, would be to avail themselves of it. The Saxons, when they became possessed of the country, would hear many strange tales, which a species of bigoted or unaccountable attachment to the marvellous would cause to be handed down from generation to generation, each magnifying the first wonder, until they reached the climax, whence they are now so fast descending. Thus may probably have arisen the principal feature in the history of their origin.

This mode of sepulture appears to be very ancient, and that it was very general is sufficiently demonstrated by the hills yet remaining in distant parts of the world. Dr. Clarke, who noticed their existence in Siberia and Russian-Tartary, thinks the practice is alluded to in the Old Testament in these passages: "They raised a great

heap of stones on Achan;" "and raised a great heap of stones on the king of Ai;" "they laid a heap of stones on Absalom." In the interior of South Africa, the Rev. J. Campbell "found a large heap of small stones, which had been raised by each passenger adding a stone to the heap; it was intended as a monument of respect to the memory of a king, from a remote nation, who was killed in the vicinity, and whose head and hands were interred in that spot."

The number of these mounds in our own country is very considerable; and I trust they will remain the everlasting monuments of their own existence. Their greatest enemy is an idle curiosity, that cannot be satisfied with what antiquaries relate concerning such as have been examined, but, with a vain arrogance, assumes the power of digging through them at pleasure. For my own part, I must confess, I should like to be a witness of what they contain, yet I would hold them sacred, so far as not to have them touched with the rude hand of Ignorance. Whenever I approach these venerable relics, my mind is carried back to the time when they were young; since then, I consider what years have rolled over years, what generations have followed generations, and feel an interest peculiarly and delicately solemn, in the fate of those whose dust is here mingled with its kindred dust.

T. C.

*Bridlington.*

#### HORN CHURCH IN ESSEX.

##### *For the Table Book.*

In reply to the inquiry by Ignotus, in the *Every-Day Book*, vol. ii. p. 1650, respecting the origin of affixing horns to a church in Essex, I find much ambiguity on the subject, and beg leave to refer to that excellent work, "*Newcourt's Repertorium*," vol. ii. p. 336, who observes, on the authority of Weaver, "The inhabitants here say, by tradition, that this church, dedicated to St. Andrew, was built by a female convert, to expiate for her former sins, and that it was called Hore-church at first, till by a certain king, but by whom they are uncertain, who rode that way, it was called Horned-church, who caused those horns to be put out at the east end of it."

The vane, on the top of the spire, is also in the form of an ox's head, with the horns. "The hospital had neither college nor common seal."



## Customs.

### THE PRESENT BOAR'S HEAD CAROL.

#### *For the Table Book.*

Mr. Editor,—In reading your account of the "Boar's Head Carol," in your *Every-Day Book*, vol. i. p. 1619, I find the *old* carol, but not the words of the carol as sung at present in Queen's College, Oxford, on Christmas-day. As I think it possible you may never have seen them, I now send you a copy as they were sung, or, more properly, chanted, in the hall of Queen's, on Christmas-day, 1810, at which time I was a member of the college, and assisted at the chant.

A boar's head in hand bear I,  
Bedeck'd with bays and rosemary;  
And I pray you, my masters, be merry,  
Quot estis in convivio.—  
Caput apri deferō,  
Reddens laudes Domino.

The boar's head, as I understand,  
Is the rarest dish in all this land;  
And when bedeck'd with a gay garland  
Let us servire canticō.—  
Caput apri, &c.

Our steward hath provided this,  
In honour of the King of bliss:  
Which on this day to be served is  
In reginensi atrio.—  
Caput apri, &c.

I am, &c.

A QUONDAM QUEENSMAN.

### BEATING THE LAPSTONE.

#### *For the Table Book.*

There is a custom of "beating the lapstone," the day after Christmas, at Nettleton, near Burton. The shoemakers beat the lapstone at the houses of all water-drinkers, in consequence of a neighbour, Thomas Stickler, who had not tasted malt liquor for twenty years, having been made tipsy by drinking only a *half pint of ale* at his shoemaker's, at Christmas. When he got home, he tottered into his house, and his good dame said, "John, where have you been!—why, you are in liquor?"—"No, I am not," hiccuped John, "I've only *fell over the lapstone*, and that has *beaten my leg*, so as I can't walk quite right." Hence the annual practical joke—"beating the lapstone."

P.

## Manners.

### GAMBLING-HOUSES A CENTURY AGO.

From "The London Mercury" of January 13, 1721-2.

There are, it seems, in the parish of Covent-garden, twenty-two such houses, some of which clear sometimes 100*l.*, and seldom less than 40*l.* a night. They have their proper officers, both civil and military, with salaries proportionable to their respective degrees, and the importance they are of in the service, viz.

*A commissioner*, or commis, who is always a proprietor of the gaming-house: he looks in once a night, and the week's account is audited by him and two others of the proprietors.

*A director*, who superintends the room.

*The operator*, the dealer at faro.

*Croupes* two, who watch the card, and gather the money for the bank.

*A puff*, one who has money given him to play, in order to decoy others.

*A clerk*, who is a check upon the puff, to see that he sinks none of that money.—*A squib* is a puff of a lower rank, and has half the salary of a puff.

*A flasher*, one who sits by to swear how often he has seen the bank stript.

*A dunner*, waiters.

*An attorney*, or solicitor.

*A captain*, one who is to fight any man that is peevish or out of humour at the loss of his money.

*An usher*, who takes care that the porter, or grenadier at the door, suffers none to come in but those he knows.

*A porter*, who, at most of the gaming-ouses, is a soldier hired for that purpose.

*A runner*, to get intelligence of all the meetings of the justices of the peace, and when the constables go upon the search.

Any link-boy, coachman, chairman, drawer, or other person, who gives notice of the constables being upon the search, has half a guinea.

## Omnia.

### TASTE.

Taste is the discriminating talisman, enabling its owner to see at once the real merits of persons and things, to ascertain at a glance the true from the false, and to decide rightly on the value of individuals.

Nothing escapes him who walks the world with his eyes touched by this ointment; they are open to all around him—to admire,

or to condemn—to gaze with rapture, or to turn away with disgust, where another shall pass and see nothing to excite the slightest emotion. The fair creation of nature, and the works of man afford *him* a wide field of continual gratification. The brook, brawling over its bed of rocks or pebbles, half concealed by the overhanging bushes that fringe its banks—or the great river flowing, in unperturbed majesty, through a wide vale of peace and plenty, or forcing its passage through a lofty range of opposing hills—the gentle knoll, and the towering mountain—the rocky dell, and the awful precipice—the young plantation, and the venerable forest, are alike to him objects of interest and of admiration.

So in the works of man, a foot-bridge, thrown across a torrent, may be in it as gratifying to the man of taste as the finest arch, or most wonderful chain-bridge in the world; and a cottage of the humblest order may be so beautifully situated, so neatly kept, and so tastefully adorned with woodbine and jessamine, as to call forth his admiration equally with the princely residence of the British landholder, in all its pride of position, and splendour of architecture.

In short, this faculty is applicable to every object; and he who finds any thing too lofty or too humble for his admiration, does not possess it. It is exercised in the every-day affairs of life as much as in the higher arts and sciences.—*Monthly Magazine*.

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#### TWO RAVENS, ABROAD.

On the quay at Nimeguen, in the United Provinces, *two ravens* are kept at the public expense; they live in a roomy apartment, with a large wooden cage before it, which serves them for a *balcony*. These birds are feasted every day with the choicest fowls, with as much exactness as if they were for a gentleman's table. The privileges of the city were granted originally upon the observance of this strange custom, which is continued to this day.

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#### TWO RAVENS, AT HOME.

In a MS. of the late Rev. Mr. Gough, of Shrewsbury, it is related, that one Thomas Elkes, of Middle, in Shropshire, being guardian to his eldest brother's child, who was young, and stood in his way to a considerable estate, hired a poor boy to entice him into a corn field to gather flowers, and

meeting them, sent the poor boy home, took his nephew in his arms, and carried him to a pond at the other end of the field, into which he put the child, and there left him. The child being missed, and inquiry made after him, Elkes fled, and took the road to London; the neighbours sent two horsemen in pursuit of him, who passing along the road near South Mims, in Hertfordshire, saw *two ravens* sitting on a cock of hay making an unusual noise, and pulling the hay about with their beaks, on which they went to the place, and found Elkes asleep under the hay. He said, that these two ravens had followed him from the time he did the fact. He was brought to Shrewsbury, tried, condemned, and hung in chains on Knockinheath.

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#### THE LAST TREE OF THE FOREST.

Whisper, thou tree, thou lonely tree,

One, where a thousand stood!

We'll might proud tales be told by thee,

Last of the solemn wood!

Dwells there no voice amidst thy boughs,

With leaves yet darkly green?

Stillness is round, and noontide glows—

Tell us what thou hast seen!

“I have seen the forest-shadows lie

Where now men reap the corn;

I have seen the kingly chase rush by,

Through the deep glades at morn.

“With the glance of many a gallant spear,

And the wave of many a plume,

And the bounding of a hundred deer

It hath lit the woodland's gloom.

“I have seen the knight and his train ride past,

With his banner borne on high;

O'er all my leaves there was brightness cast

From his gleamy panoply.

“The pilgrim at my feet hath laid

His palm-branch 'midst the flowers,

And told his beads, and meekly pray'd,

Kneeling at vesper-hours.

“And the merry men of wild and glen,

In the green array they wore,

Have feasted here with the red wine's cheer,

And the hunter-songs of yore.

“And the minstrel, resting in my shade,

Hath made the forest ring

With the lordly tales of the high crusade,

Once loved by chief and king.

“But now the noble forms are gone,]

That walk'd the earth of old;

The soft wind hath a mournful tone,

The sunny light looks cold.

"There is no glory left us now  
Like the glory with the dead :—  
I would that where they slumber low,  
My latest leaves were shed."

Oh ! thou dark tree, thou lonely tree,  
That mournest for the past !  
A peasant's home in thy shade I see,  
Embower'd from every blast.

A lovely and a mirthful sound  
Of laughter meets mine ear ;  
For the poor man's children sport around  
On the turf, with nought to fear.

And roses lend that cabin's wall  
A happy summer-glow,  
And the open door stands free to all,  
For it recks not of a foe.

And the village-bells are on the breeze  
That stirs thy leaf, dark tree !—  
—How can I mourn, amidst things like these,  
For the stormy past with thee ?

F. H. *New Monthly Magazine.*

### MISS POLLY BAKER.

Towards the end of 1777, the abbé Raynal calling on Dr. Franklin found, in company with the doctor, their common friend, Silas Deane. "Ah ! monsieur l'abbé," said Deane, "we were just talking of you and your works. Do you know that you have been very ill served by some of those people who have undertaken to give you information on American affairs ?" The abbé resisted this attack with some warmth ; and Deane supported it by citing a variety of passages from Raynal's works, which he alleged to be incorrect. At last they came to the anecdote of "Polly Baker," on which the abbé had displayed a great deal of pathos and sentiment. "Now here," says Deane, "is a tale in which there is not one word of truth." Raynal fired at this, and asserted that he had taken it from an authentic memoir received from America. Franklin, who had amused himself hitherto with listening to the dispute of his friends, at length interposed, "My dear abbé," said he, "shall I tell you the truth ? When I was a young man, and rather more thoughtless than is becoming at our present time of life, I was employed in writing for a newspaper ; and, as it sometimes happened that I wanted genuine materials to fill up my page, I occasionally drew on the stores of my imagination for a tale which might pass current as a reality—now this very anecdote of Polly Baker was one of my inventions."

### BREAD SEALS.

The new conundrum of "bread pats," as the ladies call the epigrammatic impressors that their work-boxes are always full of now, pleases me mightily. Nothing could be more stupid than the old style of *affiche*—an initial—carefully engraved in a hand always perfectly unintelligible ; or a crest—necessarily out of its place, nine times in ten, in female correspondence—because nothing could be more un-*germane* than a "bloody dagger" alarming every body it met, on the outside of an order for minikin pins ! or a "fiery dragon," threatening a French mantua-maker for some undue degree of tightness in the fitting of the sleeve ! and then the same emblem, recurring through the whole letter-writing of a life, became tedious. But now every lady has a selection of axioms (in flower and water) always by her, suited to different occasions. As, "Though lost to *sight*, to memory 'dear !'"—when she writes to a friend who has lately had his eye poked out. "Though absent, unforgotten !"—to a female correspondent, whom she has not written to for perhaps the three last (twopenny) posts ; or, "*Vous le meritez !*" with the figure of a "rose"—emblematic of every thing beautiful—when she writes to a lover. It was receiving a note with this last seal to it that put the subject of seals into my mind ; and I have some notion of getting one engraved with the same motto, "*Vous le meritez*," only with the personification of a *horsewhip* under it, instead of a "rose"—for peculiar occasions. And perhaps a second would not do amiss, with the same emblem, only with the motto, "*Tu l'auras !*" as a sort of corollary upon the first, in cases of emergency ! At all events, I patronise the system of a variety of "posies ;" because, where the inside of a letter is likely to be stupid, it gives you the chance of a joke upon the out.—*Monthly Magazine.*

### BLEEDING FOR OUR COUNTRY.

It is related of a Lord Radnor in Chesterfield's time, that, with many good qualities, and no inconsiderable share of learning, he had a strong desire of being thought skilful in physic, and was very expert in bleeding. Lord Chesterfield knew his foible, and on a particular occasion, wanting his vote, came to him, and, after having conversed upon indifferent matters, complained of the headache, and desired his lordship to feel his pulse. Lord Radnor immediately advised

him to lose blood. Chesterfield complimented his lordship on his surgical skill, and begged him to try his lancet upon him. "A propos," said lord Chesterfield, after the operation, "do you go to the house to-day?" Lord Radnor answered, "I did not intend to go, not being sufficiently informed of the question which is to be debated; but you, that have considered it, which side will you be of?"—The wily earl easily directed his judgment, carried him to the house, and got him to vote as he pleased. Lord Chesterfield used to say, that none of his friends had been as patriotic as himself, for he had "*lost his blood for the good of his country.*"

## Social Happiness.

### A VILLAGE NEW YEAR.

#### *For the Table Book.*

"Almack's" may be charming,—an assembly at the "Crown and Anchor," and a hop of country quality at the annual "Race Ball," or a more popular "set to" at a fashionable watering-place, may delight—but a lady of city or town cannot conceive the emotions enjoyed by a party collected in the village to see the "old year" out and the "new year" in. At this time, the "country dance" is of the first importance to the young and old, yet not till the week has been occupied by abundant provisions of meat, fruit tarts, and mince pies, which, with made wines, ales, and spirits, are, like the blocks for fuel, piled in store for all partakers, gentle and simple. Extra best beds, stabling, and hay, are made ready,—fine celery dug,—the china service and pewter plates examined,—in short, want and wish are anticipated, nothing is omitted, but every effort used to give proofs of genuine hospitality. This year, if there is to be war in Portugal, many widowed hearts and orphan spirits may be diverted from, not to, a scene which is witnessed in places where peace and plenty abound. However, I will not be at war by conjecture, but suppose much of the milk of human kindness to be shared with those who look at the sunny side of things.

After tea, at which the civilities of the most gallant of the young assist to lighten the task of the hostess, the fiddler is announced, the "country dance" begins, and the lasses are all alive; their eyes seem lustrous and their animal spirits rise to the zero of harmonious and beautiful attraction.

The choosing of partners and tunes with favourite figures is highly considered. Old folks who have a leg left and are desirous of repeating the step (though not so light) of fifty years back, join the dance; and the floor, whether of stone or wood, is swept to notes till feet are tired. This is pursued till suppertime at ten o'clock. Meantime, the "band" (called "waits" in London) is playing before the doors of the great neighbours, and regaled with beer, and chine, and pies; the village "college youths" are tuning the handbells, and the admirers of the "steeple chase" loiter about the churchyard to hear the clock strike twelve, and startle the air by high mettle sounds. Methodist and Moravian dissenters assemble at their places of worship to watch out the old year, and continue to "watch" till four or five in the new year's morning. Villagers, otherwise disposed, follow the church plan, and commemorate the vigils in the old unreformed way. After a sumptuous supper,—at which some maiden's heart is endangered by the roguish eye, or the salute and squeeze by stealth, dancing is resumed, and, according to custom, a change of partners takes place, often to the joy and disappointment of love and lovers. At every rest—the fiddler makes a squeaking of the strings—this is called *kiss 'em!* a practice well understood by the *tulip* fanciers. The pipes, tobacco, and substantial are on the *qui vive*, by the elders in another part of the house, and the pint goes often to the cellar.

As the clock strikes a quarter to twelve, a bumper is given to the "old friend," standing, with three farewells! and while the church bells strike out the departure of his existence, another bumper is pledged to the "new infant," with three standing hip, hip, hip—huzzas! It is further customary for the dance to continue all this time, that the union of the years should be cemented by friendly intercourse. Feasting and merriment are carried on until four or five o'clock, when, as the works of the kitchen have not been relaxed, a pile of sugar toast is prepared, and every guest must partake of its sweetness, and praise it too, before separation. Headaches, lassitude, and paleness, are thought little of, pleasure suppresses the sigh, and the spirit of joy keeps the undulations of care in proper subjection—Happy times these!—Joyful opportunities borrowed out of youth to be repaid by ripened memory!—snatched, as it were, from the wings of Time to be written on his brow with wrinkles hereafter.



### The last Likeness of the Duke of York.

(NOW FIRST ENGRAVED)

FROM THE BUST BY BEHNES, EXECUTED FOR HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS IN 1826.

In the rude block aspiring talent sees  
 Its patron's face, and hews it out with ease;  
 Ere fail'd the royal breath, the marble breath'd,  
 And lives to be by gratitude enwreath'd.

Towards the close of the year 1825, the duke of York commenced to sit for this bust at his late residence in the Stable-yard, St. James's; and, in the summer of 1826, continued to give sittings, till its final completion, at the artist's house, in Dean-street, Soho. The marble was then removed, for exhibition, to the Royal Academy, and from thence sent home to his royal highness, at Rutland-house. The duke

and his royal sister, the princess Sophia, were equally delighted with the true and spirited likeness, and gratified by its possession, as a work of art.

The duke of York, on giving his orders to Mr. Behnes, left entirely to him the arrangement of the figure. With great judgment, and in reference to his royal highness's distinguished station, the artist has placed armour on the body, and thrown

a military cloak over the shoulders. This judicious combination of costume imparts simplicity and breadth to the bust, and assists the manly dignity of the head. The duke's fine open features bear the frank and good-natured expression they constantly wore in life: the resemblance being minutely faithful, is as just to his royal highness's exalted and benevolent character, as it is creditable to Mr. Behnes's execution. The present engraving is a hasty sketch of its general appearance. His royal highness kindly permitted Mr. Behnes to take casts from the sculpture. Of the many, therefore, who experienced the duke of York's friendship or favour, any one who desires to hold his royal highness's person in remembrance, has an opportunity of obtaining a fac-simile of the original bust, which is as large as life.

Mr. Behnes was the last artist to whom the duke sat, and, consequently, this is his last likeness. The marble was in the possession of his royal highness during his long illness, and to the moment of his death, in Arlington-street. Its final destination will be appropriated by those to whom he was most attached, and on whom the disposition of such a memorial necessarily devolves.

To the ample accounts of the duke of York in the different journals, the *Table Book* brings together a few particulars omitted to be collected, preceded by a few notices respecting his royal highness's title, a correct list of all the dukes of York from their origin, and, first, with an interesting paper by a gentleman who favoured the *Every-Day Book* with some valuable genealogical communications.

## SHAKSPEARE'S DUKES OF YORK, &c.

### *For the Table Book.*

The elastic buoyancy of spirits, joined with the rare affability of disposition, which prominently marked the character of the prince whose recent loss we deplore, rendered him the enthusiastic admirer and steady supporter of the English stage. I hope I shall not be taken to task for alluding to a trifling coincidence, on recalling to recollection how largely the mighty master of this department, our immortal Shakspeare, has drawn upon his royal highness's illustrious predecessors in title, in those unrivalled dramatic sketches which unite the force of genius with the simplicity of nature, whilst they impart to the strictly accurate annals of our national history

some of the most vivid illuminations which blaze through the records of our national eloquence.

The touches of a master-hand giving vent to the emanations of a mighty mind are, perhaps, no where more palpably traced, than throughout those scenes of the historical play of Richard II., where Edmund of Langley, duke of York, (son of king Edward III.,) struggles mentally between sentiments of allegiance to his weak and misguided sovereign on the one hand, and, on the other hand, his sense of his other nephew Bolingbroke's grievous wrongs, and the injuries inflicted on his country by a system of favouritism, profusion, and oppression.

Equal skill and feeling are displayed in the delineation of his son Rutland's devoted attachment to his dethroned benefactor, and the adroit detection, at a critical moment, of the conspiracy, into which he had entered for Richard's restoration.

In the subsequent play of Henry V., (perhaps the most heart-stirring of this interesting series,) we learn how nobly this very Rutland (who had succeeded his father, Edmund of Langley, as duke of York) repaid Henry IV.'s generous and unconditional pardon, by his heroic conduct in the glorious field of Agincourt, where he sealed his devotion to his king and country with his blood.

Shakspeare has rendered familiar to us the intricate plans of deep-laid policy, and the stormy scenes of domestic desolation, through which his nephew and successor, Richard, the next duke of York, obtained a glimpse of that throne, to which, according to strictness, he was legitimately entitled just before

“York overlook'd the town of York.”

The licentious indulgence, the hard-hearted selfishness, the reckless cruelty, which history indelibly stamps as the characteristics of his son and successor, Edward, who shortly afterwards seated himself firmly on the throne, are presented to us in colours equally vivid and authentic. The interestingly pathetic detail of the premature extinction in infancy of his second son, prince Richard, whom he had invested with the title of York, is brought before our eyes in the tragedy of Richard III., with a forcible skill and a plaintive energy, which set the proudest efforts of preceding or following dramatic writers at defiance.

To “bluff king Hal,” (who, during the lifetime of his elder brother, Arthur, prince

of Wales, had next borne this exclusively royal title of duke of York,) ample justice is rendered, in every point of view, in that production, as eminent for its gorgeous pageantry as for its subdued interest, in which most of our elder readers must have been sufficiently fortunate to witness the transcendent merits of Mrs. Siddons, as Queen Catherine, surpassing even her own accustomed excellence.

Had, contrary to the wonted career of the triumph of human intellect, a Shakspeare enraptured and adorned the next generation, what studies would not the characters and fates of the martyred Charles I., and his misguided son, James II., have afforded to his contemplation. Both these sovereigns, during the lives of their respective elder brothers, bore the title of duke of York.

The counties of York and Lancaster are the only two in England from which the titles conferred have been exclusively enjoyed by princes of the blood royal. It may be safely asserted, that neither of these designations has ever illustrated an individual, who was not either son, brother, grandson, or nephew of the sovereign of this realm.

Richard, duke of York, killed at the battle of Wakefield, may, at first sight, strike the reader as an exception to this assertion, he being only cousin to Henry VI.; but we ought to bear in mind, that this Richard was himself entitled to that throne, of which his eldest son shortly afterwards obtained possession, under the title of Edward IV.

By the treaty of Westphalia, concluded at Munster, in 1648, which put an end to the memorable war that desolated the fairest portion of the civilized world during thirty years, it was stipulated that the bishopric of Osnaburgh, then secularized, should be alternately possessed by a prince of the catholic house of Bavaria, and the protestant house of Brunswick Lunenburgh. It is somewhat remarkable, on the score of dates, that the Bavarian family enjoyed but one presentation between the death of Ernest Augustus, duke of York, in 1728, and the presentation of his great, great, great nephew, the lamented prince whose loss, in 1827, is so deeply and justly deplored.

W. P.

#### OTHO, EARL OF YORK.

More than five centuries before a prince of the house of Brunswick sat on the

British throne, there is a name in the genealogy of the Guelphs connected with the title of York.

Until the time of Gibbon, the learned were inclined to ascribe to Azo, the great patriarch of the house of Este, a direct male descent from Charlemagne: the brilliant result of this able investigator's researches prove, in Azo's behalf, four certain lineal ascents, and two others, highly probable,

"—— from the pure well of *Italian* undefiled."

Azo, marquis or lord of Tuscany, married Cunegunda, a daughter of a Guelph, who was also sister of a Guelph, and heiress of the last Guelph. The issue of this alliance was Guelph I., who, at a time before titles were well settled, was either duke or count of Altdorff. He was succeeded by his son, Henry the Black, who married Wolfhildis, heiress of Lunenburgh, and other possessions on the Elbe, which descended to their son, Henry the Proud, who wedded Gertrude, the heiress of Saxony, Brunswick, and Hanover. These large domains centered in their eldest son, Henry the Lion, who married Maud, daughter of Henry II., king of England, and, in the conflicts of the times, lost all his possessions, except his allodial territories of Lunenburgh, Brunswick, and Hanover. The youngest son of this marriage was William of Winchester, or Longsword, from whom descended the dukes of Brunswick and Lunenburgh, in Germany, progenitors to the house of Hanover. His elder brother, Otho, is said to have borne the title of York.

This Otho, duke of Saxony, the eldest son of Henry the Lion, and Maud, was afterwards emperor of Germany; but previous to attaining the imperial dignity, he was created earl of York by Richard I., king of England, who, according to some authorities, subsequently exchanged with Otho, and gave him the earldom of Poictou for that of York. Otho's relation to this kingdom, as earl of York, and grandson of Henry II., is as interesting as his fortunes were remarkable.

The emperor, Henry VI., having died, and left his son, Frederick, an infant three months old, to the care of his brother Philip, duke of Suabia; the minority of Frederick tempted pope Innocent to divest the house of Suabia of the imperial crown, and he prevailed on certain princes to elect Otho, of Saxony, emperor: other princes reelected the infant Frederick. The contention continued between the rival candi-

dates, with repeated elections. Otho, by flattering the clergy, obtained himself to be crowned at Rome, and assumed the title of Otho IV.; but some of his followers having been killed by the Roman citizens he meditated revenge, and instead of returning to Germany, reconquered certain possessions usurped from the empire by the pope. For this violence Otho was excommunicated by the holy father, who turned his influence in behalf of the youthful Frederick, and procured him to be elected emperor instead. Otho had a quarrel with Philip Augustus, king of France, respecting an old wager between them. Philip, neither believing nor wishing that Otho could attain the imperial dignity, had wagered the best city in his kingdom against whichever he should select of Otho's baggage horses, if he carried his point. After Otho had achieved it, he seriously demanded the city of Paris from Philip, who quite as seriously refused to deliver up his capital. War ensued, and in the decisive battle of Boyjnes, called the "battle of the spurs," from the number of knights who perished, Philip defeated Otho at the head of two hundred thousand Germans. The imperial dragon, which the Germans, in their wars, were accustomed to plant on a great armed chariot with a guard chosen from the flower of the army, fell into the hands of the victors, and the emperor himself barely escaped at the hazard of his life. This battle was fought in August, 1215; and Otho, completely vanquished, retreated upon his devotions, and died in 1218, without issue.\*

The wager, in its consequences so disastrous to the Germans, and so illustrious to the French arms, was made with Philip while Otho was passing through France on his way from the court of England. Collectors of "engraved British portraits," and the portraits of persons who "come into England," should look to this. How many illustrated "Grangers" are there with a portrait of Otho IV., earl of York?

## THE DUKES OF YORK.

### I.

Edmund Plantagenet, surnamed De Langley, from his birth-place, fifth son of king Edward III., was first created earl of Cambridge by his father, and afterwards created duke of York by his nephew, Richard II. He was much influenced by

his brother, the duke of Gloucester; and an historian of the period calls him "a soft prince." It is certain that he had few stirring qualities, and that passive virtues were not valued in an age when they were of little service to contending parties. In 1402, three years after the accession of Henry IV., he died at his manor of Langley, and was interred in the priory there.

### II.

Edward Plantagenet, *second* duke of York, was son of the first duke, grandson to Edward III., and great uncle to Henry V., by whose side he valiantly fought and perished, in the field of Agincourt, October 25, 1415.

### III.

Richard Plantagenet, *third* duke of York, nephew of the second duke, and son of Richard earl of Cambridge, who was executed for treason against Henry V.; was restored to his paternal honours by Henry VI., and allowed to succeed to his uncle's inheritance. As he was one of the most illustrious by descent, so he became one of the most powerful subjects through his dignities and alliances. After the death of the duke of Bedford, the celebrated regent of France, he was appointed to succeed him, and with the assistance of the valorous lord Talbot, afterwards earl of Shrewsbury, maintained a footing in the French territories upwards of five years. The incapacity of Henry VI. incited him to urge his claim to the crown of England in right of his mother, through whom he descended from Philippa, only daughter of the duke of Clarence, *second* son to Edward III.; whereas the king descended from the duke of Lancaster, *third* son of that monarch. The duke's superiority of descent, his valour and mildness in various high employments, and his immense possessions, derived through numerous successions, gave him influence with the nobility, and procured him formidable connections. He levied war against the king, and without material loss slew about five thousand of the royal forces at St. Alban's, on the 22d of May, 1452. This was the first blood spilt in the fierce and fatal quarrel between the rival houses of York and Lancaster, which lasted thirty years, was signalized by twelve pitched battles, cost the lives of eighty princes of the blood, and almost annihilated the ancient nobility of England. After this battle, the duke's irresolution, and the heroism of Margaret, queen of Henry VI., caused a suspension of hostilities.

\* Hist. of House of Austria. Rapin. Favine.



The leaders on both sides assented to meet in London, and be solemnly reconciled. The duke of York led the queen in solemn procession to St. Paul's, and the chiefs of one party marched hand in hand with the chiefs of the other. It was a public demonstration of peace, with secret mutual distrust; and an accident aroused the slumbering strife. One of the king's retinue insulted one of the earl of Warwick's; their companions fought, and both parties in every county flew to arms. The battle of Bloreheath, in Staffordshire, 23d September, 1459, was won by the Lancastrians. At the battle of Northampton, 10th July, 1560, the Yorkists had the victory, and the king was taken prisoner. A parliament, summoned in the king's name, met at Westminster, which the duke of York attended; and, had he then seated himself on the throne in the House of Lords, the deadly feud might have been ended by his being proclaimed king; but his coolness and moderation intimidated his friends, and encouraged his enemies. His personal courage was undoubted, but he was deficient in political courage. The parliament deliberated, and though they declared the duke's title indefeasible, yet they decided that Henry should retain the crown during life. They provided, however, that till the king's decease the government should be administered by the duke, as the true and lawful heir of the monarchy; and in this arrangement Richard acquiesced. Meanwhile, queen Margaret, with her infant son, appealed to the barons of the north against the settlement in the south, and collected an army with astonishing celerity. The duke of York hastened with five thousand troops to quell what he imagined to be the beginning of an insurrection, and found, near Wakefield, a force of twenty thousand men. He threw himself into Sandal castle, but with characteristic bravery, imagining he should be disgraced by remaining between walls in fear of a female, he descended into the plain of Wakefield on the 24th of December, and gave battle to the queen, who largely outnumbering his little army, defeated and slew him; and his son, the earl of Rutland, an innocent youth of seventeen, having been taken prisoner, was murdered in cold blood by the lord de Clifford. Margaret caused the duke's head to be cut off, and fixed on the gates of the city of York, with a paper crown on it in derision of his claim. He perished in the fiftieth year of his age, worthy of a better fate.

## IV.

Edward Plantagenet, *fourth* duke of

York, eldest son of the last, prosecuted his father's pretensions, and defeated the earl of Pembroke, half brother to Henry VI., at Mortimer's Cross, in Herefordshire. Shortly afterwards, queen Margaret advanced upon London, and gained a victory over the Yorkists under the earl of Warwick, at the second battle of St. Alban's, and, at the same time, regained possession of the person of her weak husband. Pressed by the Yorkists, she retreated to the north, and the youthful duke, remarkable for beauty of person, bravery, affability, and every popular quality, entered the capital amidst the acclamations of the citizens. Elated by his success, he resolved to openly insist on his claim, and treat his adversaries as rebels and traitors. On the 3d of March, 1460, he caused his army to muster in St. John's Fields, Clerkenwell; and after an harangue to the multitude surrounding his soldiery, the tumultuary crowd were asked whether they would have Henry of Lancaster, or Edward, eldest son of the late duke of York, for king. Their "sweet voices" were for the latter; and this show of popular election was ratified by a great number of bishops, lords, magistrates, and other persons of distinction, assembled for that purpose at Baynard's Castle. On the morrow, the duke went to St. Paul's and offered, and had Te Deum sung, and was with great royalty conveyed to Westminster, and there in the great hall sat in the king's seat, with St. Edward's sceptre in his hand. On the 29th of March, 1461, he fought the fierce and bloody battle of Towton, wherein he issued orders to give no quarter, and there were above thirty-six thousand slain. This slaughter confirmed him king of England, and he reigned upwards of twenty years under the title of Edward IV., defiling his fame and power by effeminacy and cruelty. The title of York merged in the royal dignity.

## V.

Richard Plantagenet, of Shrewsbury, *fifth* duke of York, son of Edward IV., was murdered in the tower while young, with his elder brother, Edward V., by order of their uncle, the duke of Gloucester, afterwards Richard III.

## VI.

Henry Tudor, *sixth* duke of York, was so created by his father Henry VII., whom he succeeded as king, under the title of Henry VIII., and stained our annals with heartless crimes.

## VII.

Charles Stuart, *seventh* duke of York, was second son of James I., by whom he was created to that title in 1604, and whom he succeeded in the throne as Charles I.

## VIII.

James Stuart, a younger son of Charles I., was the *eighth* duke of York. While bearing this title during the reign of his brother Charles II., he manifested great personal courage as a naval commander, in several actions with the Dutch. Under the title of James II., he incompetently filled the throne and weakly abdicated it.

## IX.

Ernest Augustus Guelph, *ninth* duke of York, duke of Albany, earl of Ulster, and bishop of Osnaburgh, was brother to George Lewis Guelph, elector of Hanover, and king of England as George I., by letters from whom, in 1716, he was dignified as above, and died in 1728, unmarried.

## X.

Edward Augustus, *tenth* duke of York, duke of Albany, and earl of Ulster, was second son of Frederick prince of Wales, and brother to king George III., by whom he was created to those titles. He died at Monaco, in Italy, September 17, 1767, unmarried.

## XI.

## THE LATE DUKE OF YORK.

Frederick, *eleventh* Duke of York, was brother of His Majesty King George IV., and second son of his late Majesty King George III., by whom he was advanced to the dignities of Duke of the Kingdom of Great Britain, and of Earl of the Kingdom of Ireland, by the titles of Duke of York and of Albany in Great Britain, and of Earl of Ulster in Ireland, and presented to the Bishopric of Osnaburgh. His Royal Highness was Commander-in-Chief of all the Land Forces of the United Kingdom, Colonel of the First Regiment of Foot Guards, Colonel-in-chief of the 60th Regiment of Infantry, Officiating Grand Master of the Order of the Bath, High Steward of New Windsor, Warden and Keeper of the New Forest Hampshire, Knight of the Garter, Knight of the Order of the Holy Ghost in France, of the Black Eagle in Russia, the Red Eagle in Prussia, of St. Maria Theresa in Austria, of Charles III. in Spain, Doctor of Civil Law, and Fellow of the Royal Society.

The late duke of York was born on the

16th of August, 1763; he died on the 5th of January, 1827. A few miscellaneous memoranda are extracted from journals of the dates they refer to.

The duke of York was sent to Germany to finish his education. On the 1st of August, 1787, his royal highness, after having been only five days on the road from Hanover to Calais, embarked at that port, on board a common packet-boat, for England, and arrived at Dover the same afternoon. He was at St. James's-palace the following day by half-past twelve o'clock; and, on the arrival of the prince of Wales at Carlton-house, he was visited by the duke, after an absence of four years, which, far from cooling, had increased the affection of the royal brothers.

On the 20th of December, in the same year, a grand masonic lodge was held at the Star and Garter in Pall-mall. The duke of Cumberland as grand-master, the prince of Wales, and the duke of York, were in the new uniform of the Britannic-lodge, and the duke of York received another degree in masonry; he had some time before been initiated in the first mysteries of the brotherhood.

On the 5th of February, 1788, the duke of York appeared in the Court of King's Bench, and was sworn to give evidence before the grand jury of Middlesex, on an indictment for fraud, in sending a letter to his royal highness, purporting to be a letter from captain Morris, requesting the loan of forty pounds. The grand jury found the indictment, and the prisoner, whose name does not appear, was brought into court by the keeper of Tothill-fields Bridewell, and pleaded not guilty, whereupon he was remanded, and the indictment appointed to be tried in the sittings after the following term; but there is no account of the trial having been had.

In December of the same year, the duke ordered two hundred and sixty sacks of coals to be distributed among the families of the married men of his regiment, and the same to be continued during the severity of the weather.

In 1788, pending the great question of the regency, it was contended on that side of the House of Commons from whence

extension of royal prerogative was least expected, that from the moment parliament was made acquainted with the king's incapacity, a *right* attached to the prince of Wales to exercise the regal functions, in the name of his father. On the 15th of December, the duke of York rose in the House of Lords, and a profound silence ensued. His royal highness said, that though perfectly unused as he was to speak in a public assembly, yet he could not refrain from offering his sentiments to their lordships on a subject in which the dearest interests of the country were involved. He said, he entirely agreed with the noble lords who had expressed their wishes to avoid any question which tended to induce a discussion on the rights of the prince. The fact was plain, that no such claim of right had been made on the part of the prince; and he was confident that his royal highness understood too well the sacred principles which seated the house of Brunswick on the throne of Great Britain, ever to assume or exercise any power, *be his claim what it might*, not derived from the will of the people, expressed by their representatives and their lordships in parliament assembled. On this ground his royal highness said, that he must be permitted to hope that the wisdom and moderation of all considerate men, at a moment when temper and unanimity were so peculiarly necessary, on account of the dreadful calamity which every description of persons must in common lament, but which he more particularly felt, would make them wish to avoid pressing a decision, which certainly was not *necessary* to the great object expected from parliament, and which must be most painful in the discussion to a family already sufficiently agitated and afflicted. His royal highness concluded with saying, that these were the sentiments of an honest heart, equally influenced by duty and affection to his royal father, and attachment to the constitutional rights of his subjects; and that he was confident, if his royal brother were to address them in his place as a peer of the realm, that these were the sentiments which he would distinctly avow.

His majesty in council having declared his consent, under the great seal, to a contract of matrimony between his royal highness the duke of York and her royal highness the princess Frederique Charlotte Ulrique Catherine of Prussia, eldest daughter of the king of Prussia, on the 29th of September, 1791, the marriage ceremony was performed at Berlin. About six o'clock in the afternoon, all the persons of the blood

royal assembled in gala, in the apartments of the dowager queen, where the diamond crown was put on the head of princess Frederica. The generals, ministers, ambassadors, and the high nobility, assembled in the white hall. At seven o'clock, the duke of York, preceded by the gentlemen of the chamber, and the court officers of state, led the princess his spouse, whose train was carried by four ladies of the court, through all the parade apartments; after them went the king, with the queen dowager, prince Lewis of Prussia, with the reigning queen, and others of the royal family to the white hall, where a canopy was erected of crimson velvet, and also a crimson velvet sofa for the marriage ceremony. The royal couple placed themselves under the canopy, before the sofa, the royal family stood round them, and the upper counsellor of the consistory, Mr. Sack, made a speech in German. This being over, rings were exchanged; and the illustrious couple, kneeling on the sofa, were married according to the rites of the reformed church. The whole ended with a prayer. Twelve guns, placed in the garden, fired three rounds, and the benediction was given. The new-married couple then received the congratulations of the royal family, and returned in the same manner to the apartments, where the royal family, and all persons present, sat down to card-tables; after which, the whole court, the high nobility, and the ambassadors, sat down to supper, at six tables. The first was placed under a canopy of crimson velvet, and the victuals served in gold dishes and plates. The other five tables, at which sat the generals, ministers, ambassadors, all the officers of the court, and the high nobility, were served in other apartments.

During supper, music continued playing in the galleries of the first hall, which immediately began when the company entered the hall. At the dessert, the royal table was served with a beautiful set of china, made in the Berlin manufactory. Supper being over, the whole assembly repaired to the white hall, where the trumpet, timbrel, and other music were playing; and the *flambeau* dance was begun, at which the ministers of state carried the torches. With this ended the festivity. The ceremony of the re-marriage of the duke and duchess of York took place at the Queen's Palace, London, on the 23d of November.

The duchess of York died on the 6th of August, 1820.

## THE DANCE OF TORCHES.

As a note of illustration on this dance at the Prussian nuptials of the duke and duchess of York, reference may be had to a slight mention of the same observance on the marriage of the prince royal of Prussia with the princess of Bavaria, in the *Every-Day Book*, vol. i. p. 1551. Since that article, I find more descriptive particulars of it in a letter from baron Bielfeld, giving an account of the marriage of the prince of Prussia with the princess of Brunswick Wolfenbuttle, at Berlin, in 1742. The baron was present at the ceremonial.

“As soon as their majesties rose from table, the whole company returned into the white hall; from whence the altar was removed, and the room was illuminated with fresh wax lights. The musicians were placed on a stage of solid silver. Six lieutenant generals, and six ministers of state, stood, each with a white wax torch in his hand, ready to be lighted, in conformity to a ceremony used in the German courts on these occasions, which is called ‘*the dance of torches*,’ in allusion to the torch of Hymen. This dance was opened by the new married prince and princess, who made the tour of the hall, saluting the king and the company. Before them went the ministers and the generals, two and two, with their lighted torches. The princess then gave her hand to the king, and the prince to the queen; the king gave his hand to the queen mother, and the reigning queen to prince Henry; and in this manner all the princes and princesses that were present, one after the other, and according to their rank, led up the dance, making the tour of the hall, almost in the step of the Polognese. The novelty of this performance, and the sublime quality of the performers, made it in some degree agreeable. Otherwise the extreme gravity of the dance itself, with the continual round and formal pace of the dancers, the frequent going out of the torches, and the clangour of the trumpets that rent the ear, all these I say made it too much resemble the dance of the Sarmates, those ancient inhabitants of the prodigious woods of this country.”

On the 7th of June, 1794, about four o'clock in the morning, a fire broke out at the duke of York's palace at Oatlands. It began in the kitchen, and was occasioned by a beam which projected into the chimney, and communicated to the roof. His royal highness's armoury was in that wing of the building where the fire commenced,

in which forty pounds of gunpowder being deposited, a number of most curious warlike instruments, which his royal highness had collected on the continent, were destroyed. Many of the guns and other weapons were presented from the king of Prussia, and German officers of distinction, and to each piece was attached its history. By the seasonable exertions of the neighbourhood, the flames were prevented from spreading to the main part of the building. The duchess was at Oatlands at the time, and beheld the conflagration from her sleeping apartment, in the centre of the mansion, from which the flames were prevented communicating by destroying a gateway, over the wing that adjoined to the house. Her royal highness gave her orders with perfect composure, directed abundant refreshment to the people who were extinguishing the flames, and then retired to the rooms of the servants at the stables, which are considerably detached from the palace. His majesty rode over from Windsor-castle to visit her royal highness, and staid with her a considerable time.

On the 8th of April, 1808, whilst the duke of York was riding for an airing along the King's-road towards Fulham, a drover's dog crossed, and barked in front of the horse. The animal, suddenly rearing, fell backwards, with the duke under him; and the horse rising, with the duke's foot in the stirrup, dragged him along, and did him further injury. When extricated, the duke, with great cheerfulness, denied he was much hurt, yet two of his ribs were broken, the back of his head and face contused, and one of his legs and arms much bruised. A gentleman in a hack chaise immediately alighted, and the duke was conveyed in it to York-house, Piccadilly, where his royal highness was put to bed, and in due time recovered to the performance of his active duties.

On the 6th of August, 1815, the duke of York, on coming out of a shower-bath, at Oatlands, fell, from the slippery state of the oilcloth, and broke the large bone of his left arm, half way between the shoulder and the elbow-joint. His royal highness's excellent constitution at that time assisted the surgeons, and in a fortnight he again attended to business.

On the 11th of October, in the same year, his royal highness's library, at his

officé in the Horse-guards, consisting of the best military authors, and a very extensive collection of maps, were removed to his new library (late her majesty's) in the Green-park. The assemblage is the most perfect collection of works on military affairs in the kingdom.

It appears, from the report of the commissioners of woods, forests, and land revenues, in 1816, that the duke of York purchased of the commissioners the following estates: 1. The manor of Byfleet and Weybridge, with Byfleet or Weybridge-park, and a capital messuage and offices, and other messuages and buildings there. 2. The manor of Walton Leigh, and divers messuages and lands therein. 3. A capital messuage called Brooklands, with offices, gardens, and several parcels of land, situated at Weybridge. 4. A farm-house, and divers lands, called Brooklands-farm, at Weybridge. 5. A messuage and lands, called Childs, near Weybridge. 6. Two rabbit-warrens within the manor of Byfleet and Weybridge. To this property was to be added all lands and premises allotted to the preceding by virtue of any act of enclosure. The sale was made to his royal highness in May, 1809, at the price of £74,459. 3s.; but the money was permitted to remain at the interest of 3½ per cent. till the 10th of June, 1815, when the principal and interest (amounting, after the deduction of property-tax, and of the rents, which, during the interval, had been paid to the crown, to £85,135. 5s. 9d.) were paid into the Bank of England, to the account of the commissioners for the new street. His royal highness also purchased about twenty acres of land in Walton, at the price of £1294. 2s. 3d.

While the duke was in his last illness, members on both sides of the House of Commons bore spontaneous testimony to his royal highness's impartial administration of his high office as commander-in-chief; and united in one general expression, that no political distinction ever interfered to prevent the promotion of a deserving officer.

A statement in bishop Watson's Memoirs, is a tribute to his royal highness's reputation.

"On the marriage of my son in August, 1805, I wrote," says the bishop, "to the duke of York, requesting his royal highness to give him his protection. I felt a consciousness of having, through life, cherished a warm attachment to the house of

Brunswick, and to those principles which had placed it on the throne, and of having on all occasions acted an independent and honourable part towards the government of the country, and I therefore thought myself justified in concluding my letter in the following terms:—"I know not in what estimation your royal highness may hold my repeated endeavours, in moments of danger, to support the religion and the constitution of the country; but if I am fortunate enough to have any merit with you on that score, I earnestly request your protection for my son. I am a bad courtier, and know little of the manner of soliciting favours through the intervention of others, but I feel that I shall never know how to forget them, when done to myself; and, under that consciousness, I beg leave to submit myself

'Your Royal Highness's

'Most grateful servant,

'R. LANDAFF.'

"I received a very obliging answer by the return of the post, and in about two months my son was promoted, without purchase, from a majority to a lieutenant-colonelcy in the Third Dragoon Guards. After having experienced, for above twenty-four years, the neglect of his majesty's ministers, I received great satisfaction from this attention of his son, and shall carry with me to my grave a most grateful memory of his goodness. I could not at the time forbear expressing my acknowledgment in the following letter, nor can I now forbear inserting it in these anecdotes. The whole transaction will do his royal highness no discredit with posterity, and I shall ever consider it as an honourable testimony of his approbation of my public conduct.

'Calgarth Park, Nov. 9, 1805.'

—'Do, my lord of Canterbury,

But one good turn, and he's your friend for ever.'

'Thus Shakspeare makes Henry VIII. speak of Cranmer; and from the bottom of my heart, I humbly entreat your royal highness to believe, that the sentiment is as applicable to the bishop of Landaff as it was to Cranmer.

'The *bis dat qui cito dat* has been most kindly thought of in this promotion of my son; and I know not which is most dear to my feelings, the matter of the obligation, or the noble manner of its being conferred. I sincerely hope your royal highness will pardon this my intrusion, in thus expressing my most grateful acknowledgments for them both

'R. LANDAFF.'

## Mr. Charles Lamb.

To the Editor.

DEAR SIR,

It is not unknown to you, that about sixteen years since I published "Specimens of English Dramatic Poets, who lived about the Time of Shakspeare." For the scarcer Plays I had recourse to the Collection bequeathed to the British Museum by Mr. Garrick. But my time was but short, and my subsequent leisure has discovered in it a treasure rich and exhaustless beyond what I then imagined. In it is to be found almost every production in the shape of a Play that has appeared in print, from the time of the old Mysteries and Moralities to the days of Crown and D'Urfey. Imagine the luxury to one like me, who, above every other form of Poetry, have ever preferred the Dramatic, of sitting in the princely apartments, for such they are, of poor condemned Montagu House, which I predict will not speedily be followed by a handsomer, and culling at will the flower of some thousand Dramas. It is like having the range of a Nobleman's Library, with the Librarian to your friend. Nothing can exceed the courteousness and attentions of the Gentleman who has the chief direction of the Reading Rooms here; and you have scarce to ask for a volume, before it is laid before you. If the occasional Extracts, which I have been tempted to bring away, may find an appropriate place in your *Table Book*, some of them are weekly at your service. By those who remember the "Specimens," these must be considered as mere after-gleanings, supplementary to that work, only comprising a longer period. You must be content with sometimes a scene, sometimes a song; a speech, or passage, or a poetical image, as they happen to strike me. I read without order of time; I am a poor hand at dates; and for any biography of the Dramatists, I must refer to writers who are more skilful in such matters. My business is with their poetry only.

Your well-wisher,

C. LAMB.

January, 27, 1827.

## Garrick Plays.

No. I.

[From "King John and Matilda," a Tragedy by Robert Davenport, acted in 1651.]

John, not being able to bring Matilda, the chaste daughter of the old Baron Fitzwater, to compliance with his wishes, causes her to be poisoned in a nunnery.

SCENE. *John. The Barons*: they being as yet ignorant of the murder, and having just come to composition with the King after tedious wars. Matilda's hearse is brought in by Hubert.

*John.* Hubert, interpret this apparition.

*Hubert.* Behold, sir,

A sad-writ Tragedy, so feelingly  
Languaged, and cast; with such a crafty cruelty  
Contrived, and acted; that wild savages  
Would weep to lay their ears to, and (admiring  
To see themselves outdone) they would conceive  
Their wildness mildness to this deed, and call  
Men more than savage, themselves rational.  
And thou, Fitzwater, reflect upon thy name,\*  
And turn the *Son of Tears*. Oh, forget  
That Cupid ever spent a dart upon thee;  
That Hymen ever coupled thee; or that ever  
The hasty, happy, willing messenger  
Told thee thou had'st a daughter. Oh look here!  
Look here, King John, and with a trembling eye,  
Read your sad act, Matilda's tragedy.

*Barons.* Matilda!

*Fitzwater.* By the lab'ring soul of a much-injured  
man,

It is my child Matilda!

*Bruce.* Sweet niece!

*Leicester.* Chaste soul!

*John.* Do I stir, Chester?

Good Oxford, do I move? stand I not still  
To watch when the griev'd friends of wrong'd Matilda  
Will with a thousand stabs turn me to dust,  
That in a thousand prayers they might be happy?  
Will no one do it? then give a mourner room,  
A man of tears. Oh immaculate Matilda,  
These shed but sailing heat-drops, misling showers,  
The faint dews of a doubtful April morning;  
But from mine eyes ship-sinking cataracts,  
Whole clouds of waters, wealthy exhalations,  
Shall fall into the sea of my affliction,  
Till it amaze the mourners.

*Hubert.* Unmatch'd Matilda;

Celestial soldier, that kept a fort of chastity  
'Gainst all temptations.

*Fitzwater.* Not to be a Queen,

Would she break her chaste vow. Truth crowns your  
reed;

*Unmatch'd Matilda* was her name indeed.

\* Fitzwater: son of water. A striking instance of the compatibility of the *serious pun* with the expression of the profoundest sorrows. Grief, as well as joy, finds ease in thus playing with a word. Old John of Gaunt in Shakspeare thus descants on his name: "Gaunt, and gaunt indeed;" to a long string of conceits, which no one has ever yet felt as ridiculous. The poet Wither thus, in a mournful review of the declining estate of his family, says with deepest nature:—

The very name of Wither shows decay.

*John.* O take into your spirit-piercing praise  
My scene of sorrow. I have well-clad woes,  
Pathetic epithets to illustrate passion,  
And steal true tears so sweetly from all these,  
Shall touch the soul, and at once pierce and please.\*

[*Peruses the Motto and Emblems on the hearse.*]

"To Piety and Purity"—and "Lillies mix'd with  
Roses"—

How well you have apparell'd woe! this Pendant,  
To Piety and Purity directed,  
Insinuates a chaste soul in a clean body,  
Virtue's white Virgin, Chastity's red Martyr!  
Suffer me then with this well-suited wreath  
To make our griefs ingenious. Let all be dumb,  
Whilst the king speaks her Epidicium.

*Chester.* His very soul speaks sorrow.

*Oxford.* And it becomes him sweetly.

*John.* Hail Maid and Martyr! lo on thy breast,  
Devotion's altar, chaste Truth's nest,  
I offer (as my guilt imposes)  
Thy merit's laurel, Lillies and Roses;  
Lillies, intimating plain  
Thy immaculate life, stuck with no stain;  
Roses red and sweet, to tell  
How sweet red sacrifices smell.  
Hang round then, as you walk about this hearse,  
The songs of holy hearts, sweet virtuous verse.

*Fitzwater.* Bring Persian silks, to deck her monu-  
ment;

*John.* Arabian spices, quick'ning by their scent;

*Fitzwater.* Numidian marble, to preserve her praise;

*John.* Corinthian ivory, her shape to praise:

*Fitzwater.* And write in gold upon it, la this breast

Virtue sate mistress, Passion but a guest.

*John.* Virtue is sweet; and, since griefs bitter be,  
Strew her with roses, and give rue to ue.

*Bruce.* My noble brother, I've lost a wife and son;\*  
You a sweet daughter. Look on the king's penitence;  
His promise for the public peace. Prefer  
A public benefit.† When it shall please,  
Let Heaven question him. Let us secure  
And quit the land of Lewis.‡

*Fitzwater.* Do any thing;

Do all things that are honorable; and the Great King  
Make you a good king, sir! and when your soul  
Shall at any time reflect upon your follies,  
Good King John, weep, weep very heartily;  
It will become you sweetly. At your eyes  
Your sin stole in; there pay your sacrifice.

*John.* Back unto Dunmow Abbey. There we'll pay  
To sweet Matilda's memory, and her sufferings,  
A monthly obsequy, which (sweet'ned by  
The wealthy woes of a tear-troubled eye)  
Shall by those sharp afflictions of my face  
Court mercy, and make grief arrive at grace.

*Song.*

Matilda, now go take thy bed  
In the dark dwellings of the dead;  
And rise in the great waking day  
Sweet as incence, fresh as May.

Rest there, chaste soul, fix'd in thy proper sphere,  
Amongst Heaven's fair ones; all are fair ones there.  
Rest there, chaste soul, whilst we here troubled say;  
Time gives us griefs, Death takes our joys away.

This scene has much passion and poetry in it, if I mistake not. The last words of Fitzwater are an instance of noble temperance; but to understand him, the character throughout of this mad, merry; feeling, insensible-seeming lord, should be read. That the venomous John could have even counterfeited repentance so well, is out of nature; but supposing the possibility, nothing is truer than the way in which it is managed. These old play-wrights invested their bad characters with notions of good, which could by no possibility have coexisted with their actions. Without a soul of goodness in himself, how could Shakspeare's Richard the Third have lit upon those sweet phrases and inducements by which he attempts to win over the dowager queen to let him wed her daughter. It is not Nature's nature, but Imagination's substituted nature, which does almost as well in a fiction.

(To be continued.)

## Literature.

GLANCES AT NEW BOOKS ON MY TABLE.

"CONSTABLE'S MISCELLANY of original and selected Publications" is proposed to consist of various works on important and popular subjects, with the view of supplying certain chasms in the existing stock of useful knowledge; and each author or subject is to be kept separate, so as to enable purchasers to acquire all the numbers, or volumes, of each book, distinct from the others. The undertaking commenced in the first week of the new year, 1827, with the first number of Captain Basil Hall's voyage to Loo-Choo, and the complete volume of that work was published at the same time.

"EARLY MÉTRICAL TALES, including the History of Sir Egeir, Sir Gryme, and Sir Gray-Steill." Edinb. 1826. sm. 8vo. 9s. (175 copies printed.) The most remarkable poem in this elegant volume is the rare Scottish romance, named in the title-page, which, according to its present editor, "would seem, along with the poems of sir

\* Also cruelly slain by the poisoning John.

† i. e. of peace; which this monstrous act of John's in this play comes to counteract, in the same way as the discovered Death of Prince Arthur is like to break the composition of the King with his Barons in Shakspeare's Play.

‡ The Dauphin of France, whom they had called in, as in Shakspeare's Play.

David Lindsay, and the histories of Robert the Bruce, and of sir William Wallace, to have formed the standard productions of the vernacular literature of the country." In proof of this he adduces several authorities; "and yet it is remarkable enough, that every ancient copy should have hitherto eluded the most active and unremitting research." The earliest printed edition is presumed to have issued from the press of Thomas Bassandyne, "the first printer of the sacred Scriptures in Scotland." An inventory of his goods, dated 18th October, 1577, contains an item of three hundred "Gray Steillis," valued at the "pece vid. summa lvi. x. o." Its editor would willingly give the sum-total of these three hundred copies for "one of the said *Gray-Steillis*, were he so fortunate as to meet with it." He instances subsequent editions, but the only copy he could discover was printed at Aberdeen in 1711, by James Nicol, printer to the town and university; and respecting this, which, though of so recent date, is at present unique, "the editor's best acknowledgments are due to his friend, Mr. Douce, for the kind manner in which he favoured him with the loan of the volume, for the purpose of republication." On the 17th of April, 1497, when James IV. was at Stirling: there is an entry in the treasurer's accounts, "Item, that samyn day to twa Sachelaris that sang *Gray Steil* to the King, 1xs." In MS. collections made at Aberdeen in 1627, called a "Booke for the Lute," by Robert Gordon, is the *air* of "Gray-Steel;" and a satirical poem in Scottish rhyme on the marquis of Argyle, printed in 1686, is "appointed to be sung according to the tune of old Gray Steel." These evidences that the poem was sung, manifest its popularity. There are conjectures as to who the person denominated Sir Gray Steel really was, but the point is undetermined.

In this volume there are thirteen poems. 1. *Sir Gray-Steil* above spoken of. 2. *The Tales of the Priests of Peebles*, wherein the three priests of Peebles, having met to regale on St. Bride's day, agree, each in turn, to relate a story. 3. *Ane Godlie Dreame*, by lady Culross. 4. *History of a Lord and his three Sons*, much resembling the story of Fortunatus. 5. *The Ring of the Roy Robert*, the printed copies of which have been modernized and corrupted. 6. *King Estmere*, an old romantic tale. 7. *The Battle of Harlaw*, considered by its present editor "as the original of rather a numerous class of Scottish historical ballads." 8. *Lichtoun's Dreame*,

printed for the first time from the Bannatyne MS. 1568. 9. *The Murning Maiden*, a poem "written in the Augustan age of Scottish poetry." 10. *The Epistill of the Hermit of Alareit*, a satire on the Grey Friars, by Alexander earl of Glencairn. 11. *Roswall and Lillian*, a "pleasant history," (chanted even of late in Edinburgh,) from the earliest edition discovered, printed in 1663, of which the only copy known is in the Advocates' Library, from the Roxburgh sale. 12. *Poem by Glassinberry*, a name for the first time introduced into the list of early Scottish poets, and the poem itself printed from "Gray's MS." 13. *Sir John Barleycorn*, from a stall-copy, printed in 1781, with a few corrections, concerning which piece it is remarked, that Burns's version "cannot be said to have greatly improved it." There is a vignette to this ballad, "designed and etched by the ingenious young artist, W. Geikie," of Edinburgh, from whence I take the liberty to cut a figure, not for the purpose of conveying an idea of this "Allan-a-Maut," who is surrounded with like "good" company by Mr. Geikie's meritorious pencil, but to extend the knowledge of Mr. Geikie's name, who is perfectly unknown to me, except through the single print I refer to, which compels me to express warm admiration of his correct feeling, and assured talent.



Besides Mr. Geikie's beautiful etching, there is a frontispiece by W. H. Lizars from a design by Mr. C. Kirkpatrick Sharpe, and a portrait of Alexander earl of Eglintoun 1670, also by Mr. Lizars, from a curiously illuminated parchment in the possession of the present earl.



## SAYING NOT MEANING.

BY WILLIAM BASIL WAKE.

*For the Table Book.*

Two gentlemen their appetite had fed,  
 When, opening his toothpick-case, one said,  
 "It was not until lately that I knew  
 That *anchovies* on terra firma grew."  
 "Grew!" cried the other, "yes, they *grow*, indeed,  
 Like other fish, but not upon the land;  
 You might as well say grapes grow on a reed,  
 Or in the Strand!"

"Why, sir," return'd the irritated other,

"My brother,

When at Calcutta,  
 Beheld them *bonâ fide* growing;

He wouldn't utter

A lie for love or money, sir; so in

This matter you are thoroughly mistaken."

"Nonsense, sir! nonsense! I can give no credit

To the assertion—none e'er saw or read it;

Your brother, like his evidence, should be shaken."

"Be shaken, sir! let me observe, you are

Perverse—in short—"

"Sir," said the other, sucking his cigar,

And then his port—

"If you *will* say impossibles are true,

You may affirm just any thing you please—

That swans are quadrupeds, and lions blue,

And elephants inhabit Stilton cheese!

Only you must not *force* me to believe

What's propagated merely to deceive."

"Then you force me to say, sir, you're a fool,"

Return'd the bragger.

Language like this no man can suffer cool;

It made the listener stagger;

So, thunder-stricken, he at once replied,

"The traveller *lied*

Who had the impudence to tell it you."

"Zounds! then d'ye mean to swear before my face

That anchovies don't grow like cloves and mace?"

"I do!"

Disputants often after hot debates

Leave the contention as they found it—bone,

And take to duelling, or thumping *têtes*;

Thinking, by strength of artery, to atone

For strength of argument; and he who convinces

From force of words, with force of arms convinces!

With pistols, powder, bullets, surgeons, lint,

Seconds, and smelling-bottles, and foreboding,

Our friends advanced; and now portentous loading

(Their hearts already loaded) serv'd to show

It might be better they shook hands—but no;

When each opines himself, though frighten'd, right,

Each is, in courtesy, oblig'd to fight!

And they *did* fight: from six full measured paces

The unbeliever pull'd his trigger first;

And fearing, from the bragart's ugly faces,

The whizzing lead had whizz'd its very worst,

Ran up, and with a *duelistic* tear,

(His ire evanishing like morning vapours.)

Found *him* possess'd of one remaining ear,

Who, in a manner sudden and uncouth,

Had given, not lent, the other ear to truth:

For, while the surgeon was applying lint,

He, wriggling, cried—"The deuce is in't—

Sir! I meant—*capers!*"

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## Characters.

### THE OLD GENTLEMAN.

Our old gentleman, in order to be exclusively himself, must be either a widower or a bachelor. Suppose the former. We do not mention his precise age, which would be invidious;—nor whether he wears his own hair or a wig; which would be wanting in universality. If a wig, it is a compromise between the more modern scratch and the departed glory of the toupee. If his own hair, it is white, in spite of his favourite grandson, who used to get on the chair behind him, and pull the silver hairs out, ten years ago. If he is bald at top, the hair-dresser, hovering and breathing about him like a second youth, takes care to give the bald place as much powder as the covered; in order that he may convey, to the sensorium within, a pleasing indistinctness of idea respecting the exact limits of skin and hair. He is very clean and neat; and in warm weather is proud of opening his waistcoat half way down, and letting so much of his frill be seen; in order to show his hardness as well as taste. His watch and shirt-buttons are of the best; and he does not care if he has two rings on a finger. If his watch ever failed him at the club or coffee-house, he would take a walk every day to the nearest clock of good character, purely to keep it right. He has a cane at home, but seldom uses it, on finding it out of fashion with his elderly juniors. He has a small cocked hat for gala days, which he lifts higher from his head than the round one, when made a bow to. In his pockets are two handkerchiefs, (one for the neck at night-time,) his spectacles, and his pocket-book. The pocket-book, among other things, contains a receipt for a cough, and some verses cut out of an odd sheet of an old magazine, on the lovely duchess of A., beginning—

When beauteous Mira walks the plain.

He intends this for a common-place book which he keeps, consisting of passages in verse and prose cut out of newspapers and magazines, and pasted in columns; some

of them rather gay. His principal other books are Shakspeare's Plays and Milton's Paradise Lost; the Spectator, the History of England; the works of Lady M. W. Montague, Pope, and Churchill; Middleton's Geogtaphy, the Gentleman's Magazine; Sir John Sinclair on Longevity; several plays with portraits in character; Account of Elizabeth Canning, Memoirs of George Ann Bellamy, Poetical Amusements at Bath-Easton, Blair's Works, Elegant Extracts; Junius as originally published; a few pamphlets on the American War and Lord George Gordon, &c. and one on the French Revolution. In his sitting rooms are some engravings from Hogarth and Sir Joshua; an engraved portrait of the Marquis of Granby; ditto of M. le Comte de Grasse surrendering to Admiral Rodney; a humorous piece after Penny; and a portrait of himself, painted by Sir Joshua. His wife's portrait is in his chamber, looking upon his bed. She is a little girl, stepping forward with a smile and a pointed toe, as if going to dance. He lost her when she was sixty.

The Old Gentleman is an early riser, because he intends to live at least twenty years longer. He continues to take tea for breakfast, in spite of what is said against its nervous effects; having been satisfied on that point some years ago by Dr. Johnson's criticism on Hanway, and a great liking for tea previously. His china cups and saucers have been broken since his wife's death, all but one, which is religiously kept for his use. He passes his morning in walking or riding, looking in at auctions, looking after his India bonds or some such money securities, furthering some subscription set on foot by his excellent friend sir John, or cheapening a new old print for his portfolio. He also hears of the newspapers; not caring to see them till after dinner at the coffee-house. He may also cheapen a fish or so; the fishmonger soliciting his doubting eye as he passes, with a profound bow of recognition. He eats a pear before dinner.

His dinner at the coffee-house is served up to him at the accustomed hour, in the old accustomed way, and by the accustomed waiter. If William did not bring it, the fish would be sure to be stale, and the flesh new. He eats no tart; or if he ventures on a little, takes cheese with it. You might as soon attempt to persuade him out of his senses, as that cheese is not good for digestion. He takes port; and if he has drank more than usual, and in a more private place, may be induced by some respectful

inquiries respecting the old style of music, to sing a song composed by Mr. Oswald or Mr. Lampe, such as—

Chloe, by that borrowed kiss,

or

Come, gentle god of soft repose;

or his wife's favourite ballad, beginning—

At Upton on the Hill

There lived a happy pair.

Of course, no such exploit can take place in the coffee-room; but he will canvass the theory of that matter there with you, or discuss the weather, or the markets, or the theatres, or the merits of "my lord North" or "my lord Rockingham;" for he rarely says simply, lord; it is generally "my lord," trippingly and genteelly off the tongue. If alone after dinner, his great delight is the newspaper; which he prepares to read by wiping his spectacles, carefully adjusting them on his eyes, and drawing the candle close to him, so as to stand sideways betwixt his ocular aim and the small type. He then holds the paper at arm's length, and dropping his eyelids half down and his mouth half open, takes cognizance of the day's information. If he leaves off, it is only when the door is opened by a new comer, or when he suspects somebody is over-anxious to get the paper out of his hand. On these occasions, he gives an important hem! or so; and resumes.

In the evening, our Old Gentleman is fond of going to the theatre, or of having a game of cards. If he enjoy the latter at his own house or lodgings, he likes to play with some friends whom he has known for many years; but an elderly stranger may be introduced, if quiet and scientific; and the privilege is extended to younger men of letters; who, if ill players, are good losers. Not that he is a miser; but to win money at cards is like proving his victory by getting the baggage; and to win of a younger man is a substitute for his not being able to beat him at rackets. He breaks up early, whether at home or abroad.

At the theatre, he likes a front row in the pit. He comes early, if he can do so without getting into a squeeze, and sits patiently waiting for the drawing up of the curtain, with his hands placidly lying one over the other on the top of his stick. He generously admires some of the best performers, but thinks them far inferior to Garrick, Woodward, and Clive. During splendid scenes, he is anxious that the little boy should see.

He has been induced to look in at Vaux-hall again, but likes it still less than he did years back, and cannot bear it in comparison with Ranelagh. He thinks every thing looks poor, flaring, and jaded. "Ah!" says he, with a sort of triumphant sigh, "Ranelagh was a noble place! Such taste, such elegance, such beauty! There was the duchess of A. the finest woman in England, sir; and Mrs. L., a mighty fine creature; and lady Susan what's her name, that had that unfortunate affair with sir Charles. Sir, they came swimming by you like the swans."

The Old Gentleman is very particular in having his slippers ready for him at the fire, when he comes home. He is also extremely choice in his snuff, and delights to get a fresh box-full at Gliddon's, in King-street, in his way to the theatre. His box is a curiosity from India. He calls favourite young ladies by their Christian names, however slightly acquainted with them; and has a privilege also of saluting all brides, mothers, and indeed every species of lady on the least holiday occasion. If the husband for instance has met with a piece of luck, he instantly moves forward, and gravely kisses the wife on the cheek. The wife then says, "My niece, sir, from the country;" and he kisses the niece. The niece, seeing her cousin biting her lips at the joke, says, "My cousin Harriet, sir;" and he kisses the cousin. He never recollects such weather, except during the great frost, or when he rode down with Jack Skrimshire to Newmarket. He grows young again in his little grand-children, especially the one which he thinks most like himself; which is the handsomest. Yet he likes best perhaps the one most resembling his wife; and will sit with him on his lap, holding his hand in silence, for a quarter of an hour together. He plays most tricks with the former, and makes him sneeze. He asks little boys in general who was the father of Zebedee's children. If his grandsons are at school, he often goes to see them; and makes them blush by telling the master or the upper-scholars, that they are fine boys, and of a precocious genius. He is much struck when an old acquaintance dies, but adds that he lived too fast; and that poor Bob was a sad dog in his youth; "a very sad dog, sir, mightily set upon a short life and a merry one."

When he gets very old indeed, he will sit for whole evenings, and say little or nothing; but informs you, that there is Mrs. Jones (the housekeeper),—"She'll talk."—Indicator. }

## A HAPPY MEETING.

And doth not a meeting like this make amends  
For all the long years I've been wand'ring away,  
To see thus around me my youth's early friends,  
As smiling and kind as in that happy day!  
Though haply o'er some of your brows, as o'er mine,  
The snow-fall of time may be stealing—what then?  
Like Alps in the sunset, thus lighted by wine,  
We'll wear the gay tinge of youth's roses again.

What soften'd remembrances come o'er the heart,  
In gazing on those we've been lost to so long!  
The sorrows, the joys, of which once they were part  
Still round them, like visions of yesterday, throng,  
As letters some hand hath invisibly traced,  
When held to the flame will steal out on the sight,  
So many a feeling, that long seem'd effaced,  
The warmth of a meeting like this brings to light

And thus, as in memory's bark, we shall glide  
To visit the scenes of our boyhood anew,  
Tho' oft we may see, looking down on the tide,  
The wreck of full many a hope shining through—  
Yet still, as in fancy we point to the flowers  
That once made a garden of all the gay shore,  
Deceiv'd for a moment, we'll think them still ours,  
And breath the fresh air of life's morning once more.

So brief our existence, a glimpse, at the most,  
Is all we can have of the few we hold dear;  
And oft even joy is unheeded and lost,  
For want of some heart that could echo it near.  
Ah! well may we hope, when this short life is gone,  
To meet in some world of more permanent bliss,  
For a smile, or a grasp of the hand, hast'ning on,  
Is all we enjoy of each other in this.

But come—the more rare such delights to the heart,  
The more we should welcome, and bless them the  
more—  
They're ours when we meet—they're lost when we part,  
Like birds that bring summer, and fly when 'tis o'er,  
Thus circling the cup, hand in hand, ere we drink,  
Let Sympathy pledge us, thro' pleasure thro' pain,  
That fast as a feeling but touches one link,  
Her magic shall send it direct through the chain.

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## LINES TO HIS COUSIN ON THE NEW YEAR, BY A WESTMINSTER BOY.

Time rolls away! another year  
Has rolled off with him; hence 'tis clear  
His lordship keeps his carriage:  
A single man, no doubt;—and thus  
Enjoys himself without the fuss  
And great expense of marriage.

His wheel still rolls (and like the rver  
Which Horace mentions) still for ever!  
*Volvitur et volvetur.*

In vain you *run against him*; place  
Your fleetest filly in the race,—  
Here's tea to one he'll beat her.

Of all he sees, he takes a tithè,  
With that tremendous sweeping scythe,  
Which he keeps always going;  
While every step he takes, alas!  
Too plainly proves that *flesh is grass*,  
When he sets out a *mowing*.

And though his hungry ravenous maw  
Is crammed with food, both dress'd and raw,  
I'll wager any betting,  
His appetite has ever been  
Just like his scythe, sharp-set and keen,  
Which never wanted *whetting*.

Could you but see the mighty treat  
Prepared, when he sits down to eat—  
His breakfast or his dinner,—ah,  
Not vegetable—*flesh*,—alone,  
But timber, houses, iron, stone,  
He eats the very china.

When maidens pray that he will spare  
Their teeth, complexion, or their hair.  
Alas! he'll never hear 'em;  
Grey locks and wrinkles hourly show,  
What Ovid told us years ago;  
*Ut Tempus edax rerum!*

In vain, my dearest girl, you choose  
(Your face to wash) Olympic dew;  
In vain you paint or rouge it;  
He'll play such havoc with your youth,  
That ten years hence you'll say with truth  
Ah Edward!—*Tempus fugit!*

The glass he carries in his hand  
Has ruin in each grain of sand;  
But what I most deplore is,  
He breaks the links of friendship's chain,  
And barter's youthful love for gain:  
*Oh, Tempora! oh, Mores!*

One sole exception you shall find,  
(*Unius generis* of its kind.)  
Wherever fate may steer us;  
Tho' wide his universal range,  
Time has no power the heart to change  
Of your AMICUS VERUS.

*Bath Herald.*

## GERMAN UNIVERSITIES.

Germany, which embraces a population of thirty-six millions of people, has twenty-two universities. The following table contains their names according to the order of their foundation, and the number of professors and students:

Universities.	When founded:	Number of Professors.	Number of Students.
Prague. . . . .	1348	55	1449
Vienna. . . . .	1365	77	1688
Heidelberg . . . .	1368	55	626
Warsbourg. . . . .	1403	31	660
Leipsig . . . . .	1409	81	1384
Rostock . . . . .	1419	34	201
Fribourg . . . . .	1450	35	556
Griefswald. . . . .	1456	30	227
Båle . . . . .	1460	24	214
Tubingen . . . . .	1477	44	827
Marbourg . . . . .	1527	38	304
Kœnisberg. . . . .	1544	23	303
Jena . . . . .	1558	51	432
Giessen . . . . .	1607	39	371
Kiel . . . . .	1665	26	238
Halle . . . . .	1694	64	1119
Breslau . . . . .	1702	49	710
Gœttingen. . . . .	1734	89	1545
Erlangen. . . . .	1743	34	498
Landshut . . . . .	1803	48	623
Berlin . . . . .	1810	86	1245
Bonn. . . . .	1818	42	526

Of this number six belong to Prussia, three to Bavaria, two to the Austrian States, two to the Grand Duchy of Baden, two to the Electorate of Hesse-Cassel, and one to each of the following states—Saxony, Wurtemberg, Denmark, Hanover, the Grand Duchies of Mecklenbergh-Schweren and of Saxe-Weimar, and Switzerland. The total number of professors is 1055, embracing not only the ordinary and extraordinary professors, but also the private lecturers, whose courses of reading are announced in the half-yearly programmes. Catholic Germany, which reckons nineteen millions of inhabitants, has only six universities; while Protestant Germany, for seventeen millions of inhabitants, has seventeen. Of the students there are 149 for every 250,000 in the Protestant states, while there are only 68 for the same number in the Catholic states. It must, however, be mentioned, that this estimate does not take in those Catholic ecclesiastics who do not pursue their studies in the universities, but in private seminaries.—The universities of Paderborn and Munster, both belonging to Prussia, and which had only two faculties, those of theology and philosophy, were suppressed; the first in 1818, and the second in 1819; but that of Munster has been reestablished, with the three faculties of theology, philosophy, and medicine.



### Colley Cibber's youngest Daughter.

Last of her sire in dotage—she was used  
 By him, as children use a fav'rite toy ;  
 Indulg'd, neglected, fondled, and abus'd,  
 As quick affection of capricious joy,  
 Or sudden humour of dislike dictated :  
 Thoughtless-ly rear'd, she led a thoughtless life ;  
 And she so well beloved became most hated :  
 A helpless mother, and a wife unblest,  
 She pass'd precocious womanhood in strife ;  
 Or, in strange hiding-places, without rest :  
 Or, wand'ring in disquietude for bread :  
 Her father's curse—himself first cause of all  
 That caused his ban—sunk her in deeper thrall,  
 Stifling her heart, till sorrow and herself were dead.

\*

† "THE LIFE OF MRS. CHARLOTTE CHARKE, youngest daughter of Colley Cibber, Esq. written by herself," is a curious narrative of remarkable vicissitudes. She dedicates it to herself, and aptly concludes her dedication by saying, "Permit me, madam, to subscribe myself, for the future, what I ought to have been some years ago, your

real friend, and humble servant, CHARLOTTE CHARKE."

In the "Introduction" to the recent reprint of this singular work, it is well observed, that "her Life will serve to show what very strange creatures *may* exist, and the endless diversity of habits, tastes, and inclinations, which may spring up spon-

taneously, like weeds, in the hot-bed of corrupt civilization." She was born when Mrs. Cibber was forty-five years old, and when both her father and mother had ceased to expect an addition to their family: the result was that Charlotte Cibber was a spoiled child. She married Mr. Richard Charke, an eminent violin player, of dissolute habits; and, after a course of levities, consequent upon the early recklessness of her parents, she was repudiated by her father. When she wrote her life, she was in great penury: it was published in eight numbers, at three-pence each. In the last, which appeared on the 19th of April, 1755, she feelingly deploras the failure of her attempts to obtain forgiveness of her father, and says, "I cannot recollect any crime I have been guilty of that is unpardonable." After intimating a design to open an oratorical academy, for the instruction of persons going on the stage, she mentions her intention to publish "Mr. Dumont's history, the first number of which will shortly make its appearance." This was a novel she was then writing, which a bookseller treated with her for, in company with Mr. Samuel Whyte of Dublin, who thus describes her distressed situation:—

"Cibber the elder had a daughter named Charlotte, who also took to the stage; her subsequent life was one continued series of misfortune, afflictions, and distress, which she sometimes contrived a little to alleviate by the productions of her pen. About the year 1755, she had worked up a novel for the press, which the writer accompanied his friend the bookseller to hear read; she was at this time a widow, having been married to one Charke a musician, long since dead. Her habitation was a wretched thatched hovel, situated on the way to Islington in the purlieus of Clerkenwell Bridewell, not very distant from the New River Head, where at that time it was usual for the scavengers to leave the cleansings of the streets, &c. The night preceding a heavy rain had fallen, which rendered this extraordinary seat of the muses almost inaccessible, so that in our approach we got our white stockings enveloped with mud up to the very calves, which furnished an appearance much in the present fashionable style of half-boots. We knocked at the door, (not attempting to pull the latch string,) which was opened by a tall, meagre, ragged figure, with a blue apron, indicating, what else we might have doubted, the feminine gender,—a perfect model for the copper captain's tattered landlady; that deplorable exhibition of the fair sex, in the

comedy of Rule-a-Wife. She with a torpid voice and hungry smile desired us to walk in. The first object that presented itself was a dresser, clean, it must be confessed, and furnished with three or four coarse delf plates, two brown platters, and underneath an earthen pipkin and a black pitcher with a snip out of it. To the right we perceived and bowed to the mistress of the mansion sitting on a maimed chair under the mantle-piece, by a fire, merely sufficient to put us in mind of starving. On one hob sat a monkey, which by way of welcome chattered at our going in; on the other a tabby cat, of melancholy aspect! and at our author's feet on the founce of her dingy petticoat reclined a dog, almost a skeleton! he raised his shagged head, and, eagerly staring with his bleared eyes, saluted us with a snarl. 'Have done, Fidele! these are friends.' The tone of her voice was not harsh; it had something in it humbled and disconsolate; a mingled effort of authority and pleasure.—Poor soul! few were her visitors of that description—no wonder the creature barked!—A magpie perched on the top ring of her chair, not an uncomely ornament! and on her lap was placed a mutilated pair of bellows, the pipe was gone, an advantage in their present office, they served as a succedaneum for a writing-desk, on which lay displayed her hopes and treasure, the manuscript of her novel. Her ink-stand was a broken teacup, the pen worn to a stump; she had but one! a rough deal board with three hobbling supporters was brought for our convenience, on which, without farther ceremony, we contrived to sit down and entered upon business:—the work was read, remarks made, alterations agreed to, and thirty guineas demanded for the copy. The squalid handmaiden, who had been an attentive listener, stretched forward her tawny length of neck with an eye of anxious expectation!—The bookseller offered five!—Our authoress did not appear hurt; disappointments had rendered her mind callous; however, some altercation ensued. This was the writer's first initiation into the mysteries of bibliopolism and the state of authorcraft. He, seeing both sides pertinacious, at length interposed, and at his instance the wary haberdasher of literature doubled his first proposal, with this saving proviso, that his friend present would pay a moiety and run one half the risk; which was agreed to. Thus matters were accommodated, seemingly to the satisfaction of all parties; the lady's original stipulation of fifty copies for herself being previously

acceded to. Such is the story of the once-admired daughter of Colley Cibber, Poet Laureate and patentee of Drury-lane, who was born in affluence and educated with care and tenderness, her servants in livery, and a splendid equipage at her command, with swarms of time-serving sycophants officiously buzzing in her train; yet, unmindful of her advantages and improvident in her pursuits, she finished the career of her miserable existence on a dunghill.\*

Mr. Whyte's account of the "reading the manuscript," a subject worthy of Wilkie's pencil, is designed to be illustrated by the engraving at the head of this article. Of Mrs. Charke, after that interview, nothing further is known, except that she kept a public-house, at Islington, and is said to have died on the 6th of April, 1760.† Her brother Theophilus was wrecked, and perished on his way to Dublin, in October, 1758; her father died on the 12th of December, in the year preceding. Her singular "Narrative" is printed verbatim in the seventh volume of "Autobiography," with the life of the late "Mary Robinson," who was also an actress, and also wrote her own "Memoirs."

### AN INEDITED BALLAD.

*To the Editor.*

Dear Sir,—A friend of mine, who resided for some years on the borders, used to amuse himself by collecting old ballads, printed on halfpenny sheets, and hawked up and down by itinerant minstrels. In his common-place book I found one, entitled "The Outlandish Knight," evidently, from the style, of considerable antiquity, which appears to have escaped the notice of Percy, and other collectors. Since then I have met with a printed one, from the popular press of Mr. Pitts, the six-yards-for-a-penny song-publisher, who informs me that he has printed it "ever since he was a printer, and that Mr. Marshall, his predecessor, printed it before him." The ballad has not improved by circulating amongst Mr. Pitts's friends; for the heroine, who has no name given her in my friend's copy, is in Mr. Pitts's called "Polly;" and there are expressions *contra bonos mores*. These I have expunged; and, to render the ballad more complete, added a few stanzas, wherein I have endeavoured to preserve

the simplicity of the original, of which I doubt if a correct copy could now be obtained. As it is, it is at the service of your *Table Book*.

The hero of the ballad appears to be of somewhat the same class as the hero of the German ballad, the "Water King," and in some particulars resembles the ballad of the "Overcourageous Knight," in Percy's Reliques.

I am, dear sir, &c.

Grange-road, Bermondsey, Jan. 8, 1827.

### THE OUTLANDISH KNIGHT.

—————"Six go true,  
The seventh askew."

*Der Freischutz Travestie.*

An outlandish knight from the north lands came,  
And he came a wooing to me;  
He told me he'd take me unto the north lands,  
And I should his fair bride be.

A broad, broad shield did this strange knight wield,  
Whereon did the red-cross shine,  
Yet never, I ween, had that strange knight been  
In the fields of Palestine.

And out and spake this strange knight,  
This knight of the north countrie,  
O, maiden fair, with the raven hair,  
Thou shalt at my bidding be.

Thy sire he is from home, ladye,  
For he hath a journey gone,  
And his shaggy blood-hound is sleeping sound,  
Beside the postern stone.

Go, bring me some of thy father's gold,  
And some of thy mother's fee,  
And steeds twain of the best, in the stalls that rest,  
Where they stand thirty and three.

\* \* \* \* \*

She mounted her on her milk-white steed,  
And he on a dapple grey,  
And they forward did ride, till they reach'd the sea-side,  
Three hours before it was day.

Then out and spake this strange knight,  
This knight of the north countrie,  
O, maiden fair, with the raven hair,  
Do thou at my bidding be.

Alight thee, maid, from thy milk-white steed,  
And deliver it unto me;  
Six maids have I drown'd, where the billows sound,  
And the seventh one thou shalt be.

But first pull off thy kirtle fine,  
And deliver it unto me;  
Thy kirtle of green is too rich, I ween,  
To rot in the salt, salt sea.

\* Whyte's Collection of Poems, second edition: Dublin, 1792.

† Biog. Dram.

Pull off, pull off thy silken shoon,  
And deliver them unto me ;  
Methinks that they are too fine and gay  
To rot in the salt, salt sea.

Pull off, pull off thy bonnie green plaid,  
That floats in the breeze so free ;  
It is woven fine with the silver twine,  
And comely it is to see.

If I must pull off my bonnie green plaid,  
O turn thy back to me ;  
And gaze on the sun which has just begun  
To peer o'er the salt, salt sea.

He turn'd his back on the damoselle  
And gaz'd on the bright sunbeam—  
She grasp'd him tight with her arms so white,  
And plung'd him into the stream.

Lie there, sir knight, thou false-hearted wight,  
Lie there instead of me ;  
Six damsels fair thou hast drown'd there,  
But the seventh has drowned thee.

That ocean wave was the false one's grave,  
For he sunk right hastily ;  
Though with dying voice faint, he pray'd to his saint,  
And utter'd an Ave Marie.

No mass was said for that false knight dead,  
No convent bell did toll ;  
But he went to his rest, unshriv'd and unblest—  
Heaven's mercy on his soul !

\* \* \* \* \*

She mounted her on her dapple-grey steed,  
And led the steed milk-white ;  
She rode till she reach'd her father's hall,  
Three hours before the night.

The parrot, hung in the lattice so high,  
To the lady then did say,  
Some ruffian, I fear, has led thee from home,  
For thou hast been long away.

Do not prattle, my pretty bird,  
Do not tell tales of me ;  
And thy cage shall be made of the glittering gold,  
Instead of the greenwood tree.

The earl as he sat in his turret high,  
On hearing the parrot did say,  
What ails thee, what ails thee, my pretty bird ?  
Thou hast prattled the live-long day.

Well may I prattle, the parrot replied,  
And call, brave earl, on thee ;  
For the cat has well nigh reach'd the lattice so high,  
And her eyes are fix'd on me.

Well turn'd, well turn'd, my pretty bird,  
Well turn'd, well turn'd for me ;  
Thy cage shall be made of the glittering gold,  
Instead of the greenwood tree.

## PRIDE AND GOOD-WILL.

It is related of a certain class of French nobility, who, in their winter residence at Aix, were objects of dislike from their arrogance and self-importance, that they were beloved and esteemed for their kindness and benevolence by the dependants around their *chateaus* in the country. Many instances might be cited to show that the respect paid them was no more than they deserved ; and one is particularly striking :—

A seigneur, when he resided in the country, used to distribute among the women and children, and the old men who were unable to work in the field, raw wool, and flax, which they spun and wove into cloth or stuff at their pleasure : every week they were paid wages according to the quantity of work done, and had a fresh supply of raw materials whenever it was wanted. At the end of the year, a general feast was given by the seigneur to the whole village, when all who had been occupied in spinning and weaving brought in their work, and a prize of a hundred livres was given to each person who had spun the best skein, and woven the best web. They had a dinner in a field adjoining to the chateau, at which the seigneur himself presided, and on each side of him sat those who had gained the prizes. The evening was concluded with a dance. The victors, besides the hundred livres, had their work given them : the rest were allowed to purchase theirs at a very moderate price, and the money resulting from it was laid by to distribute among any persons of the village who wanted relief on account of sickness, or who had suffered from unavoidable accident, either in their persons or property. At the death of this excellent man, who unfortunately left no immediate heirs to follow his good example, the village presented a scene of the bitterest lamentation and distress : the peasants assembled round the body, and it was almost forced away from them for interment. They brought their shuttles, their distaffs, their skeins of thread and worsted, their pieces of linen and stuff, and strewed them upon his grave, saying that now they had lost their patron and benefactor, they could no longer be of use to them. If this man felt the pride of conscious superiority, it was scarcely to be condemned when accompanied with such laudable exertions to render himself, through that superiority, a benefactor to society.\*

\* Miss Plumtree.



## Garrick Plays.

## No. II.

[From the "Parliament of Bees," a Masque, by John Day, printed 1607. Whether this singular production, in which the Characters are all *Bees*, was ever acted, I have no information to determine. It is at least as capable of representation, as we can conceive the "Birds" of Aristophanes to have been.]

Urania, a female Bee, confesses her passion for Meletus, who loves Arethusa.

—— not a village Fly, nor meadow Bee,  
That trafficks daily on the neighbour plain,  
But will report, how all the Winged Train  
Have sued to me for Love; when we have flown  
In swarms out to discover fields new blown,  
Happy was he could find the forward'st tree,  
And cull the choicest blossoms out for me;  
Of all their labours they allow'd me some,  
And (like my champions) mann'd me out, and home:  
Yet loved I none of them. Philon, a Bee  
Well-skill'd in verse and amorous poetry,  
As we have sate at work, both of one Rose,\*  
Has humm'd sweet Canzons, both in verse and prose,  
Which I ne'er minded. Astrophel, a Bee  
(Although not so poetical as he)  
Yet in his full invention quick and ripe,  
In summer evenings, on his well-tuned pipe,  
Upon a woodbine blossom in the sun,  
(Our hive being clean-swept, and our day's work done),  
Would play me twenty several tunes; yet I  
Nor minded Astrophel, nor his melody.  
Then there's Amniter, for whose love fair Leade  
(That pretty Bee) flies up and down the mead  
With rivers in her eyes; without deserving  
Sent me trim Acorn bowls of his own carving,  
To drink May dews and mead in. Yet none of these,  
My live-born Playfellows and fellow Bees,  
Could I affect, until this strange Bee came;  
And him I love with such an ardent flame,  
Discretion cannot quench.—

He labours and toils,

Extracts more honey out of barren soils  
Than twenty lazy Drones. I have heard my Father,  
Steward of the Hive, profess that he had rather  
Lose half the Swarm than him. If a Bee, poor or weak,  
Grows faint on his way, or by misfortune break  
A wing or leg against a twig; alive,  
Or dead, he'll bring into the Master's Hive  
Him and his burthen. But the other day,  
On the next plain there grew a fatal fray

\* Prettily pilfered from the sweet passage in the Midsummer Night's Dream, where Helena recounts to Hermia their school-days' friendship:

We, Hermia, like two artificial Gods,  
Created with our needles both one flower,  
Both on one sampler, sitting on one cushion.

Betwixt the Wasps and us; the wind grew high,  
And a rough storm raged so impetuously,  
Our Bees could scarce keep wing; then fell such rain,  
It made our Colony forsake the plain,  
And fly to garrison: yet still He stood,  
And 'gainst the whole swarm made his party good;  
And at each blow he gave, cried out *His Vow*,  
*His Vow*, and *Arethusa*!—On each bough  
And tender blossom he engraves her name  
With his sharp sting. To Arethusa's fame  
He consecrates his actions; all his worth  
Is only spent to character her forth.  
On damask roses, and the leaves of pines,  
I have seen him write such amorous moving lines  
In Arethusa's praise, as my poor heart  
Has, when I read them, envied her desert;  
And wept and sigh'd to think that he should be  
To her so constant, yet not pity me.

\* \* \*

Porrex, Vice Roy of Bees under King Oberon, describes his large prerogative.

To Us (who, warrant'd by Oberon's love,  
Write Ourselves *Master Bee*), both field and grove,  
Garden and orchard, lawns and flowery meads,  
(Where the amorous wind plays with the golden heads  
Of wanton cowslips, daisies in their prime,  
Sun-loving marigolds; the blossom'd thyme,  
The blue-vein'd violets and the damask rose;  
The stately lily, Mistress of all those);  
Are allow'd and giv'n, by Oberon's free areed,  
Pasture for me, and all my swarms to feed.

—— the doings,

The births, the wars, the wooings,  
of these pretty little winged creatures  
are with continued liveliness portrayed  
throughout the whole of this curious  
old Drama, in words which Bees would  
talk with, could they talk; the very air  
seems replete with humming and buzzing  
melodies, while we read them. Surely  
Bees were never so be-rhymed before.

C. L.

## Biographical Memoranda.

JOHN SCOT, A FASTING FANATIC.

In the year 1539, there lived in Scotland one John Scot, no way commended for his learning, for he had none, nor for his good qualities, which were as few. This man, being overthrown in a suit of law, and knowing himself unable to pay that wherein he was adjudged, took sanctuary in the abbey of Holyrood-house; where, out of discontent, he abstained from all meat and drink, by the space of thirty or forty days together.

Fame having spread this abroad, the

king would have it put to trial, and to that effect shut him up in a private room within the castle of Edinburgh, whereunto no man had access. He caused a little water and bread to be set by him, which he was found not to have diminished in the end of thirty days and two. Upon this he was dismissed, and, after a short time, he went to Rome, where he gave the like proof of his fasting to pope Clement VII.; from whence he went to Venice, carrying with him a testimony of his long fasting under the pope's seal: and there also he gave the like proof thereof. After long time, returning into England, he went up into the pulpit in St. Paul's Church-yard, where he gave forth many speeches against the divorce of king Henry VIII. from his queen Katherine, inveighing bitterly against him for his defection from the see of Rome; whereupon he was thrust into prison, where he continued fasting for the space of fifty days: what his end was I read not.—*Spotswood, &c.*

#### HART THE ASTROLOGER.

There lived in Houndsditch, about the year 1632, one Alexander Hart, who had been a soldier formerly, a comely old man, of good aspect, he professed questionary astrology and a little of physic; his greatest skill was to elect young gentlemen fit times to play at dice, that they might win or get money. Lilly relates that "he went unto him for resolutions for three questions at several times, and he erred in every one." He says, that to speak soberly of him he was but a cheat, as appeared suddenly after; for a rustical fellow of the city, desirous of knowledge, contracted with Hart, to assist for a conference with a spirit, and paid him twenty pounds of thirty pounds the contract. At last, after many delays, and no spirit appearing, nor money returned, the young man indicted him for a cheat at the Old Bailey in London. The jury found the bill, and at the hearing of the cause this jest happened: some of the bench inquired what Hart did? "He sat like an alderman in his gown," quoth the fellow; at which the court fell into a laughter, most of the court being aldermen. He was to have been set upon the pillory for this cheat; but John Taylor the water poet being his great friend, got the lord chief justice Richardson to bail him, ere he stood upon the pillory, and so Hart fled presently into Holland, where he ended his days.\*

\* Autobiography, vol. ii. Lilly's Life.

#### REV. THOMAS COOKE.

The verses at the end of the following letter may excuse the insertion of a query, which would otherwise be out of place in a publication not designed to be a channel of inquiry.

#### To the Editor.

Sir,—I should feel much obliged, if the *Table Book* can supply some account of a clergyman of the name of Thomas Cooke, who, it is supposed, resided in Shropshire, and was the author of a very beautiful poem, in folio, (published by subscription, about ninety years since,) entitled "The Immortality of the Soul." I have a very imperfect copy of this work, and am desirous of ascertaining, from any of your multifarious readers, whether or not the poem ever became public, and where it is probable I could obtain a glimpse of a perfect impression. Mine has no title-page, and about one moiety of the work has been destroyed by the sacrilegious hands of some worthless animal on two legs!

The list of subscribers plainly proves that Mr. Cooke must have been a man of good family, and exalted connections. On one of the blank leaves in my copy, the following lines appear, written by Mr. Cooke himself; and, considering the trammels by which he was confined, I think the verses are not without merit; at any rate, the subject of them appears to have been a beautiful creature.

By giving this article a place in the *Table Book*, you will much oblige

Your subscriber and admirer,

G. J. D.

*Islington-green.*

#### AN ACROSTIC

On a most beautiful and accomplished young Lady. London, 1748.

M eekness—good-humour—each transcendent grace,  
I s seen conspicuous on thy joyous face;  
S weet's the carnation to the rambling bee,  
S o art thou, CHARLOTTE! always sweet to me!

C an aught compare successfully with those  
H igh beauties which thy countenance compose,  
A ll doubly heighten'd by that gentle mind,  
R enown'd on earth, and prais'd by ev'ry wind?  
L ov'd object! no—then let it be thy care  
O f fawning friends, at all times, to beware—  
T o shun this world's delusions and disguise,  
T he knave's soft speeches, and the flatt'rer's lies,  
E steeming virtue, and discarding vice!

G o where I may, howe'er remote the clime,  
 W here'er my feet may stray, thy charms sublime,  
 I llustrious maid I approv'd and prais'd by all,  
 L ike some enchantment shall my soul enthrall—  
 L ight ev'ry path—illuminate my mind—  
 I nspire my pen with sentiments refin'd—  
 A nd teach my tongue on this fond pray'r to dwell,  
 "M ay Heav'n preserve the maid it loves so well!"

THOMAS COOKE.

## Varieties.

### CURIOUS PLAY BILL.

The following remarkable theatrical announcement is a mixed appeal of vanity and poverty to the taste and feelings of the inhabitants of a town in Sussex.

(Copy.)

At the old theatre in East Grinstead, on Saturday, May, 1758, will be represented (by particular desire, and for the benefit of Mrs. P.) the deep and affecting Tragedy of Theodosius, or the Force of Love, with magnificent scenes, dresses, &c.

Varanes, by Mr. P., who will strive, as far as possible, to support the character of this fiery Persian Prince, in which he was so much admired and applauded at Hastings, Arundel, Petworth, Midworth, Lewes, &c.

Theodosius, by a young gentleman from the University of Oxford, who never appeared on any stage.

Athenais, by Mrs. P. Though her present condition will not permit her to wait on gentlemen and ladies out of the town with tickets, she hopes, as on former occasions, for their liberality and support.

Nothing in Italy can exceed the altar, in the first scene of the play. Nevertheless, should any of the Nobility or Gentry wish to see it ornamented with flowers, the bearer will bring away as many as they choose to favour him with.

As the coronation of Athenais, to be introduced in the fifth act, contains a number of personages, more than sufficient to fill all the dressing-rooms, &c., it is hoped no gentlemen and ladies will be offended at being refused admission behind the scenes.

N. B. The great yard dog, that made so much noise on Thursday night, during the last act of King Richard the Third, will be sent to a neighbour's over the way; and on account of the prodigious demand for places, part of the stable will be laid into the boxes on one side, and the granary be open for the same purpose on the other.

*Vivat Rex.\**

### IT'S NEVER TOO LATE TO MEND.

On the evening of a market-day, at Chester, in the beginning of the year 1790, a reputable farmer, on the evening of a market-day, called at the shop of Mr. Poole, bookseller, and, desiring to speak with him at the door, put a shilling into his hand, telling him, "he had owed it to him many years." The latter asked, for what? To which the farmer replied, that "When a boy, in buying a book-almanac at his shop, he had stolen another—the reflection of which had frequently given him much uneasiness." If any one who sees this ever wronged his neighbour, let him be encouraged by the courage of the farmer of Chester, to make reparation in like manner, and so make clean his conscience.

### CONSCIENCE.

—————There is no power in holy men,  
 Nor charm in prayer—nor purifying form  
 Of penitence—nor outward look—nor fast—  
 Nor agony—nor, greater than all these,  
 The innate tortures of that deep despair,  
 Which is remorse without the fear of hell,  
 But all in all sufficient to itself  
 Would make a hell of heaven—can exorcise  
 From out the unbounded spirit, the quick sense  
 Of its own sins, wrongs, sufferance, and revenge  
 Upon itself; there is no future pang  
 Can deal that justice on the self-condemn'd  
 He deals on his own soul. *Byron.*

—————  
 EPITAPH BY DR. LOWTH, late bishop of London, on a monument in the church of Cudesden, Oxfordshire, to the memory of his daughter, translated from the Latin:—

Dear as thou didst in modest worth excel,  
 More dear than in a daughter's name—farewell!  
 Farewell, dear Mary—but the hour is nigh  
 When, if I'm worthy, we shall meet on high:  
 Then shall I say, triumphant from the tomb,  
 "Come, to thy father's arms, dear Mary, come!"

### INSCRIPTION

From the book at Rigi, in Switzerland.

Nine weary up-hill miles we sped  
 The setting sun to see;  
 Sulky and grim he went to bed,  
 Sulky and grim went we.

Seven sleepless hours we past, and then,  
 The rising sun to see,  
 Sulky and grim we rose again,  
 Sulky and grim rose he.

\* Boaden's Life of Mrs. Siddons.



## Antiquarian Hall, ALIAS Will. Will-be-so, of Lynn.

A goose-herd in the fen-lands; next, he  
 Be-doctor'd Norfolk cows; much vext, he  
 Turn'd bookseller, and poetaster,  
 And was a tolerable master  
 Of title-pages, but his rhymes  
 Were shocking, at the best of times.  
 However, he was very honest,  
 And now, poor fellow, he is—"non est."

### For the Table Book.

WILLIAM HALL, or as he used to style himself, "Antiquarian Hall," "Will. Will-be-so," and "Low-Fen-Bill-Hall," or, as he was more generally termed by the public, "Old Hall," died at Lynn, in Norfolk, on the 24th of January, 1825. From some curious autobiographical sketches in rhyme, published by himself, in the decline of life, it appears that he was born on June 1, O. S. 1748, at Willow Booth, a small island in the fens of Lincolnshire, near Heckington Ease, in the parish of South Kyme.

"Kyme, God knows,  
 Where no corn grows,  
 Nothing but a little hay;  
 And the water comes,  
 And takes it all away."

His ancestors on the father's side were all "fen slodgers," having lived there for many generations; his mother was

—— "a half Yorkshire,  
 The other half was Heckington,<sup>1</sup>  
 Vulgar a place as any one."

When about four years old, he narrowly escaped drowning; for, in his own words, he

—— "overstretching took a slip,  
 And popp'd beneath a merchant's ship;\*  
 No soul at hand but me and mother;  
 Nor could I call for one or other."

She, however, at the hazard of her own life, succeeded in saving her son's. At eleven years old, he went to school, in Brothertoft chapel, for about six months, in which time he derived all the education he ever received. His love of reading was so great, that as soon as he could manage a gunning-boat, he used to employ his Sundays either in seeking for water-birds' eggs, or to

—— "shoue the boat  
 A catching fish, to make a groat,  
 And sometimes with a snare or hook;  
 Well, what was't for?—to buy a book,  
 Propensity so in him lay."

Before he arrived at man's estate, he lost his mother, and soon afterwards his father

\* A coal-lighter.

married again. Will, himself, on arriving at man's estate, married "Suke Holmes," and became a "gozzard," or gooseherd; that is, a keeper and breeder of geese, for which the fens were, at that time, famous throughout the kingdom, supplying the London markets with fowls, and the warehouses with feathers and quills. In these parts, the small feathers are plucked from the live geese five times a year, at Lady-tide, Midsummer, Lammas, Michaelmas, and Martinmas, and the larger feathers and quills are pulled twice. Goslings even are not spared, for it is thought that early plucking tends to increase the succeeding feathers. It is said that the mere plucking hurts the fowl very little, as the owners are careful not to pull until the feathers are ripe: those plucked after the geese are dead, are affirmed not to be so good. The number of geese kept by Will, must have been very great, for his "brood geese," alone, required five coombs of corn for daily consumption.

The inundations to which the fens were then liable, from breaches, or overflowing of the banks, overwhelmed him with difficulties, and ruined his prospects.

"The poor old geese away were floated,  
Till some high lands got lit'rally coated;  
Nor did most peasants think it duty  
Them to preserve, but made their booty;  
And those who were 'not worth a goose,'  
On other people's liv'd profuse."

After many vicissitudes and changes of residence, he settled at Marshland, in Norfolk, where his wife practised phlebotomy and midwifery, while he officiated as an auctioneer, cowleech, &c. &c. Indeed he appeared to have been almost bred to the doctoring profession, for his own mother was

———— "a good cow-doctor,  
And always doctor'd all her own,  
Being cowleech both in flesh and bone."

His mother-in-law was no less skilful, for in Will's words

"She in live stock had took her care,  
And of recipes had ample share,  
Which I retain unto this day."

His father-in-law was an equally eminent practitioner; when, says Will,

"I married Sukey Holmes, her father,  
Did more than them put altogether;  
Imparted all his skill to me,  
Farrier, cowleech, and surgery,  
All which he practised with success."

Will, tells of a remarkable and surprising accident, which closed his career as a cowleech.

"The rheumatism, (dreadful charm.)  
Had fix'd so close in my left arm,  
So violent throbb'd, that without stroke  
To touch—it absolutely broke!  
Went with a spring, made a report,  
And hence in cowleech spoil'd my sport;  
Remain'd so tender, weak, and sore,  
I never dare attempt it more."

Thus disqualified, he removed to Lynn, and opening a shop in Ferry-street, commenced his operations as a purchaser and vender of old books, odds and ends, and old articles of various descriptions; from whence he obtained the popular appellation of "Old Hall." On a board over the door, he designated this shop the

### "Antiquarian Library,"

and thus quaintly announced his establishment to the public:

———— "In Lynn, Ferry-street,  
Where, should a stranger set his feet,  
Just cast an eye, read 'Antiquary!'  
Turn in, and but one hour tarry,  
Depend upon't, to his surprise, sir,  
He would turn out somewhat the wiser."

He had great opportunity to indulge in "Bibliomania," for he acquired an extensive collection of scarce, curious, and valuable books, and became, in fact, the only dealer in "old literature" at Lynn. He versified on almost every occasion that seemed opportune for giving himself and his verses publicity; and, in one of his rhyming advertisements, he alphabetised the names of ancient and modern authors, by way of catalogue. In addition to his bookselling business, he continued to practise as an auctioneer. He regularly kept a book-stall, &c. in Lynn Tuesday-market, from whence he occasionally knocked down his articles to the best bidder; and he announced his sales in his usual whimsical style. His hand-bill, on one of these occasions, runs thus:

"LYNN, 19th SEPTEMBER, 1810.

"First Tuesday in the next October,  
Now do not doubt but we'll be sober!  
If Providence permits us action,  
You may depend upon

AN AUCTION,

At the stall  
That's occupied by WILLIAM HALL.  
To enumerate a task would be,  
So best way is to come and see;  
But not to come too vague an errand,  
We'll give a sketch which we will warrant.  
"About one hundred books, in due lots,  
And pretty near the same in shoe-lasts;

*Coats, waistcoats, breeches, shining buttons,*  
 Perhaps ten thousand *leather cuttings.*  
 Sold at per pound, your lot but ask it,  
 Shall be weigh'd to you in a basket ;  
 Some lots of *tools*, to make a try on,  
 About one hundred weight of *iron* ;  
*Scales, earthenware, arm-chairs, a tea-urn,*  
*Tea-chests, a herring-tub,* and so on ;  
 With various more, that's our intention,  
 Which are too tedious here to mention.

" N. B. To undeceive, 'fore you come nigher,  
 The duty charg'd upon the buyer ;  
 And, should we find we're not perplext,  
 We'll keep it up the Tuesday next."

During repeated visits to his surviving relatives in his native fens, he observed the altered appearance of the scene from the improved method of drainage. It had become like "another world," and he resolved

—————" to try  
 His talent for posterity ;"

and "make a book," under the title of "The Low Fen Journal," to comprise "a chain of Incidents relating to the State of the Fens, from the earliest Account to the present Time." As a specimen of the work he published, in the summer of 1812, an octavo pamphlet of twenty-four pages, called a "Sketch of Local History," by "*Will. Will-be-so*," announcing

"If two hundred subscribers will give in their aid,  
 The whole of this journal is meant to be laid  
 Under public view."

This curious pamphlet of odds and ends in prose and rhyme, without order or arrangement, contained a "caution to the buyer."

"Let any read that will not soil or rend it,  
 But should they ask to borrow, *pray don't lend it!*  
 Advise them, '*Go and buy*;' 'twill better suit  
 My purpose; and with you prevent dispute.  
 With me a maxim 'tis, he that won't buy  
 Does seldom well regard his neighbour's property;  
 And did you chew the bit, so much as I do  
 From lending books, I think 'twould make you shy too."

In the course of the tract, he presented to "the critics" the following admonitory address.

"Pray, sirs, consider, had you been  
 Bred where whole winters nothing's seen  
 But naked flood for miles and miles,  
 Except a boat the eye beguiles ;  
 Or coots, in clouds, by buzzards teaz'd,  
 Your ear with seeming thunder seiz'd  
 From rais'd decoy,—there ducks on flight,  
 By tens of thousands darken light ;  
 None to assist in greatest need,  
 Parents but very badly read ;

No conversation strike the mind,  
 But of the lowest, vulgar kind ;  
 Five miles from either church or school,  
 No coming there, but cross a pool ;  
 Kept twenty years upon that station,  
 With only six months' education ;  
 Traverse the scene, then weigh it well,  
 Say, *could you better write or spell ?*"

One extract, in prose, is an example of the disposition and powers of his almost untutored mind, viz.

"*No animation without generation* seems a standing axiom in philosophy: but upon tasting the berry of a plant greatly resembling brooklime, but with a narrower leaf, I found it attended with a loose fulsome-ness, very different from any thing I had ever tasted; and on splitting one of them with my nail, out sprang a fluttering maggot, which put me upon minute examination. The result of which was, that every berry, according to its degree of maturity, contained a proportionate maggot, up to the full ripe shell, where a door was plainly discerned, and the insect had taken its flight. I have ever since carefully inspected the herb, and the result is always the same, viz. if you split ten thousand of the berries, you discover nothing but an animated germ. It grows in shallow water, and is frequently accompanied with the water plantain. Its berry is about the size of a red currant, and comes on progressively, after the manner of juniper in the berry: the germ is first discoverable about the middle of July, and continues till the frost subdues it. And my conjectures lead me to say, that one luxurious plant shall be the mother of many scores of flies. I call it the *fly berry plant*."

Thus far the "Sketch." He seems to have caught the notion of his "Low Fen Journal" from a former fen genius, whose works are become of great price, though it must be acknowledged, more for their quaintness and rarity, than their intrinsic merit. Will. refers to him in the following apologetical lines.

"Well, on the earth he knows of none,  
 With a full turn just like his mind ;  
 Nor only one that's dead and gone,  
 Whose genius stood as his inclin'd :  
 No doubt the public wish to know it,  
*John Taylor*, call'd the *water poet*.  
 Who near two centuries ago  
 Wrote much such nonsense as I do."

The sale of the "Sketch" not answering his expectations, no further symptoms of the "Journal" made their appearance at that time.

In the summer of 1815, after forty-three years' practice as an auctioneer, he announced his retirement by the following laconic farewell.

"RAP SENIOR's given it up at last,  
With thanks for ev'ry favour past;  
Alias 'ANTIQUARIAN HALL'  
Will never more be heard to brawl;  
As auctioneer no more will lie,  
But's thrown his wicked hammer by.  
Should you prefer him to appraise,  
He's licensed for future days;  
Or still employ him on commission,  
He'll always treat on fair condition,  
For goods brought to him at his stand,  
Or at your home, to sell by hand;  
Or should you want his *pen's* assistance,  
He'll wait on you at any distance,  
To lot, collect, in place of clerk,  
Or prevent moving goods i' th' dark;  
In short, for help or counsel's aid,  
You need not of him be afraid."

The harvest of 1816 proved wet and unfavourable, and he thought "it almost exceeded any thing in his memory;" wherefore the world was favoured with "Reflections upon Times, and Times and Times! or a more than Sixty Years' Tour of the Mind," by "*Low-Fen-Bill-Hall*." This was an octavo pamphlet of sixteen pages, in prose, quite as confused as his other productions, "transmitting to posterity," as the results of sixty years' experience, that "the frequency of thunderstorms in the spring,"—"the repeated appearance of water-spouts,"—"an innumerable quantity of black snails,"—"an unusual number of field mice,"—and "the great many snakes to be seen about," are *certain* "indications of a wet harvest." To these observations, intermingled with digression upon digression, he prefixed as one of the mottoes, an extremely appropriate quotation from *Deut.* c. 32. v. 29, "O that they were wise, that they *understood* this!"

In the spring of 1818, when in his seventieth year, or, as he says, "David's gage being near complete," he determined on an attempt to publish his "*Low Fen Journal*," in numbers; the first of which he thus announced:

"*A Lincolnshire rais'd medley pie,*  
An original miscellany,  
Not meant as canting, *puzzling mystery,*  
But for a general true FEN HISTORY,  
Such as design'd some time ago,  
By him 'yelept *It'll. It'll-be-so*;  
Here's Number ONE for publication,  
If meet the public's approbation,

*Low-Fen-Bill-Hall* his word engages  
To send about two hundred pages,  
Collected by his gleanng pains,  
Mix'd with the fruit of his own brains."

This specimen of the work was as unintelligible as the before-mentioned introductory "Sketch," partaking of the same autobiographical, historical, and religious character, with acrostic, elegiac, obituarian, and other extraneous pieces in prose and rhyme. His life had been passed in vicissitude and hardship, "oft' pining for a bit of bread;" and from experience, he was well adapted to

—————"tell,  
To whom most extra lots befell;  
Who liv'd for months on stage of planks,  
'Midst captain Flood's most swelling pranks,  
Five miles from any food to have,  
Yea often risk'd a wat'ry grave;"

yet his facts and style were so incongruous, that speaking of the "Sketch," he says, when he

—————"sent it out,  
Good lack! to know what 'twas about?  
He might as well have sent it muzzled,  
For half the folks seem'd really puzzled.  
Soliciting for patronage,  
He might have spent near half an age;  
From all endeavours undertook,  
He could not get it to a book."

Though the only "historical" part of the first number of his "*Fen Journal*," in twenty-four pages, consisted of prosaic fragments of his grandfather's "poaching," his mother's "groaning," his father's "fishing," and his own "conjectures;" yet he tells the public, that

"Protected by kind Providence,  
I mean in less than twelve months hence,  
Push'd by no very common sense,  
To give six times as much as here is,  
And hope there's none will think it dear is,  
Consid'ring th' matter rather queer is."

In prosecution of his intentions, No. 2 shortly followed; and, as it was alike heterogeneous and unintelligible, he says he had "caught the Swiftianism, in running digression on digression," with as many whimsies as "Peter, Martin, and John had in twisting their father's will." He expected that this "gallimaufry" and himself would be consecrated to posterity, for he says,

"'Tis not for lucre that I write,  
But something lasting,—to indite  
What may redound to purpose good,  
(If hap'ly can be understood;)  
And, as time passes o'er his stages,  
Transmit my mind to future ages."

On concluding his second number, he "gratefully acknowledges the liberality of his subscribers, and is apprehensive the *Interlope* will find a very partial acceptance; but it being so congenial an interlude to the improvement of *Low Fen* and *Billinghay Dale* manners, to be hereafter shown, he hopes it will not be considered detrimental, should his work continue." Such, however, was not the case, for his literary project terminated: unforeseen events reduced his finances, and he had not

---

"Pecune  
Enough, to keep his harp in tune."

The care of a large family of orphan grandchildren, in indigent circumstances, having devolved upon him, he became perplexed with extreme difficulties, and again experienced the truth of his own observation, that

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"If two steps forward, oft' three back,  
Through life had been his constant track."

Attracted by the "bodies of divinity," and other theological works, which his "antiquarian library" contained, his attention was particularly directed to the fundamental truths of religion, and the doctrines of "the various denominations of the Christian world." The result was, that without joining any, he imbibed such portions of the tenets of each sect, that his opinions on this subject were as singular as on every other. Above all sectaries, yet not entirely agreeing even with them, he "loved and venerated" the "Moravians or United Brethren," for their meek, unassuming demeanour, their ceaseless perseverance in propagating the gospel, and their boundless love towards the whole human race. Of his own particular notions, he thus says,

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"If I on doctrines have right view,  
Here's this for me, and that for you;  
Another gives my neighbour comfort,  
A stranger comes with one of some sort;  
When after candid scrutinizing,  
We find them equally worth prizing;  
'Cause all in gospel love imparted,  
Nor is there any one perverted;  
Only as they may seem unlike,  
Nor can ou other's fancy strike:  
Whereas from due conformity,  
O! what a spread of harmony,  
Each with each, bearing and forbearing,  
All wishing for a better hearing,  
Would in due time, then full improve  
Into *one family of love*:  
Instead of shyness on each other,  
My fellow-christian, sister, brother,

And each in candour thus impart,  
You have my fellowship and heart;  
Let this but be the *root o' th' sense*,  
*Jesus the Christ*, my confidence,  
As given in the Father's love,  
No other system I approve."

After a short illness, towards the conclusion of his seventy-eighth year, death closed his mortal career. Notwithstanding his eccentricity, he was "devoid of guile," plain and sincere in all transactions, and his memory is universally respected.—"Peace to his ashes"—(to use his own expressions,)

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"Let all the world say worst they can,  
He was an upright, honest man."

K.

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## Winter.

### For the Table Book.

WINTER! I love thee, for thou com'st to me  
Laden with joys congenial to my mind,  
Books that with bards and solitude agree,  
And all those virtues which adorn mankind.  
What though the meadows, and the neighb'ring hills,  
That rear their cloudy summits in the skies—  
What though the woodland brooks, and lowland rills,  
That charm'd our ears, and gratified our eyes,  
In thy forlorn habiliments appear?  
What though the zephyrs of the summer tide,  
And all the softer beauties of the year  
Are fled and gone, kind Heav'n has not denied  
Our books and studies, music, conversation,  
And ev'ning parties for our recreation;  
And these suffice, for seasons snatch'd away,  
Till SPRING leads forth the slowly-length'ning day.

B. W. R.

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## A WINTER'S DAY.

### For the Table Book.

The horizontal sun, like an orb of molten gold, casts "a dim religious light" upon the surpliced world: the beams, reflected from the dazzling snow, fall upon the purple mists, which extend round the earth like a zone, and in the midst the planet appears a fixed stud, surpassing the ruby in brilliancy.

Now trees and shrubs are borne down with sparkling congelations, and the coral clusters of the hawthorn and holly are more splendid, and offer a cold conserve to the wandering schoolboy. The huntsman is seen riding to covert in his scarlet livery, the gunner is heard at intervals in the uplands, and the courser comes galloping down the hill side, with his hounds in full



chase before him. The farmer's boy, who is forced from his warm bed, to milk cows in a cold meadow, complains it's a "burning" shame that he should be obliged to go starving by himself, while "their wench" has nothing else to do but make a fire, and boil the tea-kettle. Now, Mrs. Jeremy Bellclack, properly so called, inasmuch as the unmentionables are amongst her peculiar attributes, waked by the mail-coach horn, sounding an Introit to the day, orders her husband, poor fellow, to "just get up and look what sort of a morning it is;" and he, shivering at the *bare* idea, affects to be fast asleep, till a second summons, accompanied by the contact of his wife's heavy hand, obliges him to paddle across the ice-cold plaster floor; and the trees and church-steeple, stars, spears, and saws, which form an elegant tapestry over the windows, seem to authorize the excuse that he "can't see," while, shivering over the dressing-table, he pours a stream of visible breath on the frozen pane.

After breakfast, Dicky, "with shining morning face," appears in the street, on his way to school, with his Latin grammar in one hand, and a slice of bread and butter in the other, to either of which he pays his devoirs, and "slides and looks, and slides and looks," all the way till he arrives at "the house of bondage," when his fingers are so benumbed, that he is obliged to warm his slate, and even then they refuse to cast up figures, "of their own accord." In another part of the school, Joe Lazy finds it "so 'nation cold," that he is quite unable to learn the two first lines of his lesson,—and he plays at "cocks and dollars" with Jem Slack in a corner. The master stands before the fire, like the Colossus of Rhodes, all the morning, to the utter discomfiture of the boys, who grumble at the monopoly, and secretly tell one another, that they pay for the fire, and ought to have the benefit of it. At length he says, "You may go, boys;" whereupon ensues such a pattering of feet, shutting of boxes, and scrambling for hats, as beats Milton's "busy hum of men" all to nothing, till they reach their wonted slide in the yard, where they suddenly stop on discovering that "that *skinny* old creature, Bet Fifty, the cook," has bestrewed it from end to end with sand and cinders. Frost-stricken as it were, they stare at one another, and look unutterable things at the aforesaid "skinny old creature;" till Jack Turbulent, ring-leader-general of all their riots and rebellions, execrates "old Betty, cook," with the fluency of a parlour boarder, and hurls

a well-wrought snowball at the Gorgon, who turns round in a passion to discover the delinquent, when her pattens, unused to such quick rotatory motion, slip from under her feet, and "down topples she," to the delight of the urchins around her, who drown her cries and threats in reiterated bursts of laughter.

Now, the Comet stage-coach, bowling along the russet-coloured road, with a long train of vapour from the horses' nostrils, looks really like a comet. At the same time, Lubin, who has been sent to town by his mistress with a letter for the post-office, and a strict injunction to return speedily, finds it impossible to pass the blacksmith's shop, where the bright sparks fly from the forge; and he determines "just" to stop and look at the blaze "a bit," which, as he says, "raly does one's eyes good of a winter's morning;" and then, he just blows the bellows a bit, and finds it so pleasant to listen to the strokes of Vulcan's wit, and his sledge-hammer, alternately, that he continues blowing up the fire, till, at length, he recollects what a "blowing up" he shall have from his "Missis" when he gets home, and forswears the clang of horse-shoes and plough-irons, and leaves the temple of the Cyclops, but not without a "longing, ling'ring look behind" at Messrs. Blaze and *Company*.

From the frozen surface of the pond or lake, men with besoms busily clear away the drift, for which they are amply remunerated by voluntary contributions from every fresh-arriving skater; and black ice is discovered between banks of snow, and ramified into numerous transverse, oblique, semicircular, or elliptical branches. Here and there, the snow appears in large heaps, like rocks or islands, and round these the proficient in the art

"Come and trip it as they go  
On the light, fantastic toe,"

winding and sailing, one amongst another, like the smooth-winged swallows, which so lately occupied the same surface. While these are describing innumerable *circles*, the sliding fraternity in another part form *parallel lines*; each, of each class, vies with the other in feats of activity, all enjoy the exhilarating pastime, and every face is illumined with cheerfulness. The philosophic skater, big with theory, convinced, as he tells every one he meets, that the whole art consists "*merely* in transferring the centre of gravity from *one* foot to the *other*," boldly essays a demonstration, and instantly transfers it from *both*,

so as to honour the frozen element with a sudden salute from that part of the body which usually gravitates on a chair; and the wits compliment him on the superior knowledge by which he has "broken the ice," and the little lads run to see "what a big star the gentleman has made!" and think it must have hurt him "above a bit!"

It is now that the different canals are frozen up, and goods are conveyed by the stage-waggon, and "it's a capital time for the turnpikes;" and those who can get brandy, drink it; and those who can't, drink ale; and those who are unable to procure either, do much better without them. And now, ladies have red noses, and the robin, with his little head turned knowingly on one side, presents his burning breast at the parlour window, and seems to crave a dinner from the noontide breakfast. In such a day, the "son and heir" of the "gentleman retired from business" bedizens the drawing-room with heavy loads of prickly evergreen; and bronze candle-bearers, porcelain figures, and elegant chimney ornaments, look like prince Malcolm's soldiers at "Birnham wood," or chorister boys on a holy Thursday; and his "Ma" nearly falls into hysterics on discovering the mischief; and his "Pa" begins to scold him for being so naughty; and the budding wit asks, as he runs out of the room, "Why, don't you know that these are the *holly days*?" and his father relates the astonishing instance of early genius at every club, card-party, or vestry-meeting for a month to come. Now, all the pumps are frozen, old men tumble down on the flags, and ladies "look blue" at their lovers. Now, the merry-growing bacchanal begins to thaw himself with frequent potatoes of wine; bottle after bottle is sacrificed to the health of his various friends, though his own health is sacrificed in the ceremony; and the glass that quaffs "the prosperity of the British constitution," ruins his own.

And now, dandies, in rough great coats and fur collars, look like Esquimaux Indians; and the fashionables of the *fair* sex, in white veils and swans-down muffs and tippets, have (begging their pardons) very much the appearance of polar bears. Now, Miss Enigmatica Conundrina Riddle, poring over her new pocket-book, lips out, "Why are ladies in winter like tea-kettles?" to which old Mr. Riddle, pouring forth a dense ringlet of tobacco-smoke, replies, "Because they dance and sing;" but master Augustus Adolphus Riddle,

who has heard it before, corrects him by saying, "No, Pa, that's not it—it's because they are furred up." Now, unless their horses are turned up, the riders are very likely to be turned down; and deep wells are dry, and poor old women, with a "well-a-day!" are obliged to boil down snow and icicles to make their tea with. Now, an old oak-tree, with only one branch, looks like a man with a rifle to his shoulder, and the night-lorn traveller trembles at the prospect of having his head and his pockets *rifled* together. Now, sedan-chairs, and servants with lanterns, are "flitting across the night," to fetch home their masters and mistresses from oyster-eatings, and quadrille parties. And now, a young lady, who had retreated from the heat of the ball-room, to take the benefit of the north wind, and caught a severe cold, calls in the doctor, who is quite convinced of the correctness of the old adage, "It's an ill wind that blows nobody good."

Now, the sultana of the night reigns on her throne of stars, in the blue zenith, and young ladies and gentlemen, who had shivered all day by the parlour fire, and found themselves in danger of annihilation when the door by chance had been left a little way open, are quite warm enough to walk together by moonlight, though every thing around them is actually petrified by the frost.

Now, in my chamber, the last ember falls, and seems to warn us as it descends, that though we, like it, may shine among the brilliant, and be cherished by the great (grate,) we must mingle our ashes. The wasted candle, too, is going the way of all flesh, and the writer of these "night thoughts," duly impressed with the importance of his own mortality, takes his farewell of his anti-critical readers in the language of the old song,—

"Gude night, an' joy be wi' you all!"

*Lichfield.*

J. H.

#### TAKE NOTICE.

A correspondent who has seen the original of the following notice, written at Bath, says, it would have been placed on a board in a garden there, had not a friend advised its author to the contrary:

"ANY PERSON TRESPACE HERE  
SHALL BE PROSTITUTED  
[ACCORDING TO LAW.]"

## THE BAZAAR.

*For the Table Book.*

The Bazaar in Soho  
Is completely the go.— (Song.)

Put it down in the bill—  
Is the fountain of ill,  
This has every shopkeeper undone—  
Bazaars never trust, so down with your dust,  
And help us to diddle all London. (Song.)

Oh how I've wish'd for some time back  
To ride to the Bazaar,  
And I declare the day looks fair  
Now won't you go, mamma?  
For there our friends were sure to meet,  
So let us haste away,  
My cousins, too, last night told you,  
They'd all be there to-day.

With a "How do you do,  
Ma'am?" "How are you?  
How dear the things all are!"  
Throughout the day  
You hear them say,  
At fam'd Soho Bazaar.

Some look at this thing, then at that,  
But vow they're all too high;  
"How much is this?"—"Two guineas, miss!"  
"Oh, I don't want to buy!"  
Look at these pretty books, my love,  
I think it soon will rain;  
There's Mrs. Howe, I saw her bow,  
Why don't you bow again?

With a "How do you do,  
Ma'am?" "How are you?  
How dear the things all are!"  
Throughout the day  
You hear them say,  
At fam'd Soho Bazaar.

Just see that picture on the box,  
How beautifully doue!  
"It isn't high, ma'am, won't you buy?  
It's only one pound one."  
How pretty all these bonnets look  
With red and yellow strings;  
Come here, my dear, don't go too near,  
You mustn't touch the things.

With a "How do you do,  
Ma'am?" "How are you?  
How dear the things all are!"  
Throughout the day  
You hear them say,  
At fam'd Soho Bazaar.

Miss Muggins, have you seen enough?  
I'm sorry I can't stay;  
There's Mrs. Snooks, how fat she looks!  
She's coming on this way:

Dear madam, give me leave to ask  
You,—how your husband is?—  
Why, Mr. Snooks has lost his looks,  
He's got the *rheumatiz*!

With a "How do you do,  
Ma'am?" "How are you?  
How dear the things all are!"  
Throughout the day  
You hear them say,  
At fam'd Soho Bazaar.

"Tom! see that girl, how well she walks!  
But faith, I must confess,  
I never saw a girl before  
In such a style of dress."  
"Why, really, Jack, I think you're right,  
Just let me look a while;

(*looking through his glass*)

I like her *gait* at any rate,  
But don't quite like her *style*."

With a "How do you do,  
Ma'am?" "How are you?  
How dear the things all are!"  
Throughout the day  
You hear them say,  
At fam'd Soho Bazaar.

"That vulgar lady's standing there  
That every one may view her;"—  
"Sir, that's my daughter;"—"No, not her;  
I mean the next one to her:"  
"Oh, that's my niece;"—"Oh no, not her,"—  
"You seem, sir, quite amused;"  
"Dear ma'am,—heyday!—what shall I say?  
I'm really quite confus'd."

With a "How do you do,  
Ma'am?" "How are you?  
How dear the things all are!"  
Throughout the day  
You hear them say,  
At fam'd Soho Bazaar.

Thus beaux and belles together meet,  
And thus they spend the day;  
And walk and talk, and talk and walk,  
And then they *walk* away.  
If you have half an hour to spare,  
The better way by far  
Is here to lounge it, with a friend,  
In the Soho Bazaar.

With a "How do you do,  
Ma'am?" "How are you?  
How dear the things all are!"  
Throughout the day  
You hear them say,  
At fam'd Soho Bazaar.

## Omnia.

### THE SEASON OUT OF TOWN.

*For the Table Book.*

The banks are partly green; hedges and trees  
Are black and shrouded, and the keen wind roars,  
Like dismal music wand'ring over seas,  
And wailing to the agitated shores.

The fields are dotted with manure—the sheep  
In unshorn wool, streak'd with the shepherd's red,  
Their undivided peace and friendship keep,  
Shaking their bells, like children to their bed.

The roads are white and miry—waters run  
With violence through their tracks—and sheds, that  
flowers

In summer graced, are open to the sun,  
Which shines in noonday's horizontal hours.

Frost claims the night; and morning, like a bride,  
Forth from her chamber glides; mist spreads her  
vest;

The sunbeams ride the clouds till eventide,  
And the wind rolls them to ethereal rest.

Sleet, shine, cold, fog, in portions fill the time;  
Like hope, the prospect cheers; like breath it fades;

Life grows in seasons to returning prime,  
And beauty rises from departing shades.

January, 1827.

P.

### THE SIEGE OF BELGRADE.

*Addressed to the Admirers of Alliteration,  
and the Advocates of Noisy Numbers.*

*Ardentem aspicio atque arrectis auribus asto.—Virgil.*

An Austrian army awfully arrayed,  
Boldly by battery besieged Belgrade:  
Cossack commanders cannonading come,  
Dealing destruction's devastating doom;  
Every endeavour engineers essay,  
For fame, for fortune fighting—furious fray!  
Generals 'gainst generals grapple, gracious G—d!  
How honours heaven heroic hardihood!  
Infuriate—indiscriminate in ill—  
Kinsmen kill kindred—kindred kinsmen kill:  
Labour low levels loftiest, longest lines,  
Men march 'mid mounds, 'mid moles, 'mid murder-  
ous mines:

Now noisy noxious numbers notice nought  
Of outward obstacles, opposing ought,—  
Poor patriots!—partly purchased—partly press'd,  
Quite quaking, quickly, "Quarter! quarter!" quest;  
Reason returns, religious right redounds,  
Suwarrow stops such sanguinary sounds.  
Truee to thee, Turkey, triumph to thy train,  
Unwise, unjust, unmerciful Ukraine!  
Vanish, vain victory! vanish, victory vain!  
Why wish we warfare? Wherefore welcome were

Xerxes, Ximenes, Xanthus, Xaviere!  
Yield, yield, ye youths! ye yeomen, yield your yell;  
Zeno's, Zampatee's, Zoroaster's zeal,  
Attracting all, arms against acts appeal!

### NAMES OF PLACES.

*For the Table Book.*

The names of towns, cities, or villages,  
which terminate in *ter*, such as *Chester*,  
*Caster*, *Cester*, show that the Romans, in  
their stay among us, made fortifications  
about the places where they are now situ-  
ated. In the Latin tongue *Castra* is the  
name of these fortifications—such are *Castor*,  
*Chester*, *Doncaster*, *Leicester*: *Don*  
signifies a mountain, and *Ley*, or *Lei*,  
ground widely overgrown.

In our ancient tongue *wich*, or *wick*,  
means a place of refuge, and is the termi-  
nation of *Warwick*, *Sandwich*, *Greenwich*,  
*Woolwich*, &c.

*Thorp*, before the word village was bor-  
rowed from the French, was used in its  
stead, and is found at the end of many  
towns' names.

*Bury*, *Burgh*, or *Berry*, signifies, meta-  
phorically, a town having a wall about it,  
sometimes a high, or chief place.

*Wold* means a plain open country.

*Combe*, a valley between two hills.

*Knock*, a hill.

*Hurst*, a woody place.

*Magh*, a field.

*Innes*, an island.

*Worth*, a place situated between two  
rivers.

*Ing*, a tract of meadows.

*Minster* is a contraction of monastery.

SAM SAM'S SON.

### SONNET

*For the Table Book.*

The snowdrop, rising to its infant height,  
Looks like a sickly child upon the spot  
Of young nativity, regarding not  
The air's caress of melody and light  
Beam'd from the east, and soften'd by the bright  
Effusive flash of gold:—the willow stoops  
And muses, like a bride without her love,  
On her own shade, which lies on waves, and droops  
Beside the natal trunk, nor looks above:—  
The precipice, that torrents cannot move,  
Leans o'er the sea, and steadfast as a rock,  
Of dash and cloud unconscious, bears the rude  
Continuous surge, the sounds and echoes mock:  
Thus Mental Thought enduring, wears in solitude.

1827.

\*, \*, P.



### The Font of Harrow Church.

— thus saved  
From guardian-hands which else had more deprived.

Some years ago, the fine old font of the ancient parish church of Harrow-on-the-hill was torn from that edifice, by the "gentlemen of the parish," and given out to mend the roads with. The feelings of *one* parishioner (to the honour of the sex, a female) were outraged by this act of parochial Vandalism; and she was allowed to preserve it from destruction, and place it in a walled nook, at the garden front of her house, where it still remains. By her obliging permission, a drawing of it was made the summer before last, and is engraved above.

On the exclusion of Harrow font from the church, the parish officers put up the marble wash-hand-basin-stand-looking-thing, which now occupies its place, inscribed with the names of the church-  
Vol. I.—6.

wardens during whose reign venality or stupidity effected the removal of its predecessor. If there be any persons in that parish who either venerate antiquity, or desire to see "right things in right places," it is possible that, by a spirited representation, they may arouse the indifferent, and shame the ignorant to an interchange; and force an expression of public thanks to the lady whose good taste and care enabled it to be effected. The relative situation and misappropriation of each font is a stain on the parish, easily removable, by employing a few men and a few pounds to clap the paltry usurper under the spout of the good lady's house, and restore the noble original from that degrading destination, to its rightful dignity in the church.

## Garrick Plays.

## No. III.

[From the "Rewards of Virtue," a Comedy,  
by John Fountain, printed 1661.]

*Success in Battle not always attributable to the General.*

Generals oftimes famous grow  
By valiant friends, or cowardly enemies;  
Or, what is worse, by some mean piece of chance.  
Truth is, 'tis pretty to observe  
How little Princes and great Generals  
Contribute oftentimes to the fame they win.  
How oft hath it been found, that noblest minds  
With two short arms, have fought with fatal stars;  
And have endeavour'd with their dearest blood  
To mollify those diamonds, where dwell  
The fate of kingdoms; and at last have faln  
By vulgar hands, unable now to do  
More for their cause than die; and have been lost,  
Among the sacrifices of their swords;  
No more remember'd than poor villagers,  
Whose ashes sleep among the common flowers,  
That every meadow wears; whilst other men  
With trembling hands have caught a victory,  
And on pale foreheads wear triumphant bays.  
Besides, I have thought  
A thousand times; in times of war, when we  
Lift up our hands to heaven for victory;  
Suppose some virgin Shepherdless, whose soul  
Is chaste and clean as the cold spring, where she  
Quenches all thirsts, being told of enemies,  
That seek to fright the long-enjoyed Peace  
Of our Arcadia hence with sound of drums.  
And with hoarse trumpets' warlike airs to drown  
The harmless music of her oaten reeds;  
Should in the passion of her troubled sprite  
Repair to some small fane (such as the Gods  
Hear poor folks from), and there on humble knees  
Lift up her trembling hands to holy Pan,  
And beg his helps: 'tis possible to think,  
That Heav'n, which holds the purest vows most rich,  
May not permit her still to weep in vain,  
But grant her wish, (for, would the Gods not hear  
The prayers of poor folks, they'd ne'er bid them pray);  
And so, in the next action, happeneth out  
(The Gods still using means) the Enemy  
May be defeated. The glory of all this  
Is attributed to the General,  
And none but he's spoke loud of for the act;  
While she, from whose so unaffected tears  
His laurel sprung, for ever dwells unknown.\*

\* Is it possible that Cowper might have remembered this sentiment in his description of the advantages which the world, that scorns him, may derive from the noiseless hours of the contemplative man?

Perhaps she owes  
Her sunshine and her rain, her blooming spring  
And plenteous harvest, to the prayer he makes,  
When, Isaac-like, the solitary saint  
Walks forth to meditate at eventide;  
And think on her, who thinks not on herself.

*Task.*

*Unlawful Solicitings.*

When I first  
Mention'd the business to her all alone,  
Poor Soul, she blush'd, as if already she  
Had done some harm by hearing of me speak;  
Whilst from her pretty eyes two fountains ran  
So true, so native, down her fairest cheeks;  
As if she thought herself obliged to cry,  
'Cause all the world was not so good as she.

*Proportion in Pity.*

There must be some proportion still to pity  
Between ourselves and what we moan: 'tis hard  
For Men to be ought sensible, how Moats  
Press Flies to death. Should the Lion, in  
His midnight walks for prey, hear some poor worm  
Complain for want of little drops of dew,  
What pity could that generous creature have  
(Who never wanted small things) for those poor  
Ambitions? yet these are their concernments,  
And but for want of these they pine and die.

*Modesty a bar to preferment.*

Sure 'twas his modesty. He might have thriven  
Much better possibly, had his ambition  
Been greater much. They oftimes take more pains  
Who look for Pius, than those who find out Stars.

*Innocence vindicated at last.*

Heav'n may awhile correct the virtuous;  
Yet it will wipe their eyes again, and make  
Their faces whiter with their tears. Innocence  
Conceal'd is the Stolen Pleasure of the Gods,  
Which never ends in shame, as that of Men  
Doth oftimes do; but like the Sun breaks forth,  
When it hath gratified another world;  
And to our unexpecting eyes appears  
More glorious thro' its late obscurity.

*Dying for a Beloved Person.*

There is a gust in Death, when 'tis for Love,  
That's more than all that's taste in all the world.  
For the true measure of true Love is Death;  
And what falls short of this, was never Love:  
And therefore when those tides do meet and strive,  
And both swell high, but Love is higher still,  
This is the truest satisfaction of  
The perfectest Love: for here it sees itself  
Indure the highest test; and then it feels  
The sum of delectation, since it now  
Attains its perfect end; and shows its object,  
By one intense act, all its verity:  
Which by a thousand and ten thousand words  
It would have took a poor diluted pleasure  
To have imperfectly express'd.

*Urania makes a mock assignation with the King, and substitutes the Queen in her place. The King describes the supposed meeting to the Confident, whom he had employed to solicit for his guilty passion.*

Pyrrhus, I'll tell thee all. When now the night  
Grew black enough to hide a sculking action;  
And Heav'n had ne'er an eye unshut to see  
Her Representative on Earth creep 'mongst  
Those poor defenceless worms, whom Nature left  
An humble prey to every thing, and no  
Asylum but the dark; I softly stole  
To yonder grotto thro' the upper walks,  
And there found my Urania. But I found her,  
I found her, Pyrrhus, not a Mistress, but  
A Goddess rather; which made me now to be  
No more her Lover, but Idolater.  
She only whisper'd to me, as she promised,  
Yet never heard I any voice so loud;  
And, tho' her words were gentler far than those  
That holy priests do speak to dying Saints,  
Yet never thunder signified so much.  
And (what did more impress whate'er she said)  
Methought her whispers were my injured Queen's,  
Her manner just like her's! and when she urged,  
Among a thousand things, the injury  
I did the faithful'st Princess in the world;  
Who now supposed me sick, and was perchance  
Upon her knees offering up holy vows  
For him who mock'd both Heav'n and her, and was  
Now breaking of that vow he made her, when  
With sacrifice he call'd the Gods to witness:  
When she urged this, and wept, and spake so like  
My poor deluded Queen, Pyrrhus, I trembled;  
Almost persuaded that it was her angel  
Spake thro' Urania's lips, who for her sake  
Took care of me, as something she much loved.  
It would be long to tell thee all she said,  
How oft she sigh'd, how bitterly she wept:  
But the effect—Urania still is chaste;  
And with her chaster lips hath promised to  
Invoke blest Heav'n for my intended sin.

C. L.

## THE CUSHION DANCE.

*For the Table Book.*

The concluding dance at a country wake, or other general meeting, is the "Cushion Dance;" and if it be not called for when the company are tired with dancing, the fiddler, who has an interest in it which will be seen hereafter, frequently plays the tune to remind them of it. A young man of the company leaves the room; the poor young women, uninformed of the plot against them, suspecting nothing; but he no sooner returns, bearing a cushion in one hand and a pewter pot in the other, than they are aware of the mischief intended, and would

certainly make their escape, had not the bearer of cushion and pot, aware of the invincible aversion which young women have to be saluted by young men, prevented their flight by locking the door, and putting the key in his pocket. The dance then begins.

The young man advances to the fiddler, drops a penny in the pot, and gives it to one of his companions; cushion then dances round the room, followed by pot, and when they again reach the fiddler, the cushion says in a sort of recitative, accompanied by the music, "This dance it will no farther go."

The fiddler, in return, sings or says, for it partakes of both, "I pray, kind sir, why say you so?"

The answer is, "Because Joan Sander-son won't come to."

"But," replies the fiddler, "she must come to, and she shall come to, whether she will or no."

The young man, thus armed with the authority of the village musician, recommences his dance round the room, but stops when he comes to the girl he likes best, and drops the cushion at her feet; she puts her penny in the pewter pot, and kneels down with the young man on the cushion, and he salutes her.

When they rise, the woman takes up the cushion, and leads the dance, the man following, and holding the skirt of her gown; and having made the circuit of the room, they stop near the fiddler, and the same dialogue is repeated, except, as it is now the woman who speaks, it is *John* Sander-son who won't come to, and the fiddler's mandate is issued to *him*, not her.

The woman drops the cushion at the feet of her favourite man; the same ceremony and the same dance are repeated, till every man and woman, the pot bearer last, has been taken out, and all have danced round the room in a file.

The pence are the perquisite of the fiddler.

H. N.

P.S. There is a description of this dance in Miss Hutton's "Oakwood Hall."

## THE CUSHION DANCE.

*For the Table Book.*

"Saltabamus."

The village-green is clear and dight  
Under the starlight sky;  
Joy in the cottage reigns to night,  
And brightens every eye;

The peasants of the valley meet  
 Their labours to advance,  
 And many a lip invites a treat  
 To celebrate the "Cushion Dance."

A pillow in the room they hide,  
 The door they slyly lock;  
 The bold the bashful damsels chide,  
 Whose heart's-pulse seem to rock:  
 "Escape?"—"Not yet!—no key is found!"—  
 "Of course, 'tis lost by chance;"—  
 And futt'ring whispers breathe around  
 "The Cushion Dance!—The Cushion Dance!"

The fiddler in a corner stands,  
 He gives, he rules the game;  
 A rustic takes a maiden's hands  
 Whose cheek is red with shame:  
 At custom's shrine they seal their truth,  
 Love fails not here to glance;—  
 Happy the heart that beats in youth,  
 And dances in the "Cushion Dance!"

The pillow's carried round and round,  
 The fiddler speaks and plays;  
 The choice is made,—the charm is wound,  
 And parleys conquer nays:—  
 "For shame! I will not thus be kiss'd,  
 Your beard cuts like a lance;  
 Leave off—I'm sure you've sprained my wrist  
 By kneeling in this 'Cushion Dance!'"

"'Tis aunt's turn,—what in tears?—I thought  
 You dearly loved a joke;  
 Kisses are sweeter stol'n than bought,  
 And vows are sometimes broke.  
 Play up!—play up!—aunt chooses Ben;  
 Ben loves so sweet a trauce!  
 Robin to Nelly kneels again,  
 —Is Love not in the 'Cushion dance?'"

Laughter is busy at the heart,  
 Cupid looks through the eye,  
 Feeling is dear when sorrows part  
 And plaintive comfort's sigh,  
 "Hide not in corners, Betsy, pray,"  
 "Do not so colt-like prance;  
 One kiss, for memory's future day,  
 —Is Life not like a 'Cushion Dance?'"

"This Dance it will no further go!"  
 "Why say you thus, good man?"  
 "Joan Sanderson will not come to!"  
 "She must,—'tis 'Custom's' plan:"  
 "Whether she will or no, must she  
 The proper course advance;  
 Blushes, like blossoms on a tree,  
 Are lovely in the 'Cushion Dance.'" "

"This Dance it will no further go!"  
 "Why say you thus, good lady?"  
 "John Sanderson will not come to!"  
 "Fie, John! the Cushion's ready:"  
 "He must come to, he shall come to,  
 'Tis Mirth's right throne pleaseance;  
 How dear the scene, in Nature's view,  
 To Lovers in a 'Cushion Dance!'" "

"Ho! princum prancum!"—Love is blest;  
 Both Joan and John submit;  
 Friends smiling gather round and rest,  
 And sweethearts closely sit;—  
 Their feet and spirits languid grown,  
 Eyes, bright in silence, glance  
 Like suns on seeds of beauty sown,  
 And nourish'd in the "Cushion Dance."

In times to come, when older we  
 Have children round our knees;  
 How will our hearts rejoice to see  
 Their lips and eyes at ease.  
 Talk ye of Swiss in valley-streams,  
 Of joyous pairs in France;  
 None of their hopes-delighting dreams  
 Are equal to the "Cushion Dance."

'Twas here my Maiden's love I drew  
 By the hushing of her bosom;  
 She knelt, her mouth and press were true,  
 And sweet as rose's blossom:—  
 E'er since, though onward we to glory,  
 And cares our lives enhance,  
 Reflection dearly tells the "story"—  
 Hail!—hail!—thou "happy Cushion Dance."

J. R. PRIOR.

Islington.

## ST. SEPULCHRE'S BELL.

*For the Table Book.*

On the right-hand side of the altar of St. Sepulchre's church is a board, with a list of charitable donations and gifts, containing the following item:—

	£. s. d.
1605. Mr. Robert Dowe gave	50 0 0
for ringing the greatest bell in this church on the day the condemned prisoners are executed, and for other services, for ever, concerning such condemned prisoners, for which services the sexton is paid £1. 6s. 8d.	

Looking over an old volume of the Newgate Calendar, I found some elucidation of this inscription. In a narrative of the case of Stephen Gardner, (who was executed at Tyburn, February 3, 1724,) it is related that a person said to Gardner, when he was set at liberty on a former occasion, "Beware how you come here again, or the bellman will certainly say his verses over you." On this saying there is the following remark:—

"It has been a very ancient practice, on the night preceding the execution of con-



demned criminals, for the *bellman* of the parish of St. Sepulchre, to go under Newgate, and, ringing his bell, to repeat the following verses, as a piece of friendly advice to the unhappy wretches under sentence of death :—

All you that in the condemn'd hold do lie,  
Prepare you, for to-morrow you shall die;  
Watch all, and pray, the hour is drawing near,  
That you before the Almighty must appear:  
Examine well yourselves, in time repent,  
That you may not to eternal flames be sent.\*  
And when St. Sepulchre's bell to-morrow tolls,  
The Lord above have mercy on your souls!

Past twelve o'clock!

In the following extract from Stowe's London,\* it will be shown that the above verses ought to be repeated by a clergyman, instead of a bellman :—

“Robert Doue, citizen and merchant taylor, of London, gave to the parish church of St. Sepulchres, the somme of £50. That after he several sessions of London, when the prisoners remain in the gaole, as condemn'd men to death, expecting execution on the morrow following: the *clarke* (that is the *parson*) of the church shoold come in the night time, and likewise early in the morning, to the window of the prison where hey lye, and there ringing certain toles with a hand-bell appointed for the purpose, he doth afterwards (in most Christian manner) put them in mind of their present condition, and ensuing execution, desiring them to be prepared therefore as they ought to be. When they are in the cart, and brought before the wall of the church, here he standeth ready with the same bell, and, after certain toles, rehearseth an appointed praier, desiring all the people here present to pray for them. The beadle (so of Merchant Taylors' Hall hath an honest stipend allowed to see that this is duly done.”

Probably the discontinuance of this practice commenced when malefactors were first executed at Newgate, in lieu of Tyburn. The donation most certainly refers to the verses. What the “*other services*” are which the donor intended to be done, and for which the sexton is paid £1. 6s. 8d., and which are to be “*for ever*,” I do not know, but I presume those services (or the other) are now continued, as the record which contains the donation seems to me to have been newly painted.

EDWIN S.—

Arthurian-street, Jan. 1827.

## THE DEATH OF THE RED KING.

“Come, listen to a tale of times of old;  
Come, for ye know me.” SOUTHEY.

Who is it that rides thro' the forest so green,  
And gazes with joy on the beautiful scene,  
With the gay prancing war-horse, and helmeted head?  
'Tis the monarch of England, stern William the Red.

Why starts the proud courser? what vision is there?  
The trees are scarce mov'd by the still breathing air—  
All is hush'd, save the wild bird that carols on high,  
The forest bee's hum, and the rivulet's sigh.

But, lo! a dark form o'er the pathway hath lean'd;  
'Tis the druid of Malwood, the wild forest-fiend;  
The terror of youth, of the aged the fear—  
The prophet of Cadenham, the death-boding seer!

His garments were black as the night-raven's plume,  
His features were veil'd in mysterious gloom,  
His lean arm was awfully rais'd while he said,  
“Well met, England's monarch, stern William the Red!

“Desolation, death, ruin, the mighty shall fall—  
Lamentation and woe reign in Malwood's wide hall!  
Those leaves shall all fade in the winter's rude blast,  
And thou shalt lie low ere the winter be past.”

“Thou liest, vile caitiff, 'tis false, by the rood,  
For know that the contract is seal'd with my blood,  
'Tis written, I never shall sleep in the tomb  
Till Cadenham's oak in the winter shall bloom!

“But say what art thou, strange, unsearchable thing,  
That dares to speak treason, and waylay a king?”—  
“Know, monarch, I dwell in the beautiful bowers  
Of Eden, and poison I shed o'er the flowers.

“In darkness and storm o'er the ocean I sail,  
I ride on the breath of the night-rolling gale—  
I dwell in Vesuvius, 'mid torrents of flame,  
Unriddle my riddle, and tell me my name!”

O pale grew the monarch, and smote on his breast,  
For who was the prophet he wittingly guess'd:  
“O, *Jesu-Maria!*” he tremblingly said,  
“*Bona Virgo!*”—he gazed—but the vision had fled.

'Tis winter—the trees of the forest are bare,  
How keenly is blowing the chilly night air!  
The moonbeams shine brightly on hard-frozen flood,  
And William is riding thro' Cadenham's wood.

Why looks he with dread on the blasted oak tree?  
Saint Swithin! what is it the monarch can see?  
Prophetic sight! 'mid the desolate scene,  
The oak is array'd in the freshest of green!

He thought of the contract, “Thou'rt safe from the tomb,

Till Cadenham's oak in the winter shall bloom;”  
He thought of the druid—“The mighty shall fall,  
Lamentation and woe reign in Malwood's wide hall.”

\* Page 25 of the quarto edition, 1618.

As he stood near the tree, lo! a swift flying dart  
Hath struck the proud monarch, and pierc'd thro' his  
heart;

'Twas the deed of a friend, not the deed of a foe,  
For the arrow was aim'd at the breast of a roe.

In Malwood is silent the light-hearted glee,  
The dance and the wassail, and wild revelrie;  
Its chambers are dreary, deserted, and lone,  
And the day of its greatness for ever hath flown.

A weeping is heard in Saint Swithin's huge pile—  
"Dies Irae" resounds thro' the sable-dight aisle—  
'Tis a dirge for the mighty, the mass for the dead—  
The funeral anthem for William the Red!

AQUILA.

## London.

DESCRIBED BY A WRITER IN 1634.

I will first take a survey of the long-continued deformity in the shape of your city, which is of your buildings.

Sure your ancestors contrived your narrow streets in the days of wheel-barrows, before those greater engines, carts, were invented. Is your climate so hot, that as you walk you need umbrellas of tiles to intercept the sun? or are your shambles so empty, that you are afraid to take in fresh air, lest it should sharpen your stomachs? Oh, the goodly landscape of Old Fish-street! which, if it had not the ill luck to be crooked, was narrow enough to have been your founder's perspective; and where the garrets, perhaps not for want of architecture, but through abundance of amity, are so narrow, that opposite neighbours may shake hands without stirring from home. Is unanimity of inhabitants in wide cities better exprest than by their coherence and uniformity of building, where streets begin, continue, and end, in a like stature and shape? But yours, as if they were raised in a general resurrection, where every man hath a several design, differ in all things that can make a distinction. Here stands one that aims to be a palace, and next it, one that professes to be a hovel; here a giant, there a dwarf; here slender, there broad; and all most admirably different in faces, as well as in their height and bulk. I was about to defy any Londoner, who dares to pretend there is so much ingenious correspondence in this city, as that he can show me one house like

another; yet your houses seem to be reversed and formal, being compared to the fantastical looks of the moderns, which have more ovals, niches, and angles, than in your custards, and are enclosed with pasteboard walls, like those of malicious Turks, who, because themselves are not immortal, and cannot dwell for ever where they build, therefore wish not to be at charge to provide such lastingness as may entertain their children out of the rain; so slight and prettily gaudy, that if they could move, they would pass for pageants. It is your custom, where men vary often the mode of their habits, to term the nation fantastical; but where streets continually change fashion, you should make haste to chain up your city, for it is certainly mad.

You would think me a malicious traveller, if I should still gaze on your mishapen streets, and take no notice of the beauty of your river, therefore I will pass the importunate noise of your watermen, (who snatch at fares, as if they were to catch prisoners, plying the gentry so uncivilly, as if they had never rowed any other passengers than bear-wards,) and now step into one of your peascod-boats, whose tilts are not so sumptuous as the roofs of gondolas; nor, when you are within, are you at the ease of a *chaise-à-bras*.

The commodity and trade of your river belong to yourselves; but give a stranger leave to share in the pleasure of it, which will hardly be in the prospect and freedom of air; unless prospect, consisting of variety, be made up with here a palace, there a wood-yard; here a garden, there a brewhouse; here dwells a lord, there a dyer; and between both, *duomo commune*.

If freedom of air be inferred in the liberty of the subject, where every private man hath authority, for his own profit, to smoke up a magistrate, then the air of your Thames is open enough, because it is equally free. I will forbear to visit your courtly neighbours at Wapping, not that it will make me giddy to shoot your bridge, but that I am loath to describe the civil silence at Billingsgate, which is so great, as if the mariners were always landing to storm the harbour; therefore, for brevity's sake, I will put to shore again, though I should be so constrained, even without my galoshes, to land at Puddle-dock.

I am now returned to visit your houses where the roofs are so low, that I presumed your ancestors were very mannerly, and stood bare to their wives; for I cannot discern how they could wear their high crowned hats: yet I will enter, and therein

\* If a disagreement of neighbours were to be inferred from such a circumstance, what but an unfavourable inference would be drawn from our modern style of architecture, as exemplified in Regent-street, where the houses are, as the leopard's spots are described to be, "no two alike, and every one different."

oblige you much, when you know my aversion to a certain weed that governs amongst your coarser acquaintance, as much as lavender among your coarser linen; to which, in my apprehension, your sea-coal smoke seems a very Portugal perfume. I should here hasten to a period, for fear of suffocation, if I thought you so ungracious as to use it in public assemblies; and yet I see it grow so much in fashion, that methinks your children begin to play with broken pipes instead of corals, to make way for their teeth. You will find my visit short; I cannot stay to eat with you, because your bread is too heavy, and you distract the light substance of herbs. Your drink is too thick, and yet you are seldom over curious in washing your glasses. Nor will I lodge with you, because your beds seem no bigger than coffins; and your curtains so short, as they will hardly serve to enclose your carriers in summer, and may be held, if taffata, to have lined your grand-sire's skirts.

I have now left your houses, and am passing through your streets, but not in a coach, for they are uneasily hung, and so narrow, that I took them for sedans upon wheels. Nor is it safe for a stranger to use them till the quarrel be decided, whether six of your nobles, sitting together, shall stop and give way to as many barrels of beer. Your city is the only metropolis in Europe, where there is wonderful dignity belonging to carts.

I would now make a safe retreat, but that methinks I am stopped by one of your heroic games called foot-ball; which I conceive (under your favour) not very conveniently civil in the streets, especially in such irregular and narrow roads as Crooked-lane. Yet it argues your courage, much like your military pastime of throwing at cocks; but your metal would be much magnified (since you have long allowed those two valiant exercises in the streets) were you to draw your archers from Finsbury, and, during high market, let them shoot at butts in Cheapside. I have now no more to say, but what refers to a few private notes, which I shall give you in a whisper, when we meet in Moorfields, from whence (because the place was meant for public pleasure, and to show the munificence of your city) I shall desire you to banish your laundresses and bleachers, whose acres of old linen make a show like the fields of Carthage, when the five months' shifts of the whole fleet are washed and spread.\*

## A FATHER'S HOME.

### *For the Table Book.*

When oppress'd by the world, or fatigu'd with its charms,

My weary steps homeward I tread—  
'Tis there, midst the prattlers that fly to my arms,  
I enjoy purer pleasures instead.

Hark! the rap at the door is known as their dad's,  
And rushing at once to the lock,  
Wide open it flies, while the lasses and lads  
Bid me welcome as chief of the flock.

Little *baby* himself leaves the breast for a gaze,  
Glad to join in th' general joy,  
While with outstretched arms and looks of amaze  
He seizes the new purchas'd toy.

Then *Harry*, the next, climbs the knee to engage  
His father's attention again;  
But *Bob*, springing forward almost in a rage,  
Resolves his own rights to maintain.

Oh, ye vot'ries of pleasure and folly's sad crew,  
From your midnight carousals depart!  
Look here for true joys, ever blooming and new,  
When I press *both* these boys to my heart.

Poor grimalkin purs softly—the tea-kettle sings,  
Midst glad faces and innocent hearts,  
Encircling my table as happy as kings,  
Right merrily playing their parts.

And *Bill* (the sly rogue) takes a lump, when he's able,  
Of sugar, so temptingly sweet,  
And, archly observing, hides under the table  
The spoil, till he's ready to eat.

While *George*, the big boy, talks of terrible "sums"  
He perform'd so correctly at school;  
*Bill* leeringly tells, with his chin on his thumbs,  
"He was whipt there for playing the fool!"

This raises a strife, till in choleric mood  
Each ventures a threat to his brother,  
But their hearts are so good, let a stranger intrude,  
They'd fight to the last for each other.

There *Nan*, the sweet girl, she that fags for the whole,  
And keeps the young urchins in order,  
Exhibits, with innocence charming the soul,  
Her sister's fine sampler and border.

*Kitty* sings to me gaily, then chatting apace  
Helps her mother to darn or to stitch,  
Reminding me most of that gay laughing face  
Which once did my fond heart bewitch.

While *she!* the dear partner of all my delight,  
Contrives them some innocent play;  
Till, tired of all, in the silence of night,  
They dream the glad moments away.

Oh, long may such fire-side scenes be my lot!  
Ye children, be virtuous and true!  
And think when I'm aged, alone in my cot,  
How I minister'd comfort to you.

When my vigour is gone, and to manhood's estate  
Ye all shall be happily grown,  
Live near me, and, anxious for poor father's fate,  
Show the world that you're truly my own.

\* Sir W. Davenant.



### Stanmore Toll-house.

Its ornamental look, and public use,  
Combine to render it worth observation.

Our new toll-houses are deservedly the subject of frequent remark, on account of their beauty. The preceding engraving is intended to convey an idea of Stanmore-gate, which is one of the handsomest near London. The top is formed into a large lantern; when illuminated, it is an important mark to drivers in dark nights.

It may be necessary to add, that the present representation was not destined to appear in this place; but the indisposition of a gentleman engaged to assist in illustrating this work, has occasioned a sudden disappointment.

#### “STATUTES” AND “MOPS.”

To the Editor.

Sir,—Although your unique and curious work, the *Every-Day Book*, abounds with very interesting accounts of festivals, fairs, wassails, wakes, and other particulars concerning our country manners, and will be prized by future generations as a rare and

valuable collection of the pastimes and customs of their forefathers, still much of the same nature remains to be related; and as I am anxious that the *Country Statute*, or *Mop*, (according to the version of the country people generally,) should be snatched from oblivion, I send you a description of this custom, which, I hope, will be deemed worthy a place in the *Table Book*. I had waited to see if some one more competent to a better account than myself would achieve the task, when that short but significant word *FINIS*, attached to the *Every-Day Book*, arouses me from further delay, and I delineate, as well as I am able, scenes which, but for that work, I possibly should have never noticed.

Some months ago I solicited the assistance of a friend, a respectable farmer, residing at Wootton, in Warwickshire, who not only very readily promised to give me every information he possessed on the subject, but proposed that I should pass a week at his farm at the time these Statutes were holding. So valuable an opportunity

of visiting them and making my own observations, I, of course, readily embraced. Before I proceed to lay before you the results, it may be as well, perhaps, to give something like a definition of the name applied to this peculiar custom, as also when and for what purpose the usage was established. "Statutes," or "Statute Sessions," otherwise called "Petit Sessions," are meetings, in every hundred of each shire in England where they are held, to which the constables and others, both householders and servants, repair for the determining of differences between masters and servants; the rating, by the sheriff or magistrates, of wages for the ensuing year; and the bestowing of such people in service as are able to serve, and refuse to seek, or cannot get masters.

The first act of parliament for regulating servants' wages passed in the year 1351, 25th Edward III. At an early period labourers were serfs, or slaves, and consequently there was no law upon the subject. The immediate cause of the act of Edward III. was that plague which wasted Europe from 1347 to 1349, and destroyed a great proportion of its inhabitants. The consequent scarcity of labourers, and the high price demanded for labour, caused those who employed them to obtain legislative enactments, imposing fines on all who gave or accepted more than a stipulated sum. Since that period there have been various regulations of a similar nature. By the 13th of Richard II. the justices of every county were to meet once a year, between Easter and Michaelmas, to regulate, according to circumstances, the rates of wages of agricultural servants for the year ensuing, and cause the same to be proclaimed. But though this power was confirmed to the justices by the 5th of Elizabeth, this part of the custom of Statute Sessions is almost, if not quite, fallen into disuse. It is probable that in the years immediately succeeding the first enactment the population was so restored as to cause the laws to be relaxed, though they still remain as an example of the wisdom of past ages. However this may be, it is certain, that all that is at present understood by "Statutes," or, as the vulgar call them, "Mops," is the assembling of masters and servants, the former to seek the latter, and the latter to obtain employment of the former. It is undoubtedly a mutual accommodation; for although the servants now rate and ask what wages they think fit, still they have an opportunity of knowing how wages are usually going, and the masters have hun-

dreds, and, in some cases, thousands of servants to choose from.

The "Statute" I first attended was held at Studley, in Warwickshire, at the latter end of September. On arriving, between twelve and one o'clock, at the part of the Alcester road where the assembly was held, the place was filling very fast by groups of persons of almost all descriptions from every quarter. Towards three o'clock there must have been many thousands present. The appearance of the whole may be pretty accurately portrayed to the mind of those who have witnessed a country fair; the sides of the roads were occupied with stalls for gingerbread, cakes, &c., general assortments of hardware, japanned goods, waggoner's frocks, and an endless variety of wearing apparel, suitable to every class, from the farm bailiff, or dapper footman, to the unassuming ploughboy, or day-labourer.

The public-houses were thoroughly full, not excepting even the private chambers. The scene out of doors was enlivened, here and there, by some wandering minstrel, or fiddler, round whom stood a crowd of men and boys, who, at intervals, eagerly joined to swell the chorus of the song. Although there was as large an assemblage as could be well remembered, both of masters and servants, I was given to understand that there was very little hiring. This might happen from a twofold cause; first, on account of its being one of the early Statutes, and, secondly, from the circumstance of the servants asking what was deemed (considering the pressure of the times) exorbitant wages. The servants were, for the most part, bedecked in their best church-going clothes. The men also wore clean white frocks, and carried in their hats some emblem or insignia of the situation they had been accustomed to or were desirous to fill: for instance, a waggoner, or ploughboy, had a piece of whipcord in his hat, some of it ingeniously plaited in a variety of ways and entwined round the hatband; a cowman, after the same manner, had some cow-hair; and to those already mentioned there was occasionally added a piece of sponge; a shepherd had wool; a gardener had flowers, &c. &c.

The girls wishing to be hired were in a spot apart from the men and boys, and all stood not unlike cattle at a fair waiting for dealers. Some of them held their hands before them, with one knee protruding, (like soldiers standing at ease,) and never spoke, save when catechised and examined by a master or mistress as to the work they had

been accustomed to; and then you would scarce suppose they had learned to say anything but "Ees, sur," or "No, sur," for these were almost the only expressions that fell from their lips. Others, on the contrary, exercised no small degree of self-sufficient loquacity concerning their abilities, which not unusually consisted of a good proportion of main strength, or being able to drive or follow a variety of kinds of plough. Where a master or mistress was engaged in conversation with a servant they were usually surrounded by a group, with their mouths extended to an angle of near forty-five degrees, as if to catch the sounds at the aperture; this in some, perhaps, was mere idle curiosity, in others, from desire to know the wages asked and given, as a guide for themselves. I observed a seeming indifference about the servants in securing situations. They appeared to require a certain sum for wages, without reference to any combination of circumstances or the state of the times; and however exorbitant, they rarely seemed disposed to meet the master by proposing something lower; they would stand for some time and hear reasons why wages should be more moderate, and at the conclusion, when you would suppose they were either willing, in some measure, to accede to the terms, or to offer reasons why they should not, you were mortified to know, that the usual answer was, "Yo'll find me yarn it, sur," or "I conna gue for less."

When a bargain is concluded on at a "Statute," it is the custom to ratify it immediately, and on the spot, by the master presenting to the servant what is termed "earnest money," which is usually one shilling, but it varies according to circumstances; for instance, if a servant agrees to come for less than he at first asked, it is, perhaps, on the condition that his earnest is augmented, probably doubled or trebled, as may be agreed on.

The contract arises upon the hiring: if the hiring be general, without any particular time limited, the law construes it to be hiring for one year; but the contract may be made for any longer or shorter period. Many farmers are wary enough to hire their servants for fifty-one weeks only, which prevents them having any claim upon that particular parish in case of distress, &c. We frequently find disputes between two parishes arising out of Statute-hirings brought to the assizes or sessions for settlement.

When the hiring is over, the emblems in the hats are exchanged for ribbons of al-

most every hue. Some retire to the neighbouring grounds to have games at bowls, skittles, or pitching, &c. &c., whilst the more unwary are fleeced of their money by the itinerant Greeks and black legs with E. O. tables, pricking in the garter, the three thimbles, &c. &c. These tricksters seldom fail to reap abundant harvests at the Statutes. Towards evening each lad seeks his lass, and they hurry off to spend the night at the public-houses, or, as is the case in some small villages, at private houses, which, on these occasions, are licensed for the time being.

To attempt to delineate the scenes that now present themselves, would on my part be presumption indeed. It rather requires the pencil of Hogarth to do justice to this varied picture. Here go round the

"Song and dance, and mirth and glee;"

but I cannot add, with the poet,

"In one *continued* round of harmony:"

for, among such a mingled mass, it is rare but that in some part discord breaks in upon the rustic amusements of the peaceably inclined. The rooms of the several houses are literally crammed, and usually remain so throughout the night, unless they happen to be under restrictions from the magistrates, in which case the houses are shut at a stated hour, or the license risked. Clearances, however, are not easily effected. At a village not far from hence, it has, ere now, been found necessary to disturb the reverend magistrate from his peaceful slumbers, and require his presence to quell disturbances that almost, as a natural consequence, ensue, from the landlords and proprietors of the houses attempting to turn out guests, who, under the influence of liquor, pay little regard to either landlord or magistrate. The most peaceable way of dealing, is to allow them to remain till the morning dawn breaks in and warns them home.

The time for Statute-hiring commences about the beginning of September, and usually closes before old Michaelmas-day, that being the day on which servants enter on their new services, or, at least, quit their old ones. Yet there are some few Statutes held after this time, which are significantly styled "Runaway Mops;" one of this kind is held at Henley-in-Arden, on the 29th of October, being also St. Luke's fair. Three others are held at Sontham, in Warwickshire, on the three successive Mondays after old Michaelmas-day. To these Statutes all repair, who, from one cause or other, decline to go to their new places,

together with others who had not been fortunate enough to obtain situations. Masters, however, consider it rather hazardous to hire at these Statutes, as they are in danger of engaging with servants already hired, who capriciously refuse to go to their employment; and if any person hire or retain a servant so engaged, the first hirer has his action for damages against the master and servant; yet, if the new master did not know his servant had been hired before, no action will lie against him, except he refuse to give him up on information and demand. Characters are sometimes required by the master hiring; and these, to the great detriment of society, are given in such a loose and unreserved manner, that (to use the language of the author of the Rambler) you may almost as soon depend on the circumstance of an acquittal at the Old Bailey by way of recommendation to a servant's honesty, as upon one of these characters.

If a master discovers that a servant is not capable of performing the stipulated work, or is of bad character, he may send the servant to drink the "earnest money;" and custom has rendered this sufficient to dissolve the contract. On the other hand, if a servant has been deceived by the master in any particular, a release is obtained by returning the "earnest." If, however, there is no just ground of complaint, it is at the master's option to accept it, and *vice versa*. The Statutes I have visited for the purpose of gaining these particulars are Studley, Shipston-on-Stour, and Aston-Cantlow, all in Warwickshire. I observed no particular difference either in the business or the diversions of the day, but Studley was by far the largest. At Stratford-on-Avon, and some other places, there is bull-roasting, &c., which, of course, adds to the amusement and frolic of the visitors.

I believe I have now pretty well exhausted my notes, and I should not have been thus particular, but that I believe Statute-hiring is a custom peculiar to England. I shall conclude by making an extract from Isaac Bickerstaffe's "Love in a Village." In scenes the 10th and 11th there is a green, with the prospect of a village, and the representation of a Statute, and the following conversation, &c. takes place:—

*Hodge.* This way, your worship, this way. Why don't you stand aside there? Here's his worship a-coming.

*Countrymen.* His worship!

*Justice Woodcock.* Fy! fy! what a crowd's this! Odds, I'll put some of them

in the stocks. (*Striking a fellow.*) Stand out of the way, sirrah.

*Hodge.* Now, your honour, now the sport will come. The gut-scrapers are here, and some among them are going to sing and dance. Why, there's not the like of our Statute, mun, in five counties; others are but fools to it.

*Servant Man.* Come, good people, make a ring; and stand out, fellow-servants, as many of you as are willing and able to bear a-bob. We'll let my masters and mistresses see we can do something at least; if they won't hire us it sha'n't be our fault. Strike up the Servants' Medley.

AIR.

*Housemaid.*

I pray, gentles, list to me,  
I'm young and strong, and clean, you see;  
I'll not turn tail to any she,  
For work that's in the country.  
Of all your house the charge I take,  
I wash, I scrub, I brew, I bake;  
And more can do than here I'll speak,  
Depending on your bounty.

*Footman.*

Behold a blade, who knows his trade,  
In chamber, hall, and entry:  
And what though here I now appear,  
I've served the best of gentry.  
A footman would you have,  
I can dress, and comb, and shave;  
For I a handy lad am:  
Ou a message I can go,  
And slip a billet-doux,  
With your humble servant, madam.

*Cookmaid.*

Who wants a good cook my hand they must cross;  
For plain wholesome dishes I'm ne'er at a loss;  
And what are your soups, your ragouts, and your sauce,  
Compared to old English roast beef?

*Carter.*

If you want a young mau with a true, honest heart,  
Who knows how to manage a plough and a cart,  
Here's one to your purpose, come take me and try;  
You'll say you ne'er met with a better than I,  
Geho, dobin, &c.

*Chorus.*

My masters and mistresses hither repair,  
What servants you want you'll find in our fair;  
Men and maids fit for all sorts of stations there be,  
And as for the wages we sha'n't disagree.

Presuming that these memoranda may amuse a number of persons who, chiefly living in large towns and cities, have no opportunity of being otherwise acquainted with "Statutes," or "Mops," in country-places,

*Birmingham.*

I am, &c.

W. PARE.

## HAM AND STILTON.

*For the Table Book.*THE POET'S EPISTLE OF THANKS TO A  
FRIEND AT BIRMINGHAM.

"Perlege Mæonio cantatas carmine ranas,  
Et frontem nugi, solvete disce meis."

MART.

Dear Friend,—I feel constrain'd to say,  
The present sent the other day  
Claims my best thanks, and while design'd  
To please the taste, it warm'd my mind.  
Nor, wonder not it should inspire  
Within my breast poetic fire!

The Cheese seem'd like some growing state,  
Compos'd of little folks and great;  
Though we denominate them *mites*,  
They call each other Stiltonites.  
And 'tis most fit, where'er we live,  
The land our epithet should give:  
Romans derive their name from Rome,  
And Turks, you know, from Turkey come.

Gazing with "microscopic eye"  
O'er Stilton land, I did espy  
Such wonders, as would make those stare  
Who never peep'd or travell'd there.  
The country where this race reside  
Abounds with crags on ev'ry side:  
Its geographic situation  
Is under constant variation;  
Now hurried up, then down again—  
No fix'd abode can it maintain:  
And, like the Lilliputian clime,  
We read about in olden time,  
Huge giants compass it about,  
Who dig within, and cut without,  
And at a mouthful—direful fate!  
A city oft depopulate!

And, then, in Stilton, you must know,  
There is a spot, call'd *Rotten-row*;  
A soil more marshy than the rest,  
Therefore by some esteem'd the best.  
The natives here, when'er they dine,  
Drink nothing but the choicest wine;  
Which through each street comes flowing down,  
Like water in New Sarum's town.  
In such a quarter, you may guess,  
The leading vice is drunkenness.  
Come lither any hour of day,  
And you shall see whole clusters lay  
Reeling and floundering about,  
As though it were a madman's rout.  
Those who dwell nearer the land's end,  
Where rarely the *red show'rs* descend,  
Are in their turns corporeal  
More sober and gymnastical:  
Meandering in kindred dust,  
They gauge, and with the *dry-rot* burst;  
For we may naturally think,  
They live not long who cannot drink.

Alas! poor Stilton! where's the muse  
To sing thy downfall will refuse?  
Melpomene, in mournful verse,  
Thy dire destruction will rehearse:  
Comus himself shall grieve and weep,  
As notes of woe his gay lyre sweep;  
For who among thy countless band  
The fierce invaders can withstand?  
Nor only *foreign* foes are thine—  
Children thou hast, who undermine  
Thy massive walls that 'girt thee round,  
And ev'ry corner seems unsound.  
A few more weeks, and we shall see  
Stilton, the fam'd—will cease to be!

Before, however, I conclude,  
I wish to add, that gratitude  
Incites me to another theme  
Beside coagulated cream.  
'Tis not about the *village* Ham,  
Nor yet the *place* call'd Petersham—  
Nor more renowned Birmingham:  
Nor is it *fried* or *Friar Bacon*,  
The Muse commands me verse to make on:  
Nor *pigmies*, (as the poet feigns.)  
A people once devour'd by cranes,  
Of these I speak not—my intention  
Is something nearer home to mention;  
Therefore, at once, for pig's hind leg  
Accept my warmest thanks, I beg.  
The meat was of the finest sort,  
And worthy of a dish at court.

Lastly, I gladly would express  
The grateful feelings I possess  
For such a boom—th' attempt is vain,  
And hence in wisdom I refrain  
From saying more than what you see—  
Farewell! sincerely yours,

B. C.

To E. T. Esq.  
Jan. 1827.

## LOVES OF THE NEGROES.

AT NEW PALTZ, UNITED STATES.

*Phillis Schoonmaker v. Cuff Hogeboon.*

This was an action for a breach of the marriage promise, tried before 'squire De Witt, justice of the peace and quorum. The parties, as their names indicate, were black, or, as philanthropists would say, *coloured folk*. Counsellor Van Shaick appealed on behalf of the lady. He recapitulated the many verdicts which had been given of late in favour of injured innocence, much to the honour and gallantry of an American jury. It was time to put an end to these faithless professions, to these cold-hearted delusions; it was time to put a curb upon the false tongues and false hearts of pretended lovers, who, with honied



accents, only woo'd to ruin, and only professed to deceive. The worthy counsellor trusted that no injurious impressions would be made on the minds of the jury by the colour of his client—

“ 'Tis not a set of features,  
This tincture of the skin, that we admire.”

She was black, it was true; so was the honoured wife of Moses, the most illustrious and inspired of prophets. Othello, the celebrated Moor of Venice, and the victorious general of her armies, was black, yet the lovely Desdemona saw “Othello's visage in his mind.” In modern times, we might quote his sable majesty of Hayti, or, since that country had become a republic, the gallant Boyer.—He could also refer to Rhuio Rhio, king of the Sandwich Islands, his copper-coloured queen, and madame Poki, so hospitably received, and fed to death by their colleague the king of England—nay, the counsellor was well advised that the brave general Sucre, the hero of Ayacucho, was a dark mulatto. What, then, is colour in estimating the griefs of a forsaken and ill-treated female? She was poor, it was true, and in a humble sphere of life; but love levels all distinctions; the blind god was no judge, and no respecter of colours; his darts penetrated deep, not skin deep; his client, though black, was flesh and blood, and possessed affections, passions, resentments, and sensibilities; and in this case she confidently threw herself upon the generosity of a jury of freemen—of men of the north, as the friends of the northern president would say, of men who did not live in Missouri, and on sugar plantations; and from such his client expected just and liberal damages.

Phyllis then advanced to the bar, to give her testimony. She was, as her counsel represented, truly made up of flesh and blood, being what is called a strapping wench, as black as the ace of spades. She was dressed in the low Dutch fashion, which has not varied for a century, linsey-woolsey petticoats, very short, blue worsted stockings, leather shoes, with a massive pair of silver buckles, bead ear-rings, her woolly hair combed, and face sleek and greasy. There was no “dejected 'haviour of visage”—no broken heart visible in her face—she looked fat and comfortable, as if she had sustained no damage by the perfidy of her swain. Before she was sworn, the court called the defendant, who came from among the crowd, and stood respectfully before the bench. Cuff was a good-looking young fellow, with a tolerably smartish

dress, and appeared as if he had been in the metropolis taking lessons of perfidious lovers—he cast one or two cutting looks at Phillis, accompanied by a significant turn up of the nose, and now and then a contemptuous ejaculation of Eh!—Umph!—Ough!—which did not disconcert the *fair* one in the least, she returning the compliment by placing her arms a-kimbo, and surveying her lover from head to foot. The court inquired of Cuff whether he had counsel? “No, massa, (he replied) I tell my own 'tory—you see massa 'Squire, I know de gentlemen of de jury berry vell—dere is massa Teerpenning, of Little 'Sophus, know him berry vell—I plough for him;—den dere is massa Traphagan, of our town—how he do massa?—ah, dere massa Topper, vat prints de paper at Big 'Sophus—know him too;—dere is massa Peet Steenberg—know him too—he owe me little money:—I know 'em all massa 'Squire;—I did go to get massa Lucas to plead for me, but he gone to the Court of Error, at Albany;—Massa Sam Freer and massa Cockburn said they come to gib me good character, but I no see 'em here.”

Cuff was ordered to stand aside, and Phillis was sworn.

Plaintiff said she did not know how old she was; believed she was sixteen; she looked nearer twenty-six; she lived with Hons Schoonmaker; was brought up in the family. She told her case as pathetically as possible:—

“Massa 'Squire,” said she, “I was gone up to massa Schoonmaker's lot, on Shaungum mountain, to pile brush; den Cuff, he vat stands dare, cum by vid de teem, he top his horses and say, ‘How de do, Phillis!’ or, as she gave it, probably in Dutch, ‘How gaud it mit you?’ ‘Hail goot,’ said I; den massa he look at me berry hard, and say, Phillis, pose you meet me in the nite, ven de moon is up, near de barn, I got sumting to say—den I say, berry bell, Cuff, I vill—he vent up de mountain, and I vent home; ven I eat my supper and milk de cows, I say to myself, Phillis, pose you go down to de barn, and hear vat Cuff has to say. Well, massa 'Squire, I go, dare was Cuff sure enough, he told heaps of tings all about love; call'd me Wenus and Jewpeter, and other tings vat he got out of de play-house ven he vent down in the slope to New York, and he ax'd me if I'd marry him before de Dominie, Osterhaut, he vat preached in Milton, down 'pon Marlbro'. I say, Cuff, you make fun on me; he say no, ‘By mine zeal, I vil marry you, Phillis;’ den he gib me dis here as earnest.”—Phillis

here drew from her huge pocket an immense pair of scissors, a jack knife, and a wooden pipe curiously carved, which she offered as a testimony of the promise, and which was sworn to as the property of Cuff, who subsequently had refused to fulfil the contract.

Cuff admitted that he had made her a kind of promise, but it was conditional. "I told her, massa 'Squire, that she was a slave and a nigger, and she must wait till the year 27, then all would be free, cording to the new constitution; den she said, berry vell, I bill wait."

Phillis utterly denied the period of probation; it was, she said, to take place "ben he got de new corduroy breeches from Cripplely Coon, de tailor; he owe three and sixpence, and massa Coon won't let him hab 'em vidout de money: den Cuff he run away to Varsing; I send Coon Crook, de constable, and he find um at Shaudakin, and he bring him before you, massa."

The testimony here closed.

The court charged the jury, that although the testimony was not conclusive, nor the injury very apparent, yet the court was not warranted in taking the case out of the hands of the jury. A promise had evidently been made, and had been broken; some differences existed as to the period when the matrimonial contract was to have been fulfilled, and it was equally true and honourable, as the court observed, that in 1827 slavery was to cease in the state, and that fact might have warranted the defendant in the postponement; but of this there was no positive proof, and as the parties could neither read nor write, the presents might be construed into a marriage promise. The court could see no reason why these humble Africans should not, in imitation of their betters, in such cases, appeal to a jury for damages; but it was advisable not to make those damages more enormous than circumstances warranted, yet sufficient to act as a lesson to those coloured gentry, in their attempts to imitate fashionable infidelity.

The jury brought in a verdict of "Ten dollars, and costs, for the plaintiff."

The defendant not being able to pay, was committed to Kingston jail, a martyr to his own folly, and an example to all others in like cases offending.

## THE RETROSPECT.

I have not heard thy name for years;  
Thy memory ere thyself is dead;  
And even I forget the tears  
That once for thy lov'd sake were shed.

There was a time when thou didst seem  
The light and breath of life to me—  
When, e'en in thought, I could not dream  
That less than mine thou e'er could be:—

Yet now it is a chance that brought  
Thy image to my heart again;  
A single flower recall'd the thought—  
Why is it still so full of pain?

The jasmine, round the casement twin'd,  
Caught mine eye in the pale moonlight;  
It broke my dream, and brought to mind  
Another dream—another night.

As then, I by the casement leant;  
As then, the silver moonlight shone;  
But not, as then, another bent  
Beside me—I am now alone.

The sea is now between us twain  
As wide a gulf between each heart;  
Never can either have again  
An influence on the other's part.

Our paths are different; perchance mine  
May seem the sunniest of the two:  
The lute, which once was only thine,  
Has other aim, and higher view.

My song has now a wider scope  
Than when its first tones breath'd thy name;  
My heart has done with Love—and hope  
Turn'd to another idol—Fame.

'Tis but one destiny; one dream  
Succeeds another—like a wave  
Following its bubbles—till their gleam  
Is lost, and ended in the grave.

Why am I sorrowful? 'Tis not  
One thought of thee has brought the tear;  
In sooth, thou art so much forgot,  
I do not even wish thee here.

Both are so chang'd, that did we meet  
We might but marvel we had lov'd:  
What made our earliest dream so sweet?—  
Illusions—long, long since remov'd.

I sorrow—but it is to know  
How still some fair deceit unweaves—  
To think how all of joy below  
Is only joy while it deceives.

I sorrow—but it is to feel  
Changes which my own mind hath told:—  
What, though time polishes the steel,  
Alas! it is less bright than cold.

I have more smiles, and fewer tears ;  
 But tears are now restrain'd for shame :  
 Task-work the smiles my lip now wears,  
 That once like rain and sunshine came.

Where is the sweet credulity,  
 Happy in that fond trust it bore,  
 Which never dream'd the time would be  
 When it could hope and trust no more ?

Affection, springing warmly forth—  
 Light word, light laugh, and lighter care ;  
 Life's afternoon is little worth—  
 The dew and warmth of morning air.

I would not live again love's hour ;  
 But fain I would again recall  
 The feelings which upheld its power—  
 The truth, the hope, that made it thrall.

I would renounce the worldliness,  
 Now too much with my heart and me ;  
 In one trust more, in one doubt less,  
 How much of happiness would be !—

Vainer than vain ! Why should I ask  
 Life's sweet but most deceiving part ?  
 Alas ! the bloom upon the cheek  
 Long, long outlives that of the heart.

L. E. L.—*Monthly Magazine.*

### TIMBER IN BOGS.

It is stated in the second report of the commissioners on the bogs of Ireland, that *three* distinct growths of timber, covered by three distinct masses of bog, are discovered on examination. But whether these morasses were at first formed by the destruction of whole forests, or merely by the stagnation of water in places where its current was choked by the fall of a few trees, and by accumulations of branches and leaves, carried down from the surrounding hills, is a question.

Professor Davy is of opinion, that in many places where forests had grown undisturbed, the trees on the outside of the woods grew stronger than the rest, from their exposure to the air and sun ; and that, when mankind attempted to establish themselves near these forests, they cut down the large trees on their borders, which opened the internal part, where the trees were weak and slender, to the influence of the wind, which, as is commonly to be seen in such circumstances, had immediate power to sweep down the whole of the internal parts of the forest. The large timber obstructed the passage of vegetable recrement, and of earth falling towards the rivers ; the weak timber, in the internal part of the forest after it had fallen, soon decayed, and became the food of future vegetation.

Mr. Kirwan observes, that whatever trees are found in bogs, though the wood may be perfectly sound, the bark of the timber has uniformly disappeared, and the decomposition of this bark forms a considerable part of the nutritive substance of morasses. Notwithstanding this circumstance, tanning is not to be obtained in analysing bogs ; their antiseptic quality is however indisputable, for animal and vegetable substances are frequently found at a great depth in bogs, without their seeming to have suffered any decay ; these substances cannot have been deposited in them at a very remote period, because their form and texture is such as were common a few centuries ago. In 1786 there were found, seventeen feet below the surface of a bog in Mr. Kirwan's district, a woollen coat of coarse, but even, network, exactly in the form of what is now called a spencer ; a razor, with a wooden handle, some iron heads of arrows, and large wooden bowls, some only half made, were also found, with the remains of turning tools : these were obviously the wreck of a workshop, which was probably situated on the borders of a forest. The coat was presented by him to the Antiquarian Society. These circumstances countenance the supposition, that the encroachments of men upon forests destroyed the first barriers against the force of the wind, and that afterwards, according to sir H. Davy's suggestion, the trees of weaker growth, which had not room to expand, or air and sunshine to promote their increase, soon gave way to the elements.

### MODES OF SALUTATION.

Greenlanders have none, and laugh at the idea of one person being inferior to another.

Islanders near the Philippines take a person's hand or foot, and rub it over their face.

Laplanders apply their noses strongly against the person they salute.

In New Guinea, they place leaves upon the head of those they salute.

In the Straits of the Sound they raise the left foot of the person saluted, pass it gently over the right leg, and thence over the face.

The inhabitants of the Philippines bend very low, placing their hands on their cheeks, and raise one foot in the air, with the knee bent.

An Ethiopian takes the robe of another and ties it about him, so as to leave his friend almost naked.

The Japanese take off a slipper, and the people of Arracan their sandals, in the street, and their stockings in the house, when they salute.

Two Negro kings on the coast of Africa, salute by snapping the middle finger three times.

The inhabitants of Carmene, when they would show a particular attachment, breathe a vein, and present the blood to their friend as a beverage.

If the Chinese meet, after a long separation, they fall on their knees, bend their face to the earth two or three times, and use many other affected modes. They have also a kind of ritual, or "academy of compliments," by which they regulate the number of bows, genuflections, and words to be spoken upon any occasion. Ambassadors practise these ceremonies forty days before they appear at court.

In Otaheite, they rub their noses together.

The Dutch, who are considered as great eaters, have a morning salutation, common amongst all ranks, "Smaakelyk eeten?"—"May you eat a hearty dinner." Another is, "Hoe vaart awe."—"How do you sail?" adopted, no doubt, in the early periods of the republic, when they were all navigators and fishermen.

The usual salutation at Cairo is, "How do you sweat?" a dry hot skin being a sure indication of a destructive ephemeral fever. Some author has observed, in contrasting the haughty Spaniard with the frivolous Frenchman, that the proud, steady gait and inflexible solemnity of the former, were expressed in his mode of salutation, "Come esta?"—"How do you stand?" whilst the "Comment vous portez-vous?" "How do you carry yourself?" was equally expressive of the gay motion and incessant action of the latter.

The common salutation in the southern provinces of China, amongst the lower orders, is, "Ya fan?"—"Have you eaten your rice?"

In Africa, a young woman, an intended bride, brought a little water in a calabash, and kneeling down before her lover, desired him to wash his hands; when he had done this, the girl, with a tear of joy sparkling in her eyes, drank the water; this was considered as the greatest proof she could give of her fidelity and attachment.

## Omniana.

### POETRY.

#### *For the Table Book.*

The poesy of the earth, sea, air, and sky,  
 Though death is powerful in course of time  
 With wars and battlements, will never die,  
 But triumph in the silence of sublime  
 Survival. Frost, like tyranny, might climb  
 The nursing germs of favourite haunts; the roots  
 Will grow hereafter. Terror on the deep  
 Is by the calm subdu'd, that Beauty e'en might creep  
 On moonlight waves to coral rest. The fruits  
 Blush in the winds, and from the branches leap  
 To mossy beds existing in the ground.  
 Stars swim unseen, through solar hemispheres,  
 Yet in the floods of night, how brightly round  
 The zone of poesy, they reflect the rolling years.

P.

#### A BAD SIGN.

During a late calling out of the North Somerset yeomanry, at Bath, the service of one of them, a "Batcome boy," was enlivened by a visit from his sweetheart; after escorting her over the city, and being fatigued with showing her what she had "ne'er zeed in all her life," he knocked loudly at the door of a house in the Crescent, against which a hatchment was placed, and on the appearance of the powdered butler, boldly ordered "two glasses of scalded wine, as hot as thee canst make it." The man, staring, informed him he could have no scalded wine there—'twas no public-house. "Then dose thee head," replied Somerset, "what'st hang out thik there zign var."

#### INSCRIPTION

FOR A TOMB TO THE MEMORY OF CAPTAIN  
 HEWITSON, OF THE SHIP, TOWN OF UL-  
 VERSTON.

*By James Montgomery, Esq.*

Weep for a seaman, honest and sincere,  
 Not cast away, but brought to anchor here;  
 Storms had o'erwhelm'd him, but the conscious wave  
 Repented, and resign'd him to the grave:  
 In harbour, safe from shipwreck, now he lies,  
 Till Time's last signal blazes through the skies;  
 Refitted in a moment, then shall he  
 Sail from this port on an eternal sea.



### My Snuff-box.

He only who is "noseless himself" will deem this a trifling article. My prime minister of pleasure is my snuff-box. The office grew out of my "liking a pinch, now and then," and carrying a bit of snuff, screwed up in paper, wherewith, some two or three times a day, I delighted to treat myself to a sensation, and a sneeze. Had I kept a journal of my snuff-taking business from that time, it would have been as instructive as "the life of that learned antiquary, Elias Ashmole, Esq., drawn up by himself by way of diary;" in submitting which to the world, its pains-taking editor says, that such works "let us into the secret history of the affairs of their several times, discover the springs of motion, and display many valuable, though minute circumstances, overlooked or unknown to our general historians; and, to conclude all, satiate our largest curiosity." A comparative view of the important annals of Mr. Ashmole, and some reminiscent incidents

of my snuff-taking, I reserve for my autobiography.

To manifest the necessity of my present brief undertaking, I beg to state, that I still remain under the disappointment of drawings, complained of in the former sheet. I resorted on this, as on all difficult occasions, to a pinch of snuff; and, having previously resolved on taking "the first thing that came uppermost," for an engraving and a topic, my hand first fell on the top of my snuff-box. If the reader be angry because I have told the truth, it is no more than I expect; for, in nine cases out of ten, a preference is given to a pretence, though privily known to be a falsehood by those to whom it is offered.

As soon as I wear out one snuff-box I get another—a silver one, and I, parted company long ago. My customary boxes have been *papier-maché*, plain black: for if I had any figure on the lid it was suspected to be some hidden device; an

answer of direct negation was a ground of doubt, offensively expressed by an insinuating smile, or the more open rudeness of varied questions. This I could only resist by patience; but the *parlement* excise on that virtue was more than I could afford, and therefore my choice of a black box. The last of that colour I had worn out, at a season when I was unlikely to have more than three or four visitors worth a pinch of snuff; and I then bought *this* box, because it was two-thirds cheaper than the former, and because I approved the pictured ornament. While the tobacconist was securing my shilling, he informed me that the figure had utterly excluded it from the choice of every one who had noticed it. My selection was agreeable to him in a monied view, yet, both he, and his man, eyed the box so unkindly, that I fancied they extended their dislike to me; and I believe they did. Of the few who have seen it since, it has been favourably received by only one—my little Alice—who, at a year old, prefers it before all others for a plaything, and even accepts it as a substitute for myself, when I wish to slip away from her caresses. The elder young ones call it the “ugly old man,” but *she* admires it, as the innocent infant, in the story-book, did the harmless snake, with whom he daily shared his bread-and-milk breakfast. I regard it as the likeness of an infirm human being, who, especially requiring comfort and protection, is doomed to neglect and insult from childhood to the grave; and all this from no self-default, but the accident of birth—as if the unpurposed cruelty of nature were a warrant for man’s perversion and wickedness. Of the individual I know nothing, save what the representation seems to tell—that he lives in the world, and is not of it. His basket, with a few pamphlets for sale, returns good, in the shape of knowledge, to evil doers, who, as regards himself, are not to be instructed. His upward look is a sign—common to these afflicted ones—of inward hope of eternal mercy, in requital for temporal injustice: besides that, and his walking-staff, he appears to have no other support on earth. The intelligence of his patient features would raise desire, were he alive and before me, to learn by what process he gained the understanding they express: his face is not more painful, and I think scarcely less wise than Locke’s, if we may trust the portrait of that philosopher. In the summer, after a leisure view of the Dulwich gallery for the first time, I found myself in the quiet parlour of a little-frequented road-side

house, enjoying the recollections of a few glorious pictures in that munificent exhibition; while pondering with my box in my hand, the print on its lid diverted me into a long reverie on what he, whom it represented, might have been under other circumstances, and I felt not alone on the earth while there was another as lonely. Since then, this “garner for my grain” has been worn out by constant use; with every care, it cannot possibly keep its service a month longer. I shall regret the loss: for its little Deformity has been my frequent and pleasant companion in many a solitary hour;—the box itself is the only one I ever had, wherein simulated or cooling friendship has not dipped. \*

## Garrick Plays.

### No. IV.

[From “All Fools” a Comedy by George Chapman: 1605.]

#### *Love’s Panegyric.*

————— ’tis Nature’s second Sun,  
Causing a spring of Virtues where he shines;  
And as without the Sun, the world’s Great Eye,  
All colours, beauties, both of art and nature,  
Are given in vain to man; so without Love  
All beauties bred in women are in vain,  
All virtues born in men lie buried;  
For Love informs them as the Sun doth colours:  
And as the Sun, reflecting his warm beams  
Against the earth, begets all fruits and flowers;  
So Love, fair shining in the inward man,  
Brings forth in him the honourable fruits  
Of valour, wit, virtue, and haughty thoughts.  
Brave resolution, and divine discourse.

#### *Love with Jealousy.*

———— such Love is like a smoky fire  
In a cold morning. Though the fire be cheerful,  
Yet is the smoke so foul and cumbersome,  
’Twere better lose the fire than find the smoke.

#### *Bailiff’s routed.*

I walking in the place where men’s Law Suits  
Are heard and pleaded, not so much as dreaming  
Of any such encounter; steps me forth  
Their valiant Foreman with the word “I ’rest you.”  
I made no more ado but laid these paws  
Close on his shoulders, tuampling him to earth;  
And there sat he on his posteriors  
Like a baboon: and turning me about,  
I strait espied the whole troop issuing on me.  
I step me back, and drawing my old friend here,  
Made to the midst of ’em, and all unable  
To endure the shock, all rudely fell in rout,

And down the stairs they ran in such a fury,  
 As meeting with a troop of Lawyers there,  
 Mann'd by their Clients (some with ten, some with  
 twenty,  
 Some five, some three ; he that had least had one),  
 Upon the stairs, they bore them down afore them.  
 But such a rattling then there was amongst them,  
 Of ravish'd Declarations, Replications,  
 Rejoinders, and Petitions, all their books  
 And writings torn, and trod on, and some lost,  
 That the poor Lawyers coming to the Bar  
 Could say nought to the matter, but instead  
 Were fain to rail, and talk beside their books,  
 Without all order.

[From the "Late Lancashire Witches," a  
 Comedy, by Thomas Heywood.]

### *A Household Bewitched.*

My Uncle has of late become the sole  
 Discourse of all the country ; for of a man respected  
 As master of a govern'd family,  
 The House (as if the ridge were fix'd below,  
 And groundsils lifted up to make the roof)  
 All now's turn'd topsy-turvy,  
 In such a retrograde and preposterous way  
 As seldom hath been heard of, I think never.  
 The Good Man  
 In all obedience kneels unto his Son ;  
 He with an austere brow commands his Father.  
 The Wife presumes not in the Daughter's sight  
 Without a prepared curtsy ; the Girl she  
 Expects it as a duty ; chides her Mother,  
 Who quakes and trembles at each word she speaks.  
 And what's as strange, the Maid—she domineers  
 O'er her young Mistress, who is awed by her.  
 The Son, to whom the Father creeps and bends,  
 Stands in as much fear of the groom his Man !  
 All in such rare disorder, that in some  
 As it breeds pity, and in others wonder,  
 So in the most part laughter. It is thought,  
 This comes by WITCHCRAFT.

[From "Wit in a Constable," a Comedy,  
 by Henry Glapthorn.]

### *Books.*

*Collegian.* Did you, ere we departed from the College,  
 O'erlook my Library ?

*Servant.* Yes, Sir ; and I find,  
 Altho' you tell me Learning is immortal,  
 The paper and the parchment 'tis contain'd in  
 Savours of much mortality.  
 The moths have eaten more  
 Authentic Learning, than would richly furnish  
 A hundred country pedants ; yet the worms  
 Are not one letter wiser.

## THE TURK IN CHEAPSIDE.

*For the Table Book.*

TO MR. CHARLES LAMB.

I have a favour to ask of you. My desire  
 is this : I would fain see a stream from thy  
 Hippocrene flowing through the pages of  
 the *Table Book*. A short article on the old  
 Turk, who used to vend rhubarb in the  
 City, I greatly desiderate. Methinks you  
 would handle the subject delightfully. They  
 tell us he is gone ———

We have not seen him for some time  
 past—Is he really dead ? Must we hereafter  
 speak of him only in the past tense ? You  
 are said to have divers strange items in your  
 brain about him—Vent them I beseech  
 you.

Poor Mummy !—How many hours hath  
 he dreamt away on the sunny side of Cheap,  
 with an opium cud in his cheek, mutely  
 proffering his drug to the way-farers ! That  
 deep-toned bell above him, doubtless, hath  
 often brought to his recollection the loud  
 Allah-il-Allahs to which he listened hereto-  
 fore in his fatherland—the city of minaret  
 and mosque, old Constantinople. Will he  
 never again be greeted by the nodding  
 steeple of Bow ?—Perhaps that ancient bel-  
 dame, with her threatening head and loud  
 tongue, at length effrayed the sallow being  
 out of existence.

Hath his soul, in truth, echapped from  
 that swarthy cutaneous case of which it was  
 so long a tenant ? Hath he glode over that  
 gossamer bridge which leads to the para-  
 dise of the prophet of Mecca ? Doth he  
 pursue his old calling among the faithful ?  
 Are the blue-eyed beauties (those living  
 diamonds) who hang about the neck of Ma-  
 homet ever qualmish ? Did the immortal  
 Houris lack rhubarb ?

Prithee teach us to know more than we  
 do of this Eastern mystery ! Have some  
 of the ministers of the old Magi eloped  
 with him ? Was he in truth a Turk ? We  
 have heard suspicions cast upon the au-  
 thenticity of his complexion—was its taw-  
 niness a forgery ? Oh ! for a *quo warranto*  
 to show by what authority he wore a tur-  
 ban ! Was there any hypocrisy in his sad  
 brow ?—Poor Mummy !

The editor of the *Table Book* ought to  
 perpetuate his features. He was part of  
 the living furniture of the city—Have not  
 our grandfathers seen him ?

The tittle of a page from thy pen on this  
 subject, surmounted by "a true portraic-  
 ture & effigies," would be a treat to me and  
 many more. If thou art still ELIA—if

thou art yet that gentle creature who has immortalized his predilection for the sow's baby—roasted without sage—this boon wilt thou not deny me. Take the matter upon thee speedily.—Wilt thou not endorse thy Pegasus with this pleasant fardel ?

An' thou wilt not I shall be malicious and wish thee some trifling evil : to wit—by way of revenge for the appetite which thou hast created among the reading public for the infant progeny—the rising generation of swine—I will wish that some of the old demoniac leaven may rise up against thee in the modern pigs :—that thy sleep may be vexed with the swinish visions ; that a hog in armour, or a bashaw of a boar of three tails, may be thy midnight familiar—thy incubus ;—that matronly sows may howl after thee in thy walks for their immolated offspring ;—that Mab may tickle thee into fits "with a tithe-pig's tail ;"—that wheresoever thou goest to finger cash for copy-right," instead of being paid in coin current, thou mayst be enforced to receive thy *per-sheetage* in guinea-pigs ;—that thou mayst frequently dream thou art sitting on a hedge-hog ;—that even as Oberon's Queen doated on the translated Bottom, so may thy bachelorly brain doat upon an ideal image of the swine-faced lady—

Finally, I will wish, that when next G. D. visits thee, he may, by mistake, take away thy hat, and leave thee his own—

"Think of that Master Brook."—

Yours ever,

E. C. M. D.

January 31, 1827.

## Literature.

### GLANCES AT NEW BOOKS ON MY TABLE.

SPECIMENS OF BRITISH POETESSES ; selected, and chronologically arranged, by the Rev. *Alexander Dyce*, 1827, cr. 8vo. pp. 462.

Mr. Dyce remarks that, "from the great Collections of the English Poets, where so many worthless compositions find a place, the productions of women have been carefully excluded." This utter neglect of female talent produces a counteracting effort : "the object of the present volume is to exhibit the growth and progress of the genius of our countrywomen in the department of poetry." The collection of "Poems by eminent Ladies," edited by the elder Colman and Bonnel Thornton, contained specimens of only eighteen female writers ; Mr. Dyce offers specimens of the poetry of

eighty-eight, ten of whom are still living. He commences with the dame Juliana Berners, Prioress of the Nunnery of Sopwell, "who resembled an abbot in respect of exercising an extensive manorial jurisdiction, and who hawked and hunted in common with other ladies of distinction," and wrote in rhyme on field sports. The volume concludes with Miss Landon, whose initials, L. E. L., are attached to a profusion of talented poetry, in different journals.

The following are not to be regarded as examples of the charming variety selected by Mr. Dyce, in illustration of his purpose, but rather as "specimens" of peculiar thinking, or for their suitability to the present time of the year.

Our language does not afford a more truly noble specimen of verse, dignified by high feeling, than the following chorus from "The Tragedy of Mariam, 1613," ascribed to lady Elizabeth Carew.

### *Revenge of Injuries.*

The fairest action of our human life

Is scorning to revenge an injury ;

For who forgives without a further strife,

His adversary's heart to him doth tie.

And 'tis a firmer conquest truly said,

To win the heart, than overthrow the head.

If we a worthy enemy do find,

To yield to worth it must be nobly done ;

But if of baser metal be his mind,

In base revenge there is no honour won.

Who would a worthy courage overthrow,

And who would wrestle with a worthless foe ?

We say our hearts are great and cannot yield ;

Because they cannot yield, it proves them poor :

Great hearts are task'd beyond their power, but seldom

The weakest lion will the loudest roar.

Truth's school for certain doth this same allow,

High-heartedness doth sometimes teach to bow.

A noble heart doth teach a virtuous scorn,

To scorn to owe a duty overlong ;

To scorn to be for benefits forborne,

To scorn to lie, to scorn to do a wrong.

To scorn to bear an injury in mind,

To scorn a free-born heart slave-like to bind.

But if for wrongs we needs revenge must have,

Then be our vengeance of the noblest kind ;

Do we his body from our fury save,

And let our hate prevail against our mind ?

What car, 'gainst him a greater vengeance be,

Than make his foe more worthy far than he ?

Had Mariam scorn'd to leave a due unpaid,

She would to Herod then have paid her love ;

And not have been by sullen passion sway'd.

To fix her thoughts all injury above

Is virtuous pride. Had Mariam thus been proud,

Long famous life to her had been allow'd.



Margaret duchess of Newcastle, who died in 1673, "filled nearly twelve volumes folio with plays, poems, orations, philosophical discourses," and miscellaneous pieces. Her lord also amused himself with his pen. This noble pair were honoured by the ridicule of Horace Walpole, who had more taste than feeling; and, notwithstanding the great qualities of the duke, who sacrificed three quarters of a million in thankless devotion to the royal cause, and, though the virtues of his duchess are unquestionable, the author of "The Dormant and Extinct Baronage of England" joins Walpole in contempt of their affection, and the means they employed to render each other happy during retirement. This is an extract from one of the duchess's poems:—

### *Melancholy.*

I dwell in groves that gilt are with the sun,  
Sit on the banks by which clear waters run;  
In summers hot down in a shade I lie,  
My music is the buzzing of a fly;  
I walk in meadows, where grows fresh green grass,  
In fields, where corn is high, I often pass;  
Walk up the hills, where round I prospects see,  
Some brushy woods, and some all champains be;  
Returning back, I in fresh pastures go,  
To hear how sheep do bleat, and cows do low;  
In winter cold, when nipping frosts come on,  
Then I do live in a small house alone;  
Altho' tis plain, yet cleanly 'tis within,  
Like to a soul that's pure and clear from sin;  
And there I dwell in quiet and still peace,  
Not fill'd with cares how riches to increase;  
I wish nor seek for vain and fruitless pleasures,  
No riches are, but what the mind intreatures.  
Thus am I solitary, live alone,  
Yet better lov'd, the more that I am known;  
And tho' my face ill-favour'd at first sight,  
After acquaintance it will give delight.  
Refuse me not, for I shall constant be,  
Maintain your credit and your dignity.

Elizabeth Thomas, (born 1675, died 1730,) in the fifteenth year of her age, was disturbed in her mind, by the sermons she heard in attending her grandmother at meetings, and by the reading of high predestinarian works. She "languished for some time," in expectation of the publication of bishop Burnet's work on the Thirty-nine Articles. When she read it, the bishop seemed to her more candid in stating the doctrines of the sects, than explicit in his own opinion; and, in this perplexity, retiring to her closet, she entered on a self-discussion, and wrote the following poem:—

### *Predestination, or, the Resolution.*

Ah! strive no more to know what fate  
Is preordain'd for thee:  
'Tis vain in this my mortal state,  
For Heaven's inscrutable decree  
Will only be reveal'd in vast Eternity.  
Then, O my soul!  
Remember thy celestial birth,  
And live to Heaven, while here on earth:  
Thy God is infinitely true,  
All Justice, yet all Mercy too:  
To Him, then, thro' thy Saviour, pray  
For Grace, to guide thee on thy way,  
And give thee Will to do.  
But humbly, for the rest, my soul!  
Let Hope, and Faith, the limits be  
Of thy presumptuous curiosity!

Mary Chandler, born in 1687, the daughter of a dissenting minister at Bath, commended by Pope for her poetry, died in 1745. The specimen of her verse, selected by Mr. Dyce, is

### *Temperance.*

Fatal effects of luxury and ease!  
We drink our poison, and we eat disease,  
Indulge our senses at our reason's cost,  
Till sense is pain, and reason hurt, or lost.  
Not so, O Temperancé bland! when rul'd by thee,  
The brute's obedient, and the man is free.  
Soft are his slumbers, balmy is his rest,  
His veins not boiling from the midnight feast.  
Touch'd by Aurora's rosy hand, he wakes  
Peaceful and calm, and with the world partakes  
The joyful dawns of returning day,  
For which their grateful thanks the whole creation pay,  
All but the human brute: 'tis he alone,  
Whose works of darkness fly the rising sun.  
'Tis to thy rules, O Temperance! that we owe  
All pleasures, which from health and strength can flow;  
Vigour of body, purity of mind,  
Unclouded reason, sentiments refin'd,  
Unmixt, untainted joys, without remorse,  
Th' intemperate sinner's never-failing curse.

Elizabeth Tollet (born 1694, died 1754) was authoress of *Susanna*, a sacred drama, and poems, from whence this is a seasonable extract:—

### *Winter Song.*

Ask me no more, my truth to prove,  
What I would suffer for my love:  
With thee I would in exile go,  
To regions of eternal snow;  
O'er floods by solid ice confin'd;  
Thro' forest bare with northern wind;  
While all around my eyes I cast,  
Where all is wild and all is waste.  
If there the timorous stag you chase,  
Or rouse to fight a fiercer race,

Undaunted I thy arms would bear,  
 And give thy hand the hunter's spear.  
 When the low sun withdraws his light,  
 And menaces an half year's night,  
 The conscious moon and stars above  
 Shall guide me with my wandering love.  
 Beneath the mountain's hollow brow,  
 Or in its rocky cells below,  
 Thy rural feast I would provide ;  
 Nor envy palaces their pride ;  
 The softest moss should dress thy bed,  
 With savage spoils about thee spread ;  
 While faithful love the watch should keep,  
 To banish danger from thy sleep.

Mrs. Tighe died in 1810. Mr. Dyce says, "Of this highly-gifted Irishwoman, I have not met with any poetical account; but I learn, from the notes to her poems, that she was the daughter of the Rev. William Blachford, and that she died in her thirty-seventh year. In the *Psyche* of Mrs. Tighe are several pictures, conceived in the true spirit of poetry; while over the whole composition is spread the richest glow of purified passion." Besides specimens from that delightful poem, Mr. Dyce extracts

### *The Lily.*

How wither'd, perish'd seems the form  
 Of yon obscure unsightly root !  
 Yet from the blight of wintry storm,  
 It hides secure the precious fruit.

The careless eye can find no grace,  
 No beauty in the scaly folds,  
 Nor see within the dark embrace  
 What latent loveliness it holds.

Yet in that bulb, those sapless scales,  
 The lily wraps her silver vest,  
 Till vernal suns and vernal gales  
 Shall kiss once more her fragrant breast.

Yes, hide beneath the mouldering heap  
 The undelighting slighted thing ;  
 There in the cold earth buried deep,  
 In silence let it wait the Spring.

Oh ! many a stormy night shall close  
 In gloom upon the barren earth,  
 While still, in undisturb'd repose,  
 Uninjur'd lies the future birth ;

And Ignorance, with sceptic eye,  
 Hope's patient smile shall wondering view ;  
 Or mock her fond credulity,  
 As her soft tears the spot bedew.

Sweet smile of hope, delicious tear !  
 The sun, the shower indeed shall come ;  
 The promis'd verdant shoot appear,  
 And nature bid her blossoms bloom.

And thou, O virgin Queen of Spring !  
 Shalt, from thy dark and lowly bed,  
 Bursting thy green sheath'd silken string,  
 Unveil thy charms, and perfume shed ;

Unfold thy robes of purest white,  
 Unsullied from their darksome grave,  
 And thy soft petals' silvery light  
 In the mild breeze unfetter'd wave.

So Faith shall seek the lowly dust  
 Where humble Sorrow loves to lie,  
 And bid her thus her hopes intrust,  
 And watch with patient, cheerful eye ;

And bear the long, cold wintry night,  
 And bear her own degraded doom,  
 And wait till Heaven's reviving light,  
 Eternal Spring ! shall burst the gloom.

Every one is acquainted with the beautiful ballad which is the subject of the following notice; yet the succinct history, and the present accurate text, may justify the insertion of both.

### *Lady Anne Barnard.*

Born — died 1825.

Sister of the late Earl of Balcarras, and wife of Sir Andrew Barnard, wrote the charming song of *Auld Robin Gray*.

A quarto tract, edited by "the Ariosto of the North," and circulated among the members of the Bannatyne Club, contains the original ballad, as corrected by Lady Anne, and two Continuations by the same authoress; while the Introduction consists almost entirely of a very interesting letter from her to the Editor, dated July 1823, part of which I take the liberty of inserting here:—

"*Robin Gray*,' so called from its being the name of the old herd at Balcarras, was born soon after the close of the year 1771. My sister Margaret had married, and accompanied her husband to London; I was melancholy, and endeavoured to amuse myself by attempting a few poetical trifles. There was an ancient Scotch melody, of which I was passionately fond; — —, who lived before your day, used to sing it to us at Balcarras. She did not object to its having improper words, though I did. I longed to sing old Sophy's air to different words, and give to its plaintive tones some little history of virtuous distress in humble life, such as might suit it. While attempting to effect this in my closet, I called to my little sister, now Lady Hardwicke, who was the only person near me, 'I have been writing a ballad, my dear; I am oppressing my heroine with many misfortunes. I have already sent her Jamie to sea—and broken her father's arm—and made her mother fall sick—and given her Auld Robin Gray for her lover; but I wish to load her with a fifth sorrow within the four lines, poor thing! Help me to one.'—'Steal the cow, sister Anne,' said the little Elizabeth. The cow was immediately lifted by me, and the song completed. At our fireside, and

amongst our neighbours, 'Auld Robin Gray' was always called for. I was pleased in secret with the approbation it met with; but such was my dread of being suspected of writing anything, perceiving the shyness it created in those who could write nothing, that I carefully kept my own secret.

"Meantime, little as this matter seems to have been worthy of a dispute, it afterwards became a party question between the sixteenth and eighteenth centuries. 'Robin Gray' was either a very very ancient ballad, composed perhaps by David Rizzio, and a great curiosity, or a very very modern matter, and no curiosity at all. I was persecuted to avow whether I had written it or not,—where I had got it. Old Sophy kept my counsel, and I kept my own, in spite of the gratification of seeing a reward of twenty guineas offered in the newspapers to the person who should ascertain the point past a doubt, and the still more flattering circumstance of a visit from Mr. Jerningham, secretary to the Antiquarian Society, who endeavoured to entrap the truth from me in a manner I took amiss. Had he asked me the question obligingly, I should have told him the fact distinctly and confidentially. The annoyance, however, of this important ambassador from the Antiquaries, was amply repaid to me by the noble exhibition of the 'Ballad of Auld Robin Gray's Courtship,' as performed by dancing-cogs under my window. It proved its popularity from the highest to the lowest, and gave me pleasure while I hugged myself in obscurity."

The two versions of the second part were written many years after the first; in them, Auld Robin Gray falls sick,—confesses that he himself stole the cow, in order to force Jenny to marry him,—leaves to Jamie all his possessions,—dies,—and the young couple, of course, are united. Neither of the Continuations is given here, because, though both are beautiful, they are very inferior to the original tale, and greatly injure its effect.

### *Auld Robin Gray.\**

When the sheep are in the fauld, when the cows come hame,  
When a' the weary world to quiet rest are gane,  
The wœs of my heart fa' in showers frae my ee,  
Unken'd by my gudeman, who soundly sleeps by me.  
Young Jamie loo'd me weel, and sought me for his bride;  
But saving æe crown-piece, he'd naething else beside.  
'To make the crown a pound,† my Jamie gaed to sea;  
And the crown and the pound, O they were baith for me!

Before he had been gane a twelvemonth and a day,  
My father brak his arm, our cow was stown away;  
My mother she fell sick—my Jamie was at sea—  
And auld Robin Gray, oh! he came a-courting me.

My father cou'dna work—my mother cou'dna spin;  
I toild day and night, but their bread I cou'dna win:  
Auld Rob maintain'd them baith, and, wi' tears in his ee,

Said, "Jenny, oh! for their sakes, will you marry me?"

My heart it said na, and I look'd for Jamie back;  
But hard blew the winds, and his ship was a wrack:  
His ship it was a wrack! Why didna Jamie dee?  
Or, wherefore am I spar'd to cry out, Woe is me!

My father, argued sair—my mother didna speak,  
But she look'd in my face till my heart was like to break;

They gied him my hand, but my heart was in the sea;  
And so auld Robin Gray, he was gudeman to me.

I hadna been his wife a week but only four,  
When mournfu' as I sat on the stane at my door,  
I saw my Jamie's ghaist—I cou'dna think it he,  
Till he said, "I'm come hame, my love, to marry thee!"

O sair, sair did we greet, and mickle say of a';  
Æe kiss we took, nae mair—I bad him gang awa.  
I wish that I were dead, but I'm no like to dee;  
For O, I am but young to cry out, Woe is me!

I gang like a ghaist, and I carena much to spin;  
I darena think o' Jamie, for that wad be a sin.  
But I will do my best a gude wife aye to be,  
For auld Robin Gray, oh! he is sae kind to me.

The great and remarkable merit of Mr. Dyce is, that in this beautifully printed volume, he has reared imperishable columns to the honour of the sex, without a questionable trophy. His "specimens" are an assemblage so individually charming, that the mind is delighted by every part whereon the eye rests, and scrupulosity itself cannot make a single rejection on pretence of inadequate merit. He comes as a rightful herald, marshalling the perfections of each poetess, and discriminating with so much delicacy, that each of his pages is a page of honour to a high-born grace, or dignified beauty. His book is an elegant tribute to departed and living female genius; and while it claims respect from every lady in the land for its gallantry to the fair, its intrinsic worth is sure to force it into every well-appointed library.

\* The text of the corrected copy is followed.

† "I must also mention" (says lady Anne, in the letter already quoted) "the laird of Dalziel's advice, who, in a *tête-à-tête*, afterwards said, 'My dear, the next time you sing that song, try to change the words a wee bit, and instead of singing, 'To make the crown a pound, my Jamie gaed to sea,' say, to make it twenty

marks, for a Scottish pund is but twenty pence, and Jamie was na such a gowk as to leave Jenny and gang to sea to lessen his gear. It is that line [whisper'd he] that tells me that sang was written by some bonnie lassie that didna ken the value of the Scots money quite so well as an auld writer in the town of Edinburgh would have kent it."



### Hiring Servants at a Statute Fair.

This engraving may illustrate Mr. Pare's account of the Warwickshire "statute" or "mop,"\* and the general appearance of similar fairs for hiring servants. Even in London, bricklayers, and other house-labourers, still carry their respective implements to the places where they stand for hire: for which purpose they assemble in great numbers in Cheapside and at Charing-cross, every morning, at five or six o'clock. It is further worthy of observation, that, in old Rome, there were particular spots in which servants applied for hire.

Dr. Plott, speaking of the Statutes for hiring servants, says, that at Bloxham the carters stood with their whips in one place, and the shepherds with their crooks in another; but the maids, as far as he could observe, stood promiscuously. He adds, that this custom seems as old as our Saviour; and refers to *Matt. xx. 3*, "And

he went out about the third hour and saw others standing idle in the market-place."

In the statistical account of Scotland, it is said that, at the parish of Wamphray, "*Hiring fairs* are much frequented: *those who are to hire wear a green sprig in their hat*: and it is very seldom that servants will hire in any other place."

Of ancient chartered fairs may be instanced as an example, the fair of St. Giles's Hill or Down, near Winchester, which William the Conqueror instituted and gave as a kind of revenue to the bishop of Winchester. It was at first for three days, but afterwards by Henry III., prolonged to sixteen days. Its jurisdiction extended seven miles round, and comprehended even Southampton, then a capital and trading town. Merchants who sold wares at that time within that circuit forfeited them to the bishop. Officers were placed at a considerable distance, at bridges and other avenues of access to the fair, to exact toll of all merchandise passing that way. In the mean time, all shops in

\* At p. 171.

the city of Winchester were shut. A court, called the pavilion, composed of the bishop's justiciaries and other officers, had power to try causes of various sorts for seven miles round. The bishop had a toll of every load or parcel of goods passing through the gates of the city. On St. Giles's eve the mayor, bailiffs, and citizens of Winchester delivered the keys of the four gates to the bishop's officers. Many and extraordinary were the privileges granted to the bishop on this occasion, all tending to obstruct trade and to oppress the people. Numerous foreign merchants frequented this fair; and several streets were formed in it, assigned to the sale of different commodities. The surrounding monasteries had shops or houses in these streets, used only at the fair; which they held under the bishop, and often let by lease for a term of years. Different counties had their different stations.

According to a curious record of the establishment and expenses of the household of Henry Percy, the fifth earl of Northumberland, A. D. 1512, the stores of his lordship's house at Wresille, for the whole year, were laid in from fairs. The articles were "wine, wax, beiffes, muttons, wheite, and malt." This proves that fairs were then the principal marts for purchasing necessaries in large quantities, which are now supplied by frequent trading towns: and the mention of "beiffes and muttons," (which are salted oxen and sheep,) shows that at so late a period they knew little of breeding cattle.

The monks of the priories of Maxtoke in Warwickshire, and of Bicester in Oxfordshire, in the time of Henry VI., appear to have laid in yearly stores of various, yet common necessaries, at the fair of Stourbridge, in Cambridgeshire, at least one hundred miles distant from either monastery.

## February 14.

### VALENTINE'S DAY.

Now each fond youth who ere essay'd  
An effort in the tinkling trade,  
Resumes to day; and writes and blots  
About true-love and true-love's-knots;  
And opens veins in ladies' hearts;  
(Or *steals 'em*) with two cris-cross darts,—  
(There must be two)

Stuck through (and through)

His own: and then to s'cure 'em better  
He doubles up his single letter—

Type of his state,  
(Perchance a hostage  
To double fate)  
For single postage:  
Emblem of his and my *Cupidity*;  
With p'rhaps like happy end—stupidity.

### FRENCH VALENTINES.

Ménage, in his Etymological Dictionary, has accounted for the term "Valentine," by stating that Madame Royale, daughter of Henry the Fourth of France, having built a palace near Turin, which, in honour of the saint, then in high esteem, she called the Valentine, at the first entertainment which she gave in it, was pleased to order that the ladies should receive their lovers for the year by lots, reserving to herself the privilege of being independent of chance, and of choosing her own partner. At the various balls which this gallant princess gave during the year, it was directed that each lady should receive a nosegay from her lover, and that, at every tournament, the knight's trappings for his horse should be furnished by his allotted mistress, with this proviso, that the prize obtained should be hers. This custom, says Ménagé, occasioned the parties to be called "Valentines."\*

An elegant writer, in a journal of the present month, prepares for the annual festival with the following

### LEGEND OF ST. VALENTINE.

From Britain's realm, in olden time,  
By the strong power of truths sublime,  
The pagan rites were banish'd;  
And, spite of Greek and Roman lore,  
Each god and goddess, fam'd of yore,  
From grove and altar vanish'd.

And they (as sure became them best)  
To Austin and Paulinius' host  
Obediently submitted,  
And left the land without delay—  
Save Cupid, who still held a sway  
Too strong to passively obey,  
Or be by saints outwitted.

For well the boy-god knew that he  
Was far too potent, e'er to be  
Depos'd and exil'd quietly  
From his belov'd dominion;  
And sturdily the urchin swore  
He ne'er, to leave the British shore,  
Would move a single pinion.

\* Dr. Drake's Shakspeare and his Times. See also the *Every-Day Book* for large particulars of the day.

The saints at this were sadly vex'd,  
 And much their holy brains perplex'd,  
 To bring the boy to reason ;  
 And, when they found him bent to stay,  
 They built up convent-walls straightway,  
 And put poor Love in prison.

But Cupid, though a captive made,  
 Soon met, within a convent shade,  
 New subjects in profusion :  
 Albeit he found his pagan name  
 Was heard by pious maid and dame  
 With horror and confusion.

For all were there demure and coy,  
 And deem'd a rebel heathen boy  
 A most unsaintly creature ;  
 But Cupid found a way with ease  
 His slyest vot'ries tastes to please,  
 And yet not change a feature.

For, by his brightest dart, the elf  
 Affirm'd he'd turn a saint himself,  
 To make their scruples lighter ;  
 So gravely hid his dimpled smiles,  
 His wreathed locks, and playful wiles,  
 Beneath a bishop's mitre.

Then Christians rear'd the boy a shrine,  
 And youths invoc'd Saint Valentine  
 To bless their annual passion ;  
 And maidens still his name revere,  
 And, smiling, bail his day each year—  
 A day to village lovers dear,  
 Though saints are out of fashion.

A. S.

Monthly Magazine.

Another is pleased to treat the prevailing topic of the day as one of those "whims and oddities," which exceedingly amuse the reading world, and make e'en sighing lovers smile.

## SONG

FOR THE 14th OF FEBRUARY.

*By a General Lover.*

"Mille gravem telis exhaustâ pene pharetrâ."

Apollo has peep'd through the shutter,  
 And waken'd the witty and fair ;  
 The boarding-school belle's in a flutter,  
 The twopenny post's in despair :  
 The breath of the morning is flinging  
 A magic on blossom, on spray ;  
 And cockneys and sparrows are singing  
 In chorus on Valentine's Day.

Away with ye, dreams of disaster,  
 Away with ye, visions of law,  
 Of cases I never shall master,  
 Of pleadings I never shall draw :  
 Away with ye, parchments and papers,  
 Red tapes, unread volumes, away ;  
 It gives a fond lover the vapours  
 To see you on Valentine's Day.

I'll sit in my nightcap, like Hayley,  
 I'll sit with my arms erost, like Spain,  
 Till joys, which are vanishing daily,  
 Come back in their lustre again :  
 Oh, shall I look over the waters,  
 Or shall I look over the way,  
 For the brightest and best of Earth's daughters,  
 To rhyme to on Valentine's Day ?  
 Shall I crown with my worship, for fame's sake,  
 Some goddess whom Fashion has starr'd,  
 Make puns on Miss Love and her namesake,  
 Or pray for a pas with Brocard ?  
 Shall I flirt, in romantic idea,  
 With Chester's adorable clay,  
 Or whisper in transport, "Si mea \*  
 Cum Vestris—" on Valentine's Day ?  
 Shall I kneel to a Sylvia or Celia,  
 Whom no one e'er saw or may see,  
 A fancy-drawn Laura Amelia,  
 An *ad libit.* Anna Marie ?  
 Shall I court an initial with stars to it,  
 Go mad for a G. or a J.  
 Get Bishop to put a few bars to it,  
 And print it on Valentine's Day ?

Alas ! ere I'm properly frantic  
 With some such pure figment as this,  
 Some visions, not quite so romantic,  
 Start up to demolish the bliss ;  
 Some Will o' the Wisp in a bonnet  
 Still leads my lost wit quite astray,  
 Till up to my ears in a sonnet  
 I sink upon Valentine's Day.

The Dian I half bought a ring for,  
 On seeing her thrown in the ring ;  
 The Naiad I took such a spring for,  
 From Waterloo Bridge, in the spring ;  
 The trembler I saved from a robber, on  
 My walk to the Champs Elysée !—  
 The warbler that fainted at Oberon,  
 Three months before Valentine's Day.

The gipsy I once had a spill with,  
 Bad luck to the Paddington team !  
 The countess I chanced to be ill with  
 From Dover to Calais by steam ;  
 The lass that makes tea for Sir Stephen,  
 The lassie that brings in the tray ;  
 It's odd—but the betting is even  
 Between them on Valentine's Day.

The white hands I help'd in their nutting ;  
 The fair neck I cloak'd in the rain ;  
 The bright eyes that thank'd me for cutting  
 My friend in Emmanuel-lane ;  
 The Blue that admires Mr. Barrow ;  
 The Saint that adores Lewis Way ;  
 The Nameless that dated from Harrow  
 Three couplets last Valentine's Day.

I think not of Laura the witty,  
 For, oh ! she is married at York !  
 I sigh not for Rose of the City,  
 For, ah ! she is buried at Cork !

\* "Si mea cum Vestris valuisset vota !" — Ovid Met.

Adèle has a braver and better]  
 To say what I never could say ;  
 Louise cannot construe a letter  
 Of English on Valentine's Day.

So perish the leaves in the arbour,  
 The tree is all bare in the blast !  
 Like a wreck that is drifting to harbour,  
 I come to thee, Lady, at last :  
 Where art thou so lovely and lonely ?  
 Though idle the lute and the lay,  
 The lute and the lay are thine only,  
 My fairest, on Valentine's Day.

For thee I have open'd my Blackstone,  
 For thee I have shut up myself ;  
 Exchanged my long curls for a Caxton,  
 And laid my short whist on the shelf ;  
 For thee I have sold my old Sherry,  
 For thee I have burn'd my new play ;  
 And I grow philosophical—very !  
 Except upon Valentine's Day.

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New Monthly Magazine.

In the poems of Elizabeth Trefusis there is a "Valentine" with an expression of feeling which may well conclude the extracts already produced.

When to Love's influence woman yields,  
 She loves for life ! and daily feels  
 Progressive tenderness !—each hour  
 Confirms, extends, the tyrant's power !  
 Her lover is her god ! her fate !—  
 Vain pleasures, riches, worldly state,  
 Are trifles all !—each sacrifice  
 Becomes a dear and valued prize,  
 If made for him, e'en tho' he proves  
 Forgetful of their former loves.

## AIR AND EXERCISE

### FOR LADIES.

There is a notion, that air spoils the complexion. It is possible, that an exposure to all weathers might do so ; though if a gipsy beauty is to be said to have a bad complexion, it is one we are very much inclined to be in love with. A russeton apple has its beauty as well as a peach. At all events, a spoilt complexion of this sort is accompanied with none of the melancholy attending the bad complexions that arise from late hours, and spleen, and plodding, and indolence, and indigestion. Fresh air puts a wine in the blood that lasts from morning to night, and not merely for an hour or two after dinner. If ladies would not carry buttered toast in their cheeks, instead of roses, they must

shake the blood in their veins, till it spins clear. Cheerfulness itself helps to make good blood ; and air and exercise make cheerfulness. When it is said, that air spoils the complexion, it is not meant that breathing it does so, but exposure to it. We are convinced it is altogether a fallacy, and that nothing but a constant exposure to the extremes of heat and cold has any such effect. The not breathing the fresh air is confessedly injurious ; and this might be done much oftener than is supposed. People might oftener throw up their windows, or admit the air partially, and with an effect sensible only to the general feelings. We find, by repeated experiments, that we can write better and longer with the admission of air into our study. We have learnt also, by the same experience, to prefer a large study to a small one ; and here the rich, it must be confessed, have another advantage over us. They pass their days in large airy rooms—in apartments that are field and champain, compared to the closets that we dignify with the name of parlours and drawing-rooms. A gipsy and they are in this respect, and in many others, more on a footing ; and the gipsy beauty and the park beauty enjoy themselves accordingly. Can we look at that extraordinary race of persons—we mean the gipsies—and not recognise the wonderful physical perfection to which they are brought, solely by their exemption from some of our most inveterate notions, and by dint of living constantly in the fresh air ? Read any of the accounts that are given of them, even by writers the most opposed to their way of life, and you will find these very writers refuting themselves and their proposed ameliorations by confessing that no human beings can be better formed, or healthier, or happier than the gipsies, so long as they are kept out of the way of towns and their sophistications. A suicide is not known among them. They are as merry as the larks with which they rise ; have the use of their limbs to a degree unknown among us, except by our new friends the gymnasts ; and are as sharp in their faculties as the perfection of their frames can render them. A glass of brandy puts them into a state of unbearable transport. It is a superfluous bliss ; wine added to wine : and the old learn to do themselves mischief with it, and level their condition with stockbrokers and politicians. Yet these are the people whom some wiseacres are for turning into bigots and manufacturers. They had much better take them for what

they are, and for what Providence seems to have intended them—a memorandum to keep alive among us the belief in nature, and a proof to what a physical state of perfection the human being can be brought, solely by inhaling her glorious breath, and being exempt from our laborious mistakes. If the intelligent and the gipsy life could ever be brought more together, by any rational compromise, (and we do not despair of it, when we see that calculators begin to philosophize,) men might attain the greatest perfection of which they are capable. Meanwhile the gipsies have the advantage of it, if faces are any index of health and comfort. A gipsy with an eye fit for a genius, it is not difficult to meet with; but where shall we find a genius, or even a fundholder, with the cheek and health of a gipsy?

There is a fact well known to physicians, which settles at once the importance of fresh air to beauty, as well as health. It is, that in proportion as people stay at home, and do not set their lungs playing as they ought, the blood becomes dark, and lags in its current; whereas the habit of inhaling the air out of doors reddens it like a ruby, and makes it clear and brisk. Now the darker the blood, the more melancholy the sensations, and the worse the complexion.

It is common with persons who inherit a good stock of health from their ancestors, to argue that they take no particular pains to preserve it, and yet are well. This may be true; and it is also true, that there is a painstaking to that effect, which is superfluous and morbid, and helps to do more harm than good. But it does not follow from either of these truths, that a neglect of the rational means of retaining health will ultimately be good for any body. Healthy people may live a good while upon their stock. Children are in the habit of doing it. But healthy children, especially those who are foolishly treated upon an assumption that health consists in being highly fed, and having great beef-eating cheeks, very often turn out sickly at last; and grown-up people, for the most part, at least in great towns, have as little really good health, as children in general are given credit for the reverse. Nature does indeed provide liberally for abuses; but the abuse will be felt at last. It is generally felt a long while before it is acknowledged. Then comes age, with all its train of regrets and superstitions; and the beauty and the man, besides a world perhaps of idle remorse, which they would not feel but for their perverted blood, could eat their hearts out

for having been such fools as not to secure a continuance of good looks and manly feelings, for want of a little handsome energy.

The ill taste of existence that is so apt to come upon people in middle life, is too often attributed to moral causes. Moral they are, but very often not in the sense imagined. Whatever causes be mixed up with them, the greatest of all is, in ninety-nine instances out of a hundred, no better or grander than a non-performance of the common duties of health. Many a fine lady takes a surfeit for a tender distress; and many a real sufferer, who is haunted by a regret, or takes himself for the most ill-used of bilious old gentlemen, might trace the loftiest of his woes to no better origin than a series of ham-pies, or a want of proper use of his boots and umbrella.\*

### A SONG.

Young Joe, he was a carman gay,

As any town could show;

His team was good, and, like his pence,

Was always on the go;

A thing, as every jackass knows,

Which often leads to wo!

It fell out that he fell in love,

By some odd chance or whim,

With Alice Payne—beside whose eyes

All other eyes were dim;

The painful tale must out—indeed,

She was *A Pain* to him.

For, when he ask'd her civilly

To make one of *they* two,

She whipp'd her tongue across her teeth,

And said, "D'ye think it true,

I'd trust my *load* of life with *sich*

A waggoner as you?

"No, no—to be a carman's wife

Will ne'er suit Alice Payne;

I'd better far a lone woman

For evermore remain,

Than have it said, while in my youth,

My life is on the *wain*!"

"Oh, Alice Payne! Oh, Alice Payne!

Why won't you meet with me?"

Then up she curl'd her nose, and said,

"Go axe your axletree;

I tell you, Joe, this—once for all—

My *joe* you shall not be."

She spoke the fatal "no," which put

A spoke into his wheel—

And stopp'd his happiness, as though

She'd cry *wo!* to his *wheel*:—

These women ever steal our hearts,

And then their own they *steal*.



So round his melancholy neck  
 Poor Joe his drag-chain tied,  
 And hook'd it on a hook—" Oh! what  
 A weight is life!" he cried;  
 Then off he cast himself—and thus  
 The cast-off carman died!

Howbeit, as his son was set,  
 (Poor Joe!) at set of sun,  
 They laid him in his lowly grave,  
 And gravely that was done;  
 And she stood by, and laugh'd outright—  
 How wrong—the guilty one!

But the day of retribution comes  
 Alike to prince and hind,  
 As surely as the summer's sun  
 Must yield to wintry wind:  
 Alas! she did not mind his peace—  
 So she'd no peace of mind.

For when she sought her bed of rest,  
 Her rest was all on thorns;  
 And there another lover stood,  
 Who wore a pair of horns:  
 His little, tiny feet were cleft,  
 And cloven, like a fawn's;

His face and garb were dark and black,  
 As daylight to the blind;  
 And a something undefinable  
 Around his skirt was twin'd—  
 As if he wore, like other pigs,  
 His pigtail out behind.

His arms, though less than other men's,  
 By no means *harm-less* were:  
 Dark elfin locks en-lock'd his brow—  
 You might not call them hair;  
 And, oh! it was a *gas-tly* sight  
 To see his eye-balls glare.

And ever, as the midnight bell  
 Twelve awful strokes had toll'd,  
 That dark man by her bedside stood,  
 Whilst all her blood run cold;  
 And ever and anon he cried,  
 " I could a *tail* unfold!"

And so her strength of heart grew less,  
 For heart-less she had been;  
 And on her pallid cheek a small  
 Red hectic spot was seen:  
 You could not say her life was spent  
 Without a spot, I wean.

And they who mark'd that crimson light  
 Well knew the treach'rous bloom—  
 A light that shines, alas! alas!  
 To light us to our tomb:  
 They said 'twas like thy cross, St. Paul's,  
 The *signal* of her doom.

And so it prov'd—she lost her health,  
 When breath she needed most—  
 Just as the winning horse gets blown  
 Close by the winning-post:  
 The ghost, he gave up plavuing her—  
 So she gave up the ghost!

## London.

### MODERN IMPROVEMENTS.

In the annals of the world there have never been such rapid changes and such vast improvements as have occurred in this metropolis during the last seven years. We have no occasion now to refer to Pennant to produce exclamations of surprise at the wonderful changes in London; our own recollections are sufficient. Oxford-street seems half a mile nearer to Charing Cross than in the days of our youth. Swallow-street, with all the dirty courts in its vicinity, have been swallowed up, and replaced by one of the most magnificent streets in Europe; a street, which may vie with the Calle d'Alcala in Madrid, with the Quartier du Chapeau Rouge at Bourdeaux, or the Place de Louis Quinze at Paris. We must, for the present, overlook the defects of the architectural detail of this street, in the contemplation of the great and general improvement which its construction has produced in the metropolis.

Other streets are proposed by the same active genius under which Regent-street has been accomplished; the vile houses which surrounded and hid the finest portico in London—that of St. Martin's church—are already taken down; a square is to be formed round this building, with two large openings into the Strand, and plans are already in agitation to lay open other churches in the same manner. Even the economical citizens have given us a peep at St. Bride's—being ashamed again to hide beauties which accident had given them an opportunity of displaying to greater advantage. One street is projected from Charing Cross to the British Museum, terminating in a square, of which the church in Hart-street is to form the centre; another is intended to lead to the same point from Waterloo-bridge, by which this structure, which is at present almost useless, will become the great connecting thoroughfare between the north and south sides of the Thames: this street is, indeed, a desideratum to the proprietors of the bridge, as well as to the public at large. Carlton-house is already being taken down—by which means Regent-street will terminate at the south end, with a view of St. James's Park, in the same manner as it does at the north end, by an opening into the Regent's Park. Such is the general outline of the late and the projected improvements in the heart of the metropolis; but they have not stopped here. The king has been decora-

ting Hyde Park with lodges, designed by Mr. Decimus Burton, which are really gems in architecture, and stand unrivalled for proportion, chasteness, and simplicity, amidst the architectural productions of the age.

Squares are already covering the extensive property of lord Grosvenor in the fields of Chelsea and Pimlico; and crescents and colonnades are planned, by the architect to the bishop of London, on the ground belonging to the diocese at Bayswater.

But all suburban improvements sink into insignificance, when compared with what has been projected and attained within the last seven years in the Regent's Park. This new city of palaces has appeared to have started into existence like the event of a fairy tale. Every week showed traces of an Aladdin hand in its progress, till, to our astonishment, we ride through streets, squares, crescents, and terraces, where we the other day saw nothing but pasture land and Lord's-cricket-ground;—a barn is replaced by a palace—and buildings are constructed, one or two of which may vie with the proudest efforts of Greece and Rome.

The projector, with true taste, has called the beauties of landscape to the aid of architectural embellishment; and we accordingly find groves, and lawns, and streams intersecting the numerous ranges of terraces and villas; while nature, as though pleased at the efforts of art, seems to have exerted herself with extraordinary vigour to emulate and second the efforts of the artist.

In so many buildings, and amidst so much variety, there must, consequently, be many different degrees of architectural excellence, and many defects in architectural composition; but, taken as a whole, and the short time occupied in its accomplishment, the Regent's Park may be considered as one of the most extraordinary creations of architecture that has ever been witnessed. It is the only speculation of the sort where elegance seems to have been considered equally with profit in the disposition of the ground. The buildings are not crowded together with an avaricious determination to create as much frontage as possible; and we cannot bestow too much praise on the liberality with which the projector has given up so much space to the squares, roads, and plantations, by which he has certainly relinquished many sources of profit for the pleasure and convenience of the public.

It is in the contemplation of these additions and improvements to our metropolis, that we doubly feel the blessings and effects

of that peace which has enabled the government, as well as private individuals, to attempt to make London worthy of the character it bears in the scale of cities; and we are happy now to feel proud of the architectural beauty, as we always have of the commercial influence, of our metropolis.\*

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### THE SPELLS OF HOME.

There blend the ties that strengthen  
Our hearts in hours of grief,  
The silver links that lengthen  
Joys visits when most brief!  
Then, dost thou sigh for pleasure?  
O! do not widely roam!  
But seek that hidden treasure  
At home, dear home!

BERNARD BARTON.

By the soft green light in the woody glade,  
On the banks of moss where thy childhood play'd;  
By the waving tree thro' which thine eye  
First look'd in love to the summer sky;  
By the dewy gleam, by the very breath  
Of the primrose-tufts in the grass beneath,  
Upon thy heart there is laid a spell—  
Holy and precious—oh! guard it well!

By the sleepy ripple of the stream,  
Which hath lull'd thee into many a dream;  
By the shiver of the ivy-leaves,  
To the wind of morn at thy casement-eaves;  
By the bees' deep murmur in the limes,  
By the music of the Sabbath-chimes;  
By every sound of thy native shade,  
Stronger and dearer the spell is made.

By the gathering round the winter hearth,  
When twilight call'd unto household mirth;  
By the fairy tale or the legend old  
In that ring of happy faces told;  
By the quiet hours when hearts unite  
In the parting prayer, and the kind "good-night;"  
By the smiling eye and the loving tone,  
Over thy life has the spell been thrown.

And bless that gift!—it hath gentle might,  
A guardian power and a guiding light!  
It hath led the freeman forth to stand  
In the mountain-battles of his land;  
It hath brought the wanderer o'er the seas,  
To die on the hills of his own fresh breeze;  
And back to the gates of his father's hall,  
It hath won the weeping prodigal.

Yes! when thy heart in its pride would stray,  
From the loves of its guileless youth away;  
When the sullyng breath of the world would come,  
O'er the flowers it brought from its childhood's home;

Think thou again of the woody glade,  
 And the sound by the rustling ivy made;  
 Think of the tree at thy parent's door,  
 And the kindly spell shall have power once more!

F. H.

Monthly Magazine.

### BOOKS.

'Twere well with most, if books, that could engage  
 Their childhood, pleased them at a riper age;  
 The man approving what had charmed the boy,  
 Would die at last in comfort, peace, and joy;  
 And not with curses on his art, who stole  
 The gem of truth from his unguarded soul.

COWPER.

If there be one word in our language, beyond all others teeming with delightful associations, *Books* is that word. At that magic name what vivid retrospections of by-gone times, what summer days of unalloyed happiness "when life was new," rush on the memory! even now the spell retains its power to charm: the beloved of my youth is the solace of my declining years: such is the enduring nature of an early attachment to literature.

The first book that inspired me with a taste for reading, was *Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress*; never shall I forget the intense emotion with which I perused this pious and interesting fiction: the picturesque descriptions and quaint moralities blended with this fine allegory, heightened the enchantment, which to a youthful and fervid imagination, "unsated yet with garbage," was complete. From henceforward my bias was determined; the passion grew with my growth, and strengthened with my strength; and I *devoured* all the books that fell in my way, as if "appetite increased by what it fed on." My next step was,—I commenced *collector*. Smile, if you will, reader, but admire the benevolence of creative wisdom, by which the means of happiness are so nicely adjusted to the capacity for enjoyment: for, slender, as in those days were my finances, I much doubt if the noble possessor of the *unique edition* of BOCCACCIO, marched off with his envied prize at the cost of *two thousand four hundred pounds*, more triumphantly, than I did with my sixpenny pamphlet, or dog's eared volume, destined to form the nucleus of my future library.

The moral advantages arising out of a love of books are so obvious, that to enlarge upon such a topic might be deemed a gratuitous parade of truisms; I shall therefore proceed to offer a few observa-

tions, as to the best modes of deriving both pleasure and improvement from the cultivation of this most fascinating and intellectual of all pursuits. Lord Bacon says, with his usual discrimination, "Some books are to be tasted, others to be swallowed, and some few to be chewed and digested;" this short sentence comprises the whole practical wisdom of the subject, and in like manner by an extension of the principle, the choice of a library must be regulated. "Few books, well selected, are best," is a maxim useful to all, but more especially to young collectors: for let it be remembered, that economy in our pleasures invariably tends to enlarge the sphere of our enjoyments. Fuller remarks, "that it is a vanity to persuade the world one hath much learning by getting a great library;" and the supposition is equally erroneous, that a *large* collection necessarily implies a *good* one. The truth is, were we to discard all the works of a mere temporary interest, and of solemn trifling, that incumber the fields of literature, the magnitude of numerous vast libraries would suddenly shrink into most diminutive dimensions, for the number of good original authors is comparatively few; study therefore *quality* rather than *quantity* in the selection of your books. As regards the *luxuries* of the library, keep a rigid watch upon your inclinations; for though it must not be denied that there is a rational pleasure in seeing a favourite author *elegantly attired*, nothing is more ridiculous than this taste pushed to the extreme; for then this refined pursuit degenerates into a mere hobbyhorse, and once fairly mounted, good-by to prudence and common sense! The Bibliomaniac is thus pleasantly satirized by an old poet in the "Shyp of Foles."

Styll am I besy bok assemblynge,

For to have plenty it is a pleasaunt thyng

In my conceit, and to have them ay in hand,

But what they mene do I not understand!

When we survey our well-furnished bookshelves, the first thought that suggests itself, is the *immortality of intellect*. Here repose the living monuments of those master spirits destined to sway the empire of mind; the historian, the philosopher, and the poet, "of imagination all compact!" and while the deeds of mighty conquerors hurry down the stream of oblivion, the works of these men survive to after-ages; are enshrined in the memories of a grateful posterity, and finally stamp upon

national character the permanent impress of their genius.

Happy we, who are early taught to cherish the society of these *silent* friends, ever ready to amuse without importunity, and instruct without the austerity of reproof. Let us rest assured that it is "mind that makes the body rich," and that in the cultivation of our intellect we secure an inexhaustible store of present gratification, and a source of pleasurable recollections which will never fail to cheer the evening of life.

J. H.

### ETIQUETTE.

Philosophy may rave as it will, "little things are great to little men," and the less the man, the greater is the object. A king at arms is, in his own estimation, the greatest king in Europe, and a German baron is not more punctilious than a master of the ceremonies. The first desire with all men is power, the next is the semblance of power; and it is perhaps a happy dispensation that those who are cut off from the substantial rights of the citizen, should find a compensation in the "decorations" of the slave; as in all other moral cases the vices of the individual are repressed by those of the rest of the community. The pride of Diogenes trampled on the pride of Plato; and the vanity of the excluded may be trusted for keeping within bounds the vanity of the preeminent and the privileged. The great enemy, however, of etiquette is civilisation, which is incessantly at work, simplifying society. Knowledge, by opening our eyes to the substances of things, defends us from the juggle of forms; and Napoleon, when he called a throne a mere chair, with gilt nails driven into it, epitomised one of the most striking results of the revolutionary contest. Strange that he should have overlooked or disregarded the fact in the erection of his own institutions! Ceremonial is a true paper currency, and passes only as far as it will be taken. The representative of a thousand pounds, unbacked by credit, is a worthless rag of paper, and the highest decoration which the king can confer, if repudiated by opinion, is but a piece of blue riband. Here indeed the sublime touches the ridiculous, for who shall draw the line of demarcation between my lord Grizzle and the gold stick? between Mr. Dymock, in Westminster-hall, and his representative "on a real horse" at Covent-garden?—Every day the intercourse of society is becoming more and more easy, and a man of

fashion is as little likely to be ceremonious in trifles, as to appear in the costume of sir Charles Grandison, or to take up the quarrels of lord Herbert of Cherbury.\*

### INDICATIONS.

WRITTEN IN THE FROST.

*For the Table Book.*

I know that the weather's severe, by the noses  
That run between eyes smartly lash'd by the fair;  
By the coxcombs that muff-led are smiling at roses  
Got into the cheeks, and got out of the air.

By the skates, (slipp'ry fish) for the Serpentine's Fleet;  
By the rise of the coal; by the shot-birds that fall;  
By the chilly old people that creep to the heat;  
And the ivy-green branches that creep to the wall.

By the chorus of boys sliding over the river,  
The grumbles of men sliding over the flags;  
The beggars, poor wretches! half-naked, that shiver!  
The sportsmen, poor horsemen! turn'd out on their nags!

By the snow standing over the plant and the fountain;  
The chilbain-tribes, whose understanding is weak;  
The wild-ducks of the valley, the drift of the mountain,  
And, like Niobé, street-plugs all tears from the Creek:

And I know, by the icelets from nature's own shops,  
By the fagots just cut, and the cutting wind's tone,  
That the weather will freeze half the world if it stops  
If it goes, it will thaw t'other half to the bone.

Jan. 27. \* \* P.

### ADOPTION.

There is a singular system in France relative to the adoption of children. A family who has none, adopts as their own a fine child belonging to a friend, or more generally to some poor person, (for the laws of population in the poor differ from those in the rich;) the adoption is regularly enregistered by the civil authorities, and the child becomes heir-at-law to the property of its new parents, and cannot be disinherited by any subsequent caprice of the parties; they are bound to support it suitably to their rank, and do every thing due to their offspring.†

### A ROYAL SIMILE.

"Queen Elizabeth was wont to say, upon the commission of sales, that the commissioners used her like *strawberry-wives*, that laid two or three great strawberries at the mouth of their pottle, and all the rest were little ones; so they made her two or three great prices of the first particulars, but fell straight ways."‡

\* New Monthly Magazine.

† Ibid.

‡ Apophthegms Antiq.



### Blind Hannah.

Sightless, and gently led her unseen round,  
 She daily creeps, and draws a soothing sound  
 Of Psalmody, from out her viol' strings,  
 To company some plaintive words she sings.

This young woman sojourns in the neighbourhood of the ancient scene of the "Pretty Bessee" and her old father, the "Blind Beggar of Bethnal-green"—

"His marks and his tokens were known full well,  
 He always was led with a dog and a bell."

Her name is Hannah Brentford. She is an inhabitant of Bunhill-row, twenty-four years old, and has been blind from the time she had the small-pox, two and twenty years ago. She sings hymns, and accompanies herself on the violin. Her manner is to "give out" two lines of words, and chant them to "a quiet tune;" and then

she gives out another two lines; and so she proceeds till the composition is finished. Her voice, and the imitative strains of her instrument, are one chord of 'plaining sound, beautifully touching. She supports herself, and an aged mother, on the alms of passengers in the streets of Finsbury, who "please to bestow their charity on the blind"—"the poor blind." They who are not pierced by her "sightless eye-balls" have no sight: they who are unmoved by her virginal melody have "ears, and they hear not." Her eyes are of agate—she is one of the "poor stone blind"—

"most musical, most melancholy."

## Garrick Plays.

## No. V.

[From "Arden of Feversham his true and lamentable Tragedy," Author unknown. 1592.]

*Alice Arden with Mosbie her Paramour conspire the murder of her Husband.*

*Mos.* How now, Aliee, what sad and passionate ?  
Make me partaker of thy pensiveness ;  
Fire divided burns with lesser force.

*Al.* But I will dam that fire in my breast,  
Till by the force thereof my part consume.  
Ah Mosbie !

*Mos.* Such deep pathaires, like to a cannon's burst,  
Discharged against a ruined wall,  
Breaks my relenting heart in thousand pieces.  
Ungentle Alice, thy sorrow is my sore ;  
Thou know'st it will, and 'tis thy policy  
To forge distressful looks, to wound a breast  
Where lies a heart which dies when thou art sad.  
It is not Love that loves to anger Love.

*Al.* It is not Love that loves to murder Love.

*Mos.* How mean you that ?

*Al.* Thou know'st how dearly Arden loved me.

*Mos.* And then——

*Al.* And then—conceal the rest, for 'tis too bad,  
Lest that my words be carried to the wind,  
And publish'd in the world to both our shames.  
I pray thee, Mosbie, let our springtime wither ;  
Our harvest else will yield but loathsome weeds.  
Forget, I pray thee, what has past betwixt us ;  
For now I blush and tremble at the thoughts.

*Mos.* What, are you changed ?

*Al.* Aye, to my former happy life again ;  
From title of an odious strumpet's name  
To honest Arden's wife, not Arden's honest wife—  
Ha Mosbie ! 'tis thou hast rifled me of that,  
And made me slanderous to all my kin.  
Even in my forehead is thy name engraven,  
A mean Artificer, that low-born name !  
I was bewitcht ; woe-worth the hapless hour.  
And all the causes that enchanted me.

*Mos.* Nay, if thou ban, let me breathe curses forth ;  
And if you stand so nicely at your fame,  
Let me repent the credit I have lost.  
I have neglected matters of import,  
That would have 'stated me above thy state ;  
For-slow'd advantages, and spurn'd at time ;  
Aye, Fortune's right hand Mosbie hath forsook,  
To take a wanton giglot by the left.

I left the marriage of an honest maid,  
Whose dowry would have weigh'd down all thy wealth ;  
Whose beauty and demeanour far exceeded thee.  
This certain good I lost for changing bad,  
And wrapt my credit in thy company.  
I was bewitcht ; that is no theme of thine ;  
And thou unhallow'd hast enchanted me.  
But I will break thy spells and exorcisms,  
And put another sight upon these eyes,  
That shew'd my heart a raven for a dove.

Thou art not fair ; I view'd thee not till now :  
Thou art not kind ; till now I knew thee not :  
And now the rain hath beaten off thy gilt,  
Thy worthless copper shews thee counterfeit.  
It grieves me not to see how foul thou art,  
But mads me that ever I thought thee fair.  
Go, get thee gone, a copesmate for thy hind ;  
I am too good to be thy favourite.

*Al.* Aye, now I see, and too soon find it true,  
Which often hath been told me by my friends,  
That Mosbie loves me not but for my wealth ;  
Which too incredulous I ne'er believed.  
Nay, hear me speak, Mosbie, a word or two ;  
I'll bite my tongue if I speak bitterly.  
Look on me, Mosbie, or else I'll kill myself.  
Nothing shall hide me from thy stormy look ;  
If thou cry War, there is no Peace for me.  
I will do penance for offending thee ;  
And burn this Prayer Book, which I here use,  
The Holy Word that has converted me.  
See, Mosbie, I will tear away the leaves,  
And all the leaves ; and in this golden Cover  
Shall thy sweet phrases and thy letters dwell,  
And thereon will I chiefly meditate,  
And hold no other sect but such devotion.  
Wilt thou not look ? is all thy Love o'erwhelm'd ?  
Wilt thou not hear ? what malice stops thy ears ?  
Why speakest thou not ? what silence ties thy tongue ?  
Thou hast been sighted as the Eagle is,  
And heard as quickly as the fearful Hare  
And spoke as smoothly as an Orator,  
When I have bid thee hear, or see, or speak :  
And art thou sensible in none of these ?  
Weigh all thy good turns with this little fault,  
And I deserve not Mosbie's mucky looks.  
A fence of trouble is not thick'd still ;  
Be clear again ; I'll ne'er more trouble thee.

*Mos.* O fie, no ; I'm a base artificeer ;  
My wings are feather'd for a lowly flight.  
Mosbie, fie, no ; not for a thousand pound  
Make love to you ; why, tis unpardonable.  
We Beggars must not breathe, where Gentiles are.

*Al.* Sweet Mosbie is as Gentle as a King,  
And I too blind to judge him otherwise.  
Flowers sometimes spring in fallow lands ;  
Weeds in gardens, Roses grow on thorns :  
So, whatsoe'er my Mosbie's father was,  
Himself is valued Gentle by his worth.

*Mos.* Ah how you women can insinuate,  
And clear a trespass with your sweet set tongue !  
I will forget this quarrel, gentle Alice,  
Provided I'll be tempted so no more.

*Arden, with his friend Franklin, travelling at night to Arden's house at Feversham, where he is lain in wait for by Ruffians, hired by Alice and Mosbie to murder him ; Franklin is interrupted in a story he was beginning to tell by the way of a BAD WIFE, by an indisposition, ominous of the impending danger of his friend.*

*Arden.* Come, Master Franklin, onwards with your tale.

*Frank.* I'll assure you, Sir, you task me much.

A heavy blood is gather'd at my heart;

And on the sudden is my wind so short,

As hindereth the passage of my speech.

So fierce a qualm yet ne'er assailed me.

*Arden.* Come, Master Franklin, let us go on softly;

The annoyance of the dust, or else some meat

You ate at dinner cannot brook with you.

I have been often so, and soon amended.

*Frank.* Do you remember where my tale did leave?

*Arden.* Aye, where the Gentleman did check his wife—

*Frank.* She being reprehended for the fact,

Witness produced that took her with the fact,

Her glove brought in which there she left behind,

And many other assured arguments,

Her Husband ask'd her whether it were not so—

*Arden.* Her answer then? I wonder how she look'd,

Having forsworn it with so vehement oaths,

And at the instant so approved upon her.

*Frank.* First did she cast her eyes down on the earth,

Watching the drops that fell amain from thence;

Then softly draws she out her handkercher,

And modestly she wipes her tear-stain'd face:

Then hemm'd she out (to clear her voice it should seem),

And with a majesty address herself

To encounter all their accusations—

Pardon me, Master Arden, I can no more;

This fighting at my heart makes short my wind.

*Arden.* Come, we are almost now at Raynum Down;

Your pretty tale beguiles the weary way,

I would you were in case to tell it out.

[*They are set upon by the Ruffians.*]

## Music.

*For the Table Book.*

GOD SAVE THE KING.

JOHN BULL.

In answer to an inquiry in *The Times*, respecting the author of "God save the King," the writers of several letters in that journal, during the present month, concur in ascribing the air of the "national anthem" to Dr. John Bull. This opinion results from recent researches, by the curious in music, which have been published in elaborate forms.

Dr. John Bull was a celebrated musician, born about 1563, in Somersetshire. His master in music was William Blitheman, organist of the chapel royal to queen Elizabeth, in which capacity he was much distinguished. Bull, on the death of his master in 1591, was appointed his suc-

cessor. In 1592 he was created doctor in the university of Cambridge; and in 1596, at the recommendation of her majesty, he was made professor of music to Gresham college, which situation he resigned in 1607. During more than a year of his professorship, Mr. Thomas Bird, son of the venerable William Bird, exercised the office of a substitute to Dr. Bull, while he travelled on the continent for the recovery of his health. After the decease of queen Elizabeth, Bull was appointed chamber-musician to king James. In 1613, Dr. Bull finally quitted England, and entered into the service of the archduke, in the Netherlands. He afterwards seems to have settled at Lubeck, from which place many of his compositions, in the list published by Dr. Ward, are dated; one of them so late as 1622, the supposed year of his decease. Dr. Bull has been censured for quitting his establishment in England; but it is probable that the increase of health and wealth was the cause and consequence of his removal. He seems to have been praised at home more than rewarded. The professorship of Gresham college was not then a sinecure. His attendance on the chapel royal, for which he had 40*l.* per annum, and on the prince of Wales, at a similar salary, though honourable, were not very lucrative appointments for the first performer in the world, at a time when scholars were not so profitable as at present, and there was no public performance where this most wonderful musician could display his abilities. A list of more than two hundred of Dr. Bull's compositions, vocal and instrumental, is inserted in his life, the whole of which, when his biography was written in 1740, were preserved in the collection of Dr. Pepusch. The chief part of these were pieces for the organ and virginal.\*

Anthony a Wood relates the following anecdote of this distinguished musician, when he was abroad for the recovery of his health in 1601:—

"Dr. Bull hearing of a famous musician belonging to a certain cathedral at St. Omer's, he applied himself as a novice to him, to learn something of his faculty, and to see and admire his works. This musician, after some discourse had passed between them, conducted Bull to a vestry or music-school joining to the cathedral, and showed to him a lesson or song of forty parts, and then made a vaunting challenge to any person in the world to add one more part

\* Dictionary of Musicians. Hawkins.

to them, supposing it to be so complete and full that it was impossible for any mortal man to correct or add to it; Bull thereupon desiring the use of pen, ink, and ruled paper, such as we call music paper, prayed the musician to lock him up in the said school for two or three hours; which being done, not without great disdain by the musician, Bull in that time, or less, added forty more parts to the said lesson or song. The musician thereupon being called in, he viewed it, tried it, and retried it; at length he burst out into a great ecstasy, and swore by the great God, that he that added those forty parts must either be the devil, or Dr. Bull, &c. Whereupon Bull making himself known, the musician fell down and adored him. Afterwards continuing there and in those parts for a time, he became so much admired, that he was courted to accept of any place or preferment suitable to his profession, either within the dominions of the emperor, king of France, or Spain; but the tidings of these transactions coming to the English court, queen Elizabeth commanded him home.\*

Dr. Burney disregards the preceding account as incredible; but Wood was a most accurate writer: and Dr. Bull, besides being a great master, was a lover of the difficulties in his science, and was therefore likely to seek them with delight, and accomplish them in a time surprisingly short to those who study melody rather than intricacy of composition.

It is related that in the reign of James I. "July the 16th, 1607, his majesty and prince Henry, with many of the nobility, and other honourable persons, dined at Merchant Taylors' hall, it being the election-day of their master and wardens; when the company's roll being offered to his majesty, he said he was already free of another company, but that the prince should grace them with the acceptance of his freedom, and that he would himself see when the garland was put on his head, which was done accordingly. During their stay, they were entertained with a great variety of music, both voices and instruments, as likewise with several speeches. And, while the king sat at dinner, Dr. Bull, who was free of that company, being in a citizen's gowne, cappe, and hood, played most excellent melodie uppon a small payre of organs, placed there for that purpose onely."

From the only works of Dr. Bull in

print, some lessons in the "Parthenia—the first music that was ever printed for the virginals," he is deemed to have possessed a power of execution on the harpsichord far beyond what is generally conceived of the masters of that time. As to his lessons, they were, in the estimation of Dr. Pepusch, not only for the harmony and contrivance, but for air and modulation, so excellent, that he scrupled not to prefer them to those of Couperin, Scarlatti, and others of the modern composers for the harpsichord.

Dr. Pepusch had in his collection a book of lessons very richly bound, which had once been queen Elizabeth's; in this were contained many lessons of Bull, so very difficult, that hardly any master of the doctor's time was able to play them. It is well known, that Dr. Pepusch married the famous opera singer, signora Margarita de L'Pine, who had a very fine hand on the harpsichord: as soon as they were married, the doctor inspired her with the same sentiments of Bull as he himself had long entertained, and prevailed on her to practise his lessons; in which she succeeded so well, as to excite the curiosity of numbers to resort to his house at the corner of Bartlett's-buildings, in Fetter-lane, to hear her. There are no remaining evidences of her unwearied application, in order to attain that degree of excellence which it is known she arrived at; but the book itself is yet in being, which in some parts of it is so discoloured by continual use, as to distinguish with the utmost degree of certainty the very lessons with which she was most delighted. One of them took up twenty minutes to go through it.\*

Dr. Burney says, that Pepusch's preference of Bull's compositions to those of Couperin and Scarlatti, rather proves that the doctor's taste was bad, than that Bull's music was good; and he remarks, in reference to some of them, "that they may be heard by a lover of music, with as little emotion as the clapper of a mill, or the rumbling of a post-chaise." It is a misfortune to Dr. Bull's fame, that he left little evidence of his great powers, except the transcendantly magnificent air of "God save the king."

February, 1827. \*

#### COMPANY OF MUSICIANS OF THE CITY OF LONDON.

King James I., upon what beneficial principle it is now difficult to discover, by

\* Wood's Fasti, anno 1536.

\* Hawkins.



letters-patent incorporated the musicians of the city of London into a company, and they still continue to enjoy privileges in consequence of their constituting a fraternity and corporation; bearing arms azure, a swan, argent, within a tressure, counter-flure, or: in a chief, gules, a rose between two lions, or: and for their crest the celestial sign Lyra, called by astronomers the Orphean Lyre. Unluckily for the *bon-vivans* of this tuneful tribe, they have no hall in the city for festive delights! However, on days of greatest *gourmandise*, the members of this body are generally too busily employed in exhilarating others, comfortably to enjoy the fruits of good living themselves. And here historical integrity obliges me to say, that this company has ever been held in derision by real professors, who have regarded it as an institution as foreign to the cultivation and prosperity of good music, as the train-bands to the art of war. Indeed, the only uses that have hitherto been made of this charter seem the affording to aliens an easy and cheap expedient of acquiring the freedom of the city, and enabling them to pursue some more profitable and respectable trade than that of fiddling; as well as empowering the company to keep out of processions, and city-feasts, every street and country-dance player, of superior abilities to those who have the honour of being styled the "*Waits of the corporation.*"\*

#### EFFECTS OF MUSIC.

Sultan Amurath, that cruel prince, having laid siege to Bagdad, and taken it, gave orders for putting thirty thousand Persians to death, notwithstanding they had submitted, and laid down their arms. Among the number of these unfortunate victims was a musician. He besought the officer, who had the command to see the sultan's orders executed, to spare him but for a moment, while he might be permitted to speak to the emperor. The officer indulged him with his entreaty; and, being brought before the emperor, he was permitted to exhibit a specimen of his art. Like the musician in Homer, he took up a kind of psaltry, resembling a lyre, with six strings on each side, and accompanied it with his voice. He sung the taking of Bagdad, and the triumph of Amurath. The pathetic tones and exulting sounds which he drew from the instrument, joined to the alternate

plaintiveness and boldness of his strains, rendered the prince unable to restrain the softer emotions of his soul. He even suffered him to proceed until, overpowered with harmony, he melted into tears of pity, and relented of his cruel intention. He spared the prisoners who yet remained alive, and gave them instant liberty.

### Topography.

#### THE YORKSHIRE GIPSY.\*

*For the Table Book.*

The Gipsies are pretty well known as streams of water, which, at different periods, are observed on some parts of the Yorkshire Wolds. They appear toward the latter end of winter, or early in spring; sometimes breaking out very suddenly, and, after running a few miles, again disappearing. That which is more particularly distinguished by the name of *The Gipsy*, has its origin near the Wold-cottage, at a distance of about twelve miles W. N. W. from Bridlington. The water here does not rise in a body, in one particular spot, but may be seen oozing and trickling among the grass, over a surface of considerable extent, and where the ground is not interrupted by the least apparent breakage; collecting into a mass, it passes off in a channel, of about four feet in depth, and eight or ten in width, along a fertile valley, toward the sea, which it enters through the harbour at Bridlington; having passed the villages of Wold Newton, North Burton, Rudston, and Boynton. Its uncertain visits, and the amazing quantity of water sometimes discharged in a single season, have afforded subjects of curious speculation. One writer displays a considerable degree of ability in favour of a connection which he supposes to exist between it and the ebbing and flowing spring, discovered at Bridlington Quay in 1811. "The appearance of this water," however, to use the words of Mr. Hinderwell, the historian of Scarborough, "is certainly influenced by the state of the seasons," as there is sometimes an intermission of three or four years. It is probably occasioned by a surcharge of water descending from the high lands into the vales, by subterraneous passages, and, finding a proper place of emission, breaks out with great force.

\* The word is not pronounced the same as *gipsy*, a fortune-teller; the *g*, in this case, being sounded hard as in *gimlet*.

After a secession of five years, the Gipsy made its appearance in February, 1823; a circumstance which some people had supposed as unlikely to occur, owing to the alterations effected on the *Carrs*, under the Muston and Yedingham drainage act.

We are told, that the ancient Britons exalted their rivers and streams into the offices of religion, and whenever an object had been thus employed, it was revered with a degree of sanctity ever afterwards; and we may readily suppose, that the sudden and extraordinary appearance of this stream, after an interval of two or three successive years, would awaken their curiosity, and excite in them a feeling of sacred astonishment. From the Druids may probably have descended a custom, formerly prevalent among the young people at North Burton, but now discontinued: it was—"going to meet the Gipsy," on her first approach. Whether or not this meeting was accompanied by any particular ceremony, the writer of this paragraph has not been able to ascertain.

T. C.

*Bridlington.*

## WILTSHIRE ABROAD AND AT HOME.

*To the Editor.*

There is a land, of every land the pride,  
Beloved by heaven o'er all the world beside,  
Where brighter suns dispense serene light,  
And milder moons emparadise the night.

A land of beauty, virtue, valour, truth,  
Time-tutor'd age, and love exalted youth;  
The wandering mariner, whose eye explores  
The wealthiest isles, the most enchanting shores,

Views not a realm so beautiful and fair,  
Nor breathes the spirit of a purer air;  
In every clime the magnet of his soul,  
Touch'd by remembrance, trembles to that pole.

For in this land of heaven's peculiar grace,  
The heritage of Nature's noblest race,  
There is a spot of earth, supremely blest,  
A dearer, sweeter spot than all the rest;

Where man, creation's tyrant, casts aside  
His sword and sceptre, pageantry and pride;  
While in his softened looks benignly blend  
The sire, the son, the husband, brother, friend.

Here woman reigns—the mother, daughter, wife,  
Strews with fresh flowers the narrow way of life;  
In the clear heaven of her delightful eye  
An angel guard of loves, and graces lie;  
Around her knees domestic duties meet,  
And fireside pleasures gambol at her feet.

Where shall that *land*, that *spot of earth* be found?  
Art thou a man? a patriot? look around;  
Oh, thou shalt find, howe'er thy footsteps roam,  
That *land thy country*, and that *spot thy home*.

Mr. Editor,—As your *Table Book* may be considered an extensively agreeable and entertaining continuation of your *Every-Day Book*, allow me a column, wherein, without wishing to draw attention too frequently to one subject, I would recur again to the contributions of your correspondent, in vol. ii. page 1371, of the *Every-Day Book*, my observations at page 1584, and his notices at page 1606. Your "Old Correspondent" is, I presume, a native of this part of the country. He tells us, page 1608, that his ancestors came from the Priory; in another place, that he is himself an antiquarian; and, if I am not much mistaken in the signatures, you have admitted his poetical effusions in some of your numbers. Assuming these to be facts, he will enter into the feeling conveyed by the lines quoted at the head of this article, and agree with me in this observation, that every man who writes of the spot, or the county so endeared, should be anxious that truth and fiction should not be so blended together as to mislead us (the inhabitants) who read your miscellany; and that we shall esteem it the more, as the antiquities, the productions, and the peculiarities of this part of our county are noticed in a proper manner.

As your correspondent appears to have been anxious to set himself right with regard to the inaccuracies I noticed in his account of Clack, &c., I will point out that he is still in error in one slight particular. When he visits this county again, he will find, if he should direct his footsteps towards Malmesbury and its venerable abbey, (now the church,) the tradition is, that the boys of a school, kept in a room that once existed over the antique and curious entrance to the abbey, revolted and killed their master. Mr. Moffatt, in his history of Malmesbury, (ed. 1805,) has not noticed this tradition.

Excuse my transcribing from that work, the subjoined "Sonnet to the Avon," and let me express a hope that your correspondent may also favour us with some effusions in verse upon that stream, the scene of warlike contests when the boundary of the Saxon kingdom, or upon other subjects connected with our local history.

Upon this river, meandering through a fine and fertile tract of country, Mr. Mof-

fatt, after noticing the earlier abbots of Malmsbury, adds, "The ideas contained in the following lines were suggested by the perusal of the history of the foundation of Malmsbury abbey :

*" Sonnet to the Avon.*

" Reclined beside the willow shaded stream,  
On which the breath of whispering zephyr plays,  
Let me, O Avon, in untutor'd lays  
Assert thy fairest, purest right to fame.

What tho' no myrtle bower thy banks adorn,  
Nor sportive Naiads wanton in thy waves ;  
No glittering sands of gold, or coral caves,  
Bedeck the channel by thy waters worn :

Yet thou canst boast of honours passing these,  
For when fair science left her eastern seat,  
Ere Alfred raised her sons a fair retreat,  
Where Isis' laurels tremble in the breeze ;  
'Twas there, near where thy curling streamlet flows,  
E'en in yon dell, the Muses found repose."

This interesting period in the history of the venerable abbey, its supposed connection with Bradenstoke Priory, the admired scenery of the surrounding country, the events of past ages blended into the exertions of a fertile imagination, and the many traditions still floating in the minds of the inhabitants, would form materials deserving the attention of a writer disposed to wield his pen in that department of literature, which has been so successfully cultivated in the northern and other parts of our island.

If by the observation, "that his ancestors came from the Priory," your correspondent means Bradenstoke Priory, he will allow me to direct his attention to the fact of the original register of that establishment being in the British Museum. I refer him to the "Beauties of England and Wales."

As your correspondent probably resides in London, he may be induced to obtain access to this document, in which I conclude he would have no difficulty ; and if you, Mr. Editor, could favour us in your publication with an engraving of this Priory, it would be acceptable.

I appreciate the manner in which your correspondent noticed my remarks, and wish him success in his literary efforts, whether relating to objects in this vicinity, or to other matters. One remark only I will add,—that I think he should avoid the naming of respectable individuals : the mention of names may cause unpleasant feelings in a neighbourhood like this, however unintentional on his part. I should have considered it better taste in an antiquarian to have named the person in pos-

session of the golden image, in preference to the childish incident stated to have occurred when Bradenstoke Priory was occupied by a former respectable inhabitant, Mrs. Bridges.

Your correspondent will excuse the freedom of this observation ; his ready pen could perhaps relate to you the detail of a tragical event, said by tradition to have occurred at Dauntsey, where the mansion of the late earl of Peterborough now stands, and "other tales of other times."

A READER.\*

*Lynham, Wilts,  
January 23, 1827.*

## OLD BIRMINGHAM CONJURERS.

By MR. WILLIAM HUTTON.

No *head* is a vacuum. Some, like a paltry cottage, are ill accommodated, dark, and circumscribed ; others are capacious as Westminster-hall. Though none are immense, yet they are capable of immense furniture. The more room is taken up by knowledge, the less remains for credulity. The more a man is acquainted with things, the more willing to "give up the *ghost*." Every town and village, within my knowledge, has been pestered with spirits, which appear in horrid forms to the imagination in the winter night—but the spirits which haunt Birmingham, are those of industry and luxury.

If we examine the whole parish, we cannot produce one *old* "witch ;" but we have numbers of young, who exercise a powerful influence over us. Should the ladies accuse the harsh epithet, they will please to consider, I allow them, what of all things they most wish for, *power*—therefore the balance is in my favour.

If we pass through the planetary worlds, we shall be able to muster two conjurers, who endeavoured to "shine with the stars." The first, John Walton, who was so busy in casting the nativity of others, that he forgot his own. Conscious of an application to himself, for the discovery of stolen

\* I am somewhat embarrassed by this difference between two valued correspondents, and I hope neither will regard me in an ill light, if I venture to interpose, and deprecate controversy beyond an extent which can interest the readers of the *Table Book*. I do not say that it has passed that limit, and hitherto all has been well ; perhaps, however, it would be advisable that "A Reader" should confide to me his name, and that he and my "Old Correspondent," whom I know, should allow me to introduce them to each other. I think the result would be mutually satisfactory.

goods, he employed his people to steal them. And though, for many years confined to his bed by infirmity, he could conjure away the property of others, and, for a reward, conjure it back again.

The prevalence of this evil, induced the legislature, in 1725, to make the *reception* of stolen goods capital. The first sacrifice to this law was the noted Jonathan Wild.

The officers of justice, in 1732, pulled Walton out of his bed, in an obscure cottage, one furlong from the town, now Brickkiln-lane, carried him to prison, and from thence to the gallows—they had better have carried him to the workhouse, and his followers to the anvil.

To him succeeded Francis Kimberley, the only reasoning animal, who resided at No. 60, in Dale-end, from his early youth to extreme age. A hermit in a crowd! The windows of his house were strangers to light. The shutters forgot to open; the chimney to smoke. His cellar, though amply furnished, never knew moisture.

He spent threescore years in filling six rooms with such trumpery as was just too good to be thrown away, and too bad to be kept. His life was as inoffensive as long. Instead of *stealing* the goods which other people used, he *purchased* what he could not use himself. He was not difficult in his choice of the property that entered his house; if there was *bulk*, he was satisfied.

His dark house, and his dark figure, corresponded with each other. The apartments, choked up with lumber, scarcely admitted his body, though of the skeleton order. Perhaps leanness is an appendage to the science, for I never knew a corpulent conjurer. His diet, regular, plain, and slender, showed at how little expense life might be sustained. His library consisted of several thousand volumes, not one of which, I believe, he ever read; having written, in characters unknown to all but himself, his name, the price, and the date, in the title-page, he laid them by for ever. The highest pitch of his erudition was the annual almanack.

He never wished to approach a woman, or be approached by one. Should the rest of men, for half a century, pay no more attention to the fair, some angelic hand might stick up a note like the arctic circle over one of our continents, "this world to be let."

If he did not cultivate the acquaintance of the human species, the spiders, more numerous than his books, enjoyed an uninterrupted reign of quiet. The silence of the place was not broken; the broom, the

book, the dust, or the web, was not disturbed. Mercury and his shirt performed their revolutions together; and Saturn changed *his* with his coat. He died in 1756, as conjurers usually die, unlamented.\*

## PATIENCE.

### *For the Table Book.*

As the pent water of a mill-dam lies  
Motionless, yielding, noiseless, and serene,  
Patience waits meekly with companioned eyes;  
Or like the speck-cloud, which alone is seen  
Silver'd within blue space, ling'ring for air  
On which to sail prophetic voyages;  
Or as the fountain stone that doth not wear,  
But suits itself to pressure, and with ease  
Diverts the dropping crystal; or the wife  
That sits beside her husband and her love  
Subliming to another state and life,  
Off'ring him consolation as a dove,—  
Her sighs and tears, her heartache and her mind  
Devout, untired, calm, precious, and resign'd.

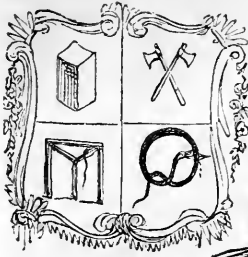
\* , \* , P.

## British Portraits.

CATALOGUE OF PAINTED BRITISH PORTRAITS, comprising most of the Sovereigns of England, from Henry I. to George IV., and many distinguished personages; principally the productions of Holbein, Zuccherro, C. Jansen, Vandyck, Hudson, Reynolds, Northcote, &c. *Now selling at the prices affixed, by HORATIO RODD, 17, Air-street, Piccadilly. 1827.*

This is an age of book and print catalogues; and lo! we have a picture dealer's catalogue of portraits, painted in oil, from the price of two guineas to sixty. There is only one of so high value as the latter sum, and this is perhaps the most interesting in Mr. Rodd's collection, and he has allowed the present engraving from it. The picture is in size thirty inches by twenty-five. The subjoined particulars are from the catalogue.

\* Hist. of Birmingham.



Simon Lord Lovat.

FROM THE ORIGINAL PICTURE BY HOGARTH, LATELY DISCOVERED.

“ To the present time, none of Hogarth’s biographers appear to have been aware of the ‘ local habitation ’ of the original painting from which the artist published his etching, the popularity of which, at the period to which it alludes, was so great, that a printseller offered for it its weight in gold : that offer the artist rejected ; and he is said to have received from its sale, for many weeks, at the rate of twelve pounds each day. The impressions could not be taken off so fast as they were wanted, though the rolling-press was at work all night by the week together.

“ Hogarth said himself, that lord Lovat’s portrait was taken at the White Hart-inn, at St. Alban’s, in the attitude of relating on his fingers the numbers of the rebel forces : ‘ Such a general had so many men, &c. ; ’ and remarked that the muscles of Lovat’s neck appeared of unusual strength, more so than he had ever seen. Samuel Ireland, in his Graphic Illustrations of Hogarth, vol. i. p. 146, states that Hogarth was invited to St. Alban’s for the express purpose of being introduced to Lovat, who was then resting at the White Hart-inn, on his way to London from Scotland, by Dr. Webster,

a physician residing at St. Alban's, and well known to Boswell, Johnson, and other eminent literary characters of that period. Hogarth had never seen Lovat before, and was, through the doctor's introduction, received with much cordiality, even to the kiss fraternal, which was then certainly not very pleasant, as his lordship, being under the barber's hands, left in the salute much of the lather on the artist's face. Lord Lovat rested two or three days at St. Alban's, and was under the immediate care of Dr. Webster, who thought his patient's illness was feigned with his usual cunning, or if at all real, arose principally from his apprehension of danger on reaching London. The short stay of Lovat at St. Alban's allowed the artist but scanty opportunity of providing the materials for a complete picture; hence some carpenter was employed on the instant to glue together some deal board, and plane down one side, which is evident from the back being in the usual rough state in which the plank leaves the saw-pit. The painting, from the thinness of the priming-ground, bears evident proof of the haste with which the portrait was accomplished. The course lineament of features so strongly exhibited in his countenance, is admirably hit off; so well has Duncombe expressed it,

'Lovat's hard features Hogarth might command;'

for his pencil was peculiarly adapted to such representation. It is observable the button-holes of the coat, &c., are reversed in the artist's etching, which was professed to be 'drawn from the life, &c. ;' and in the upper corner of the picture are satirical heraldic insignia, allusive to the artist's idea of his future destiny."

The "satirical heraldic insignia," mentioned in the above description, and represented in the present engraving, do not appear in Hogarth's well-known whole length etching of lord Lovat. The picture is a half-length; it was found in the house of a poor person at Verulam, in the neighbourhood of St. Alban's, where Hogarth painted it eighty years ago, and it is a singular fact, that till its discovery a few weeks ago, such a picture was not known to have been executed. In all probability, Hogarth obliged his friend, Dr. Webster, with it, and after the doctor's death it passed to some heedless individual, and remained in obscurity from that time to the present.\* Further observation on it is needless; for

persons who are interested concerning the individual whom Hogarth has portrayed, or who are anxious respecting the works of that distinguished artist, have an opportunity of seeing it at Mr. Rodd's until it is sold.

As regards the other portraits in oil, collected by Mr. Rodd, and now offered by him for sale, after the manner of book-sellers, "at the prices annexed," they can be judged of with like facility. Like book-sellers, who tempt the owners of empty shelves, with "long sets to fill up" at small prices, Mr. R. "acquaints the nobility and gentry, having spacious country mansions, that he has many portraits of considerable interest as specimens of art, but of whom the picture is intended to represent, matter of doubt: as such pictures would enliven many of their large rooms, and particularly the halls, they may be had at very low prices."

Mr. Rodd's ascertained pictures really form a highly interesting collection of "painted British Portraits," from whence collectors may select what they please: his mode of announcing such productions, by way of catalogue, seems well adapted to bring buyers and sellers together, and is noticed here as an instance of spirited departure from the ancient trading rule, viz.

Twiddle your thumbs

Till a customer comes.

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## DEATH'S DOINGS.

"I am now worth one hundred thousand pounds," said old Gregory, as he ascended a hill, which commanded a full prospect of an estate he had just purchased; "I am now worth one hundred thousand pounds, and here," said he, "I'll plant an orchard: and on that spot I'll have a pinery—

"Yon farmhouses shall come down," said old Gregory, "they interrupt my view."

"Then, what will become of the farmers?" asked the steward, who attended him.

"That's their business," answered old Gregory.

"And that mill must not stand upon the stream," said old Gregory.

"Then, how will the villagers grind their corn?" asked the steward.

"That's not my business," answered old Gregory.

So old Gregory returned home—ate a hearty supper—drank a bottle of port—

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\* There is an account of lord Lovat in the *Every-Day Book*.

smoked two pipes of tobacco—and fell into a profound slumber—and awoke no more; and the farmers reside on their lands—and the mill stands upon the stream—and the villagers rejoice that Death did “business” with old Gregory.

### THE BARBER.

#### *For the Table Book.*

Barbers are distinguished by peculiarities appertaining to no other class of men. They have a *caste*, and are a race of themselves. The members of this ancient and gentle profession—foul befall the libeller who shall designate it a *trade*—are mild, peaceable, cheerful, polite, and communicative. They mingle with no cabal, have no interest in factions, are “open to all parties, and influenced by none;” and they have a good, kind, or civil word for everybody. The cheerful morning salutation of one of these cleanly, respectable persons is a “handsell” for the pleasures of the day; serenity is in its tone, and comfort glances from its accompanying smile. Their small, cool, clean, and sparingly-furnished shops, with sanded floor and towelled walls, relieved by the white-painted, well-scoured shelves, scantily adorned with the various implements of their art, denote the snug system of economy which characterises the owners. Here, only, is the looking-glass not an emblem of vanity: it is placed to reflect, and not to flatter. You seat yourself in the lowly, antique chair, worn smooth by the backs of half a century of beard-owners, and instantly feel a full repose from fatigue of body and mind. You find yourself in attentive and gentle hands, and are persuaded that no man can be in collision with his shaver or hair-dresser. The very operation tends to set you on better terms with yourself: and your barber hath not in his constitution the slightest element of difference. The adjustment of a curl, the clipping of a lock, the trimming of a whisker, (that much-cherished and highly-valued adornment of the face,) are matters of paramount importance to both parties—threads of sympathy for the time, unbroken by the divesture of the thin, soft, ample mantle, that enveloped you in its snowy folds while under his care. Who can entertain ill-humour, much less vent his spleen, while wrapt in the symbolic vestment? The veriest churl is softened by the application of the warm emollient brush, and calmed into complacency by the light-handed hoverings of the comb

and scissors. A smile, a compliment, a remark on the weather, a diffident, side-wind inquiry about politics, or the passing intelligence of the day, are tendered with that deference, which is the most grateful as well as the handsomest demonstration of politeness. Should you, on sitting down, half-blushingly request him to cut off “as large a lock as he can, merely,” you assure him, “that you may detect any future change in its colour,” how skilfully he extracts, from your rather thin head of hair, a graceful, flowing lock, which self-love alone prevents you from doubting to have been grown by yourself: how pleasantly you contemplate, in idea, its glossiness from beneath the intended glass of the propitiatory locket. A web of delightful associations is thus woven; and the care he takes to “make each particular hair to stand on end” to your wishes, so as to let you know he surmises your destination, completes the charm.—We never hear of people cutting their throats in a barber’s shop, though the place is redolent of razors. No; the ensanguined spots that occasionally besmirk the whiteness of the revolving towel is from careless, unskilful, and opinionated individuals, who mow their own beards, or refuse to restrain their risibility. I wonder how any can usurp the province of the barber, (once an almost exclusive one,) and apply unskilful, or unpractised hands so near to the grand canal of life. For my own part, I would not lose the daily elevation of my tender nose, by the velvet-tipped digits of my barber—no, not for an independence!

The genuine barber is usually (like his razors) well-tempered; a man unvisited by care; combining a somewhat hasty assiduity, with an easy and respectful manner. He exhibits the best part of the character of a Frenchman—an uniform exterior suavity, and *politesse*. He seems a faded nobleman, or *émigré* of the old *régime*. And surely if the souls of men transmigrate, those of the old French *noblesse* seek the congenial soil of the barber’s bosom! Is it a degradation of worthy and untroubled spirits, to imagine, that they animate the bodies of the harmless and unsophisticated?

In person the barber usually inclines to the portly; but is rarely obese. His is that agreeable plumpness betokening the man at ease with himself and the world—and the utter absence of that fretfulness ascribed to leanness. Nor do his comely proportions and fleshiness make leaden the heels, or lessen the elasticity of his step, or transmute his feathery lightness of hand

to heaviness. He usually wears powder, for it looks respectable, and is professional withal. The last of the almost forgotten and quite despised race of pig-tails, once proudly cherished by all ranks—now proscribed, banished, or, if at all seen, diminished in stateliness and bulk, “shorn of its fair proportions,”—lingers fondly with its former nurturer; the neat-combed, even-clipped hairs, encased in their tight swathe of black ribbon, topped by an airy bow, nestle in the well-clothed neck of the modern barber. Yet why do I call him *modern*? True, he lives in our, but he belongs to former times, of which he is the remembrancer and historian—the days of bags, queues, clubs, and periwigs, when a halo of powder, pomatum, and frizzed curls encircled the heads of our ancestors. That glory is departed; the brisk and agile tonsor, once the genius of the toilet, no longer directs, with the precision of a cannoneer, rapid discharges of scented atoms against bristling batteries of his own creation. “The barber’s occupation’s gone,” with all the “pride, pomp, and circumstance of glorious wigs!”

Methinks I detect some unfledged reader, upon whose head of hair the sun of the eighteenth century never shone, glancing his “mind’s eye” to one of the more recent and fashionable professors of the art of “*ciseaurie*”—one of the chemical perfumers, or self-esteemed practitioners of the present day, in search of an exemplification of my description:—he is at fault. Though he may deem Truefit or Macalpine models of skill, and therefore of description, I must tell him I recognise none such. I speak of the last generation, (between which and the present, Ross, and Taylor of Whitechapel, are the connecting links,) the last remnants of whom haunt the solitary, well-paved, silent corners, and less frequented streets of London—whose windows exhibit no waxen busts, repainted and bedizened in fancy dresses and flaunting feathers, but one or two “old original” blocks or *dummies*, crowned with sober-looking, respectable, stiff-buckled, brown wigs, such as our late venerable monarch used to wear. There is an aboriginal wig-maker’s shop at the corner of an inn-yard in Bishopsgate-street; a “repository” of hair; the window of which is full of these primitive caxons, all of a sober brown, or simpler flaxen, with an occasional contrast of rusty black, forming, as it were, a finis to the by-gone fashion. Had our first forefather, Adam, been bald, he could not have worn a more simply artificial imitation of

nature than one of these wigs—so frank, so sincere, and so *warm* an apology for want of hair, scorning to deceive the observer, or to crown the veteran head with adolescent curls. The ancient wig, whether a simple scratch, a plain bob, or a splendid periwig, was one which a man might modestly hold on one hand, while with the other he wiped his bald pate; but with what grace could a modern wig-wearer dismount a specific deception, an elaborate imitation of natural curls to exhibit a hairless scalp? It would be either a censure on his vanity, or a sarcasm on his otherwise unknown deficiency. The old wig, on the contrary, was a plain acknowledgment of want of hair; avowing the comfort, or the inconvenience, (as it might happen,) with an independent indifference to mirth or pity; and forming a decent covering to the head that sought not to become either a decoration or deceit. Peace to the *manes* of the primitive artificers of human hair—the true skull-thatchers—the architects of towering toupees—the engineers of flowing periwigs!

The wig-makers (as they still denominate themselves) in Lincoln’s-inn and the Temple, are quite of the “old school.” Their shady, cool, cleanly, classic recesses, where embryo chancellors have been measured for their initiatory forensic wigs; where the powdered glories of the bench have oft-times received a *re-revivification*; where some “old Bencher” still resorts, in his undress, to have his nightly growth of beard shaven by the “particular razor;” these powder-scented nooks, these legal dressing-closets seem, like the “statutes at large,” to resist, tacitly but effectually, the progress of innovation. They are like the old law offices, which are scattered up and down in various corners of the intricate maze of “courts,” constituting the “Temple”—unchangeable by time; except when the hand of death removes some old tenant at will, who has been refreshed by the cool-borne breezes from the river, or soothed by the restless monotony of the plashing fountain, “sixty years since.”—But I grow serious.—The barber possesses that distinction of gentleness, a soft and white hand, of genial and equable temperature, neither falling to the “zero” of chilliness, nor rising to the “fever heat” of perspiration, but usually lingering at “blood heat.” I know not if any one ever shook hands with his barber: there needs no such outward demonstration of goodwill; no grip, like that we bestow upon an old friend returned after a long absence,



by way of rivet, as it were, to that link in the chain of friendship. His air of courtesy keeps a good understanding floating between him and his customers, which, if ruffled by a hasty departure, or dismissal, is revived the next day by the sun-light of his morning smile!

The barber's hand is unlike that of any other soft hand: it is not flabby, like that of a sensualist; nor arid, and thin, like a student's; nor dead white, like that of a delicate female; but it is *naturally* warm, of a glowing, transparent colour, and of a cushiony, elastic softness. Beneath its conciliatory touch, as it prepares the skin for the sweeping course of the razor, and its gentle pressure, as it inclines the head to either side, to aid the operation of the scissors, a man may sit for hours, and feel no weariness. Happy must he be who lived in the days of long, or full-dressed hair, and resigned himself for a full hour to the passive luxury of hair-dressing! A morning's toilette—for a gentleman, I mean; being a bachelor, I am uninitiated in the arcana of a lady's dressing-room)—a morning's toilette in those days was indeed an important part of the "business of life:" there were the curling-irons, the comb, the pomatum, the powder-puff, the powder-knife, the mask, and a dozen other requisites to complete the elaborate process that perfected that mysterious "frappant, or tintinabulant appendage" to the back part of the head. Oh! it must have been a luxury—a delight surpassing the famed baths and cosmetics of the east.

I have said that the barber is a gentle man; if not in so many words, I have at least pointed out that distinguishing trait in him. He is also a humane man: his occupation of torturing hairs leaves him neither leisure nor disposition to torture ought else. He looks as respectable as he is; and he is void of any appearance of deceit or cunning. There is less of personality or egotism about him than mankind in general: though he possesses an idiosyncrasy, it is that of his class, not of himself. As he sits, patiently renovating some dilapidated peruke, or perseveringly presides over the development of grace in some intractable bush of hair, or stands at his own threshold, in the cleanly pride of white apron and hose, lustrous shoes, and exemplary jacket, with that studied yet seeming disarrangement of hair, as though subduing, as far as consistent with propriety, the visible appearance of technical skill—as he thus, untired, goes the never-varying round of his pleasant occu-

pation, and active leisure, time seems to pass unheeded, and the wheel of chance, scattering fragments of circumstance from the rock of destiny, continues its relentless and unremittent revolution, unnoticed by him. He hears not the roar of the fearful engine, the groans and sighs of despair, or the wild laugh of exultation, produced by its mighty working. All is remote, strange, and intricate, and belongs not to him to know. He dwells in an area of peace—a magic circle whose area might be described by his obsolete sign-pole!

Nor does the character of the barber vary in other countries. He seems to flourish in unobtrusive prosperity all the world over. In the east, the clime most congenial to his avocations, the voluminous beard makes up for the deficiency of the ever-turbaned, close-shorn skull, and he exhibits the triumph of his skill in its most special department. Transport an English barber to Samarcand, or Ispahan, and, saving the language, he would feel quite at home. Here he reads the newspaper, and, unless any part is contradicted by his customers, he believes it all: it is his oracle. At Constantinople the chief eunuch would confide to him the secrets of the seraglio as if he were a genuine disciple of Mahomet; and with as right good will as ever old "gossip" vented a bit of scandal with unconstrained volubility of tongue. He would listen to, aye and put faith in, the relations of the coffee-house story-tellers who came to have their beards trimmed, and repaid him with one of their inventions for his trouble. What a dissection would a barber's brain afford, could we but discern the mine of latent feuds and conspiracies laid up there in coil, by their spleenful and mischievous inventors. I would that I could unpack the hoarded venom, all hurtless in that "cool grot," as destructive stores are deposited in an arsenal, where light and heat never come. His mind admits no spark of malice to fire the train of jealousy, or explode the ammunition of petty strife; and it were well for the world and society, if the intrigue and spite of its inhabitants could be poured, like the "cursed juice of Hebenon," into his ever-open ear, and be buried for ever in the oblivious chambers of his brain. Vast as the caverned ear of Dionysius the tyrant, his contains in its labyrinthine recesses the collected scandal of neighbourhoods, the chatter of households, and even the crooked policy of courts; but all is decomposed and neutralized there. It is the very quantity of this freight of plot and detraction that renders

him so harmless. It is as ballast to the sails of his judgment. He mixes in no conspiracy, domestic or public. The foulest treason would remain "pure in the last recesses of *his* mind." He knows not of, cares not for, feels no interest in all this material of wickedness, any more than the unconscious paper that bears on its lettered forehead the "sixth edition" of a bulletin.

Amiable, contented, respected race!—I exclaim with Figaro, "Oh, that I were a happy barber!"

GASTON.

## Books.

### THE KING OF INDIA'S LIBRARY.

Dabshelim, king of India, had so numerous a library, that a hundred brachmans were scarcely sufficient to keep it in order; and it required a thousand dromedaries to transport it from one place to another. As he was not able to read all these books, he proposed to the brachmans to make extracts from them of the best and most useful of their contents. These learned personages set themselves so heartily to work, that in less than twenty years they had compiled of all these extracts a little encyclopædia of twelve thousand volumes, which thirty camels could carry with ease. They had the honour to present it to the king. But, how great was their amazement, on his giving them for answer, that it was impossible for him to read thirty camel-loads of books. They therefore reduced their extracts to fifteen, afterwards to ten, then to four, then to two dromedaries, and at last there remained only so much as to load a mule of ordinary stature.

Unfortunately, Dabshelim, during this process of melting down his library, was grown old, and saw no probability of living to exhaust its quintessence to the last volume. "Illustrious sultan," said his vizir, the sage Pilpay, "though I have but a very imperfect knowledge of your royal library, yet I will undertake to deliver you a very brief and satisfactory abstract of it. You shall read it through in one minute, and yet you will find matter in it for reflecting upon throughout the rest of your life." Having said this, Pilpay took a palmleaf, and wrote upon it with a golden style the four following sentences:—

1. The greater part of the sciences comprise but one single word—*Perhaps*: and the whole history of mankind contains no more than three—they are *born, suffer, die*.

2. Love nothing but what is good, and do all that thou lovest to do; think nothing but what is true, and speak not all that thou thinkest.

3. O kings! tame your passions, govern yourselves; and it will be only child's play to you to govern the world.

4. O kings! O people! it can never be often enough repeated to you, what the half-witted venture to doubt, that there is no happiness without virtue, and no virtue without the fear of God.

## ENCOURAGEMENT TO AUTHORS.

Whether it is perfectly consistent in an author to solicit the indulgence of the public, though it may stand first in his wishes, admits a doubt; for, if his productions will not bear the light, it may be said, why does he publish? but, if they will, there is no need to ask a favour; the world receives one from him. Will not a piece everlastingly be tried by its merit? Shall we esteem it the higher, because it was written at the age of thirteen? because it was the effort of a week? delivered extempore? hatched while the author stood upon one leg? or cobbled, while he cobbled a shoe? or will it be a recommendation, that it issues forth in gilt binding? The judicious world will not be deceived by the tinselled purse, but will examine whether the contents are sterling.

## POETICAL ADVICE.

### *For the Table Book.*

I have pleasure in being at liberty to publish a poetical letter to a young poet from one yet younger; who, before the years of manhood, has attained the height of knowing on what conditions the muse may be successfully wooed, and imparts the secret to his friend. Some lines towards the close, which refer to his co-aspirant's effusions, are omitted.

### TO R. R.

To you, dear Rowland, lodg'd in town,  
Where Pleasure's smile soothes Winter's frown,  
I write while chilly breezes blow,  
And the dense clouds descend in snow.  
For Twenty-six is nearly dead,  
And age has whiten'd o'er her head;  
Her velvet robe is stripp'd away,  
Her watery pulses hardly play;  
Clogg'd with the withering leaves, the wind  
Comes with his blighting blast behind,

And here and there, with prying eye,  
 And flagging wings a bird flits by ;  
 (For every Robin *sparer* grows,  
 And every Sparrow *robbing* goes.)  
 The Year's two eyes—the sun and moon—  
 Are fading, and will fade full soon ;\*  
 With shattered forces Autumn yields,  
 And Winter triumphs o'er the fields.

So thus, alas ! I'm gagg'd it seems,  
 From converse of the woods and streams,  
 (For all the countless rhyming rabble  
 Hold leaves can whisper—waters babble)  
 And, house-bound for whole weeks together  
 By stress of lungs, and stress of weather,  
 Feed on the more delightful strains  
 Of howling winds, and pelting rains ;  
 Which shake the house, from rear to van,  
 Like valetudinarian ;  
 Pouring innumerable streams  
 Of arrows, thro' a thousand seams :  
 Arrows so fine, the nicest eye  
 Their thickest flight can ne'er descry,—  
 Yet fashion'd with such subtle art,  
 They strike their victim to the heart ;  
 While jms, that fly upon the point,  
 Raise racking pains in every joint.

Nay, more—these winds are thought magicians,  
 And supereminent physicians :  
 For men who have been kill'd outright,  
 They cure again at dead of night.  
 That double witch, who erst did dwell  
 In Endor's cave, raised Samuel ;  
 But they each night raise countless hosts  
 Of wandering sprites, and sheeted ghosts ;  
 Turn shaking locks to clanking chains,  
 And howl most supernatural strains :  
 While all our dunces lose their wits,  
 And pass the night in ague-fits.

While this *nocturnal series blows*  
 I hide my head beneath the clothes,  
 And sue the power whose dew distils  
 The only balm for human ills.  
 All day the sun's prevailing beam  
 Absorbs this dew from Lethe's stream :  
 All night the falling moisture sheds  
 Oblivion over mortal heads.  
 Then sinking into sleep I fall,  
 And leave them *piping* at their *ball*.  
 When morning comes—no summer's morn—  
 I wake and find the spectres gone ;  
 But on the casement see emboss'd  
 A mimic world in crusted frost ;  
 Ice-bergs, high shores, and wastes of snow,  
 Mountains above, and seas below ;  
 Or, if Imagination bids,  
 Vast crystal domes, and pyramids.  
 Then starting from my couch I leap,  
 And shake away the dregs of sleep,

Just breathe upon the grand array,  
 And ice-bergs slide in seas away.

Now on the scout I sally forth,  
 The weather-cock due E. by N.  
 To meet some masquerading fog,  
 Which makes all nature dance incog.  
 And spreads blue devils, and blue looks,  
 Till exercised by tongues and books.

Books, do I say ? full well I wist  
 A book's a famous exorcist !  
 A book's the tow that makes the tether  
 That binds the quick and dead together ;  
 A speaking trumpet under ground,  
 That turns a silence to a sound ;  
 A magic mirror form'd to show,  
 Worlds that were dust ten thousand years ago.  
 They're aromatic cloths, that hold  
 The mind embalm'd in many a fold,  
 And look, arrang'd in dust-hung rooms,  
 Like mummies in Egyptian tombs ;  
 —Enchanted echoes, that reply,  
 Not to the ear, but to the eye ;  
 Or pow'ful drugs, that give the brain,  
 By strange contagion, joy or pain.

A book's the phœnix of the earth,  
 Which bursts in splendour from its birth :  
 And like the moon without her wanes,  
 From every change new lustre gains ;  
 Shining with undiminish'd light,  
 While ages wing their idle flight.

By such a glorious theme inspired  
 Still could I sing—but you are tired :  
 (Tho' adamantine lungs would do,  
 Ears should be adamantine too.)  
 And thence we may deduce 'tis better  
 To answer ('faith 'tis time) your letter.

To answer first what first it says.  
 Why will you speak of partial praise ?  
 I spoke with honesty and truth,  
 And now you seem to doubt them both.  
 The lynx's eye may seem to him,  
 Who always has enjoy'd it, dim :  
 And brilliant thoughts to you may be  
 What common-place ones are to me.  
 You note them not—but cast them by,  
 As light is lavish'd by the sky ;  
 Or streams from Indian mountains roll'd  
 Fling to the ocean grains of gold.  
 But still we know the gold is fine—  
 But still we know the light's divine.

As to the Century and Pope,  
 The thought's not so absurd, I hope.  
 I don't despair to see a throne  
 Rear'd above his—and p'rhaps your own.  
 The course is clear, the goal's in view,  
 'Tis free to all, why not to you ?

But, ere you start, you should survey  
 The towering falcon strike her prey :  
 In gradual sweeps the sky she scales,  
 Nor all at once the bird assails.

\* To shield this line from criticism—  
 'Tis Parody—not Plagiarism.

But hems him in—cuts round the skies,  
 And gains upon him as he flies.  
 Wearied and faint he beats the air in vain,  
 Then shuts his flaggy wings, and pitches to the plain.  
 Now, falcon! now! One stoop—but one,  
 The quarry's struck—the prize is won!

So he who hopes the palm to gain,  
 So often sought—and sought in vain,  
 Must year by year, as round by round,  
 In easy circles leave the ground:  
 'Tis time has taught him how to rise,  
 And naturalized him to the skies.  
 Full many a day Pope trod the vales,  
 Mid "silver streams and murmuring gales;"  
 Long fear'd the rising hills to tread,  
 Nor ever dared the mountain-head.

It needs not Milton to display,—  
 Who let a life-time slide away,  
 Before he swept the sounding string,  
 And soar'd on Pegasean wing,—  
 Nor Homer's ancient form—to show  
 The Laurel takes an age to grow;  
 And he who gives his name to fate,  
 Must plant it early, reap it late;  
 Nor pluck the blossoms as they spring,  
 So beautiful, yet perishing.

More I would say—but, see, the paper  
 Is nearly out—and so's my taper.  
 So while I've space, and while I've light,  
 I'll shake your hand, and bid good-night.

F. P. H.

Croydon, Dec. 17, 1826.

## Anecdotes.

### GENERAL WOLFE.

It is related of this distinguished officer, that his death-wound was not received by the common chance of war.

Wolfe perceived one of the sergeants of his regiment strike a man under arms, (an act against which he had given particular orders,) and knowing the man to be a good soldier, reprehended the aggressor with much warmth, and threatened to reduce him to the ranks. This so far incensed the sergeant, that he deserted to the enemy, where he meditated the means of destroying the general. Being placed in the enemy's left wing, which was directly opposed to the right of the British line, where Wolfe commanded in person, he aimed at his old commander with his rifle, and effected his deadly purpose.

### DR. KING—His PUN.

The late Dr. King, of Oxford, by actively interfering in some measures which materially affected the university at large, became very popular with some individuals, and as obnoxious with others. The mode of expressing disapprobation at either of the universities in the senate-house, or schools, is by scraping with the feet: but deviating from the usual custom, a party was made at Oxford to hiss the doctor at the conclusion of a Latin oration he had to make in public. This was accordingly done: the doctor, however, did not suffer himself to be disconcerted, but turning round to the vice-chancellor, said, very gravely, in an audible voice, "Laudatur ab His."

## February.

Conviviality and good cheer may convert the most dreary time of the year into a season of pleasure; and association of ideas, that great source of our keenest pleasures, may attach delightful images to the howling wind of a bleak winter's night, and the hoarse screeching and mystic hooting of the ominous owl.\*

### WINTER.

When icicles hang by the wall,  
 And Dick the shepherd blows his nail,  
 And Tom bears logs into the hall,  
 And milk comes frozen home in pail;  
 When blood is nipt, and ways be foul,  
 Then nightly sings the staring owl,  
 Tu-who;  
 Tu-whit tu-who, a merry note,  
 While greasy Joan doth keel the pot.

When all aloud the wind doth blow,  
 And coughing drowns the parson's saw,  
 And birds sit brooding in the snow,  
 And Marian's nose looks red and raw:  
 Then roasted crabs hiss in the bowl,  
 And nightly sings the staring owl,  
 Tu-who;  
 Tu-whit tu-who, a merry note,  
 While greasy Joan doth keel the pot.

Shakspeare.

To "keel" the pot is an ancient spelling for "cool," which is the past participle of the verb: see Tooke's "Diversions of Purley," where this passage is so explained.

\* Dr. Forster's Perennial Calendar.



### Monument at Lucerne, designed by Thorwaldsen,

TO THE MEMORY OF THE SWISS GUARDS WHO WERE MASSACRED AT THE TUILLERIES,  
ON THE TENTH OF AUGUST, 1792.

The engraving above is executed from a clay figure, modelled by a Swiss artist from the original. It was obligingly sent to the editor, for the present purpose, by the gentleman to whom it belongs. The model was presented to him by a friend, who, in answer to his inquiries on the subject, wrote him a letter, of which the following is an extract:—

“The *Terra Incognita* you mention comes from Lucerne, in Switzerland, and is the model of a colossal work, cut in the solid rock, close to that city, on the grounds of general Pfyffer. It is from a design furnished by Thorwaldsen, which is shown close by. The ‘*L’envoi*,’ as don Armado calls it, is as follows:—‘The Helvetic lion, even in death, protects the lilies of France.’ The monument was executed by the Swiss, in memory of their countrymen,

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who were massacred, on the 10th of August, at the Tuilleries, in defending Louis XVI. from the *sans culottes*. The names of those who perished are engraved beneath the lion.”

The particulars of the dreadful slaughter, wherein these helpless victims fell, while defending the palace and the person of the unfortunate monarch, are recorded in different works within the reach of every person who desires to be acquainted with the frightful details. About sixty who were not killed at the moment, were taken prisoners, and conducted to the town-hall of the commons of Paris, for summary trial: but the ferocious females who mingled in the mobs of those terrifying times, rushed in bodies to the place, with cries of vengeance, and the unhappy men were delivered up to their fury, and every individual was murdered on the spot.

## Garrick Plays.

No. VI.

[From the "Chaste Maid in Cheapside,"  
a Comedy, by Thomas Middleton,  
1620.]

*Citizen to a Knight complimenting his  
Daughter.*

Pish, stop your words, good Knight, 'twill make her  
blush else,

Which are wound too high for the Daughters of the  
Freedom;

Honour, and Faithful Servant! they are compliments  
For the worthy Ladies of White Hall or Greenwich;  
Ev'n plain, sufficient, subsidy words serve us, Sir.

*Master Allwit (a Wittol) describes his  
contentment.*

I am like a man

Finding a table furnish'd to his hand,  
(As mine is still for me), prays for the Founder,  
Bless the Right worshipful, the good Founder's life:  
I thank him, he \* has maintain'd my house these ten  
years;

Not only keeps my Wife, but he keeps me.  
He gets me all my children, and pays the nurse  
Weekly or monthly, puts me to nothing,  
Rent, nor Church dues, not so much as the Scavenger;  
The happiest state that ever man was born to.

I walk out in a morning, come to breakfast,  
Find excellent cheer, a good fire in winter;  
Look in my coal-house, about Midsummer eve,  
That's full, five or six chaldron new laid up;  
Look in my back yard, I shall find a steeple  
Made up with Kentish faggots, which o'erlooks  
The water-house and the windmills. I say nothing,

But smile, and pin the door. When she lies in,  
(As now she's even upon the point of grunting),  
A Lady lies not in like her; there's her imbossings,  
Embroiderings, spanglings, and I know not what,  
As if she lay with all the gandy shops

In Gresham's Burse about her; then her restoratives,  
Able to set up a young 'Potheccary,  
And richly store the Foreman of a Drug shop;  
Her sugars by whole loaves, her wines by rundlets,  
I see these things, but like a happy man  
I pay for none at all, yet fools think it mine;

I have the name, and in his gold I shine:  
And where some merchants would in soul kiss hell,  
To buy a paradise for their wives, and dye  
Their conscience in the blood of prodigal heirs,  
To deck their Night-piece; yet, all this being done,  
Eaten with jealousy to the inmost bone;  
These torments stand I freed of. I am as clear  
From jealousy of a wife, as from the charge.  
O two miraculous blessings! 'tis the Knight,  
Has ta'en that labour quite out of my hands.

I may sit still, and play; he's jealous for me,  
Watches her steps, sets spies. I live at ease.  
He has both the cost and torment; when the string  
Of his heart frets, I feed fat, laugh, or sing.

I'll go bid Gossips \* presently myself,  
That's all the work I'll do; nor need I stir,  
But that it is my pleasure to walk forth  
And air myself a little; I am tyed  
To nothing in this business; what I do  
Is merely recreation, not constraint.

*Rescue from Bailiffs by the Watermen.*

I had been taken by eight Serjeants,  
But for the honest Watermen, I am bound to 'em.  
They are the most requeitful<sup>st</sup> people living;  
For, as they get their means by Gentlemen,  
They're still the forward<sup>st</sup> to help Gentlemen.  
You heard how one 'scaped out of the Blackfriars †  
But a while since from two or three varlets,  
Came into the house with all their rapiers drawn,  
As if they'd dance the sword-dance on the stage,  
With candles in their hands, like Chandlers' Ghosts!  
Whilst the poor Gentleman, so pursned and banded,  
Was by an honest pair of oars safe landed.

[From "London Chanticleers," a rude  
Sketch of a Play, printed 1659, but  
evidently much older.]

*Song in praise of Ale.*

1.

Submit, Bunch of Grapes,  
To the strong Barley ear;  
The weak Wine no longer  
The laurel shall wear.

2.

Sack, and all drinks else,  
Desist from the strife;  
Ale's the only Aqua Vitæ,  
And liquor of life.

3.

Then come, my boon fellows,  
Let's drink it around;  
It keeps us from grave,  
Though it lays us on ground.

4.

Ale's a Physician,  
No Mountebank Bragger;  
Can cure the chill Ague,  
Though it be with the Stagger.

5.

Ale's a strong Wrestler,  
Flings all it hath met;  
And makes the ground slippery,  
Though it be not wet.

\* A rich old Knight, who keeps Allwit's Wife.

† To his Wife's Lying-in.  
‡ Alsatia, I presume.

6.

Ale is both Ceres,  
And good Neptune too;  
Ale's froth was the sea,  
From which Venus grew.

7.

Ale is immortal;  
And be there no stops  
In bonny lads' quaffing,  
Can live without hops.\*

8.

Then come, my boon fellows,  
Let's drink it around;  
It keeps us from grave,  
Though it lays us on ground.

C. L.

## The Drama.

### CHARLOTTE CHARKE.

The novel called "Mr. Dumont," by this unfortunate woman, was published in the year 1755 in one volume, twelves, by H. Slater, of Drury-lane, who may be presumed to have been the bookseller that accompanied Mr. Whyte to her miserable dwelling, for the purpose of hearing her read the manuscript. Since the account at col. 125, I met with an advertisement of November, 1742, from whence it appears that she and her daughter, "*Miss Charke*," performed at one of those places of public amusement at that period, when, to evade the law, under pretence of a musical entertainment, a play and the usual after-piece were frequently represented by way of divertisement, although they constituted the sole attraction. The notice referred to is altogether a curiosity: it runs thus:—

"For the Benefit of a Person who has a mind to get Money: AT THE NEW THEATRE in James-street near the Haymarket, on Monday next, will be performed a CONCERT of vocal and instrumental Musick, divided into Two Parts. Boxes 3s. Pit 2s. Gallery 1s. Between the two parts of the Concert will be performed a Tragedy, call'd THE FATAL CURIOSITY, written by the late Mr. Lillo, author of George Barnwell. The part of Mrs. Wilmot by Mrs. CHARKE (who originally performed it at the Haymarket;) The rest of the parts by a Set of People who will perform as well as they can, if not as well as they wou'd, and the best can

do no more. With variety of Entertainments, viz. Act I. A Preamble on the Kettle-drums, by Mr. Job Baker, particularly, *Larry Grovy*, accompanied with French Horns. Act II. A new Peasant Dance by Mons. Chemont and Madem Peran, just arriv'd piping hot from the Opera at Paris. To which will be added a Ballad-Opera, call'd THE DEVIL TO PAY; The part of Nell by *Miss CHARKE who performed Princess Elizabeth at Southwark*. Servants will be allow'd to keep places on the stage—Particular care will be taken to perform with the utmost decency, and to prevent mistakes, the Bills for the day will be blue and black, &c." •

## THE BLOODY HAND.

### For the Table Book.

One December evening, the year before last, returning to T—, in the northern extremity of W—, in a drizzling rain, as I approached the second milestone, I observed two men, an elder and a younger, walking side by side in the horse-road. The elder, whose appearance indicated that of a labourer in very comfortable circumstances, was in the path directly in front of my horse, and seemed to have some intention of stopping me; on my advancing, however, he quietly withdrew from the middle of the road to the side of it, but kept his eyes firmly fixed on me, which caused also, on my part, a particular attention to him. He then accosted me, "Sir, I beg your pardon."—"For what, my man?"—"For speaking to you, sir."—"What have you said, then?"—"I want to know the way to S—."—"Pass on beyond those trees, and you will see the spire before you."—"How far is it off, sir?"—"Less than two miles."—"Do you know it, sir?"—"I was there twenty minutes ago."—"Do you know the gentleman there, sir, that wants a man to go under ground for him?"—"For what purpose?" (imagining, from the direction in which I met the man, that he came from the mining districts of S—, I expected that his object was to explore the neighbourhood for coals.) His answer immediately turned the whole train of my ideas. "To go under ground for him, to take off the bloody hand from his carriage."—"And what is that to be done for?"—"For a thousand pounds, sir. Have you not heard any thing of it, sir?"—"Not a word."—"Well, sir, I was told that the gentleman lives here, at S—, at the hall, and that he offers a thousand pounds to any man that

\* The original distinction of Beer from the old Drink of our Forefathers, which was made without that ingredient.

will take off the *bloody hand* from his carriage."—"I can assure you this is the first word I have heard on the subject."—"Well, sir, I have been told so;" and then, taking off his hat, he wished me a good morning.

I rode slowly on, but very suddenly heard a loud call, "Stop, sir, stop!" I turned my horse, and saw the man, who had, I imagined, held a short parley with his companion, just leaving him, and running towards me, and calling out, "Stop, sir." Not quite knowing what to make of this extraordinary accost and vehement call, I changed a stout stick in my left hand to my right hand, elevated it, gathered up the reins in my left, and trotted my horse towards him; he then walked to the side of the road, and took off his hat, and said, "Sir, I am told that if the gentleman can get a man to go under ground for him, for seven years, and never see the light, and let his nails, and his hair, and his beard grow all that time, that the king will then take off the *bloody hand* from his carriage."—"Which then is the man who offers to do this? is it you, or your companion?"—"I am the man, sir."—"O, you intend to undertake to do this?"—"Yes, sir."—"Then all that I can say is, that I now hear the first word of it from yourself." At this time the rain had considerably increased, I therefore wished the man a good morning, and left him.

I had not, however, rode above a hundred and fifty yards before an idea struck me, that it would be an act of kindness to advise the poor man to go no further on such a strange pursuit; but, though I galloped after them on the way I had originally directed them, and in a few minutes saw two persons, who must have met them, had they continued their route to S—, I could neither hear any thing of them, nor see them, in any situation which I could imagine that they might have taken to as a shelter from the heavy rain. I thus lost an opportunity of endeavouring to gain, from the greatest depths of ignorance, many points of inquiry I had arranged in my own mind, in order to obtain a development of the extraordinary idea and unfounded offer, on which the poor fellow appeared to have so strongly set his mind.

On further inquiry into the origin of this *strange notion* of the bloody hand in heraldry, and why the badge of honour next to nobility, and perpetuated from the ancient kings of Ulster, should fall, in two centuries, into indelible disgrace, I find myself in darkness equal to that of the anticipated cavern of the poor deluded

man, and hitherto without an aid superior to himself. Under these circumstances, I present the inquiry to you, and shall be, among many others, greatly gratified to see it set in a clear light by yourself, or some friendly correspondent.

1827.

I am, sir,  
— —.

## MUSIC.

### ORGANS IN CHURCHES.

#### THE TEMPLE CHURCH.

After the Restoration, the number of workmen in England being found too few to answer the demand for organs, it was thought expedient to make offers of encouragement for foreigners to come and settle here; these brought over Mr. Bernard Schmidt and ——— Harris; the former, for his excellence in his art, deserves to live in the remembrance of all who are friends to it.

Bernard Schmidt, or, as we pronounce the name, Smith, was a native of Germany, but of what city or province in particular is not known. He brought with him two nephews, the one named Gerard, the other Bernard; to distinguish him from these, the elder had the appellation of father Smith. Immediately upon their arrival, Smith was employed to build an organ for the royal chapel at Whitehall, but, as it was built in great haste, it did not answer the expectations of those who were judges of his abilities. He had been but a few months here before Harris arrived from France, with his son Renatus, who had been brought up in the business of organ-making under him; they met with little encouragement, for Dallans and Smith had all the business of the kingdom: but, upon the decease of Dallans in 1672, a competition arose between these two foreigners, which was attended with some remarkable circumstances. The elder Harris was in no degree a match for Smith, but his son Renatus was a young man of ingenuity and perseverance, and the contest between Smith and the younger Harris was carried on with great spirit. Each had his friends and supporters, and the point of preference between them was hardly determined by that exquisite piece of workmanship by Smith, the organ now standing in the Temple church; of the building whereof, the following is the history.

On the decease of Dallans and the elder Harris, Renatus Harris and father Smith



became great rivals in their employment, and there were several trials of skill betwixt them; but the famous contest was at the Temple church, where a new organ was going to be erected towards the latter end of king Charles II.'s time. Both made friends for that employment; and as the society could not agree about who should be the man, the master of the Temple and the benchers proposed that each should set up an organ on each side of the church. In about half or three quarters of a year this was done: Dr. Blow, and Purcell, who was then in his prime, showed and played father Smith's organ on appointed days to a numerous audience; and, till the other was heard, everybody believed that father Smith would certainly carry it.

Harris brought Lully, organist to queen Catharine, a very eminent master, to touch his organ. This rendered Harris's organ popular, and the organs continued to vie with one another near a twelvemonth.

Harris then challenged father Smith to make additional stops against a set time; these were the vox humane, the cremona or violin-stop, the double courtel or bass flute, with some others.

These stops, as being newly invented, gave great delight and satisfaction to a numerous audience; and were so well imitated on both sides, that it was hard to adjudge the advantage to either: at last it was left to the lord chief justice Jeffries, who was of that house; and he put an end to the controversy by pitching upon father Smith's organ; and Harris's organ being taken away without loss of reputation, Smith's remains to this day.

Now began the setting up of organs in the chiefest parishes of the city of London, where, for the most part, Harris had the advantage of father Smith, making two perhaps to his one; among them some are very eminent, viz. the organ at St. Bride's, St. Lawrence near Guildhall, St. Mary Axe, &c.

Notwithstanding Harris's success,\* Smith was considered an able and ingenious workman; and, in consequence of this character, he was employed to build an organ for the cathedral of St. Paul. The organs made by him, though in respect of the workmanship they are inferior to those of Harris, and even of Dallans, are yet justly admired; and, for the fineness of their tone, have never yet been equalled.

Harris's organ, rejected from the Temple by judge Jeffries, was afterwards purchased for the cathedral of Christ-church, at Dublin, and set up there. Towards the close of

George II.'s reign, Mr. Byfield was sent for from England to repair it, which he objected to, and prevailed on the chapter to have a new one made by himself, he allowing for the old one in exchange. When he had got it, he would have treated with the parishioners of Lynn, in Norfolk, for the sale of it: but they, disdaining the offer of a second-hand instrument, refused to purchase it, and employed Snetzler to build them a new one, for which they paid him seven hundred pounds. Byfield dying, his widow sold Harris's organ to the parish of Wolverhampton for five hundred pounds, and there it remains to this day. An eminent master, who was requested by the churchwardens of Wolverhampton to give his opinion of this instrument, declared it to be the best modern organ he had ever touched.\*

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## MISERIES OF TRAVELLING.

### STEAM *versus* COACH.

#### *For the Table Book.*

"Now there is nothing gives a man such spirits,  
Leavening his blood as Cayenne doth a curry,  
As going at full speed——"

*Don Juan*, c. 10. v. 72.

If the number of persons who have been killed, maimed, and disfigured for life, in consequence of stage-coach *mishaps*, could be ascertained, since the first establishment of steam-packets in this country; and, on the other hand, the number who have been similarly unfortunate by steam-boilers bursting, we should find that the stage-coach proportion would be in the ratio of ten to one! A solitary "blow up" of a steam-packet is "noised and proclaimed" from the Land's End to the other extremity of the island; while hundreds of coach-accidents, and many of them fatal, occur, which are never heard of beyond the village, near to which the casualty takes place, or the neighbouring ale-house. These affairs it is to the interest of the proprietors to "hush up," by means of a gratuity to the injured, rather than have their property ruined by an exposure in a court of justice. Should a poor man have a leg or an arm broken, through the carelessness of a drunken coachman, his poverty prevents his having recourse to law. Justice, in these cases, nine times in ten, is entirely out of the question, and an arrangement, between him and the proprietors, is easily effected; the unfortunate

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\* Hawkins.

fellow rather receiving fifty or a hundred pounds "hush money," than bring his action, when, perhaps, from some technical informality in the proceedings, (should he find a lawyer willing to act for him, being poor,) he would be *nonsuited*, with all the costs of both parties on his own shoulders, and be, moreover, ruined for ever, in both purse and person. These remarks were suggested by reading an American work, some time since, on the above subject, from which I have extracted the following

#### *Stage-coach Adventures.*

INSIDE.—Crammed full of passengers—three fat, fusty, old men—a young mother and sick child—a cross old maid—a poll-parrot—a bag of red herrings—double-barreled gun, (which you are afraid is loaded)—and a snarling lap-dog, in addition to yourself—awaking out of a sound nap, with the cramp in one leg, and the other in a lady's band-box—pay the damage (four or five shillings) for "gallantry's sake"—getting out in the dark, at the half-way-house, in the hurry stepping into the return coach, and finding yourself the next morning at the very spot you had started from the evening before—not a breath of air—asthmatic old man, and child with the measles—windows closed in consequence—unpleasant smell—shoes filled with warm water—look up and find it the child—obliged to bear it—no appeal—shut your eyes, and scold the dog—pretend sleep, and pinch the child—mistake—pinch the dog, and get bit—execrate the child in return—black looks—"no gentleman"—pay the coachman, and drop a piece of gold in the straw—not to be found—fell through a crevice—coachman says, "he'll find it"—can't—get out yourself—gone—picked up by the 'ostler.—No time for "blowing up"—coach off for next stage—lose your money—get in—lose your seat—stuck in the middle—get laughed at—lose your temper—turn sulky, and turned over in a horse-pond.

OUTSIDE.—Your eye cut out by the lash of a clumsy coachman's whip—hat blown off, into a pond, by a sudden gust of wind—seated between two apprehended murderers, and a noted sheep-stealer in irons, who are being conveyed to gaol—a drunken fellow, half asleep, falls off the coach, and, in attempting to save himself, drags you along with him into the mud—musical guard, and driver, "horn mad"—turned over—one leg under a bale of cotton, the other under the coach—hands in breeches pockets—head in a hamper of wine—lots

of broken bottles *versus* broken heads—cut and run—send for surgeon—wounds dressed—lotion and lint, four dollars—take post-chaise—get home—lay down, and laid up.

INSIDE AND OUTSIDE.—Drunken coachman—horse sprawling—wheel off—pole breaking, down hill—axle-tree splitting—coach overturning—winter, and buried in the snow—one eye poked out with an umbrella, the other cut open by the broken window—reins breaking—impudent guard—hurried at meals—imposition of inn-keepers—five minutes and a half to swallow three and sixpennyworth of vile meat—waiter a rogue—"Like master, like man"—half a bellyfull, and frozen to death—internal grumblings and outward complaints—no redress—walk forward while the horses are changing—take the wrong turning—lose yourself and lose the coach—good-by to portmanteau—curse your ill luck—wander about in the dark and find the inn at last—get upon the next coach going the same road—stop at the next inn—brandy and water, hot, to keep you in spirits—warm fire—pleasant company—heard the guard cry "All right?"—run out, just in time to sing out "I'm left," as the coach turns the corner—after it "full tear"—come up with it, at the end of a mile—get up "all in a blowze"—catch cold—sore throat—inflammation—doctor—warm bath—fever—DIE.

GASPARD.

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#### THE UGLY CLUB.

*From a New York Paper.*

THE MEMBERS of the UGLY CLUB are requested to attend a special meeting at UGLY-HALL, 4, Wall-street, on Monday-evening next, at half-past seven o'clock precisely, to take into consideration the propriety of offering to the committee of defence the services of their ugly carcasses, firm hearts, sturdy bodies, and unblistered hands.—HIS UGLINESS being absent, this meeting is called by order of

HIS HOMELINESS.

Aug. 13.

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#### Antiquities.

##### SCIPIO'S SHIELD.

In 1656, a fisherman on the banks of the Rhone, in the neighbourhood of Avignon,

was considerably obstructed in his work by some heavy body, which he feared would injure the net; but by proceeding slowly and cautiously, he drew it ashore untorn, and found that it contained a round substance, in the shape of a large plate or dish, thickly encrusted with a coat of hardened mud; the dark colour of the metal beneath induced him to consider it as iron. A silversmith, accidentally present, encouraged the mistake, and, after a few affected difficulties and demurs, bought it for a trifling sum, immediately carried it home, and, after carefully cleaning and polishing his purchase, it proved to be of pure silver, perfectly round, more than two feet in diameter, and weighing upwards of twenty pounds. Fearing that so massy and valuable a piece of plate, offered for sale at one time and at one place, might produce suspicion and inquiry, he immediately, without waiting to examine its beauties, divided it into four equal parts, each of which he disposed of, at different and distant places.

One of the pieces had been sold, at Lyons, to Mr. Mey, a wealthy merchant of that city, and a well-educated man, who directly saw its value, and after great pains and expense, procured the other three fragments, had them nicely rejoined, and the treasure was finally placed in the cabinet of the king of France.

This relic of antiquity, no less remarkable for the beauty of its workmanship, than for having been buried at the bottom of the Rhone more than two thousand years, was a votive shield, presented to Scipio, as a monument of gratitude and affection, by the inhabitants of Carthago Nova, now the city of Carthagena, for his generosity and self-denial, in delivering one of his captives, a beautiful virgin, to her original lover. This act, so honourable to the Roman general, who was then in the prime vigour of manhood, is represented on the shield, and an engraving from it may be seen in the curious and valuable work of Mr. Spon.

The story of "Scipio's chastity," which this shield commemorates, is related by Livy to the following effect.—The wife of the conquered king, falling at the general's feet, earnestly entreated that the female captives might be protected from injury and insult.—Scipio assured her, that she should have no reason to complain.

"For my own part," replied the queen, "my age and infirmities almost ensure me

against dishonour, but when I consider the age and complexion of my fellow captives, (pointing to a crowd of females,) I feel considerable uneasiness."

"Such crimes," replied Scipio, "are neither perpetrated nor permitted by the Roman people; but if it were not so, the anxiety you discover, under your present calamities, to preserve their chastity, would be a sufficient protection:" he then gave the necessary orders.

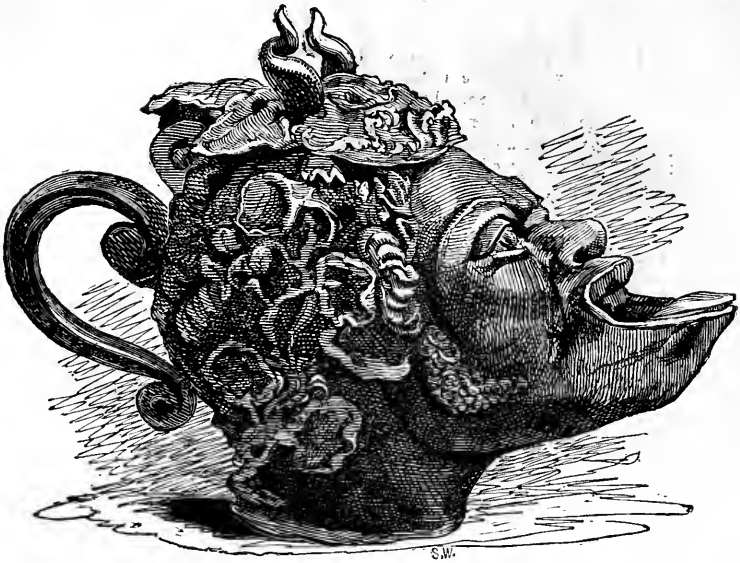
The soldiers soon after brought him, what they considered as a rich prize, a virgin of distinction, young, and of such extraordinary beauty, as to attract the notice and admiration of all who beheld her. Scipio found that she had been betrothed, in happier days, to Allucius, a young Spanish prince, who was himself a captive. Without a moment's delay, the conqueror sent for her parents and lover, and addressed the latter in the following words:

"The maid to whom thou wert shortly to have been married has been taken prisoner: from the soldiers who brought her to me, I understand that thy affections are fixed upon her, and indeed her beauty confirms the report. She is worthy of thy love; nor would I hesitate, but for the stern laws of duty and honour, to offer her my hand and heart. I return her to thee, not only inviolate, but untouched, and almost unseen; for I scarcely ventured to gaze on such perfection; accept her as a gift worthy receiving. The only condition, the only return I ask, is, that thou wilt be a friend to the Roman people."

The young prince in a transport of delight, and scarcely able to believe what he saw and heard, pressed the hand of Scipio to his heart, and implored ten thousand blessings on his head. The parents of the happy bridegroom had brought a large sum of money, as the price of her redemption; Scipio ordered it to be placed on the ground, and telling Allucius that he insisted on his accepting it as a nuptial gift, directed it to be carried to his tent.

The happy pair returned home, repeating the praises of Scipio to every one, calling him a godlike youth, as matchless in the success of his arms, as he was unrivalled in the beneficent use he made of his victories.

Though the story is known to most readers, its relation, in connection with the discovery of the valuable present from the conquered city to its illustrious victor, seemed almost indispensable, and perhaps the incident can scarcely be too familiar.



### A Bronze Antique, found in the Thames,

IN DIGGING FOR THE FOUNDATION OF NEW LONDON BRIDGE, JANUARY, 1827.

It is presumed that this article, from its peculiar curiosity, will be welcomed by every lover and preserver of antiquities.

#### *To the Editor.*

Sir,—The remarkable vessel from which this drawing is taken, was discovered a few days since, by a labourer employed in sinking one of the coffer-dams for the new London bridge, embedded in clay, at a depth of about thirty feet from the bed of the river. It is of bronze, not cast, but sculptured, and is in so perfect a state, that the edges of the different parts are as sharp as if the chisel had done its office but yesterday. The only portion which has suffered decay is the pin that attached the lid to the other part, which crumbled away as soon as exposed to the air.

At first, it was conjectured that this vessel was used for a lamp; but the idea was soon abandoned, as there was no part calculated to receive the wick; and the space to contain the oil was so small that it would not have admitted of more oil than was sufficient for one hour's consumption, or two, at farthest.

One of the members of the Antiquarian Society has given it as his opinion, that it was used for sacrificial purposes, and intended to receive wine, which, after being

put in, was to be poured out through the mouth, the under jaw being evidently protruded to an unnatural distance on this account.

The upper part of the head forms the lid, which the horns serve as a handle to raise; the bottom of the neck is flat, so that it may stand securely.

That it represents a head of Bacchus will be evident, at first glance, as it is encircled with a torse of ivy; but the features being those of a Nubian, or Carthaginian, prove that it must have an older date than that of the Romans, who borrowed their first ideas of Bacchic worship from the Egyptians. Perhaps it might have been part of their spoils from Carthage itself, and have been highly valued on that account. Certain however it is, that this curiosity (destined for the British Museum) must have laid below the bosom of father Thames for many centuries; but how it came there, and at such a depth in the clay, we can only guess at; and till Jonathan Oldbuck, alias Monkbarns, rise from the dead to set us right, it is to be feared that there will be left nothing but conjecture respecting it.

There is some account, but not very well supported, of the course of the Thames having once been diverted: should this



### Another View of the same ancient Bronze,

SHOWING THE MOUTH, AND THE ORIFICE AT THE TOP OF THE HEAD.

however be true, it is possible that the head, of which we are now speaking, might have been dropped on the then dry bottom; the bed of the river must, in that case, have been afterwards considerably raised.

I remain, yours, respectfully,  
M. BLACKMORE.

Wandsworth, Feb. 9, 1827.

P. S. The Romans always represent their satyrs with Roman noses, and I believe that Bacchus alone is crowned with ivy; the fauns and the rest being crowned with vine leaves.

It would be easy to compose a dissertation respecting Bacchus, which would be highly interesting, and yet throw little light on this very remarkable vessel. The relation of any thing tending to elucidate its probable age or uses will be particularly esteemed.

In addition to the favour of Mr. Blackmore's letter and drawing, he obligingly obtained the vessel itself, which being placed in the hands of Mr. S. Williams, he executed the present engravings of the exact size of the original: it is, as Mr. Blackmore has already mentioned, in the finest possible preservation.

Probably the insertion of this remarkable relique of antiquity, turned up from the soil of our metropolitan river, may induce communications to the *Table Book* of similar discoveries when they take place. At no time were ancient remains more regarded: and illustrations of old manners and customs, of all kinds, are here especially acceptable.

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### JACK O' LENT.

This was a puppet, formerly thrown at, in our own country, during Lent, like Shrove-cocks. Thus, in "The Weakest goes to the Wall," 1600, we read of "a mere anatomy, a *Jack of Lent*;" and in Greene's "Tu quoque," of "a boy that is throwing at his *Jack o' Lent*;" and again, in the comedy of "Lady Alimony," 1659:

———"Throwing cudgels  
At *Jack a Lents* or Shrove-cocks."

Also, in Ben Jonson's "Tale of a Tub:"

———"On an Ash-Wednesday,  
When thou didst stand six weeks the *Jack o' Lent*,  
For boys to hurl three throws a penny at thee."

So, likewise, in Beaumont and Fletcher's  
"Tamer tamed:"

———"If I forfeit,  
Make me a *Jack o' Lent*, and break my shins  
For untagg'd points and counters."

Further, in Quarles' "*Shepherd's Oracles*," 1646, we read :

"How like a *Jack a Lent*  
He stands, for boys to spend their Shrove-tide throws,  
Or like a puppet made to frighten crows."\*

From the "*Jack o' Lent*," we derive the familiar term among children, "*Jack o' Lanthorn*."

## Shrove Tuesday

AND

## Ash Wednesday.

The copious particulars respecting these festivals, which have been brought together in another place,† admit of some addition.

In France and other parts of the continent, the season preceding Lent is universal carnival. At Marseilles, the Thursday before Lent is called *le Jeudi gras*, and Shrove Tuesday *le Mardi gras*. Every body joins in masquerading on these nights, and both streets and houses are full of masks the whole night long. The god of fritters, if such a god there be, who is worshipped in England only on Shrove Tuesday, is worshipped in France on both the Thursday and Tuesday. Parties meet at each other's houses to a supper of fritters, and then set off masquerading, which they keep up to a very late hour in the morning.

On Ash-Wednesday, which has here much more the appearance of a festival than of a fast, there is a ceremony called "interring the carnival." A whimsical figure is dressed up to represent the carnival, which is carried in the afternoon in procession to Arrens, a small village on the sea-shore, about a mile out of the town, where it is pulled to pieces. This ceremony is attended in some way or other by every inhabitant of Marseilles, whether gentle or simple, man or woman, boy or girl. The very genteel company are in carriages, which parade backwards and forwards upon the road between the town and the village, for two or three hours, like the Sunday processions in Hyde-park. Of the rest of the company, some make parties to dine at Arrens, or at the public-houses on the road;

others make water parties; but the majority only go and walk about, or sit upon the rocks to see and be seen. It was one of the most delightful evenings imaginable; the air was inexpressibly mild; the road where the carriages parade is about half way up the rocks, and this long string of carriages constantly moving, the rocks filled with thousands and thousands of spectators, and the tranquil sea gilded by the setting sun, and strewed over with numberless little barks, formed altogether one of the most beautiful and picturesque scenes that could be presented. We sat down on a little detached piece of rock almost encircled by the sea, that we might have full enjoyment of it, and there remained till some time after the glorious sun had disappeared for the night, when we walked home by a lovely bright moonlight, in a milder evening, though in the month of February, than we often find in England at Midsummer.\*

Naogeorgus, in the "*Popish Kingdome*," mentions some burlesque scenes practised formerly on Ash Wednesday. People went about in mid-day with lanterns in their hands, looking after the feast days which they had lost on this the first day of the Lent fast. Some carried herrings on a pole, crying "Herrings, herrings, stinking herrings! no more puddings!"

And hereto joyne they foolish playes,  
and doltish doggrel rimes,  
And what beside they can invent,  
belonging to the times.

Others, at the head of a procession, carried a fellow upon staves, or "stangs," to some near pond or running stream, and there plunged him in, to wash away what of feasting-time might be in him. Some got boys to accompany them through the town singing, and with minstrels playing, entered the houses, and seizing young girls harnessed them to a plough; one man held the handles, another drove them with a whip, a minstrel sung drunken songs, and a fellow followed, flinging sand or ashes as if he had been sowing, and then they drove

—— both plough and maydens through  
some pond or river small,  
And dabbled all with durt, and wringing  
wett as they may bee  
To supper calle, and after that  
to daunsing lustilee.

\* Brand's Popular Antiquities.  
† The *Every-Day Book*.

\* Miss Plumptre.

## Quinquagesima.

### CARNIVAL IN SPAIN.

"Carnival," properly so called, according to Mr. Blanco White, is limited to Quinquagesima Sunday, and the two following days, a period which the lower classes pass in drinking and rioting in those streets where the meaner sort of houses abound, and especially in the vicinity of the large courts, or halls, called *Corrales*, surrounded with small rooms or cells, where numbers of the poorest inhabitants live in filth, misery, and debauch. Before these horrible places, are seen crowds of men, women, and children, singing, dancing, drinking, and pursuing each other with handfuls of hair-powder. I have never seen, however, an instance of their taking liberties with any person above their class; yet, such bacchanals produce a feeling of insecurity, which makes the approach of those spots very unpleasant during the carnival.

At Madrid, where whole quarters of the town, such as *Avapiés* and *Maravillas*, are inhabited exclusively by the rabble, these "Saturnalia" are performed upon a larger scale. Mr. White says, I once ventured with three or four friends, all muffled in our cloaks, to parade the *Avapiés* during the carnival. The streets were crowded with men, who, upon the least provocation, real or imaginary, would have instantly used the knife, and of women equally ready to take no slight share in any quarrel: for these lovely creatures often carry a poniard in a sheath, thrust within the upper part of the left stocking, and held up by the garter. We were, however, upon our best behaviour, and by a look of complacency on their sports, and keeping at the most respectful distance from the women, came away without meeting with the least disposition to insolence or rudeness.

A gentleman, who, either out of curiosity or depraved taste, attends the amusements of the vulgar, is generally respected, provided he is a mere spectator, and appears indifferent to the females. The ancient Spanish jealousy is still observable among the lower classes; and while not a sword is drawn in Spain upon a love-quarrel, the knife often decides the claims of more humble lovers. Yet love is by no means the main instigator of murder among us. A constitutional irritability, especially in the southern provinces, leads, without any more assignable reason, to the frequent shedding of blood. A small quantity of wine, nay, the mere blowing of the easterly wind, called "Solano," is infallibly attended

with deadly quarrels in Andalusia. The average of dangerous or mortal wounds, on every great festival at Seville, is, I believe, about two or three. We have, indeed, a well-endowed hospital named *de los Heridos*, which, though open to all persons who meet with dangerous accidents, is, from this unhappy disposition of the people, almost confined to the wounded. The large arm-chair, where the surgeon in attendance examines the patient just as he is brought in, usually upon a ladder, is known in the whole town by the name of "*Silla de los Guapos*," the Bullies' chair. Every thing, in fact, attests both the generality and inveteracy of that horrible propensity among the Spaniards.\*

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### THE LIEGE ALMANAC.

The celebrated almanac of "Francis Moore, physician," to whose predictions thousands are accustomed to look with implicit confidence and veneration, is rivalled, on the continent, by the almanac of Liège, by "Matthew Laensberg," who there enjoys an equal degree of celebrity.

Whether the name of Laensberg is a real or an assumed name is a matter of great doubt. A tradition, preserved in the family of the first printers of the work, ascribes it to a canon of St. Bartholomew, at Liège, who lived about the conclusion of the sixteenth century, or at the beginning of the seventeenth. This is further corroborated, by a picture of a canon of that church which still exists, and which is conjectured by many to represent the inventor of the celebrated almanac of Liège. Figure to yourself an old man, seated in an arm chair, his left hand resting on a globe, and his right holding a telescope. At his feet are seen different mathematical instruments, several volumes and sheets of paper, with circles and triangles drawn upon them. His eyes are large and prominent; he has a dull, heavy look, a nose in the form of a shell, and large ears, which are left uncovered by a greasy cap. His large mouth, half open, announces surliness and pedantry; frightful wrinkles furrow his face, and his long bushy beard covers an enormous band. This man is, besides, muffled up in an old cassock, patched in several places. Under his hideous portrait is the inscription "D. T. V. Bartholomæi Canonici et Philosophiæ Professor."

Such is the picture given by a person

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\* Doblado's Letters from Spain.

who examined this portrait, and who, though he was at the pains to search the registers of the chapter of Liège, was unable to find any name that at all corresponded with the above designation. Hence it may be fairly concluded, that the canon, whose portrait has just been exhibited, assumed the name of Matthew Laensbert, or Laensberg, as well as the title of professor of philosophy, for the purpose of publishing his almanac, with the prognostications, which have rendered it so celebrated.

The earliest of these almanacs known to exist is of the year 1636. It bears the name of Matthew Lansbert, mathematician, and not Laensberg, as it is now written. In the middle of the title is seen the portrait of an astronomer, nearly resembling that which is still placed there. After the printer's name, are the words, "with permission of the superior powers." This is repeated in the eleven first almanacs, but in that for 1647, we find, "with the favour and privilege of his highness." This privilege, granted by Ferdinand of Bavaria, prince of Liège, is actually inserted. It gives permission to Leonard Streete to print Matthew Laensberg's almanac, and forbids other printers to make copies of it, upon pain of confiscation, and other penalties.

The name of this prophet, spelt Lansbert in the first almanacs, has since been regularly written Laensberg. It is to this privilege of the prince bishop of Liège that Voltaire alludes in these lines of his Epistle to the king of Denmark:—

Et quand vous écrirez sur l'almanac de Liège,  
Ne parlez des saisons qu'avec un privilège.

The four first pages of the Liège almanac for 1636, are occupied by a piece entitled "The Twelve Celestial Signs governing the Human Body." Cancer, for instance, governs the breast, the belly, and the lungs, with all their diseases. This was at that time the fashionable system of astrology, which was succeeded by many others, equally ill-founded, and equally popular. Yet it is a fact, that could scarcely be believed, were it not stated in an advertisement prefixed, that the physicians manifested a jealousy lest the prophet of Liège should extend his dominion over the healing art. They obtained an order that every thing relating to the influence of the celestial signs on diseases should be suppressed, and this retrenchment took place, for the first time, in 1679. The principal part, however, was preserved, and still ensures the success of this wonderful performance.

It consists of general predictions concerning the variations of the seasons, and the occurrences of the year. In each month are marked the days when there will be rain, and those that will be dry; whether there will be snow or hail, high winds, storms, &c. Sterne alludes to this in his *Tristram Shandy*, when he says, "I have observed this 26th of March, 1759, a rainy day, notwithstanding the almanac of Liège."

The general predictions mention the occurrences that are to take place in every month. Accident has frequently been wonderfully favourable to the prophet; and he owes all his reputation and celebrity to the luck of having announced the gaining of a battle, or the death of some distinguished person. An anecdote of Madame Du-barri, at that time all-powerful at the court of Louis XIV., is not a little singular.

When the king was attacked with the malady which put an end to his life, that lady was obliged to leave Versailles. She then had occasion, says the author of her life, to recollect the almanac of Liège, which had given her great uneasiness, and of which she had suppressed all the copies she was able. Amongst the predictions for the month of April, in that almanac, was the following: "A lady, in the highest favour, will act her last part." She frequently said, "I wish this odious month of April were over." According to the prediction, she had really acted "her last part," for the king died in the following month, May 1774.\*

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#### DISCOVERY OF MADEIRA.

In the year 1344, in the reign of Peter IV. king of Arragon, the island of Madeira, lying in 32 degrees, was discovered, by an Englishman, named Macham, who, sailing from England to Spain with a lady whom he had carried off, was driven to the island by a tempest, and cast anchor in the harbour or bay, now called Machico, after the name of Macham. His mistress being seasick, he took her to land, with some of his company, where she died, and the ship drove out to sea. As he had a tender affection for his mistress, he built a chapel or hermitage, which he called "Jesus," and buried her in it, and inscribed on her tombstone his and her name, and the occasion of their arrival there. In the island are very large trees, of one of which he

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\* Repository of Arts.



and his men made a boat, and went to sea in it, and were cast upon the shore of Africa, without sail or oars. The Moors were infinitely surprised at the sight of them, and presented Macham to their king, who sent him and his companions to the king of Castile, as a prodigy or miracle.

In 1395, Henry III. of Castile, by the information of Macham, persuaded some of his mariners to go in search of this island, and of the Canaries.

In 1417, king John II. of Castile, his mother Catherine being then regent, one M. Ruben, of Bracamont, admiral of France, having demanded and obtained of the queen the conquest of the Canaries, with the title of king for a kinsman of his, named M. John Betancourt, he departed from Seville with a good army. And it is affirmed, that the principal motive that engaged him in this enterprise was, to discover the island of Madeira, which Macham had found.

#### TOMB OF MACHAM'S ANNA.

The following elegiac stanzas are founded on the preceding historical fact. Macham, having consigned the body of his beloved mistress to the solitary grave, is supposed to have inscribed on it the following pathetic lines :—

O'er my poor ANNA's lowly grave  
No dirge shall sound, no knell shall ring ;  
But angels, as the high pines wave,  
Their half-heard ' *Miserere* ' sing !

No flow'rs of transient bloom at eve,  
The maidens on the turf shall strew ;  
Nor sigh, as the sad spot they leave,  
*Sweets to the sweet a long adieu !*

But in this wilderness profound,  
O'er her the dove shall build her nest ;  
And ocean swell with softer sound,  
*A Requiem* to her dream of rest !

Ah ! when shall I as quiet be,  
When not a friend or human eye  
Shall mark, beneath the mossy tree,  
The spot where we forgotten lie ?

To kiss her name on this cold stone,  
Is all that now on earth I crave ;  
For in this world I am alone—  
Oh ! lay me with her in the grave.

## Health.

### GOOD EATING.

That "a sharp stomach is the best sauce," is a saying as true as it is common. In Ulrick Hutton's book on the virtues of

guaiacum, there is a very singular story on this subject.

The relations of a rich German ecclesiastic, carrying him to drink the waters for the recovery of his health, and passing by the house of a famous quack, he inquired what was the reverend gentleman's distemper ? They told him a total debility, loss of appetite, and a great decay in his senses. The empiric, after viewing his enormous chin, and bodily bulk, guessed rightly at the cause of his distemper, and proposed, for a certain sum, to bring him home, on a day fixed, perfectly cured. The patient was put into his hands, and the doctor treated him in the following manner :—He furnished him every day with half a pound of excellent dry biscuit ; to moisten this, he allowed him three pints of very good spring water ; and he suffered him to sleep but a few hours out of the twenty-four. When he had brought him within the just proportion of a man, he obliged him to ring a bell, or work in the garden, with a rolling-stone, an hour before breakfast, and four hours in the afternoon. At the stated day the doctor produced him, perfectly restored.

Nice eating destroys the health, let it be ever so moderate ; for the stomach, as every man's experience must inform him, finds greater difficulty in digesting rich dishes than meats plainly dressed. To a sound man sauces are needless ; to one who is diseased, they nourish not him, but his distemper ; and the intemperance of his taste betrays him into the hands of death, which could not, perhaps, have mastered his constitution. Lewis Cornaro brought himself into a wretched condition, while a young man, by indulging his taste ; yet, when he had once taken a resolution of restraining it, nature did that which physic could not ; it restored him to perfect health of body, and serenity of mind, both of which he enjoyed to extreme old age.

## Books.

### READING ALOUD.

By MARGARET DUCHESS OF NEWCASTLE.  
1671.

— To read lamely or crookedly, and not evenly, smoothly, and thoroughly, entangles the sense. Nay, the very sound of the voice will seem to alter the sense of the theme ; and though the sense will be there in despite of the ill voice, or ill reading, yet it will be concealed, or discovered to

its disadvantages. As an ill musician, (or indeed one that cannot play at all,) instead of playing, puts the fiddle out of tune, (and causeth a discord,) which, if well played upon, would sound harmoniously; or if he can play but one tune, plays it on all sorts of instruments; so, some will read with one tone or sound of voice, though the passions and numbers are different; and some again, in reading, wind up their voices to such a passionate screw, that they whine or squeal, rather than speak or read: others fold up their voices with such distinctions, that they make that triangular which is four-square; and that narrow, which should be broad; and that high, which should be low; and low, that should be high: and some again read so fast, that the sense is lost in the race. So that writings sound good or bad, as the readers, and not as their authors are: and, indeed, such advantage a good or ill reader hath, that those that read well shall give a grace to a foolish author; and those that read ill, do disgrace a wise and a witty one. But there are two sorts of readers; the one that reads to himself, and for his own benefit; the other, to benefit another by hearing it: in the first, there is required a good judgment, and a ready understanding: in the other, a good voice and a graceful delivery: so that a writer must have a double desire; the one, that he may write well; the other, that he may be read well.

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### Aphorisms.

BY LAVATER.

Who in the same given time can produce more than many others, has vigour; who can produce more and better, has talents; who can produce what none else can, has genius.

Who, without pressing temptation, tells a lie, will, without pressing temptation, act ignobly and meanly.

Who, under pressing temptations to lie, adheres to truth, nor to the profane betrays aught of a sacred trust, is near the summit of wisdom and virtue.

All affectation is the vain and ridiculous attempt of poverty to appear rich.

Who has no friend and no enemy, is one of the vulgar; and without talents, powers, or energy.

The more honesty a man has, the less he affects the air of a saint—the affectation of sanctity is a blot on the face of piety.

Love as if you could hate and might be hated, is a maxim of detested prudence in real friendship, the bane of all tenderness, the death of all familiarity. Consider the fool who follows it as nothing inferior to him who at every bit of bread trembles at the thought of its being poisoned.

There are more heroes than saints (heroes I call rulers over the minds and destinies of men;) more saints than humane characters. He, who humanizes all that is within and around himself, adores: I know but of one such by tradition.

He who laughed at you till he got to your door, flattered you as you opened it—felt the force of your argument whilst he was with you—applauded when he rose, and, after he went away, execrated you—has the most indisputable title to an archdukedom in hell.

Let the four-and-twenty elders in heaven rise before him who, from motives of humanity, can totally suppress an arch, full-pointed, but offensive *bon mot*.

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### Manners.

#### THE PARLIAMENT CLUBS.

Before the year 1736, it had been usual for gentlemen of the House of Commons to dine together at the Crown-tavern in Palace-yard, in order to be in readiness to attend the service of the house. This club amounted to one hundred and twenty, besides thirty of their friends coming out of the country. In January, 1736, sir Robert Walpole and his friends began to dine in the same manner, at the Bell and Sun in King-street, Westminster, and their club was one hundred and fifty, besides absent members. These parties seem to have been the origin of Brookes's and White's clubs.

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#### RIGHT AND LEFT HAND.

Dr. Zinchinelli, of Padua, in an essay "On the Reasons why People use the Right Hand in preference to the Left," will not allow custom or imitation to be the cause. He affirms, that the left arm cannot be in violent and continued motion without causing pain in the left side, because there is the seat of the heart and of the arterial system; and that, therefore, Nature herself compels man to make use of the right hand.

## THE DEATH OF LEILA.

*For the Table Book.*

'Twas moonlight—LEILA sat retir'd  
 Upon the tow'ring beach,  
 Watching the waves, "like one inspir'd"  
 With things beyond her reach :  
 There was a calmness on the water  
 Suited to Sorrow's hapless daughter,  
 For consolation seem'd to be  
 Mixt up with its solemnity !

The stars were shedding far and wide  
 Their twinkling lights of peerless blue ;  
 And o'er the undulating tide  
 The breeze on balmy pinions flew ;  
 The scene might well have rais'd the soul  
 Above misfortune's dark controul,  
 Had not the hand of Death been laid  
 On that belov'd and matchless maid !

I watch'd the pale, heart-broken girl,  
 Her shatter'd form, her look insane,—  
 I saw her raven locks uncurl  
 With moisture from the peaceful main :  
 I saw her wring her hands with grief,  
 Like one depriv'd of Hope's relief,  
 And then she sigh'd, as if bereft  
 Of the last treasure heav'n had left !

Slowly I sought the cheerless spot  
 Where LEILA lay, absorb'd in care,  
 But she, poor girl ! discern'd me not,  
 Nor dreamt that friendship linger'd there !  
 Her grief had bound her to the earth,  
 And clouded all her beauty's worth ;  
 And when her clammy hand I press'd,  
 She seem'd of feeling dispossess'd !

Yet there were motion, sense, and life,  
 Remaining in that shatter'd frame,  
 As if existing by the strife  
 Of feelings none but Love can name !  
 I spoke, she answer'd not—I took  
 Her hand with many a fearful look—  
 Her languid eyes I gaz'd upon,  
 And press'd her lips—but she was gone !

B. W. R.

Islington, 1827.

## Omniana.

## RATting.

There are three methods proposed for lessening the number of rats.

I. Introduce them at table as a delicacy. They would probably be savoury food, and if nature has not made them so, the cook may. Rat pie would be as good as rook pie; and four tails intertwined like the serpents of the delphic tripod, and rising into a spiral obelisk, would crest the crust more fantastically than pigeon's feet. After

a while they might be declared *game* by the legislature, which would materially expedite their extirpation.

II. Make use of their fur. Rat-skin robes for the ladies would be beautiful, warm, costly, and new. Fashion requires only the two last qualities; it is hoped the two former would not be objectionable.

III. Inoculate some subjects with the small-pox, or any other infectious disease, and turn them loose. Experiments should first be made, lest the disease should assume in them so new a form as to be capable of being returned to us with interest. If it succeeded, man has means in his hand which would thin the hyenas, wolves, jackals, and all gregarious beasts of prey.

N. B. If any of our patriotic societies should think proper to award a gold medal, silver cup, or other remuneration to either of these methods, the projector has left his address with the editor.\*

## BUNGAY HAND-BILL.

(Copy.)

## PONY LOST.

On February 21st, 1822, this devil bade me adieu.

LOST, stolen, or astray, not the least doubt but run away, a mare pony that is all bay :—if I judge pretty nigh, it is about eleven hands high;—full tail and mane, a pretty head and frame;—cut on both shoulders by the collar, not being soft nor hollow :—it is about five years old, which may be easily told;—for spirit and for speed, the devil cannot her exceed.

Whoever can give information or bring the said runaway to me, JOHN WINTER, Glass-stainer and Combustible-maker, Upper Olland Street, Bungay, shall be handsomely rewarded for their trouble.

## NOMINATIVE CASE.

Sancho, prince of Castile, being present at a papal consistory at Rome, wherein the proceedings were conducted in Latin, which he did not understand, and hearing loud applause, inquired of his interpreter what caused it: "My lord," replied the interpreter, "the pope has caused you to be proclaimed king of Egypt." "It does not become us," said the grave Spaniard, "to be wanting in gratitude; rise up, and proclaim his holiness caliph of Bagdad."

\* Dr. Aikin's Athenæum.

## DISCOUNT FOR CASH.

The following anecdote is related in a journal of the year 1789 :—

A service of plate was delivered at the duke of Clarence's house, by his order, accompanied by the bill, amounting to 1500*l.*, which his royal highness deeming exorbitant, sent back, remarking, that he conceived the overcharge to be occasioned by the apprehension that the tradesman might be kept long out of his money. He added, that so far from its being his intention to pay by tedious instalments, or otherwise distress those with whom he dealt, he had laid it down as an invariable principle, to discharge every account the moment it became due. The account was returned to his royal highness the next morning, with *three hundred pounds* taken off, and it was *instantly paid*.

## SPORTING.

A wit said of the late bishop of Durham, when alive, "His grace is the only man in England who may kill game legally without a stamped license: if actually taken with a gun in his hand, he might exclaim in the words of his own grants—'I *Shute*, by divine permission.'"

## March.

"STOP AND READ."

We have seen this requisition on the walls till we are tired: in a book it is a novelty, and here, I hope it may enforce its claim. For *thy* sake, gentle reader, I am anxious that it should; for, if thou hast a tithe of the pleasure I had, from the perusal of the following verses, I expect commendation for bidding thee "stop and read."

## THE FIRST OF MARCH.

The bud is in the bough  
And the leaf is in the bud,  
And Earth's beginning now  
In her veins to feel the blood,  
Which, warm'd by summer's sun  
In th' alembic of the vine,  
From her founts will overrun  
In a ruddy gush of wine.

The perfume and the bloom  
That shall decorate the flower,  
Are quickening in the gloom  
Of their subterranean bower;  
And the juices meant to feed  
Trees, vegetables, fruits,  
Unerringly proceed  
To their preappointed roots.

How awful the thought  
Of the wonders under ground,  
Of the mystic changes wrought  
In the silent, dark profound;  
How each thing upwards tends  
By necessity decreed,  
And a world's support depends  
On the shooting of a seed!

The Summer's in her ark,  
And this sunny-pinion'd day  
Is commission'd to remark  
Whether Winter holds her sway;  
Go back, thou dove of peace,  
With the myrtle on thy wing,  
Say that floods and tempests cease,  
And the world is ripe for Spring.

Thou hast fann'd the sleeping Earth  
Till her dreams are all of flowers,  
And the waters look in mirth  
For their overhanging bowers;  
The forest seems to listen  
For the rustle of its leaves,  
And the very skies to glisten  
In the hope of summer eves.

Thy vivifying spell  
Has been felt beneath the wave,  
By the dormouse in its cell,  
And the mole within its cave;  
And the summer tribes that creep,  
Or in air expand their wing,  
Have started from their sleep,  
At the summons of the Spring.

The cattle lift their voices  
From the valleys and the hills,  
And the feather'd race rejoices  
With a gush of tuneful bills;  
And if this cloudless arch  
Fills the poet's song with glee,  
O thou sunny first of March,  
Be it dedicate to thee!

This beautiful poem has afforded me exquisite gratification. Till I saw it printed in Mr. Dyce's "Specimens of British Poetesses," I was ignorant that a living lady had written so delightfully. Without a friend at my elbow to instruct me whether I should prefix "Miss" or "Mrs." to her felicitous name, I transcribe—as I find it in Mr. Dyce's volume—**FELICIA HEMANS.**



## The Story of the Scotch Soldier.

"Upon my soul it's a fact."

MATTHEWS—and Self.

### For the Table Book.

"Is the master at home, sir?" said a broad-shouldered Scotchman (wearing a regimental coat of the ——— regiment, and with his bonnet in his hand) to myself, who had answered a ring at the office-bell. I replied that he was not. "Weel, that's onlucky, sir," said he, "for ye see, sir, a hae gotten a pertection here, an' a hae been till a' the Scotchmen that a can hear ony thing o', but they hae a' signed for the month; an' a hae a shortness o' brith, that wanna lat me wurk or du ony thing; an' a'd be vary glaid gin a cud git doon to Scoteland i' the nixt vaissel, for a hanna' a baubee; an', as a sid afore, a canna wurk, an' gin maister B. wud jist sign ma pertec-

tion, a hae twa seagnatures, an' a'd git awa' the morn." For once I had told no lie in denying Mr. B. to his visitor, and, therefore, in no dread of detection from cough, or other vivâ voce evidence, I ushered the "valiant Scot" into the *sanctum* of a lawyer's clerk.

There is a very laudable benevolent institution in London, called the "Scottish Hospital," which, on proper representations made to it, signed by three of its members, (forms whereof are annexed, in blank, to the printed petition, which is given gratuitously to applicants,) will pass poor natives of Scotland to such parts of their father-land as they wish, free of expense, and will otherwise relieve their wants; but each member is only allowed

to sign one petition each month. This poor fellow had come in hopes of obtaining Mr. B.'s signature to his request to be sent home; and, while waiting to procure it, told me the circumstances that had reduced him to ask it.

He was a native of —, where the rents had lately been raised, by a new laird, far beyond the capabilities of the tacksmen. They had done their best to pay them—had struggled long, and hard, with an ungrateful soil—but their will and industry were lost; and they were, finally, borne down by hard times, and harsh measures. 'Twas hard to leave the hearths which generations of their forefathers had shadowed and hallowed—'twas yet harder to see their infants' lips worrying the exhausted breast, and to watch the cheeks of their children as they grew pale from want—and to see their frolics tamed by hunger into inert stupidity. An American trader had just touched at their island, for the purpose of receiving emigrants, and half its inhabitants had domiciled themselves on board, before her arrival had been known twelve hours. Our poor Scot would fain have joined them, with his family and parents, but he lacked the means to provide even the scanty store of oatmeal and butter which they were required to ship before they could be allowed to step on deck; so, in a fit of distress and despair, he left the home that had never been a day out of his sight, and enlisted with a party of his regiment, then at —, for the sole purpose of sending to the afflicted tenants of his "bit housey," the poor pittance of bounty he received, to be a short stay 'twixt them and starvation.

He had been last at St. John's, Newfoundland; "and there," said he, indignantly, "they mun mak' a cook's orderly o' me, as gin a war' nae as proper a man as ony o' them to carry a musket; an' they sint me to du a' the odd jobs o' a chap that did a wife's-wark, tho' there were a gude fivety young chaps i' the regiment that had liked it wul aneugh, and were better fetting for the like o' sican a place than mysel.—And so, sir," he continued, "thar a was, working mysel intill a scalding heat, and than a'd geng out to carry in the cauld water; an' i' the deeing o't, a got a cauld that sattled inwardly, an' garr'd me hae a fivie an' spit blood. Weel, sir, aifter mony months, a gote better; but oh! a was unco weak, and but a puir creature frae a strong man afore it: but a did na mak muckle o't, for a thought ay, gin ony thing cam o't to disable me, or so, that a should

hae gotten feve-pence or sax-pence a-day, an' that had been a great help."

—— Oh! if the rich would but take the trouble to learn how many happy hearts they might make at small expense—and fashion their deeds to their knowledge—how many prayers might nightly ascend with their names from grateful bosoms to the recording angel's ears—and how much better would the credit side of their account with eternity appear on that day, when the great balance must be struck!——

There was a pause—for my narrator's breath failed him; and I took the opportunity of surveying him. He was about thirty, with a half hale, half hectic cheek; a strong red beard, of some three days' growth, and a thick crop of light hair, such as only Scotchmen have—one of the Cain's brands of our northern brethren—it curled firmly round his forehead; and his head was set upon his broad shoulders with that pillar of neck which Adrian in particular, and many other of the Roman emperors, are represented with, on their coins, but which is rarely seen at present. He must, when in full health, have stood about five feet seven; but, now, he lost somewhat of his height in a stoop, contracted during his illness, about the chest and shoulders, and common to most people affected with pulmonary complaints: his frame was bulky, but the sinews seemed to have lost their tension; and he looked like "one of might," who had grappled strongly with an evil one in sore sickness. He bore no air of discontent, hard as his lot was; yet there was nothing theatrical in his resignation. All Scotchmen are pre-destinarians, and he fancied he saw the immediate hand of Providence working out his destiny through his misfortunes, and against such interference he thought it vain to clamour. Far other were my feelings when I looked on his fresh, broad face, and manly features, his open brow, his width of shoulders, and depth of chest, and heard how the breath laboured in that chest for inefficient vent——

"May be," said he—catching my eye in its wanderings, as he raised his own from the ground,—“May be a'd be better, gin a were doon i' wun nain place.” I was vext to my soul that my look had spoken so plainly as to elicit this remark. Tell a man in a consumption that he looks charmingly, and you have opened the sluices of his heart almost as effectually, to your ingress, as if you had really cured him. And yet I think this poor fellow said what he did, rather to please one whom

he saw took an interest in him, than to flatter himself into a belief of recovery, or from any such existing belief; for, shortly after, when I asked him what he would do in Scotland, "A dunna ken wat a mun du," he replied; "a canna du ony labouring wark, an' a ha' na gotten ony trade; but, ye see, sir, we like ay to die whar' wer're born; and my faither, an' my gran'-faither afore him forbye, a' my ither kin, an' the mither that bore me, there a' i' the nook o' — kirk-yaird; an' than my wife an twa bairnies:"—— There was a pause in the soldier's voice; he had not learnt the drama of mendicity or sentimentality, but, by —! there was a tear in his eye.\*— I hate a scene as much as Byron did, but I admire a feeling heart, and pity a sorrowful one — the tear did not fall. I looked in his face when I heard his voice again; his eye glistened, and the lash was wet, but the tear was gone — And there stood I, whose slender body scarcely comprehended one half of the circumference of his muscular frame.— "And the hand of Death is here!" said I; and then I turned my eyes upon myself, and almost wondered how my soul dwelt in so frail a tenement, while his was about to escape from such a seeming fastness of flesh.

After some further conversation, he told me his regiment had at one time been ordered off for Africa against the Ashantees; and sure never mortal man regretted counter orders on such grounds as he did those which balked his expectations of a visit to Sierra Leone.— "A thought," said he, "wur regiment woud ha gien to Aifrica against the Aishantees—an a was in hopes it wud — it's a didly climate, an' there was nae money gotten out o' the laist fray; but thin—perhaps its jist as well to die in ae place as anither—but than we canna bring wursels to feel it, tho' we may think it—an' than ye see, sir, as a sid afore, a hae twa bairnies, an gin a'd laid doon wi' the rast, the mither o' them might hae gotten the widow's pension for them an' hürsel."—— The widow's pension! sixpence a-day for a woman and two children—and death to the fourth person as the only price of it! Hear this, shade of Lemprière! Manlius and the Horatii died to save a country, and to purchase earthly immortality by their deaths—but here's a poor fellow willing to give up

the ghost, by sword, plague, pestilence, or famine, to secure a wife and two children two-pence each, per day!

Look to it, ye three-bottle beasts, or men—as the courtesy of a cringing world calls you—look to it, when ye toast the next lordly victor "with three times three!"—Shout 'till the roof rings, and then think, amid the din of your compeers, of the *humble* dead—of those who walk *silently* in the path of the grave, and of the widowed and fatherless. Commanders die for glory, for a funeral procession, or a title, or wealth for those they leave behind; but who speaks of the private, who dies with a wound for every pore?—he rots on the earth; or, with some scores or hundreds of his comrades, a few inches beneath it; and his wife gets—"sixpence a day!"

Poor fellow, thought I, as I looked on my narrator—were I a king—but kings cannot scrape acquaintance with every man in the ranks of their forces—but had I been your officer, I *think* you should not have wanted your pension for the few days that are to shine on you in this world; and, had you fallen, it should have gone hard with me, but your wife and two children should have had their twopence each per day—and, were I a man of fortune, I would be proud to keep the life in such a heart, as long as God would permit—and so saying, or thinking—and blinking away the dimness of humanity from my eye—I thrust my hand into my pocket, and gave him SIXPENCE. —Reader! smile not; I am but a poor harum scarum headed mortal—"t was all I had," in possession, expectancy, remainder, or reversion!"—

J. J. K.

## Highland Legend.

The following poem originates in a legend which is still popular in many parts of the highlands of Scotland: that a female branch of the noble family of Douglas contracted an imprudent marriage with a kerne, or mountain peasant, who was drowned in the Western Islands, where he had escaped for concealment from the persecutions of the offended family of his wife. She survived him eighteen years, and wandered a maniac over the mountains; where, as superstition alleges, she is even now to be seen at daybreak. The stanzas are supposed to be the extempore recitations of an old bard to a group of attentive villagers.

\* \* [\*— The ACCUSING SPIRIT flew up to heaven's chancery with the oath, and blushed as he gave it in—the RECORDING ANGEL, as he wrote it down, dropped a tear upon the word, and blotted it out for ever!"—*Sterne, Ed.*]

## THE LADY OF THE HILL.

Poor girl! she seem'd of an unearthly mould,  
 A thing superior to the frowns of fate;  
 But never did my tearful eyes behold  
 A maid so fair, and so disconsolate;  
 Yet was she once a child of high estate,  
 And nurs't in spendour, till an envious gloom  
 Sunk her beneath its harsh o'erpowering weight;  
 Robb'd her pale features of their orient bloom,  
 And with a noiseless pace, mov'd onwards to the  
 tomb.

She walk'd upon the earth, as one who knew  
 The dread mysterious secrets of the grave;  
 For never o'er her eye of heav'nly blue  
 Lighten'd a smile; but like the ocean wave  
 That roars, unblest with sunshine, through the cave  
 Rear'd in the depths of Snowden, she had flown  
 To endless grief for refuge; and would rave,  
 And tell to the night-winds her tale unknown,  
 Or wander o'er the heath, deserted and alone.

And when the rain beat hard against the hill,  
 And storms rush'd by upon their wing of pow'r,  
 Lonely she'd stray beside the bubbling rill,  
 Or fearless list the deep-voic'd cataract's roar;  
 And when the tempest's wrath was heard no more  
 She wander'd home, the mountain sod to dress  
 With many a wreath, and many a summer flow'r;  
 And thus she liv'd, the sister of distress,  
 The solitude of love, nurs't in the wilderness.

She was the child of nature; earth, sea, sky,  
 Mountain and cataract, fern-clad hill and dale  
 Possess'd a nameless charm in her young eye,  
 Pure and eternal, for in Deva's vale  
 Her heart first listen'd to a lover's tale,  
 Breath'd by a mountain kerne; and every scene  
 That wanton'd blithely in the od'rous gale,  
 Had oft beheld her lord's enamour'd mien,  
 As tremblingly she sought each spot where he had  
 been.

But she is gone! The cold earth is her pillow,  
 And o'er her blooms the summer's sweetest flow'r;  
 And o'er her ashes weeps the grateful willow  
 She lov'd to cherish in a happier hour—  
 Mute is the voice that breath'd from Deva's bow'r,  
 Chill is the soul of the neglected rover;  
 We saw the death-cloud in destruction low'r  
 O'er her meek head, the western waves roll'd over  
 The corse of him she lov'd, her own devoted lover.

But oft, when the faint sun is in the west,  
 And the hush'd gales along the ocean die,  
 Strange sounds reecho from her place of rest,  
 And sink into the heart most tenderly—  
 The bird of evening hour, the humming bee,  
 And the wild music of the mountain rill,  
 Seem breathing sorrow as they murmur by,  
 And whispering to the night, while all is still,  
 The tale of the poor girl!—the "Lady of the Hill."

W. F. D.—Indicator.

## Marriage Customs.

## HIGHLAND WEDDINGS.

By JOHN HAY ALLAN, Esq.

There is not probably, at the present day, a more social and exhilarating convocation than a highland wedding among the lower orders. The ancient hospitality and kindliness of character fills it with plenty and good humour, and gathers from every side all who have the slightest claim in the blood, name, and friendship of the bride or bridegroom. That olden attachment, which formerly bound together the superiors and their dependants, yet so far influences their character as to bring them together at the same board upon this occasion. When a wedding is to take place, the attendance of the chief, or laird, as well as that of the higher tacksmen, is always solicited by the respective parties, and there are few who would refuse this mark of consideration and good-will. The clansmen are happy in the honour which they receive, and the "Duinne-Uasal" is pleased with the regard and respect which renders the countenance of his presence necessary to his people.

Upon the day of the wedding, the friends of the bridegroom and the bride assemble at the house of their respective parents, with all the guns and pistols which can be collected in the country. If the distance of the two rendezvous is more than a day's march, the bridegroom gathers his friends as much sooner as is necessary to enable them to be with the bride on the day and hour appointed. Both parties are exceedingly proud of the numbers and of the rank which their influence enables them to bring; they therefore spare no pains to render the gathering of their friends as full and as respectable as possible. The company of each party dines at the house of their respective parents. Every attainable display of rustic sumptuousness and rustic gallantry is made to render the festival worthy of an occasion which can happen but once in a life. The labour and the care of months have been long providing the means wherewith to furnish the feast with plenty, and the assistants with gayety; and it is not unfrequent that the savings of a whole year are expended to do honour to this single day.

When the house is small, and the company very numerous, the partitions are frequently taken down, and the whole "biel" thrown into one space. A large table, the



entire length of the house, is formed of deal planks laid upon tressels, and covered with a succession of table-cloths, white though coarse. The quantity of the dinner is answerable to the space which it is to cover: it generally consists of barley broth, or cock-a-leeky, boiled fowls, roasted ducks, joints of meat, sheep's heads, oat and barley cakes, butter, and cheese; and in summer, frothed buttermilk, and slam. In the glens where goats are kept, haunches of these animals and roasted kids are also added to the feast. In the olden time, venison and all kinds of game, from the capperlich to the grouse, were also furnished; but since the breach of the feudal system, and its privileges, the highland lairds have become like other proprietors in the regulation of their game, and have prohibited its slaughter to their tenants upon pain of banishment.

Yet the cheer of the dinner is not so remarkable as the gear of the guests. No stranger who looked along the board could recognise in their "braws" the individuals whom the day before he had seen in the mill, the field, or the "smiddie." The men are generally dressed to the best of their power in the lowland fashion. There are still a few who have the spirit, and who take a pride, to appear in the noble dress of their ancestors. These are always considered as an honour and an ornament to the day. So far however has habit altered the custom of the people, even against their own approbation, that notwithstanding the convenience and respect attached to the tartans, they are generally laid aside. But though the men are nothing deficient in the disposition to set themselves off in the lowland fashions, from the superior expense of cloth and other materials of a masculine dress, they are by no means so gay as the lasses. Girls, who the yester even were seen bare-headed and bare-footed, lightly dressed in a blue flannel petticoat and dark linen jacket, are now busked in white frocks, riband sashes, cotton stockings on their feet, and artificial flowers on their heads. The "merchant's" and the miller's daughters frequently exhibit the last fashion from Edinburgh, and are beautified and garnished with escalloped trimmings, tabbed sleeves, tucks, lace, gathers, and French frills! As it has been discovered that tartan is nothing esteemed in London, little or none is to be seen, except in the red plaid or broached tunic of some old wife, whose days of gayety are past, but who still loves that with which she was gay in her youth. It is to be regretted that Dr. Samuel Johnson had not lived to witness

these dawnings of *reason and improvement*; his philosophical mind might have rejoiced in the symptoms of approaching "*civilization*" among the highlanders.

The hour of dinner is generally about one o'clock; the guests are assembling for two hours before, and each as he enters is presented with a glass of "uisga" by way of welcome. When the company is seated, and the grace has been said, the bottle makes a regular round, and each empties a bumper as it passes. During the meal more than one circle is completed in the same manner; and, at the conclusion, another revolutionary libation is given as a finale. As soon after dinner as his march will allow, the bridegroom arrives: his approach is announced at a distance by a continual and running discharge of fire-arms from his party. These signals are answered by the friends of the bride, and when at length they meet, a general but irregular feu-de-joie announces the arrival. The bridegroom and his escort are then regaled with whiskey, and after they have taken some farther refreshment the two parties combine, and proceed in a loose procession to the "clachan."

Sometimes, and particularly if there happens to be a few old disbanded sergeants among them, the whole "gathering" marches very uniformly in pairs; and there is always a strict regulation in the support of the bride, and the place of the bridegroom and his party. The escort of the former takes precedence in the procession, and the head of the column is generally formed of the most active and best armed of her friends, led by their pipes. Immediately after this advanced guard, come the bride and the females of her party, accompanied by their fathers, brothers, and other friends. The bride is supported on one side by a bridesman, and on the other by a bridesmaid; her arms are linked in theirs, and from the right and left hand of the supporters is held a white scarf or handkerchief, which depends in a festoon across the figure of the bride. The privilege of supporting the bride is indispensably confined to the bridesman and bridesmaid, and it would be an unacceptable piece of politeness for any other persons, however high their rank, to offer to supply their place. The bridegroom and his party, with their piper, form the rear of the procession, and the whole is closed by two young girls, who walk last at the array, bearing in a festoon between them a white scarf, similar to that held before the bride. During the march the pipes generally play the old

Scots air, "Fye, lets a' to the Bridal," and the parties of the bride and bridegroom endeavour to emulate each other in the discharge of their fire-arms. In this order the bridal company reaches the church, and each pipe as it passes the gate of the surrounding cemetery becomes silent. In the old time the pipers played round the outside of the clachan during the performance of the service, but of later years this custom has been discontinued. The ritual of the marriage is very simple: a prayer for the happiness and guidance of the young couple who are about to enter upon the troubled tide of life; a short exhortation upon the duties of the station which they are to undertake, and a benediction by the imposition of the hands of the minister, is all the ceremonial of the union, and announces to them that they are "no longer two, but one flesh."

In the short days of winter, and when the bridegroom has to come from a distance, it is very frequent that the ceremony is not performed until night. The different circumstances of the occasion are then doubly picturesque and affecting: while the cavalcade is yet at a distance, the plaintive pealing of the pipes approaching upon the stillness of the night, the fire-arms flashing upon the darkness, and their reports redoubled by the solitary echoes of the mountains, and when, at length, the train draws near, the mingled tread of hasty feet, the full clamour of the pipes, the mixed and confused visionry of the white figures of the girls, and the dark shadows of the men, with here and there the waving of a plaid and the glinting of a dirk, must be striking to a stranger, but wake inexpressible emotions in the bosom of a Gaël, who loves the people and the customs of his land.

The scene is still more impressive at the clachan. I have yet before me the groups of the last wedding at which I was present in the highlands. The church was dimly lighted for the occasion; beneath the pulpit stood the minister, upon whose head eighty-five winters had left their trace: his thinned hair, bleached like the "cana," hung in ringlets on his neck; and the light falling feebly from above, shed a silvery gleam across his lofty forehead and pale features, as he lifted his look towards heaven, and stretched his hands above the betrothed pair who stood before him. The bridegroom, a hardy young highlander, the fox-hunter of the district, was dressed in the full tartans; and the bride, the daughter of a neighbouring shepherd, was simply attired in white, with a bunch of white roses

in her hair. The dark cheek and keen eye of the hunter deepened its hue and its light as he held the hand which had been placed in his, while the downcast face of the bride scarcely showed distinctly more than her fair forehead and temples, and seemed, as the light shone obliquely upon them, almost as pale as the roses which she wore; her slim form bent upon the supporting arm of the bridesmaid — the white frill about her neck throbbing with a light and quick vibration.

After the ceremony of the marriage is concluded, it is the privilege of the bridesman to salute the bride. As the party leave the church, the pipes again strike up, and the whole company adjourns to the next inn, or to the house of some relation of the bride's; for it is considered "*unlucky*" for her own to be the first which she enters. Before she crosses the threshold, an oaten cake is broken over her head by the bridesman and bridesmaid, and distributed to the company, and a glass of whiskey passes round. The whole party then enter the house, and two or three friends of the bridegroom, who act as masters of the ceremonies, pass through the room with a bottle of whiskey, and pour out to each individual a glass to the health of the bride, the bridegroom, and their clans. Dancing then commences to the music of the pipes, and the new-married couple lead off the first reel. It is a customary compliment for the person of highest rank in the room to accompany her in the next. During the dancing the whiskey-bottle makes a revolution at intervals; and after the reels and strathspeys have been kept up for some time, the company retires to supper. The fare of the supper differs little from that of the dinner; and the rotation of the whiskey-bottle is as regular as the sun which it follows.

[At highland festivals the bottle is always circulated sun-ways, an observance which had its rise in the Druidical "*deas'oil*," and once regulated almost every action of the Celts.]

When the supper is announced, each man leads his partner or some female friend to the table, and seating himself at her side, takes upon himself her particular charge during the meal; and upon such occasions, as the means of the bride and bridegroom do not permit them to bear the expenses of the supper, he is expected to pay her share of the reckoning as well as his own. After supper the dancing again commences, and is occasionally inspired by the before-noticed circumvolutions of the "*Uisga na*

Baidh." The bride and bridegroom, and such as choose repose rather than merriment, retire to take a couple of hours' rest before dawn; but the majority keep up the dancing till day. Towards morning many of the company begin to disperse; and when it is well light, breakfast is given to all who remain. Tea, multitudes of eggs, cold meat, a profusion of oat cakes, barley "scones," and sometimes *wheat bread*, brought, perhaps, a distance of thirty miles, constitute the good cheer of this meal. When it is concluded, the bride takes leave of the majority of her friends, and accompanied only by her particular intimates and relations, sets off with the bridegroom and his party for her future residence. She is accompanied by her neighbours to the march of her father, or the tacksman under whom he lives, and at the burn-side (for such is generally the boundary) they dance a parting reel: when it is concluded, the bride kisses her friends, they return to their dwellings, and she departs for her new home. When, however, the circumstances of the bridegroom will permit, all those who were present at the house of the bride, are generally invited to accompany her on her way, and a renewal of the preceding festivities takes place at the dwelling of the bridegroom.

Upon these occasions it is incredible the fatigue which the youngest girls will undergo: of this one instance will give a sufficient proof. At a wedding which happened at Cladich by Loch Awe side, there were present as bridesmaids, two girls, not above fourteen years of age, who had walked to the bridal from Inbherara, a distance of nine miles. They attended the bride to the clachan of Inishail, and back to her father's house, which is four miles farther. During the night none were more blithe in the dance, and in the morning after breakfast they accompanied the rest of the party to the house of the bridegroom at Tighndrum; the distance of this place is eighteen miles: and thus, when they had finished their journey, the two young bridesmaids had walked, without rest, and under the fatigue of dancing, a distance of thirty-one miles.

Such is the general outline of a highland wedding. In some districts, a few other of the ancient customs are yet retained: the throwing of the stocking is sometimes practised; but the blessing of the bridal couch disappeared with the religion of the popes.\*

\* Note to the Bridal of Caolchairn, by J. H. Allan, Esq.

## FLINGING THE STOCKING.

Mr. Brand collects a variety of particulars respecting this wedding custom.

A curious little book, entitled "The West-country Clothier undone by a Peacock," says, "The sack-posset must be eaten and the stocking flung, to see who can first hit the bridegroom *on the nose*." Misson, a traveller in England at the beginning of the last century, relates, concerning this usage, that the young men took the bride's stocking, and the girls those of the bridegroom; each of whom, sitting at the foot of the bed, threw the stocking over their heads, endeavouring to make it fall upon that of the bride, or her spouse: if the bridegroom's stockings, thrown by the girls, fell upon the bridegroom's head, it was a sign that they themselves would soon be married: and a similar prognostic was taken from the falling of the bride's stocking, thrown by the young men. The usage is related to the same effect in a work entitled "Hymen," &c. (8vo. 1760.) "The men take the bride's stockings, and the women those of the bridegroom: they then seat themselves at the bed's feet, and throw the stockings over their heads, and whenever any one hits the owner of them, it is looked upon as an omen that the person will be married in a short time: and though this ceremony is looked upon as mere play and foolery, new marriages are often occasioned by such accidents. Meantime the posset is got ready and given to the married couple. When they awake in the morning, a sack-posset is also given them." A century before this, in a "A Sing-Song on Clarinda's Wedding," in R. Fletcher's "Translations and Poems, 1656," is the following stanza:—

"This clutter ore, Clarinda lay  
Half-bedded, like the peeping day  
Behind Olympus' cap;  
Whiles at her head each twitt'ring girle  
The fatal stocking quick did whirle  
To know the lucky hap."

And the "Progress of Matrimony," in "The Palace Miscellany," 1733, says,

"Then come all the younger folk in,  
With ceremony throw the stocking;  
Backward, o'er head, in turn they toss'd it,  
Till in sack-posset they had lost it.  
Th' intent of flinging thus the hose,  
Is to hit him or her *o' th' nose*:  
Who hits the mark, thus, o'er left shoulder,  
Must married be, ere twelve months older."

This adventuring against the most prominent feature of the face is further men-

tioned in "The Country Wedding," a poem, in the Gentleman's Magazine, for March 1735, vol. v. p. 158.

"Bid the lasses and lads to the merry brown bowl,  
While rashers of bacon shall smoke on the coal:  
Then Roger and Bridget, and Robin and Nan,  
*Hit 'em each on the nose, with the hose if you can.*"

Dunton's "British Apollo," 1708, contains a question and answer concerning this old usage.

Q. Apollo, say, whence 'tis I pray,  
The ancient custom came,  
Stockings to throw (I'm sure you know)  
At bridegroom and his dame?

"A. When Britons bold, bedded of old,  
Sandals were backward thrown;  
The pair to tell, that, ill or well,  
The act was all their own."

If a more satisfactory explanation of the custom could be found, it should be at the reader's service. The practice prevails on the continent as well as in this country, but its origin is involved in obscurity.

## Garrick Plays.

### No. VII.

[From "Fortune by Land and Sea," a Comedy, by T. Heywood, and W. Rowley, 1655.]

*Old Forest forbids his Son to sup with some riotous gallants; who goes notwithstanding, and is slain.*

#### Scene, a Tavern.

*Rainsworth, Foster, Goodwin. To them enters Frank Forest.*

*Rain.* Now, Frank, how stole you from your father's arms?

You have been school'd, no doubt. Fie, fie upon't.  
Ere I would live in such base servitude  
To an old greybeard; 'sfoot, I'd hang myself.  
A man cannot be merry, and drink drunk,  
But he must be control'd by gravity.

*Frank.* O pardon him; you know, he is my father,  
And what he doth is but paternal love.  
Though I be wild, I'm not yet so past reason  
His person to despise, though I his counsel  
Cannot severely follow.

*Rain.* 'Sfoot, he is a fool.

*Frank.* A fool! you are a—

*Fost.* Nay, gentlemen—

*Frank.* Yet I restrain my tongue,  
Hoping you speak out of some spleenful rashness,  
And no deliberate malice; and it may be  
You are sorry that a word so unreverent,

To wrong so good an aged gentleman,  
Should pass you unawares.

*Rain.* Sorry, Sir Boy! you will not take exceptions?

*Frank.* Not against you with willingness, whom I  
Have loved so long. Yet you might think me a  
Most dutiless and ungracious son to give  
Smooth countenance unto my father's wrong.  
Come, I dare swear

'Twas not your malice, and I take it so.

Let's frame some other talk. Hear, gentlemen—

*Rain.* But hear me, Boy! it seems, Sir, you are  
angry—

*Frank.* Not thoroughly yet—

*Rain.* Then what would anger thee?

*Frank.* Nothing from you.

*Rain.* Of all things under heaven  
What would'st thou loathest have me do?

*Frank.* I would

Not have you wrong my reverent father; and  
I hope you will not.

*Rain.* Thy father's an old dotard.

*Frank.* I would not brook this at a monarch's hand,  
Much less at thine.

*Rain.* Aye, Boy? then take you that.

*Frank.* Oh I am slain.

*Good.* Sweet Cuz, what have you done? Shift for  
yourself.

*Rain.* Away.—

*Exeunt.*

*Enter Two Drawers.*

*1st Dr.* Stay the gentlemen, they have killed a man.  
O sweet Mr. Francis. One run to his father's.  
*2d Dr.* Hark, hark, I hear his father's voice below;  
'tis ten to one he is come to fetch him home to supper,  
and now he may carry him home to his grave.

*Enter the Host, old Forest, and Susan his daughter.*

*Host.* You must take comfort, Sir.

*For.* Is he dead, is he dead, girl?

*Sus.* Oh dead, Sir, Frank is dead.

*For.* Alas, alas, my boy! I have not the heart  
To look upon his wide and gaping wounds.  
Pray tell me, Sir, does this appear to you  
Fearful and pitiful—to you that are  
A stranger to my dead boy?

*Host.* How can it otherwise?

*For.* O me most wretched of all wretched men!  
If to a stranger his warm bleeding wounds  
Appear so grisly and so lamentable,  
How will they seem to me that am his father?  
Will they not hale my eye-brows from their rounds,  
And with an everlasting blindness strike them?

*Sus.* Oh, Sir, look here.

*For.* Dost long to have me blind?  
Then I'll behold them, since I know thy mind.  
Oh me!

Is this my son that doth so senseless lie,  
And swims in blood? my soul shall fly with his  
Unto the land of rest. Behold I crave,  
Being kill'd with grief, we both may have one grave.  
*Sus.* Alas, my father's dead too! gentle Sir,  
Help to retire his spirits, over-travail'd  
With age and sorrow.

*Host.* Mr. Forest—

*Sus.* Father—

*For.* What says my girl? good morrow. What's a clock,

That you are up so early? call up Frank;  
Tell him he lies too long a bed this morning.  
He was wont to call the sun up, and to raise  
The early lark, and mount her 'mongst the clouds. :  
Will he not up? rise, rise, thou sluggish boy.

*Sus.* Alas, he cannot, father.

*For.* Cannot, why?

*Sus.* Do you not see his bloodless colour pale?

*For.* Perhaps he's sickly, that he looks so pale.

*Sus.* Do you not feel his pulse no motion keep,  
How still he lies?

*For.* Then is he fast asleep.

*Sus.* Do you not see his fatal eyelid close?

*For.* Speak softly; hinder not his soft repose.

*Sus.* Oh see you not these purple conduits run?  
Know you these wounds?

*For.* Oh me! my murder'd son!

*Enter young Mr. Forest.*

*Y. For.* Sister!

*Sus.* O brother, brother!

*Y. For.* Father, how cheer you, Sir? why, you were wont

To store for others comfort, that by sorrow  
Were any ways distress'd. Have you all wasted,  
And spared none to yourself?

*O. For.* O Son, Son, Son,

See, alas, see where thy brother lies.  
He dined with me to day, was merry, merry,  
Aye, that corpse was; he that lies here, see here,  
Thy murder'd brother and my son was. Oh see,  
Dost thou not weep for him?

*Y. For.* I shall find time;

When you have took some comfort, I'll begin  
To mourn his death, and scourge the murderer's sin.

*O. For.* Oh, when saw father such a tragic sight,  
And did outlive it? never, son, ah never,  
From mortal breast ran such a precious river.

*Y. For.* Come, father, and dear sister, join with me;  
Let us all learn our sorrows to forget.  
He owed a death, and he hath paid that debt.

If I were to be consulted as to a Reprint of our Old English Dramatists, I should advise to begin with the collected Plays of Heywood. He was a fellow Actor, and fellow Dramatist, with Shakspeare. He possessed not the imagination of the latter; but in all those qualities which gained for Shakspeare the attribute of *gentle*, he was not inferior to him. Generosity, courtesy, temperance in the depths of passion; sweetness, in a word, and gentleness; Christianity; and true hearty Anglicism of feelings, shaping that Christianity; shine throughout his beautiful writings in a manner more conspicuous than in those of Shakspeare, but only more conspicuous inasmuch as in Heywood these qualities are primary, in the other subordinate to poetry. I love them both equally, but

Shakspeare has most of my wonder. Heywood should be known to his countrymen, as he deserves. His plots are almost invariably English. I am sometimes jealous, that Shakspeare laid so few of his scenes at home. I laud Ben Jonson, for that in one instance having framed the first draught of his *Every Man in his Humour in Italy*, he changed the scene, and Anglicised his characters. The names of them in the First Edition, may not be unamusing.

<i>Men.</i>	<i>Women.</i>
Lorenzo, Sen.	Guilliana.
Lorenzo, Jun.	Biancha.
Prospero.	Hesperida.
Thorello.	Tib (the same in English.)
Stephano (Master Stephen.)	
Dr. Clement (Justice Clement.)	
Bobadilla (Bobadil.)	
Musco.	
Cob (the same in English.)	
Peto.	
Pizo.	
Matheo (Master Mathew.)	

How say you, Reader? do not Master Kately, Mistress Kately, Master Knowell, Brainworm, &c. read better than these Cis-alpines?

C. L.



## Billy Boots.

*For the Table Book.*

On January 6th, 1815, died at Lynn, Norfolk, at an advanced age, (supposed

about seventy,) this eccentric individual, whose proper name, William Monson, had become nearly obliterated by his professional appellation of *Billy Boots*; having followed the humble employment of shoe-black for a longer period than the greater part of the inhabitants could remember. He was reported, (and he always professed himself to be,) the illegitimate son of a nobleman, whose name he bore, by a Miss Cracroft. Of his early days little is known, except from the reminiscences of conversation which the writer of this article at times held with him. From thence it appears, that having received a respectable education, soon after leaving school, he quitted his maternal home in Lincolnshire, and threw himself upon the world, from whence he was sought out by some of his paternal brothers, with the intention of providing and fixing him in comfortable circumstances; but this dependent life he abhorred, and the wide world was again his element. After experiencing many vicissitudes, (though possessing defects never to be overcome,—a diminutive person,—a shuffling, slipshod gait,—and a weak, whining voice,) he joined a company of strolling players, and used to boast of having performed “Trueman,” in “George Barnwell:” from this he imbibed an ardent histrionic *cacoethes*, which never left him, but occupied many of his leisure moments, to the latest period of his life. Tired of rambling, he fixed his residence at Lynn, and adopting the useful vocation of shoe-black, became conspicuous as a sober, inoffensive, and industrious individual. Having, by these means, saved a few guineas, in a luckless hour, and when verging towards his fiftieth year, he took to himself a wife, a dashing female of more favourable appearance than reputation. In a few days from the tying of the gordian knot, his precious metal and his precious rib took flight together, never to return; and forsaken Billy whined away his disaster, to every pitying inquirer, and continued to brush and spout, till time had blunted the keen edge of sorrow.

Notwithstanding this misfortune, Billy made no rash vow of forswearing the sex, but ogled every mop-squeezer in the town, who would listen to his captivating eloquence; and whenever a roguish Bloussinda consented to encourage his addresses, he was seen early and late, like a true devotee, shuffling a pilgrimage to the shrine of his devotions. In a summer evening, after the labour of the day, on these occasions, and on these occasions only, he used to

clean himself and spruce up, in his best suit, which was not improperly termed his courting suit—a worn-out scarlet coat, reaching to his heels, with buttons of the largest dimensions—the other part of his dress corresponding. When tired of the joke, his faithless inamorata, on some frivolous pretence, contrived to discard him, leaving him to “fight his battles o’er again,” and seek some other bewitching fair one, who in the end served him as the former; another and another succeeded, but still poor Billy was ever jilted, and still lived a devoted victim to the tender passion.

Passionately fond of play-books, of which he had a small collection—as uninviting to the look as himself in his working dress—and possessing a retentive memory, he would recite, not merely the single character, but whole scenes, with all the dramatis personæ. His favourite character, however, was “Shylock;” and here, when soothed and flattered, he exhibited a rich treat to his risible auditors in the celebrated trial scene, giving the entire dialogue, suiting the action and attitude to the words, in a style of the most perfect caricatural originality. At other times, he would select “The Waterman,” and, as “Tom Tug,” warble forth, “Then farewell my trim-built wherry,” in strains of exquisitely whining melody. But, alas! luckless wight! his only reward was ridicule, and for applause he had jokes and quizzing sarcasms.

Like most of nature’s neglected eccentrics, Billy was a public mark of derision, at which every urchin delighted to aim. When charges of “setting the river Thames on fire!” and “roasting his wife on a grid-iron!” were vociferated in his ears, proudly conscious of his innocence of such heinous crimes, his noble soul would swell with rage and indignation; and sometimes stones, at other times his brushes, and oftentimes his pot of blacking, were aimed at the ruthless offender, who frequently escaped, while the unwary passer-by received the marks of his vengeance. When unmolested, he was harmless and inoffensive.

Several attempts, it is said, were made towards the latter part of his life to settle an annuity on him; but Billy scorned such independence, and maintained himself till death by praiseworthy industry. After a few days’ illness, he sank into the grave, unhonoured and unnoticed, except by the following tribute to his memory, written by a literary and agricultural gentleman in the neighbourhood of Lynn, and inserted in the “Norwich Mercury” newspaper of that period.

ELEGIAC LINES ON WILLIAM MONSON,  
LATE OF LYNN, AN ECCENTRIC CHARAC-  
TER; COMMONLY Y'CLEPT BILLY BOOTS.

Imperial Fate, who, with promiscuous course,  
Exerts o'er high and low his influence dread;  
Impell'd his shaft with unrelenting force,  
And laid thee, *Billy*, 'mongst the mighty dead!

Yet 'though, when borne to thy sepulchral home,  
No pomp funereal grac'd thy poor remains,  
Some "frail memorial" should adorn thy tomb,  
Some trifling tribute from the Muse's strains.

Full fifty years, poor *Billy*! hast thou budg'd,  
A care-worn shoe-black, up and down the streets;  
From house to house, with slip-shod step hast trudg'd,  
'Midst summer's rays, and winter's driving sleets.

Report allied thee to patrician blood,  
Yet, whilst thy life to drudg'ry was confin'd,  
Thy firmness each dependent thought withstood,  
And prov'd,—thy true nobility of mind.

With shuffling, lagging gait, with visage queer,  
Which seem'd a stranger to ablu'tion's pow'r,  
In tatter'd garb, well suited to thy sphere,  
Thou o'er life's stage didst strut thy fretful hour.

O'er boots and shoes, to spread the jetty hue,  
And give the gloss,—thou *Billy*, wert the man,  
No boasting rivals could thy skill outdo—  
Not "Day and Martin," with their fam'd japan.

On men well-bred and perfectly refin'd,  
An extra polish could thine art bestow;  
At feast or ball, thy varnish'd honours shin'd,  
Made spruce the trader, and adorn'd the beau.

When taunting boys, whom no reproof could tame,  
On thee their scoffs at cautious distance shed,  
A shoe or brush, impetuous wouldst thou aim,  
Wing'd with resentment, at some urchin's head.

With rage theatric often didst thou glow,  
(Though ill adapted for the scenic art;)  
As Denmark's prince soliloquiz'd in woe,  
Or else rehears'd vindictive *Shylock's* part.

Brushing and spouting, emulous of fame,  
Oft pocketing affronts instead of cash,  
In *Iago's* phrase, sometimes thou might'st exclaim  
With too much truth,—“who steals my purse steals  
trash.”

Peace to thine ashes! harmless in thy way,  
Long wert thou emp'ror of the shoe-black train,  
And with thy fav'rite Shakspeare we may say,  
We “ne'er shall look upon thy like again.”

## The Drama.

### “THE GREAT UNKNOWN” KNOWN.

Friday the 23d of February, 1827, is to be regarded as remarkable, because on that day “The Great Unknown” confessed himself. The disclosure was made at the first annual dinner of the “Edinburgh Theatrical Fund,” then held in the Assembly Rooms, Edinburgh—Sir WALTER SCOTT in the chair.

Sir WALTER SCOTT, after the usual toasts to the King and the Royal Family, requested, that gentlemen would fill a bumper as full as it would hold, while he would say only a few words. He was in the habit of hearing speeches, and he knew the feeling with which long ones were regarded. He was sure that it was perfectly unnecessary for him to enter into any vindication of the dramatic art, which they had come here to support. This, however, he considered to be the proper time and proper occasion for him to say a few words on that love of representation which was an innate feeling in human nature. It was the first amusement that the child had—it grew greater as he grew up; and, even in the decline of life, nothing amused so much as when a common tale is well told. The first thing a child does is to ape his schoolmaster, by flogging a chair. It was an enjoyment natural to humanity. It was implanted in our very nature, to take pleasure from such representations, at proper times, and on proper occasions. In all ages the theatrical art had kept pace with the improvement of mankind, and with the progress of letters and the fine arts. As he had advanced from the ruder stages of society, the love of dramatic representations had increased, and all works of this nature had been improved in character and in structure. They had only to turn their eyes to the history of ancient Greece, although he did not pretend to be very deeply versed in ancient history. Its first tragic poet commanded a body of troops at Marathon. The second and next, were men who shook Athens with their discourses, as their theatrical works shook the theatre itself. If they turned to France, in the time of Louis XIV., that era in the classical history of that country, they would find that it was referred to by all Frenchmen as the golden age of the drama there. And also in England, in the time of queen Elizabeth, the drama began to mingle deeply and wisely in the general politics of Europe, not only not receiving

laws from others, but giving laws to the world, and vindicating the rights of mankind. (*Cheers.*) There had been various times when the dramatic art subsequently fell into disrepute. Its professors had been stigmatized: and laws had been passed against them, less dishonourable to them than to the statesmen by whom they were proposed, and to the legislators by whom they were passed. What were the times in which these laws were passed? Was it not when virtue was seldom inculcated as a moral duty, that we were required to relinquish the most rational of all our amusements, when the clergy were enjoined celibacy, and when the laity were denied the right to read their Bibles? He thought that it must have been from a notion of penance that they erected the drama into an ideal place of profaneness, and the tent of sin. He did not mean to dispute, that there were many excellent persons who thought differently from him, and they were entitled to assume that they were not guilty of any hypocrisy in doing so. He gave them full credit for their tender consciences, in making these objections, which did not appear to him relevant to those persons, if they were what they usurped themselves to be; and if they were persons of worth and piety, he should crave the liberty to tell them, that the first part of their duty was charity, and that if they did not choose to go to the theatre, they at least could not deny that they might give away, from their superfluity, what was required for the relief of the sick, the support of the aged, and the comfort of the afflicted. These were duties enjoined by our religion itself. (*Loud cheers.*) The performers were in a particular manner entitled to the support or regard, when in old age or distress, of those who had partaken of the amusements of those places which they rendered an ornament to society. Their art was of a peculiarly delicate and precarious nature. They had to serve a long apprenticeship. It was very long before even the first-rate geniuses could acquire the mechanical knowledge of the stage business. They must languish long in obscurity before they could avail themselves of their natural talents; and after that, they had but a short space of time, during which they were fortunate if they could provide the means of comfort in the decline of life. That came late, and lasted but a short time; after which they were left dependent. Their limbs failed, their teeth were loosened, their voice was lost, and they were left, after giving happiness to others, in a most disconsolate state.

The public were liberal and generous to those deserving their protection. It was a sad thing to be dependant on the favour, or, he might say, in plain terms, on the caprice of the public; and this more particularly for a class of persons of whom extreme prudence was not the character. There might be instances of opportunities being neglected; but let them tax themselves, and consider the opportunities they had neglected, and the sums of money they had wasted; let every gentleman look into his own bosom, and say whether these were circumstances which would soften his own feeling, were he to be plunged into distress. He put it to every generous bosom—to every better feeling—to say what consolation was it to old age to be told that you might have made provision at a time which had been neglected—(*loud cheers*)—and to find it objected, that if you had pleased you might have been wealthy. He had hitherto been speaking of what, in theatrical language, was called “stars,” but they were sometimes fallen ones. There were another class of sufferers naturally and necessarily connected with the theatre, without whom it was impossible to go on. The sailors had a saying, “every man cannot be a boatswain.” If there must be persons to act *Hamlet*, there must also be people to act *Laertes*, the *King*, *Rosencrantz*, and *Guildenstern*, otherwise a drama cannot go on. If even Garrick himself were to rise from the dead, he could not act *Hamlet* alone. There must be generals, colonels, commanding officers, and subalterns; but what were the private soldiers to do? Many had mistaken their own talents, and had been driven in early youth to try the stage, to which they were not competent. He would know what to say to the poet and to the artist. He would say that it was foolish, and he would recommend to the poet to become a scribe, and the artist to paint sign-posts. (*Loud laughter.*) But he could not send the player adrift; for if he could not play *Hamlet*, he must play *Guildenstern*. Where there were many labourers, wages must be low, and no man in such a situation could decently support a wife and family, and save something of his income for old age. What was this man to do in latter life? Were they to cast him off like an old hinge, or a piece of useless machinery, which had done its work? To a person who had contributed to our amusement, that would be unkind, ungrateful, and unchristian. His wants were not of his own making, but arose from the natural sources of sickness and old age. It could not be denied that



there was one class of sufferers to whom no imprudence could be ascribed, except on first entering on the profession. After putting his hand to the dramatic plough, he could not draw back, but must continue at it, and toil, till death released him; or charity, by its milder assistance, stepped in to render that want more tolerable. He had little more to say, except that he sincerely hoped that the collection to-day, from the number of respectable gentlemen present, would meet the views entertained by the patrons. He hoped it would do so. They should not be disheartened. Though they could not do a great deal, they might do something. They had this consolation, that every thing they parted with from their superfluity would do some good. They would sleep the better themselves when they had been the means of giving sleep to others. It was ungrateful and unkind that those who had sacrificed their youth to our amusement should not receive the reward due to them, but should be reduced to hard fare in their old age. They could not think of poor Falstaff going to bed without his cup of sack, or Macbeth fed on bones as marrowless as those of Banquo. (*Loud cheers and laughter.*) As he believed that they were all as fond of the dramatic art as he was in his younger days, he would propose that they should drink "The Theatrical Fund," with three times three.

Mr. MACKAY rose on behalf of his brethren, to return their thanks for the toast just drank.

LORD MEADOWBANK begged to bear testimony to the anxiety which they all felt for the interests of the institution which it was for this day's meeting to establish. For himself, he was quite surprised to find his humble name associated with so many others, more distinguished, as a patron of the institution. But he happened to hold a high and important public station in the country. It was matter of regret that he had so little the means in his power of being of service; yet it would afford him at all times the greatest pleasure to give assistance. As a testimony of the feelings with which he now rose, he begged to propose a health, which he was sure, in an assembly of Scotsmen, would be received, not with an ordinary feeling of delight, but with rapture and enthusiasm. He knew that it would be painful to his feelings if he were to speak of him in the terms which his heart prompted; and that he had sheltered himself under his native modesty from the applause which he deserved. But it was gratifying at last to know that these

clouds were now dispelled, and that the "great unknown"—"the mighty Magician"—(*here the room literally rung with applauses for some minutes*)—the Minstrel of our country, who had conjured up, not the phantoms of departed ages, but realities, now stood revealed before the eyes and affections of his country. In his presence it would ill become him, as it would be displeasing to that distinguished person, to say, if he were able, what every man must feel, who recollected the enjoyment he had had from the great efforts of his mind and genius. It had been left for him, by his writings, to give his country an imperishable name. He had done more for that country, by illuminating its annals, by illustrating the deeds of its warriors and statesmen, than any man that ever existed, or was produced, within its territory. He had opened up the peculiar beauties of his native land to the eyes of foreigners. He had exhibited the deeds of those patriots and statesmen to whom we owed the freedom we now enjoyed. He would give "The health of Sir Walter Scott."

This toast was drank with enthusiastic cheering.

SIR WALTER SCOTT certainly did not think, that, in coming there that day, he would have the task of acknowledging, before 300 gentlemen, a secret which, considering that it was communicated to more than 20 people, was remarkably well kept. He was now before the bar of his country, and might be understood to be on trial before lord Meadowbank, as an offender; yet he was sure that every impartial jury would bring in a verdict of "not proven." He did not now think it necessary to enter into reasons for his long silence. Perhaps he might have acted from caprice. He had now to say, however, that the merits of these works, if they had any, and their faults, were entirely imputable to himself. (*Long and loud cheering.*) He was afraid to think on what he had done. "Look on't again I dare not." He had thus far unbosomed himself, and he knew that it would be reported to the public. He meant, when he said that he was the author, that he was the total and undivided author. With the exception of quotations, there was not a single word that was not derived from himself, or suggested in the course of his reading. The wand was now broken and the rod buried. They would allow him further to say, with *Prospero*, "Your breath it is that has filled my sails," and to crave one single toast in the capacity of the author of those novels; and he would dedicate a bumper to the

health of one who had represented some of those characters, of which he had endeavoured to give the skeleton, with a degree of liveliness which rendered him grateful. He would propose the health of his friend *Baillie Nicol Jarvie*; (loud applause;) and he was sure that, when the author of *Waverley* and *Rob Roy* drank to *Nicol Jarvie*, it would be received with that degree of applause to which that gentleman had always been accustomed, and that they would take care that, on the present occasion, it should be prodigious! (*Long and vehement applause.*)

Mr. MACKAY, who spoke with great humour in the character of *Baillie Jarvie*.—"My conscience! My worthy father, the Deacon, could not have believed that his son could have had sic a compliment paid to him by the *Great Unknown*."

Sir WALTER SCOTT.—"*Not unknown now, Mr. Baillie.*"

After this avowal, numerous toasts were duly honoured; and on the proposal of "the health of Mrs. Siddons, senior, the most distinguished ornament of the stage," Sir WALTER SCOTT said, that if any thing could reconcile him to old age, it was the reflection that he had seen the rising as well as the setting sun of Mrs. Siddons. He remembered well their breakfasting near to the theatre—waiting the whole day—the crushing at the doors at six o'clock—and their going in and counting their fingers till seven o'clock. But the very first step—the very first word which she uttered, was sufficient to overpay him for all his labours. The house was literally electrified; and it was only from witnessing the effects of her genius, that he could guess to what a pitch theatrical excellence could be carried. Those young fellows who had only seen the setting sun of this distinguished performer, beautiful and serene as that was, must give the old fellows who had seen its rise leave to hold their heads a little higher.

Sir WALTER SCOTT subsequently gave "Scotland, the Land of Cakes." He would give every river, every loch, every hill, from Tweed to Johnnie Groat's house—every lass in her cottage, and countess in her castle; and may her sons stand by her, as their fathers did before them, and he who would not drink a bumper to his toast, may he never drink whiskey more.

Mr. II. G. BELL proposed the health of "James Sheridan Knowles."

Sir WALTER SCOTT.—Gentlemen, I crave a bumper all over. The last toast reminds me of a neglect of duty. Unaccustomed to a public duty of this kind, errors in con-

ducting the ceremonial of it may be excused, and omissions pardoned. Perhaps I have made one or two omissions in the course of the evening, for which I trust you will grant me your pardon and indulgence. One thing in particular I have omitted, and I would now wish to make amends for it by a libation of reverence and respect to the memory of Shakspeare. He was a man of universal genius, and from a period soon after his own era to the present day, he has been universally idolized. When I come to his honoured name, I am like the sick man who hung up his crutches at the shrine, and was obliged to confess that he did not walk better than before. It is indeed difficult, gentlemen, to compare him to any other individual. The only one to whom I can at all compare him, is the wonderful Arabian dervise, who dived into the body of each, and in that way became familiar with the thoughts and secrets of their hearts. He was a man of obscure origin, and as a player, limited in his acquirements; but he was born evidently with a universal genius. His eyes glanced at all the varied aspects of life, and his fancy portrayed with equal talents the king on the throne, and the clown who crackled his chestnuts at a Christmas fire. Whatever note he took, he struck it just and true, and awakened a corresponding chord in our own bosoms. Gentlemen, I propose "The memory of William Shakspeare."

Glee—"Lightly tread his hallowed ground."

Sir WALTER rose after the glee, and begged to propose as a toast the health of a lady whose living merits were not a little honourable to Scotland. This toast (said he) is also flattering to the national vanity of a Scotchman, as the lady whom I intend to propose is a native of this country. From the public her works have met with the most favourable reception. One piece of hers, in particular, was often acted here of late years, and gave pleasure of no mean kind to many brilliant and fashionable audiences. In her private character, she (he begged leave to say) was as remarkable as in a public sense she was for her genius. In short, he would, in one word, name—"Joanna Baillie."

Towards the close of the evening, Sir WALTER observed:—There is one who ought to be remembered on this occasion. He is indeed well entitled to our great recollection—one, in short, to whom the drama in this city owes much. He succeeded, not without trouble, and perhaps at some considerable sacrifice, in establish-

ing a theatre. The younger part of the company may not recollect the theatre to which I allude; but there are some who with me may remember, by name, the theatre in Carrubber's-close. There Allan Ramsay established his little theatre. His own pastoral was not fit for the stage, but it has its own admirers in those who love the Doric language in which it is written; and it is not without merits of a very peculiar kind. But, laying aside all considerations of his literary merit, Allan was a good, jovial, honest fellow, who could crack a bottle with the best. "The memory of Allan Ramsay."

Mr. P. ROBERTSON.—I feel that I am about to tread on ticklish ground. The talk is of a new theatre, and a bill may be presented for its erection, saving always, and provided the expenses be defrayed and carried through, provided always it be not opposed. Bereford-park, or some such place, might be selected, provided always due notice was given, and so we might have a playhouse, as it were, by possibility.

Sir WALTER SCOTT.—Wherever the new theatre is built, I hope it will not be large. There are two errors which we commonly commit—the one arising from our pride, the other from our poverty. If there are twelve plans, it is odds but the largest, without any regard to comfort, or an eye to the probable expense, is adopted. There was the college projected on this scale, and undertaken in the same manner, and who shall see the end of it? It has been building all my life, and may probably last during the lives of my children, and my children's children. Let it not be said when we commence a new theatre, as was said on the occasion of laying the foundation-stone of a certain building, "Behold the endless work begun." Play-going folks should attend somewhat to convenience. The new theatre should, in the first place, be such as may be finished in eighteen months or two years; and, in the second place, it should be one in which we can hear our old friends with comfort. It is better that a theatre should be crowded now and then, than to have a large theatre, with benches continually empty, to the discouragement of the actors, and the discomfort of the spectators.

Sir WALTER immediately afterwards said, "Gentlemen, it is now wearing late, and I shall request permission to retire. Like Partridge, I may say, '*non sum qualis eram.*' At my time of day, I can agree with Lord Ogleby, as to the rheumatism, and say, 'There's a twinge.' I hope, therefore, you

will excuse me for leaving the chair."—*(The worthy baronet then retired amidst long, loud, and rapturous cheering.)*

These extracts\* contain the substance of Sir Walter Scott's speeches on this memorable occasion. His allusions to actors and the drama are, of themselves, important; but his avowal of himself as the author of the "Waverley Novels," is a fact of peculiar interest in literary history. Particular circumstances, however, had made known the "Great Unknown" to several persons in London some months previously, though the fact had not by any means been generally circulated.

## Hot Meals.

### POWELL, THE FIRE-EATER.

"Oh! for a muse of fire!"

One fire burns out another burning. The jack-puddings who swallow flame at "the only booth" in every fair, have extinguished remembrance of Powell the fire-eater—a man so famous in his own day, that his name still lives. Though no journal records the time of his death, no line eulogizes his memory, no stone marks his burial-place, there are two articles written during his lifetime, which, being noticed here, may "help his fame along" a little further. Of the first, by a correspondent of Sylvanus Urban, the following is a sufficient abstract.

*Ashbourn, Derbyshire, Jan. 20, 1755.*

Last spring, Mr. Powell, the famous fire-eater, did us the honour of a visit at this town; and, as he set forth in his printed bills, that he had shown away not only before most of the crowned heads in Europe, but even before the Royal Society of London, and was dignified with a curious and very ample silver medal, which, he said, was bestowed on him by that learned body, as a testimony of their approbation, for eating what nobody else could eat, I was prevailed upon, at the importunity of some friends, to go and see a sight, that so many great kings and philosophers had not thought below their notice. And, I confess, though neither a superstitious nor an incurious man, I was not a little astonished at his wonderful performances in the fire-eating way.

\* From the report of the "Edinburgh Evening Courant" of Saturday, 24th Feb. 1827; in "The Times" of the Tuesday following.

After many restless days and nights, and the profoundest researches into the nature of things, I almost despaired of accounting for the strange phenomenon of a human and perishable creature eating red hot coals, taken indiscriminately out of a large fire, broiling steaks upon his tongue, swallowing huge draughts of liquid fire as greedily as a country squire does roast beef and strong beer. Thought I to myself, how can that element, which we are told is ultimately to devour all things, be devoured itself, as familiar diet, by a mortal man?—Here I stuck, and here I might have stuck, if I had not met with the following anecdote by M. Panthot, doctor of physic and member of the college of Lyons:—

“The secret of fire-eating was made public by a servant to one Richardson, an Englishman, who showed it in France about the year 1667, and was the first performer of the kind that ever appeared in Europe. It consists only in rubbing the hands, and thoroughly washing the mouth, lips, tongue, teeth, and other parts that are to touch the fire, with pure spirit of sulphur. This burns and cauterizes the epidermis, or upper skin, till it becomes as hard as thick leather, and every time the experiment is tried it becomes still easier than before. But if, after it has been very often repeated, the upper skin should grow so callous and horny as to become troublesome, washing the parts affected with very warm water, or hot wine, will bring away all the shrivelled or parched epidermis. The flesh, however, will continue tender and unfit for such business till it has been frequently rubbed over again with the same spirit.

“This preparative may be rendered much stronger and more efficacious, by mixing equal quantities of spirit of sulphur, sal ammoniac, essence of rosemary, and juice of onions.

“The bad effects which frequently swallowing red-hot coals, melted sealing wax, rosin, brimstone, and other calcined and inflammable matter, might have had upon his stomach, were prevented by drinking plentifully of warm water and oil, as soon as he left the company, till he had vomited all up again.”

My author further adds, that any person who is possessed of this secret, may safely walk over burning coals, or red-hot ploughshares; and he fortifies his assertion by the example of blacksmiths and forgers, many of whom acquire such a degree of callosity, by often handling hot things, that they will carry a glowing bar of iron in their naked hands, without hurt.

Whether Mr. Powell will take it kindly of me thus to have published his secret, I cannot tell; but as he now begins to drop into years, has no children that I know of, and may die suddenly, or without making a will, I think it is a great pity so genteel an occupation should become one of the *artes perditæ*, as possibly it may, if proper care is not taken; and therefore hope, after this information, some true-hearted Englishman will take it up again for the honour of his country, when he reads in the newspapers, *Yesterday died, much lamented, the famous Mr. Powell. He was the best, if not the only fire-eater in this world, and it is greatly to be feared his art is dead with him.*

Notwithstanding the preceding disclosure of Powell's “grand secret,” he continued to maintain his good name and reputation till after Dr. Johnson was pensioned, in the year 1762. We are assured of the fact by the internal evidence of the following article, preserved by a collector of odd things, who obtained it he knew not how:—

#### GENIUS UNREWARDED.

We have been lately honoured with the presence of the celebrated Mr. Powell, who, I suppose, must formerly have existed in a comet; and by one of those unforeseen accidents which sometimes happen to the most exalted characters, has dropped from its tail.

His common food is brimstone and fire, which he licks up as eagerly as a hungry peasant would a mess of pottage; he feeds on this extraordinary diet before princes and peers, to their infinite satisfaction; and such is his passion for this terrible element, that if he were to come hungry into your kitchen, while a sirloin was roasting, he would eat up the fire, and leave the beef.

It is somewhat surprising, that the friends of *real merit* have not yet promoted him, living, as we do, in an age favourable to men of genius: Mr. Johnson has been rewarded with a pension for writing, and Mr. Sheridan for speaking well; but Mr. Powell, who *eats well*, has not yet been noticed by any administration. Obligated to wander from place to place, instead of indulging himself in private with his favourite dish, he is under the uncomfortable necessity of eating in public, and helping himself from the kitchen fire of some paltry alehouse in the country.

O tempora! O mores!\*

\* Lounger's Common Place Book.



## March Fair, at Brough, Westmoreland.

*For the Table Book.*

This fair is held always on the second Thursday in March: it is a good one for cattle; and, in consequence of the great show, the inhabitants are obliged to shut up their windows; for the cattle and the drivers are stationed in all parts of the town, and few except the jobbers venture out during the time of selling.

From five to six o'clock the preceding evening, carts, chiefly belonging to Yorkshire clothiers, begin to arrive, and continue coming in until the morning, when, at about eight or nine, the cattle fair begins, and lasts till three in the afternoon. Previously to any article being sold, the fair is proclaimed in a manner depicted tolerably well in the preceding sketch. At ten, two individuals, named Matthew Horn

and John Deighton, having furnished themselves with a fiddle and clarinet, walk through the different avenues of the town three times, playing, as they walk, chiefly "God save the King;" at the end of this, some verses are repeated; which I have not the pleasure of recollecting; but I well remember, that thereby the venders are authorized to commence selling. After it is reported through the different stalls that "they've walked the fair," business usually commences in a very brisk manner.

Mat. Horn has the best cake booth in the fair, and takes a considerable deal more money than any "spice wife," (as women are called who attend to these dainties.) Jack Deighton is a shoemaker, and a tolerably good musician. Coals are also brought for sale, which, with cattle, mainly constitute the morning fair.

At the close of the cattle fair, the town is swept clean, and lasses walk about with their "*sweethearts*," and the fair puts on another appearance. "Cheap John's here the day," with his knives, combs, bracelets, &c. &c. The "great Tom Mathews," with his gallant show, generally contrives to pick up a pretty bit of money by his droll ways. Then "Here's spice Harry, gingerbread, Harry—Harry—Harry!" from Richmond, with his five-and-twenty lumps of gingerbread for sixpence. Harry stands in a cart, with his boxes of "spice" beside him, attracting the general attention of the whole fair, (though he is seldom here than at Brough-hill fair.) There are a few shows, viz. Scott's sleight of hand, horse performances, &c. &c.; and, considering the size of the town, it has really a very merry-spent fair. At six o'clock dancing begins in nearly all the public-houses, and lasts the whole of "a merry neet."

Jack Deighton mostly plays at the greatest dance, namely, at the Swan inn; and his companion, Horn, at one of the others; the dances are merely jigs, three reels, and four reels, and country dances, and *no more* than three sets can dance at a time. It is a matter of course to give the fiddler a penny or two-pence each dance; sometimes however another set slips in after the tune's begun, and thus trick the player. By this time nearly all the stalls are cleared away, and the "merry neet" is the only place to resort to for amusement. The fiddle and clarinet are to be heard every where; and it is astonishing what money is taken by the fiddlers. Some of the "spice wives," too, stop till the next morning, and go round with their cakes at intervals, which they often sell more of than before.

At this festival at Brough, the husbandmen have holiday, and many get so tipsy that they are frequently turned off from their masters. Several of the "spice wives" move away in the afternoon to Kirby Stephen, where there is a very large fair, better suited to their trade, for it commences on the day ensuing. Unfortunately, I was never present at the proclamation. From what I saw, I presume it is in consequence of a charter, and that these people offer their services that the fair-keepers may commence selling their articles sooner. I never heard of their being paid for their trouble. They are constantly attended by a crowd of people, who get on the carts and booths, and, at the end, set up a loud "huzza!"

W. H. H.

## THE TWELVE GEMS OF THE TWELVE MONTHS.

*For the Table Book.*

It is a Polish superstition, that each month has a particular gem attached to it, which governs it, and is supposed to influence the destiny of persons born in that month; it is therefore customary among friends, and lovers particularly, to present each other, on their natal day, with some trinket containing their tutelary gem, accompanied with its appropriate wish; this kind fate, or perhaps kinder fancy, generally contrives to realize according to their expectations.

### JANUARY.

*Jacinth*, or *Garnet* denotes constancy and fidelity in every engagement.

### FEBRUARY.

*Amethyst* preserves mortals from strong passions, and ensures peace of mind.

### MARCH.

*Bloodstone* denotes courage and secrecy in dangerous enterprises.

### APRIL.

*Sapphire*, or *Diamond* denotes repentance and innocence.

### MAY.

*Emerald*, successive love.

### JUNE.

*Agate* ensures long life and health.

### JULY.

*Ruby*, or *Cornelian* ensures the forgetfulness or cure of evils springing from friendship or love.

### AUGUST.

*Sardonia* ensures conjugal felicity.

### SEPTEMBER.

*Chrysolite* preserves from, or cures folly.

### OCTOBER.

*Aquamarine*, or *Opal* denotes misfortune and hope.

### NOVEMBER.

*Topaz* ensures fidelity and friendship.

### DECEMBER.

*Turquoise*, or *Malakite* denotes the most brilliant success and happiness in every circumstance of life.]

E. M. S.;

## Garrick Plays.

## No. VIII.

[From the "Game at Chess," a Comedy,  
by Thomas Middleton, 1624.]

*Popish Priest to a great Court Lady,  
whom he hopes to make a Convert of.*

Let me contemplate ;  
With holy wonder season my access,  
And by degrees approach the sanctuary  
Of unmatch'd beauty, set in grace and goodness.  
Amongst the daughters of men I have not found  
A more Catholical aspect. That eye  
Doth promise single life, and meek obedience.  
Upon those lips (the sweet fresh buds of youth)  
The holy dew of prayer lies, like pearl  
Dropt from the opening eyelids of the morn  
Upon the bashful rose. How beautifully  
A gentle fast (not rigorously imposed)  
Would look upon that cheek ; and how delightful  
The courteous physic of a tender penance,  
(Whose utmost cruelty should not exceed  
The first fear of a bride), to beat down frailty !

[From the "Virgin Widow," a Comedy,  
1649 ; the only production, in that kind,  
of Francis Quarles, Author of the Em-  
blems.]

*Song.*

How blest are they that waste their weary hours  
In solemn groves and solitary bowers,  
Where neither eye nor ear  
Can see or hear  
The frantic mirth  
And false delights of frolic earth ;  
Where they may sit, and pant,  
And breathe their pury souls ;  
Where neither grief consumes, nor griping want  
Afflicts, nor sullen care controuls.  
Away, false joys ; ye murder where ye kiss :  
There is no heaven to that, no life to this.

[From "Adrasta," a Tragi-comedy, by  
John Jones, 1635.]

*Dirge.*

Die, die, ah die !  
We all must die :  
'Tis Fate's decree ;  
Then ask not why.  
When we were framed, the Fates consultedly  
Did make this law, that all things born should die.  
Yet Nature strove,  
And did deny  
We should be slaves  
To Destiny.  
At which, they heapt  
Such misery ;

That Nature's self  
Did wish to die :  
And thank their goodness, that they would foresee  
To end our cares with such a mild decree.

*Another.*

Come, Lovers, bring your cares,  
Bring sigh-perfumed sweets ;  
Bedew the grave with tears,  
Where Death with Virtue meets.  
Sigh for the hapless hour,  
That knit two hearts in one ;  
And only gave Love power  
To die, when 'twas begun.

[From "Tancred and Gismund," acted be-  
fore the Court by the Gentlemen of the  
Inner Temple, 1591.]

*A Messenger brings to Gismund a cup  
from the King her Father, enclosing the  
heart of her Lord, whom she had espoused  
without his sanction.*

*Mess.* Thy father, O Queen, here in this cup hath  
sent

The thing to joy and comfort thee withal,  
Which thou lovedst best : ev'n as thou wast content  
To comfort him with his best joy of all.

*GIS.* I thank my father, and thee, gentle Squire ;  
For this thy travail ; take thou for thy pains  
This bracelet, and commend me to the King.

\* \* \* \*

So, now is come the long-expected hour,  
The fatal hour I have so looked for.  
Now hath my father satisfied his thirst  
With guiltless blood, which he so coveted.  
What brings this cup ? aye me, I thought no less ;  
It is my Earl's, my County's pierced heart.  
Dear heart, too dearly hast thou bought my love,  
Extremely rated at too high a price.  
Ah my dear heart, sweet wast thou in thy life,  
But in thy death thou provest passing sweet.  
A fitter hearse than this of beaten gold  
Could not be lotted to so good a heart.  
My father therefore well provided thus  
To close and wrap thee up in massy gold ;  
And therewithal to send thee unto me,  
To whom of duty thou dost best belong.  
My father hath in all his life bewrayed  
A princely care and tender love to me :  
But this surpasseth, in his latter days  
To send me this mine own dear heart to me.  
Wert not thou mine, dear heart, whilst that my love  
Danced and play'd upon thy golden strings ?  
Art thou not mine, dear heart, now that my love  
Is fled to heaven, and got him golden wings ?  
Thou art mine own, and still mine own shall be,  
Therefore my father sendeth thee to me.  
Ah pleasant harbourer of my heart's thought !  
Ah sweet delight, the quickener of my soul !  
Seven times accused be the hand that wrought

Thee this despite, to mangle thee so foul ;  
 Yet in this wound I see my own true love,  
 And in this wound thy magnanimity,  
 And in this wound I see thy constancy.  
 Go, gentle heart, go rest thee in thy tomb ;  
 Receive this token as thy last farewell.

*She hisseth it.*

Thy own true heart anon will follow thee,  
 Which panting hasteth for thy company.  
 Thus hast thou run, poor heart, thy mortal race,  
 And rid thy life from fickle fortune's snares,  
 Thus hast thou lost this world and worldly cares ;  
 And of thy foe, to honour thee withal,  
 Receiv'd a golden grave to thy desert.  
 Nothing doth want to thy just funeral,  
 But my salt tears to wash thy bloody wound ;  
 Which to the end thou might'st receive, behold,  
 My father sends thee in this cup of gold :  
 And thou shalt have them ; though I was resolv'd  
 To shed no tears ; but with a cheerful face  
 Once did I think to wet thy funeral  
 Only with blood, and with no weeping eye.  
 This done, my soul forthwith shall fly to thee ;  
 For therefore did my father send thee me.

Nearly a century after the date of this Drama, Dryden produced his admirable version of the same story from Boccaccio. The speech here extracted may be compared with the corresponding passage in the *Sigismonda* and *Guiscardo*, with no disadvantage to the elder performance. It is quite as weighty, as pointed, and as passionate.

C. L.

## Accromancy.

### THE DEAN OF BADAJOS.

BY THE ABBE BLANCHET.

The dean of the cathedral of Badajos was more learned than all the doctors of Salamanca, Coimbra, and Alcala, united ; he understood all languages, living and dead, and was perfect master of every science divine and human, except that, unfortunately, he had no knowledge of magic. He was inconsolable when he reflected on his ignorance in that sublime art, till he was told that a very able magician resided in the suburbs of Toledo, named don Torribio. He immediately saddled his mule, departed for Toledo, and alighted at the door of no very superb dwelling, the habitation of that great man.

"Most reverend magician," said he, addressing himself to the sage, "I am the dean of Badajos. The learned men of Spain all allow me to be their superior ;

but I am come to request from you a much greater honour, that of becoming your pupil. Deign to initiate me in the mysteries of your art, and doubt not but you shall receive a grateful acknowledgment, suitable to the benefit conferred, and your own extraordinary merit."

Don Torribio was not very polite, though he valued himself on being intimately acquainted with the highest company below. He told the dean he was welcome to seek elsewhere for a master ; for that, for his part, he was weary of an occupation which produced nothing but compliments and promises, and that he should but dishonour the occult sciences by prostituting them to the ungrateful.

"To the ungrateful!" exclaimed the dean : "has then the great don Torribio met with persons who have proved ungrateful? And can he so far mistake *me* as to rank me with such monsters?" He then repeated all the maxims and apophthegms which he had read on the subject of gratitude, and every refined sentiment his memory could furnish. In short, he talked so well, that the conjuror, after having considered a moment, confessed he could refuse nothing to a man of such abilities, and so ready at pertinent quotations.

"Jacintha," said don Torribio to his old woman, "lay down two partridges to the fire. I hope my friend the dean will do me the honour to sup with me to night." At the same time he took him by the hand and led him into the cabinet ; when here, he touched his forehead, uttering three mysterious words, which the reader will please to remember, "*Ortobolan, Pistafrier, Onagriouf.*" Then, without further preparation, he began to explain, with all possible perspicuity, the introductory elements of his profound science. The new disciple listened with an attention which scarcely permitted him to breathe ; when, on a sudden, Jacintha entered, followed by a little old man in monstrous boots, and covered with mud up to the neck, who desired to speak with the dean on very important business. This was the postilion of his uncle, the bishop of Badajos, who had been sent express after him, and who had galloped without ceasing quite to Toledo, before he could overtake him. He came to bring him information that, some hours after his departure, his grace had been attacked by so violent an apoplexy that the most terrible consequences were to be apprehended. The dean heartily, that is *inwardly*, (so as to occasion no scandal,) execrated the disorder, the patient,



and the courier, who had certainly all three chosen the most impertinent time possible. He dismissed the postilion, bidding him make haste back to Badajos, whither he would presently follow him; and instantly returned to his lesson, as if there were no such things as either uncles or apoplexies.

A few days afterwards the dean again received news from Badajos: but this was worth hearing. The principal chanter, and two old canons, came to inform him that his uncle, the right reverend bishop, had been taken to heaven to receive the reward of his piety; and the chapter, canonically assembled, had chosen him to fill the vacant bishopric, and humbly requested he would console, by his presence, the afflicted church of Badajos, now become his spiritual bride.

Don Torribio, who was present at this harangue, endeavoured to derive advantage from what he had learned; and taking aside the new bishop, after having paid him a well-turned compliment on his promotion, proceeded to inform him that he had a son, named Benjamin, possessed of much ingenuity, and good inclination, but in whom he had never perceived either taste or talent for the occult sciences. He had, therefore, he said, advised him to turn his thoughts towards the church, and he had now, he thanked heaven, the satisfaction to hear him commended as one of the most deserving divines among all the clergy of Toledo. He therefore took the liberty, most humbly, to request his grace to bestow on don Benjamin the deanery of Badajos, which he could not retain together with his bishopric.

"I am very unfortunate," replied the prelate, apparently somewhat embarrassed; "you will, I hope, do me the justice to believe that nothing could give me so great a pleasure as to oblige you in every request; but the truth is, I have a cousin to whom I am heir, an old ecclesiastic, who is good for nothing but to be a dean, and if I do not bestow on him this benefice, I must embroil myself with my family, which would be far from agreeable. But," continued he, in an affectionate manner, "will you not accompany me to Badajos? Can you be so cruel as to forsake me at a moment when it is in my power to be of service to you? Be persuaded, my honoured master, we will go together. Think of nothing but the improvement of your pupil, and leave me to provide for don Benjamin; nor doubt, but sooner or later, I will do more for him than you expect. A paltry deanery in the remotest part of Estremadura is not a

benefice suitable to the son of such a man as yourself."

The canon law would, no doubt, have construed the prelate's offer into simony. The proposal however was accepted, nor was any scruple made by either of these two very intelligent persons. Don Torribio followed his illustrious pupil to Badajos, where he had an elegant apartment assigned him in the episcopal palace; and was treated with the utmost respect by the diocese as the favourite of his grace, and a kind of grand vicar. Under the tuition of so able a master the bishop of Badajos made a rapid progress in the occult sciences. At first he gave himself up to them, with an ardour which might appear excessive; but this intemperance grew by degrees more moderate, and he pursued them with so much prudence that his magical studies never interfered with the duties of his diocese. He was well convinced of the truth of a maxim, very important to be remembered by ecclesiastics, whether addicted to sorcery, or only philosophers and admirers of literature—that it is not sufficient to assist at learned nocturnal meetings, or adorn the mind with embellishments of human science, but that it is also the duty of divines to point out to others the way to heaven, and plant in the minds of their hearers, wholesome doctrine and Christian morality. Regulating his conduct by these commendable principles, this learned prelate was celebrated throughout Christendom for his merit and piety: and, "when he least expected such an honour," was promoted to the archbishopric of Compostella. The people and clergy of Badajos lamented, as may be supposed, an event by which they were deprived of so worthy a pastor; and the canons of the cathedral, to testify their respect, unanimously conferred on him the honour of nominating his successor.

Don Torribio did not neglect so alluring an opportunity to provide for his son. He requested the bishopric of the new archbishop, and was *refused* with all imaginable politeness. He had, he said, the greatest veneration for his old master, and was both sorry and ashamed it was "not in his power" to grant a thing which appeared so very a trifle, but, in fact, don Ferdinand de Lara, constable of Castile, had asked the bishopric for his natural son; and though he had never seen that nobleman, he had, he said, some secret, important, and what was more, very ancient obligations to him. It was therefore an indispensable duty to prefer an old benefactor to a new one.

But don Torribio ought not to be discouraged at this proof of his justice; as he might learn by that, what *he* had to expect when his turn arrived, which should certainly be the first opportunity. This anecdote concerning the ancient obligations of the archbishop, the magician had the goodness to believe, and rejoiced, as much as he was able, that his interests were sacrificed to those of don Ferdinand.

Nothing was now thought of but preparations for their departure to Compostella, where they were to reside. These, however, were scarcely worth the trouble, considering the short time they were destined to remain there; for at the end of a few months one of the pope's chamberlains arrived, who brought the archbishop a cardinal's cap, with an epistle conceived in the most respectful terms, in which his holiness invited him to assist, by his counsel, in the government of the Christian world; permitting him at the same time to dispose of his mitre in favour of whom he pleased. Don Torribio was not at Compostella when the courier of the holy father arrived. He had been to see his son, who still continued a priest in a small parish at Toledo. But he presently returned, and was not put to the trouble of asking for the vacant archbishopric. The prelate ran to meet him with open arms, "My dear master," said he, "I have two pieces of good news to relate at once. Your disciple is created a cardinal, and your son shall—*shortly*—be advanced to the same dignity. I had intended in the mean time to bestow upon him the archbishopric of Compostella, but, unfortunately for him, and for me, my mother, whom we left at Badajos, has, during your absence, written me a cruel letter, by which all my measures have been disconcerted. She will not be pacified unless I appoint for my successor the archdeacon of my former church, don Pablas de Salazar, her intimate friend and confessor. She tells me it will "occasion her death" if she should not be able to obtain preferment for her dear father in God. Shall I be the death of my mother?"

Don Torribio was not a person who could incite or urge his friend to be guilty of parricide, nor did he indulge himself in the least resentment against the mother of the prelate. To say the truth, however, this mother was a good kind of woman, nearly superannuated. She lived quietly with her cat and her maid servant, and scarcely knew the name of her confessor. Was it likely, then, that she had procured

don Pablas his archbishopric? Was it not *more* than probable that he was indebted for it to a Gallician lady, his cousin, at once devout and handsome, in whose company his grace the archbishop had frequently been edified during his residence at Compostella? Be this as it may, don Torribio followed his eminence to Rome. Scarcely had he arrived at that city ere the pope died. The conclave met—all the voices of the sacred college were in favour of the Spanish cardinal. Behold him therefore pope.

Immediately after the ceremony of his exaltation, don Torribio, admitted to a secret audience, wept with joy while he kissed the feet of his dear pupil. He modestly represented his long and faithful services, reminded his holiness of those inviolable promises which he had renewed before he entered the conclave, and instead of demanding the vacant hat for don Benjamin, finished with most exemplary moderation by renouncing every ambitious hope. He and his son, he said, would both esteem themselves too happy if his holiness would bestow on them, together with his benediction, the smallest temporal benefice; such as an annuity for life, sufficient for the few wants of an ecclesiastic and a philosopher.

During this harangue the sovereign pontiff considered within himself how to dispose of his preceptor. He reflected he was no longer necessary; that he already knew as much of magic as was sufficient for a pope. After weighing every circumstance, his holiness concluded that don Torribio was not only an useless, but a *troublesome* pedant; and this point determined, he replied in the following words:

"We have learned, with concern, that under the pretext of cultivating the occult sciences, you maintain a horrible intercourse with the spirit of darkness and deceit; we therefore exhort you, as a father, to expiate your crime by a repentance proportionable to its enormity. Moreover, we enjoin you to depart from the territories of the church within three days, under penalty of being delivered over to the secular arm, and its merciless flames."

Don Torribio, without being alarmed, immediately repeated the three mysterious words which the reader was desired to remember; and going to a window, cried out with all his force, "Jacintha, you need spit but one partridge; for my friend, the dean, will *not* sup here to-night."

This was a thunderbolt to the imaginary pope. He immediately recovered from the

trance, into which he had been thrown by the three mysterious words. He perceived that, instead of being in the vatican, he was still at Toledo, in the closet of don Torribio; and he saw, by the clock, it was not a complete hour since he entered that fatal cabinet, where he had been entertained by such pleasant dreams.

In that short time the dean of Badajos had imagined himself a magician, a bishop, a cardinal, and a pope; and he found at last that he was only a dupe and a knave. All was illusion, except the proofs he had given of his deceitful and evil heart. He instantly departed, without speaking a single word, and finding his mule where he had left her, returned to Badajos.

## Phrenology.

*For the Table Book.*

"You look but on the *outside* of affairs."

KING JOHN.

Oh! why do we wake from the alchemist's dream  
To relapse to the visions of Doctor Spurzheim?  
And why from the heights of philosophy fall,  
For the profitless plans of Phrenology Gall?

To what do they tend?

What interest befriend?

By disclosing all vices, we burn away shame,  
And virtuous endeavour  
Is fruitless for ever,

If it lose the reward that self-teaching may claim.

On their skulls let the cold blooded theorists seek  
Indications of soul, which we read on the cheek;  
In the glance—in the smile—in the bend of the brow,  
We dare not tell when, and we cannot tell how.

More pleasing our task,

No precepts we ask;

'Tis the tact, 'tis the instinct, kind Nature has lent,  
For the guide and direction of sympathy meant.  
And altho' in our cause no learn'd lecturer poses,  
We reach the same end, thro' a path strew'd with roses.  
'Twixt the head and the hand, be the contact allow'd,  
Of the road thro' the eye to the heart we are proud.  
When we feel like the brutes, like the brutes we may  
show it,

But no lumps on the head mark the artist or poet.

The gradations of genius you never can find.

Since no matter can mark the refinements of mind.

'Tis the coarser perceptions alone that you trace,

But what swells in the heart must be read in the face.

That index of feeling, that key to the soul,

No art can disguise, no reserve can control.

'Tis the Pharos of love, tost on oceans of doubt,

'Tis the Beal-fire of rage—when good sense *puts about*.

As the passions may paint it—a heaven or a hell.

And 'tis always a *study*—not *model* as well.

## TO THE RHONE.

*For the Table Book.*

Thou art like our existence, and thy waves,

Illustrious river! seem the very type

Of those events which drive us to our graves,

Or rudely place us in misfortune's gripe!

Thou art an emblem of our changeful state,

Smooth when the summer magnifies thy charms,

But rough and cheerless when the winds create

Rebellion, and remorseless winter arms

The elements with ruin! In thy course

The ups and downs of fortune we may trace—

One wave submitting to another's force,

The boldest always foremost in the race:

And thus it is with life—sometimes its calm

Is pregnant with enjoyment's sweetest balm;

At other times, its tempests drive us down

The steep of desolation, while the frown

Of malice haunts us, till the friendlier tomb

Protects the victim she would fain consume!

B. W. R.

*Upper Park Terracc.*

## ADVICE.

Would a man wish to offend his friends?  
—let him give them advice.

Would a lover know the surest method  
by which to lose his mistress?—let him  
give her advice.

Would a courtier terminate his sove-  
reign's partiality?—let him offer advice.

In short, are we desirous to be univer-  
sally hated, avoided, and despised, the  
means are always in our power.—We have  
but *to advise*, and the consequences are in-  
fallible.

The friendship of two young ladies,  
though apparently founded on the rock of  
eternal attachment, terminated in the fol-  
lowing manner: "My dearest girl, I do  
not think your figure well suited for danc-  
ing; and, as a sincere friend of yours, I  
*advise* you to refrain from it in future." The  
other naturally affected by such a *mark* of  
sincerity, replied, "I feel very much obliged  
to you, my dear, for your *advice*; this  
proof of your friendship demands some re-  
turn: I would sincerely recommend you  
to relinquish your singing, as some of your  
upper notes resemble the melodious squeak-  
ing of the feline race."

The *advice* of neither was followed—the  
one continued to sing, and the other to  
dance—and they never met but as ene-  
mies.



### Tommy Sly, of Durham.

*For the Table Book.*

Tommy Sly, whose portrait is above, is a well-known eccentric character in the city of Durham, where he has been a resident in the poor-house for a number of years. We know not whether his parents were rich or poor, where he was born, or how he spent his early years—all is alike “a mystery;” and all that can be said of him is, that he is “daft.” Exactly in appearance as he is represented in the engraving,—he dresses in a coat of many colours, attends the neighbouring villages with spice, sometimes parades the streets of Durham with “pipe-clay for the lasses,” and on “gala days” wanders up and down with a cockade in his hat, beating the city drum, which is good-naturedly lent him by the corporation. Tommy, as worthless and insignificant as he seems, is nevertheless

“put out to use:” his name has often served as a signature to satirical effusions; and at election times he has been occasionally employed by the Whigs to take the distinguished lead of some grand Tory procession, and thereby render it ridiculous; and by way of retaliation, he has been hired by the Tories to do the same kind office for the Whigs. He is easily bought or sold, for he will do any thing for a few halfpence. To sum up Tommy’s character, we may say with truth, that he is a harmless and inoffensive man; and if the reader of this brief sketch should ever happen to be in Durham, and have a few halfpence to spare, he cannot bestow his charity better than by giving it to the “Custos Rotulorum” of the place—as Mr. Humble once ludicrously called him—poor TOMMY SLY.

EX DUNELMENSIS.

## Topography.

### WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

#### BURIAL FEES.

The following particulars from a paper before me, in the hand-writing of Mr. Gell, were addressed to his "personal representative" for instruction, in his absence, during a temporary retirement from official duty in August, 1810.

#### FEES

In the <i>Cloisters</i> - - - -	£19	6	0
If a grave-stone <i>more</i>	£4	4	0
In the <i>Abbey</i> - - - -	54	18	0
If a grave-stone <i>more</i>	7	7	0

*Peers*, both in the Cloisters and Abbey, the degree of rank making a difference, Mr. Catling had perhaps write to Mr. Gell, at post-office, Brighton, telling the party that it will be under £150. They might, therefore, leave that sum, or engage to pay Mr. Gell.

Mr. Glanvill can tell about the decorations.

Penalty for burying in linen - 2 10 0

Always take full particulars of age and death.

The abbey-church of Westminster may be safely pronounced the most interesting ecclesiastical structure in this kingdom. Considered as a building, its architecture, rich in the varieties of successive ages, and marked by some of the most prominent beauties and peculiarities of the pointed style, affords an extensive field of gratification to the artist and the antiquary. Rising in solemn magnificence amidst the palaces and dignified structures connected with the seat of imperial government, it forms a distinguishing feature in the metropolis of England. Its history, as connected with a great monastic establishment, immediately under the notice of our ancient monarchs, and much favoured by their patronage, abounds in important and curious particulars.

But this edifice has still a stronger claim to notice—it has been adopted as a national structure, and held forward as an object of national pride. Whilst contemplating these venerable walls, or exploring

the long aisles and enriched chapels, the interest is not confined to the customary recollections of sacerdotal pomp: ceremonies of more impressive interest, and of the greatest public importance, claim a priority of attention. The grandeur of architectural display in this building is viewed with additional reverence, when we remember that the same magnificence of effect has imparted increased solemnity to the coronation of our kings, from the era of the Norman conquest.

At a very early period, this abbey-church was selected as a place of burial for the English monarchs; and the antiquary and the student of history view their monuments as melancholy, but most estimable sources of intelligence and delight. In the vicinity of the ashes of royalty, a grateful and judicious nation has placed the remains of such of her sons as have been most eminent for patriotic worth, for valour, or for talent; and sculptors, almost from the earliest period in which their art was exercised by natives of England, down to the present time, have here exerted their best efforts, in commemoration of those thus celebrated for virtue, for energy, or for intellectual power.\*

## St. David's Day.

### THE LEEK.

Written by WILLIAM LEATHART, *Llywydd*.

Sung at the Second Anniversary of the Society of UNDEB CYMRY, St. David's Day, 1825.

#### AIR—*Pen Rhaw*.

#### I.

If bards tell true, and hist'ry's page  
Is right,—why, then, I would engage  
To tell you all about the age,

When Cæsar used to speak;  
When dandy Britons painted,—were  
Dress'd in the skin of wolf or bear,  
Or in their own, if none were there,

Before they wore THE LEEK.  
Ere Alfred hung in the highway,  
His chains of gold by night or day;  
And never bad them stol'n away,

His subjects were so meek.  
When wolves they dan'd o'er field and fen;  
When austere *Druids* roasted men;—  
But that was only now and then,

Ere Welshmen wore THE LEEK.

\* Mr. Brayley; in Neale's Hist. and Antiq. of Westminster Abbey.

## II.

Like all good things—this could not last,  
 And *Saxon* gents, as friends, were ask'd,  
 Our *Pictish* foes to drive them past  
 The wall:—then home to seek,  
 Instead of home, the cunning chaps  
 Resolv'd to stop and dish the *APs*,  
 Now here they are, and in their caps  
 To day they wear *THE LEEK*.  
 Yet tho' our dads, they tumbled out,  
 And put each other to the rout,  
 We sons will push the bowl about;—  
 We're here for fun or freak.  
 Let nought but joy within us dwell;  
 Let mirth and glee each bosom swell;  
 And bards, in days to come, shall tell,  
 How *Welshmen* love *THE LEEK*.

---

 THE WELSH HARP.

MR. LEATHART is the author of "*Welsh Pennillion*, with Translations into English, adapted for *singing to the Harp*," an eighteenpenny pocket-book of words of ancient and modern melodies in Welsh and English, with a spirited motto from Mr. Leigh Hunt.—"The Ancient Britons had in them the seeds of a great nation even in our modern sense of the word. They had courage, they had reflection, they had imagination. Power at last made a vassal of their prince. There were writers in those times, harpers, and bards, who made the instinct of that brute faculty turn cruel out of fear. They bequeathed to their countrymen the glory of their memories; they and time together have consecrated their native hills, so as they never before were consecrated."

According to the prefatory dissertation of Mr. Leathart's pleasant little manual, "*Pennillion singing*" is the most social relic of ancient minstrelsy in existence. It originated when bardism flourished in this island; when the object of its members was to instil moral maxims through the medium of poetry, and the harp was then, as it still is, the instrument to which they chanted. There is evidence of this use of the harp in Cæsar and other Latin writers. The bards were priest and poet; the harp was their inseparable attribute, and skill in playing on it an indispensable qualification. A knowledge of this instrument was necessary, in order to establish a claim to the title of gentleman; it occupied a place in every mansion; and every harper was entitled to valuable privileges. A "*Pencerdd*," or chief of song, and a "*Bardd Teulu*," or domestic bard, were among the necessary appendages to the king's court.

The former held his lands free, was stationed by the side of the "judge of the palace," and lodged with the heir presumptive. He was entitled to a fee on the tuition of all minstrels, and to a maiden fee on the marriage of a minstrel's daughter. The fine for insulting him was six cows and eighty pence. The domestic bard also held his land free; he had a harp from the king, which he was enjoined never to part with; a gold ring from the queen, and a beast out of every spoil. In the palace he sang immediately after the chief of song, and in fight at the front of the battle. It is still customary for our kings to maintain a Welsh minstrel.

One of the greatest encouragers of music was Gruffydd ap Cynan, a sovereign of Wales, who, in the year 1100, summoned a grand congress to revise the laws of minstrelsy, and remedy any abuse that might have crept in. In order that it should be complete, the most celebrated harpers in Ireland were invited to assist, and the result was the establishing the twenty-four canons of music; the MS. of which is in the library of the Welsh school, in Gray's Inn-lane. It comprises several tunes not now extant, or rather that cannot be properly deciphered, and a few that are well known at the present day. A tune is likewise there to be found, which a note informs us was usually played before king Arthur, when the salt was laid upon the table; it is called "*Gosteg yr Halen*," or the *Prelude of the Salt*.

The regulations laid down in the above MS. are curious. A minstrel having entered a place of festivity was not allowed to depart without leave, or to rove about at any time, under the penalty of losing his fees. If he became intoxicated and committed any mischievous trick, he was fined, imprisoned, and divested of his fees for seven years. Only one could attend a person worth ten pounds per annum, or two a person worth twenty pounds per annum, and so forth. It likewise ordains the *quantum* of musical knowledge necessary for the taking up of the different degrees, for the obtaining of which three years seems to have been allowed.

The Welsh harp, or "*Telyn*," consists of three distinct rows of strings, without pedals, and was, till the fifteenth century, strung with hair. The modern Welsh harp has two rows of strings and pedals.

Giraldus Cambrensis, in his Itinerary, speaking of the musical instruments of the Welsh, Irish, and Scotch, says, Wales uses the harp, "*crwth*," and bag-pipes; Scot-

land the harp, "crwth," and drum; Ireland the harp and drum only; and, of all, Wales only retains her own.

The "crwth" is upon the same principle as the violin; it has however six strings, four of which are played upon with a bow, the two outer being struck by the thumb as an accompaniment, or bass; its tone is a mellow tenor, but it is now seldom heard, the last celebrated player having died about forty years since, and with him, says the editor of the Cambrian Register, "most probably the true knowledge of producing its melodious powers." From the player of this instrument is derived a name now common, viz. "Crowther" and "Crowder" (Crwthyr); it may be translated "fiddler," and in this sense it is used by Butler in his Hudibras.

Within the last few years, the harp has undergone a variety of improvements, and it is now the most fashionable instrument; yet in Wales it retains its ancient form and triple strings; "it has its imperfections," observes Mr. Parry, "yet it possesses one advantage, and that is its unisons," which of course are lost when reduced to a single row.

There would be much persuasion necessary to induce "Cymru" to relinquish her old fashioned "Telyn," so reluctant are a national people to admit of changes. When the violin superseded the "crwth," they could not enjoy the improvement.

Pennillion chanting consists in singing stanzas, either attached or detached, of various lengths and metre, to any tune which the harper may play; for it is irregular, and in fact not allowable, for any particular one to be chosen. Two, three, or four bars having been played, the singer takes it up, and this is done according as the Pennill, or stanza, may suit; he must end precisely with the strain, he therefore commences in any part he may please. To the stranger it has the appearance of beginning in the middle of a line or verse, but this is not the case. Different tunes require a different number of verses to complete it; sometimes only one, sometimes four or six. It is then taken up by the next, and thus it proceeds through as many as choose to join in the pastime, twice round, and ending with the person that began.

These convivial harp meetings are generally conducted with great regularity, and are really social; all sing if they please, or all are silent. To some tunes there are a great number of singers, according to the ingenuity required in adapting Pennillion. Yet even this custom is on the decline.

In South Wales, the custom has been long lost; on its demise they encouraged song-writing and singing, and they are still accounted the best (without the harp) in the principality. In North Wales song-singing was hardly known before the time of Huw Morus, in the reign of Charles I., nor is it now so prevalent as in the south.

In the year 1176, Rhys ap Gruffydd held a congress of bards and minstrels at Aberteifi, in which the North Welsh bards came off as victors in the poetical contest, and the South Welsh were adjudged to excel in the powers of harmony.

For the encouragement of the harp and Pennillion chanting, a number of institutions have lately been formed, and the liberal spirit with which they are conducted will do much towards the object; among the principal are the "Cymmrodorion," or Cambrian Societies of Gwynedd, Powys, Dyfed, Gwent, and London; the "Gwyneddigion," and "Canorion," also in London. The former established so long since as 1771, and the "Undeb Cymry," or United Welshmen, established in 1823, for the same purpose. In all the principal towns of Wales, societies having the same object in view have been formed, among which the "Brecon Minstrelsy Society" is particularly deserving of notice. The harp and Pennillion singing have at all times come in for their share of encomium by the poets, and are still the theme of many a sonnet in both languages.

From more than a hundred pieces in Mr. Leathart's "Pennillion," translations of a few pennills, or stanzas, are taken at random, as specimens of the prevailing sentiments.

The man who loves the sound of harp,  
Of song, and ode, and all that's dear,  
Where angels hold their blest abode,  
Will cherish all that's cherish'd there.  
But he who loves not tune nor strain,  
Nature to him no love has given,  
You'll see him while his days remain,  
Hateful both to earth and heaven.

Fair is yon harp, and sweet the song,  
That strays its tuneful strings along,  
And would not such a minstrel too,  
This heart to sweetest music woo?  
Sweet is the bird's melodious lay  
In summer morn upon the spray,  
But from my Gweno sweeter far,  
The notes of friendship after war.

Woe to him, whose every bliss  
Centers in the burthen'd bow;  
Of all burthens none like this,  
Sin's sad burthen on the soul;

'Tis of craft and lies the seeker,  
Murder, theft, and wantonness,  
Weakens strong men, makes weak weaker,  
Shrewd men foolish, foolish—less.

Ah! what avails this golden coat,  
Or all the warblings of my throat,  
While I in durance pine?

Give me again what nature gave,  
'Tis all I ask, 'tis all I crave,  
Thee, Liberty divine!

To love his language in its pride,  
To love his land—tho' all deride,  
Is a Welshman's ev'ry care,  
And love those customs, good and old,  
Practised by our fathers bold.

We travel, and each town we pass  
Gives manners new, which we admire,  
We leave them, then o'er ocean toss'd  
Thro' rough or smooth, to pleasure nigher,  
Still one thought remains behind,  
'Tis home, sweet home, our hearts desire.

Wild in the woodlands, blithe and free,  
Dear to the bird is liberty;  
Dear to the babe to be caress'd,  
And fondled on his nurse's breast,  
Oh! could I but explain to thee  
How dear is Merion's land to me.

Low, ye hills, in ocean lie,  
That hide fair Merion from mine eye,  
One distant view, oh! let me take,  
Ere my longing heart shall break.

Another dress will nature wear  
Before again I see my fair;  
The smiling fields will flowers bring,  
And on the trees the birds will sing;  
But still one thing unchang'd shall be,  
That is, dear love, my heart for thee.

The original Welsh of these and other translations, with several interesting particulars, especially the places of weekly harp-meetings and Pennillion-singing in London, may be found in Mr. Leathart's agreeable compendium.

### THE WINTER'S MORN.

Artist unseen! that dipt in frozen dew  
Hast on the glittering glass thy pencil laid,  
Ere from yon sun the transient visions fade,  
Swift let me trace the forms thy fancy drew!  
Thy towers and palaces of diamond hue,  
Rivers and lakes of lucid crystal made,  
And hung in air hoar trees of branching shade,  
That liquid pearl distil:—thy scenes renew,

Whate'er old bards, or later fictions feign,  
Of secret grottos underneath the wave,  
Where nereids roof with spar the amber cave;  
Or bowers of bliss, where sport the fairy train,  
Who frequent by the moonlight wanderer seen  
Circle with radiant gems the dewy green.

SOTHEY.

## Characters.

MRS. AURELIA SPARR.

*For the Table Book.*

Mrs. Aurelia Sparr is a maiden lady, rather past fifty, but fresh and handsome for her age; she has a strong understanding, a retentive memory, a vast deal of acquired knowledge, and with all she is the most disagreeable woman breathing. At first she is amusing enough to spend an evening with, for she will tell you anecdotes of all your acquaintance, and season them with a degree of pleasantry, which is not wit, though something like it. But as a jest-book is the most tiresome reading in the world, so is a narrative companion the most wearisome society. What, in short, is conversation worth, if it be not an emanation from the heart as well as head; the result of sympathy and the aliment of esteem?

Mrs. Aurelia Sparr never sympathized with any body in her life: inexorable to weaknesses of every kind, more especially to those of a tender nature, she is for ever taxing enthusiasm with absurdity, and resolving the ebullition of vivacity into vanity, and the desire to show off. She is equally severe to timidity, which she for ever confounds with imbecility. We are told, that "Gentle dulness ever loved a joke." Now Mrs. Aurelia Sparr is neither gentle nor dull; it would be a mercy to her, hearers if she were either, or both: nevertheless, she chuckles with abundant glee over a good story, is by no means particular as to the admission of unpleasant images, and likes it none the worse for being a little gross. But woe to the unlucky wight who ventures any glowing allusion to love and passionate affection in her hearing! Down come the fulminations of her wrath, and indecency—immorality—sensuality—&c. &c. &c.—are among the mildest of the epithets, or, to keep up the metaphor, (a metaphor, like an actor, should always come in more than once,) the bolts which the tempest of her displeasure hurls down upon its victim. The story of Paul and



Virginia she looks upon as very improper, while the remembrance of some of the letters in Humphrey Clinker dimples her broad face with retrospective enjoyment.

If pronouns had been tangible things, Mrs. Aurelia Sparr would long ago have worn out the first person singular. Her sentences begin as regularly with "I," as the town-crier's address does with "O yes," or as a French letter ends with "l'assurance des sentimens distingués." While living with another lady in daily and inevitable intercourse, never was she known to say, "We shall see—we shall hear—we can go—we must read." It was always "I, I, I." In the illusion of her egotism, she once went so far as to make a verbal monopoly of the weather, and exclaimed, on seeing the rosy streaks in the evening sky, "I think I shall have a fine day to-morrow." If you forget yourself so far, in the querulous loquacity of sickness, as to tell her of any ailment, as "My sore-throat is worse than ever to-night"—she does not rejoin, "What will you take?" or "Colds are always worse of an evening, it may be better to-morrow;" or propose flannel or gargle, or any other mode of alleviation, like an ordinary person; no! she flies back from you to herself with the velocity of a coiled-up spring suddenly let go; and says, "I had just such another sore-throat at Leicester ten years ago, I remember it was when I had taken down my chintz bed-curtains to have them washed and glazed." Then comes a mammoth of an episode, huge, shapeless, and bare of all useful matter: telling all she said to the laundress, with the responses of the latter. You are not spared an item of the complete process: first, you are blinded with dust, then soaked in lye, then comes the wringing of your imagination and the calico, then the bitterness of the gall to refresh the colours; then you are extended on the mangle, and may fancy yourself at the court of king Procrustes, or in a rolling-press. All the while you are wondering how she means to get round to the matter in question, your sore-throat.—Not she! *she cares* no more for your sore-throat than the reviewers do for a book with the title of which they head an article; your complaint was the peg, and her discourse the voluminous mantle to be hung on it. Some people talk *with* others, and they are companions; others *at* their company, and they are declaimers or satirists; others *to* their friends, and they are conversationists or gossips, according as they talk of things or persons. Mrs. Aurelia Sparr talks neither to you, nor with you,

nor at you. Listen attentively, or show your weariness by twenty devices of fidgetiness and preoccupation, it is all the same to Mrs. Aurelia Sparr. She talks spontaneously, from an abstract love of hearing her own voice; she can no more help talking, than a ball can help rolling down an inclined plane. She will quarrel with you at dinner, for she is extremely peevish and addicted to growling over her meals; and by no means so nice as to what comes out of her mouth as to what goes into it; and then, before you can fold your napkin, push back your chair and try to make good your escape, she begins to lay open the errors, failures, and weaknesses of her oldest and best friends to your cold-blooded inspection, with as little reserve as an old practitioner lecturing over a "subject." Things that no degree of intimacy could justify her in imparting, she pours forth to a person whom she does not even treat as a friend; but talk she must, and she had no other topic at hand. Thus, at the end of a siege, guns are charged with all sorts of rubbish for lack of ammunition.

Mrs. Aurelia Sparr not only knows all the modern languages, but enough of the ancient to set up a parson, and every dialect of every county she has ever been in. If you ask her the name of any thing, she will give you a polyglot answer; you may have the satisfaction to know how the citizens of every town and the peasants of every province express themselves, on a matter you may never have occasion to name again. But I earnestly recommend you never to ask anything; it is better to go without hearing one thing you do want to hear, than to be constrained to hear fifty things that are no more to you than I to Hecuba—not half so much as Hecuba is to me. Mrs. Aurelia Sparr is not easy to deal with; she looks upon all politeness as affectation, and all affectation as perfidy: she palsies all the courtesies of life by a glum air of disbelief and dissatisfaction. When one sees nobody else, one forgets that such qualities as urbanity, grace, and benignity exist, and is really obliged to say civil things to one's self, to keep one's hand in. Mrs. Aurelia Sparr is more eminent as a chronicler than as a logician; some of her conclusions and deductions are not self-evident. For instance—she interprets a reasonable conformity to the dress and manners of persons of other countries, while sojourning among them, into "hating one's own country." Command of temper is "an odious, cold disposition." Address, and dexterity in female works, what good

ladies in England term notability, are deemed by her "frivolous vanity," &c. &c. &c. She has learnt chemistry, and she distils vexation and bitterness from every person and every event—geometry, and she can never measure her deportment to circumstances—algebra, merely to multiply the crosses of all whose fate makes them parallel with her—navigation, and she does but tack from one absurdity to another, without making any way—mathematics, and she never calculates how much more agreeable a little good-nature would make her than all her learning—history, and that of her own heart is a blank—perspective, without ever learning to place self at the "vanishing point"—and all languages, without ever uttering in any one of them a single phrase that could make the eyes of the hearer glisten, or call a glow on the cheek of sympathy. Every body allows that Mrs. Aurelia Sparr is very clever—poor, arid-praise, what is it worth?

N.

## Wine.

### EWART'S OLD PORT.

To J. C.—y, Esq.

ON RECEIVING FROM HIM A PRESENT OF  
A WINE-STRAINER.—1825.

This life, dear C——y,—who can doubt?—

Resembles much friend Ewart's\* wine;

When first the ruby drops flow out,

How beautiful, how clear they shine!

And thus awhile they keep their tint,

So free from ev'n a shade,—that some

Would smile, did you but dare to hint,

That darker drops would ever come.

But soon, alas, the tide runs short;—

Each minute makes the sad truth plainer;

Till Life, like Ewart's crusty Port,

When near its close, requires a *strainer*.

This, Friendship, can, alone, supply,—

Alone can teach the drops to pass,

If not with all their rosiest dye,

At least, unclouded, through the glass.

Nor, C——y, could a boon be mine,

Of which this heart were fonder, vainer,

Than thus, if Life be like old wine,

To have thy friendship for its strainer!

E.

\* A vender of capital old Port in Swallow-street.

For many years the goodness of Mr. Ewart's old Port has been duly appreciated by his private friends. The preceding

verses, in *The Times* of Monday, (March 5, 1827,) have disclosed "the secret," and now, probably, he will "blush to find it fame." The knowledge of his "ruby drops" should be communicated to all who find it necessary to "use a little wine for their stomach's sake, and their often infirmities." Can the information be conveyed in more agreeable lines?

## Beauty.

### A NATURAL COMPLIMENT.

As the late beautiful duchess of Devonshire was one day stepping out of her carriage, a dustman, who was accidentally standing by, and was about to regale himself with his accustomed whiff of tobacco, caught a glance of her countenance, and instantly exclaimed, "Love and bless you, my lady, let me light my pipe in your eyes!" It is said that the duchess was so delighted with this compliment, that she frequently afterwards checked the strain of adulation, which was constantly offered to her charms, by saying, "Oh! after the dustman's compliment, all others are insipid."

### PERSIAN SONG OF HAFIZ.

BY SIR WILLIAM JONES.

Sweet maid, if thou wouldst charm my sight,

And bid these arms thy neck infold;

That rosy cheek, that lily hand,

Would give thy poet more delight

Than all Bocara's vaunted gold,

Than all the gems of Samarcand.

Boy! let yon liquid ruby flow,

And bid thy pensive heart be glad,

Whate'er the frowning zealots say:—

Tell them their Eden cannot show

A stream so clear as Rocnabad,

A bower so sweet as Mosellay.

O! when these fair, perfidious maids,

Whose eyes our secret haunts infest,

Their dear destructive charms display;—

Each glance my tender breast invades,

And robs my wounded soul of rest;

As Tartars seize their destin'd prey.

In vain with love our bosoms glow:

Can all our tears, can all our sighs,

New lustre to those charms impart?

Can cheeks, where living roses blow,

Where nature spreads her richest dyes,

Require the borrow'd gloss of art?

Speak not of fate :—ah I change the theme,  
 And talk of odours, talk of wine,  
 Talk of the flowers that round us bloom :—  
 'Tis all a cloud, 'tis all a dream :  
 To love and joy thy thoughts confine,  
 Nor hope to pierce the sacred gloom.

Beauty has such resistless power,  
 That ev'n the chaste Egyptian dame  
 Sigh'd for the blooming Hebrew boy ;  
 For her how fatal was the hour,  
 When to the banks of Nilus came  
 A youth so lovely and so coy !

But ah, sweet maid ! my counsel hear,—  
 (Youth shall attend when those advise  
 Whom long experience renders sage)  
 While music charms the ravis'd ear ;  
 While sparkling cups delight our eyes,  
 Be gay ; and scorn the frowns of age.

What cruel answer have I heard !  
 And yet, by heaven, I love thee still :  
 Can aught be cruel from thy lip ?  
 Yet say, how fell that bitter word  
 From lips which streams of sweetness fill,  
 Which nought but drops of honey sip ?

Go boldly forth, my simple lay,  
 Whose accents flow with artless ease,  
 Like orient pearls at random strung :  
 Thy notes are sweet, the damsels say ;  
 But O ! far sweeter, if they please,  
 The nymph for whom these notes are sung.

### “ OUR LIVES AND PROPERTIES.”

By MR. WILLIAM HUTTON, F. A. S. S.

If we survey this little world, vast in our idea, but small compared to immensity, we shall find it crusted over with property, fixed and movable. Upon this crusty world subsist animals of various kinds ; one of which, something short of six feet, moves erect, seems the only one without a tail, and takes the lead in the command of this property. Fond of power, and conscious that possessions give it, he is ever attempting, by force, fraud, or laudable means, to arrive at both.

*Fixed* property bears a value according to its situation ; 10,000 acres in a place like London, and its environs, would be an immense fortune, such as no man ever possessed ; while 10,000, in some parts of the globe, though well covered with timber, would not be worth a shilling—no king to govern, no subject to submit, no market to exhibit property, no property to exhibit ; instead of striving to get possession, he would, if cast on the spot, strive to get away. Thus assemblages of people mark a place with value.

*Movable* property is of two sorts ; that which arises from the earth, with the assist-

ance of man ; and the productions of art, which wholly arise from his labour. A small degree of industry supplies the wants of nature, a little more furnishes the comforts of life, and a farther proportion affords the luxuries. A man, by labour first removes his own wants, and then, with the overplus of that labour, purchases the labour of another. Thus, by furnishing a hat for the barber, the latter procures a wig for himself : the tailor, by making a coat for another, is enabled to buy cloth for his own. It follows, that the larger the number of people, the more likely to cultivate a spirit of industry ; the greater that industry, the greater its produce ; consequently, the more they supply the calls of others, the more lucrative will be the returns to themselves.

It may be asked, what is the meaning of the word *rich* ? Some have termed it, a little more than a man has ; others, as much as will content him ; others again, the possession of a certain sum, not very *small*. Perhaps all are wrong. A man may be rich, possessed only of one hundred pounds ; he may be poor, possessed of one hundred thousand. He alone is rich, whose *income* is more than he uses.

Industry, though excellent, will perform but half the work ; she must be assisted by economy ; without this, a ministerial fortune will be defective. These two qualities, separated from each other, like a knife from the handle, are of little use ; but, like these, they become valuable when united. Economy without industry will barely appear in a whole coat ; industry without economy will appear in rags. The first is detrimental to the community, by preventing the circulation of property ; the last is detrimental to itself. It is a singular remark, that even industry is sometimes the way to poverty. Industry, like a new cast guinea, retains its sterling value ; but, like that, it will not pass currently till it receives a sovereign stamp : economy is the stamp which gives it currency. I well knew a man who began business with 1500*l*. Industry seemed the end for which he was made, and in which he wore himself out. While he laboured from four in the morning till eight at night, in the making of gimlets, his family consumed twice his produce. Had he spent less time at the anvil, and more in teaching the lessors of frugality, he might have lived in credit. Thus the father was ruined by industry, and his children have, for many years, appeared on the parish books. Some people are more apt to *get* than to *keep*.

Though a man, by his labour, may treat himself with many things, yet he seldom grows rich. Riches are generally acquired by purchasing the labour of others. He who buys the labour of one hundred people, may acquire ten times as much as by his own.

What then has that capricious damsel, *Fortune*, to do in this chain of argument? Nothing. He who has capacity, attention, and economy, has a fortune within himself. She does not command *him*, he commands *her*.

Having explained the word *riches*, and pointed out the road to them, let us examine their use. They enable a man with great facility to shake off an old friend, once an equal; and forbid access to an inferior, except a toad-eater. Sometimes they add to his name, the pretty appendage of Right Honourable, Bart. or Esq. additions much coveted, which, should he happen to become an author, are an easy passport through the gates of fame. His very features seem to take a turn from his fortune, and a curious eye may easily read in his face, the word *consequence*. They change the tone of his voice from the submissive to the commanding, in which he well knows how to throw in a few graces. His style is convincing. Money is of singular efficacy; it clears his head, refines his sense, points his joke. The weight of his fortune adds weight to his argument. If, my dear reader, you have been a silent spectator at meetings for public business, or public dinners, you may have observed many a smart thing said unheeded, by the man without money; and many a paltry one echoed with applause, from the man with it. The room in silent attention hears one, while the other can scarcely hear himself. They direct a man to various ways of being carried who is too idle to carry himself; nay, they invert the order of things, for we often behold two men, who seem hungry, carry one who is full fed. They add refinement to his palate, prominence to his front, scarlet to his nose. They frequently ward off old age. The ancient rules of moderation being broken, luxury enters in all her pomp, followed by a group of diseases, with a physician in *their* train, and the rector in *his*. Phials, prayers, tears, and galley-pots, close the sad scene, and the individual has the honour to *rot* in state, *before* old age can advance. His place may be readily supplied with a *joyful mourner*.\*

\* History of Birmingham.

## A MUSICAL CRASH.

The Rev. Mr. B—, when residing at Canterbury, was reckoned a good violoncello player; but he was not more distinguished for his expression on the instrument, than for the peculiar appearance of feature whilst playing it. In the midst of the adagios of Corelli or Avison, the muscles of his face sympathised with his fiddlestick, and kept reciprocal movement. His sight, being dim, obliged him often to snuff the candles; and, when he came to a bar's rest, in lieu of snuffers, he generally employed his fingers in that office; and, lest he should offend the good housewife by this dirty trick, he used to thrust the *spoils* into the *sound-holes* of his violoncello. A waggish friend resolved to enjoy himself "at the parson's expense," as he termed it; and, for that purpose, popped a quantity of gunpowder into B.'s instrument. Others were informed of the trick, and of course kept a respectable distance. The tea equipage being removed, music became the order of the evening; and, after B— had tuned his instrument, and drawn his stand near enough to snuff his candles with ease, feeling himself in the meridian of his glory, he dashed away at Vanhall's 47th. B— came to a bar's rest, the candles were snuffed, and he thrust the ignited wick into the usual place; *fit fragor*, bang went the fiddle to pieces, and there was an end of harmony that evening.

## FASHIONABLE RELIGION.

A French gentleman, equally tenacious of his character for gallantry and devotion, went to hear mass at the chapel of a favourite saint at Paris; when he came there, he found repairs were doing in the building which prevented the celebration. To show that he had not been defective in his duty and attentions, he pulled out a richly decorated pocket-book; and walking with great gravity and many genuflections up the aisle, very carefully placed a card of his name upon the principal altar.

## A POLITE TOWN.

Charles II. on passing through Bodmin, is said to have observed, that "this was the politest town he had ever seen, as one half of the houses appeared to be *bowing*, and the other half *uncovered*." Since the days of Charles, the houses are altered, but the inhabitants still retain their politeness, especially at elections.



## Ancient British Pillar, Valle Crucis Abbey, North Wales.

Who first uprear'd this venerable stone,  
And how, by ruthless hands, the column fell,  
And how again restor'd, I fain would tell.

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A few years ago, an artist made a water-colour sketch of this monument, as a picturesque object, in the romantic vicinage of Llangollen; from that drawing he permitted the present, and the following are some particulars of the interesting memorial.

Mr. Pennant, during his "Tour in Wales," entered Merionethshire, "into that portion for ever to be distinguished in the Welsh annals, on account of the hero it produced, who made such a figure in the beginning of the fifteenth century." This tract retains its former title, "Glyndwrwy," or the valley of the Dee. It  
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once belonged to the lords of Dinas Brân. After the murder of the two eldest sons of the last lord, the property had been usurped by the earl of Warren, and that nobleman, who appears to have been seized with remorse for his crime, instead of plunging deeper in guilt, procured from Edward I. a grant of the territory to the third son, from whom the fourth in descent was the celebrated Owen Glyndwr.\*

In this valley, about a quarter of a mile from Valle Crucis Abbey, Mr. Pennant

\* His quarrel with Howel Sele forms an article in the *Every-Day Book*, vol. ii. p. 1021—1032.

found the present monument. It was thrown from its base, and lay in the hedge of a meadow. He figures it by an engraving of the pillar in an upright position, showing the fracture of the lower part as it then appeared in relation to the square socket-stone, its original supporter. Mr. Pennant calls it the "remainder of a round column, perhaps one of the most ancient of any British inscribed pillar now existing;" and he thus proceeds:—

"It was entire till the civil wars of the last century, when it was thrown down and broken, by some ignorant fanatics, who thought it had too much the appearance of a cross to be suffered to stand. It probably bore the name of one; for the field it lies in is still called 'Llwyn-y-Groes,' or the Grove of the Cross, from the wood that surrounded it. It was erected at so early a period, that there is nothing marvellous if we should perceive a tincture of the old idolatry, or at least of the primeval customs of our country, in the mode of it when perfect.

"The pillar had never been a cross; notwithstanding folly and superstition might, in later times, imagine it to have been one, and have paid it the usual honours. It was a memorial of the dead; an improvement on the rude columns of Druidical times, and cut into form, and surrounded with inscriptions. It is among the first lettered stones that succeeded the 'Meini-hirion,' 'Meini Gwyr,' and 'Llechau.' It stood on a great tumulus; perhaps always environed with wood, (as the mount is at present,) according to the custom of the most ancient times, when standing pillars were placed 'under every green tree.'

"It is said that the stone, when complete, was twelve feet high. It is now reduced to six feet eight. The remainder of the capital is eighteen inches long. It stood enfixed in a square pedestal, still lying in the mount; the breadth of which is five feet three inches; the thickness eighteen inches.

"The beginning of the inscription gives us nearly the time of its erection, 'Concenn filius Cateli, Cateli filius Brochmail, Brochmail filius Eliseg, Eliseg filius Cnoillaine, Concenn itaque pronepos Eliseg edificavit hunc lapidem proavo suo *Eliseg.*'

"This Concenn, or Congen, was the grandson of Brochmail Yseithroc, the same who was defeated in 607, at the battle of Chester. The letters on the stone were copied by Mr. Edward Llwyd: the inscription is now illegible; but, from the copy taken by that great antiquary, the alphabet

nearly resembles one of those in use in the sixth century.

"One of the seats of Concenn and Eliseg was in this country. A township adjacent to the column bears, from the last, the name of Eglwyseg; and the picturesque tiers of rocks are called Glisseg for the same reason. The habitation of this prince of Powys in these parts was probably Dinas Brân, which lies at the head of the vale of Glisseg. Mr. Llwyd conjectures that this place took its name from the interment of Eliseg."

Mr. Pennant continues to relate that "There are two ways from this pillar: the usual is along the vale, on an excellent turnpike road leading to Ruthyn; the other is adapted only for the travel of the horsemen, but far the more preferable, on account of the romantic views. I returned by Valle Crucis; and, after winding along a steep midway to the old castle, descended; and, then crossing the rill of the Brân, arrived in the valley of Glisseg; long and narrow, bounded on the right by the astonishing precipices, divided into numberless parallel strata of white limestone, often giving birth to vast yew-trees; and, on the left, by smooth and verdant hills, bordered by pretty woods. One of the principal of the Glisseg rocks is honoured with the name of Craig-Arthur; another, at the end of the vale called Craig y Forwyn, or the Maiden's, is bold, precipitous, and terminates with a vast natural column. This valley is chiefly inhabited (happily) by an independent race of warm and wealthy yeomanry, undevoured as yet by the great men of the country."

The "Tour in Wales" was performed by Mr. Pennant in 1773; and his volume, containing the preceding account of the "Pillar of Eliseg," was published in 1778. In the following year, the shaft was reared from its prostrate situation on its ancient pedestal, as appears by the following inscription on the column, copied by the artist who made the present drawing of the monument.

QUOD HUIUS VETERIS MONUMENTI  
SUPEREST

DIU EX OCULIS REMOTUM

ET NEGLECTUM

TANDEM RESTITUIT

T. LLOYD

DE

TREVOR HALL

A. D.

M.DCC.LXX.IX.

It is not in my power to add any thing respecting this venerable memorial of early times than, that, according to a printed itinerary, its neighbourhood is at this time further remarkable for the self-seclusion of two ladies of rank. At about two miles' distance is an elegant cottage, situated on a knoll, the retreat of lady Elizabeth Butler and Miss Ponsonby; who, turning from the vanity of fashionable life, have fixed their residence in this beautiful vale.

## Hard Fare.

### ACCOUNT OF A STONE-EATER.

BY FATHER PAULIAN.

The beginning of May, 1760, was brought to Avignon, a true lithophagus or stone-eater. He not only swallowed flints of an inch and a half long, a full inch broad, and half an inch thick; but such stones as he could reduce to powder, such as marble, pebbles, &c. he made up into paste, which was to him a most agreeable and wholesome food. I examined this man with all the attention I possibly could; I found his gullet very large, his teeth exceedingly strong, his saliva very corrosive, and his stomach lower than ordinary, which I imputed to the vast number of flints he had swallowed, being about five and twenty, one day with another.

Upon interrogating his keeper, he told me the following particulars. "This stone-eater," says he, "was found three years ago in a northern inhabited island, by some of the crew of a Dutch ship, on Good Friday. Since I have had him, I make him eat raw flesh with his stones; I could never get him to swallow bread. He will drink water, wine, and brandy; which last liquor gives him infinite pleasure. He sleeps at least twelve hours in a day, sitting on the ground with one knee over the other, and his chin resting on his right knee. He smokes almost all the time he is not asleep, or is not eating." The keeper also tells me, that some physicians at Paris got him blooded; that the blood had little or no serum, and in two hours' time became as fragile as coral.

This stone-eater hitherto is unable to pronounce more than a few words, *Oui, non, caillou, bon*. I showed him a fly through a microscope: he was astonished at the size of the animal, and could not be induced to examine it. He has been taught

to make the sign of the cross, and was baptized some months ago in the church of St. Côme, at Paris. The respect he shows to ecclesiastics, and his ready disposition to please them, afforded me the opportunity of satisfying myself as to all these particulars; and I am fully convinced that he is no cheat.\*

### AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF A STONE-EATER.

A FRAGMENT.

I was born by the side of a rocky cave in the Peak of Derbyshire; before I was born, my mother dreamed I should be an ostrich. I very early showed a disposition to my present diet; instead of eating the pap offered to me, I swallowed the spoon, which was of hard stone ware, made in that country, and had the handle broken off. My coral served me in the double capacity of a plaything and a sweetmeat; and as soon as I had my teeth, I nibbled at every pan and mug that came within my reach, in such a manner, that there was scarcely a whole piece of earthenware to be found in the house. I constantly swallowed the flints out of the tinder-box, and so deranged the economy of the family, that my mother forced me to seek subsistence out of the house.

Hunger, they say, will break stone walls: this I experienced; for the stone fences lay very temptingly in my way, and I made many a comfortable breakfast on them. On one occasion, a farmer who had lost some of his flock the night before, finding me early one morning breaking his fences, would hardly be persuaded that I had no design upon his mutton—I only meant to regale myself upon his wall.

When I went to school, I was a great favourite with the boys; for whenever there was damson tart or cherry pie, I was well content to eat all the stones, and leave them the fruit. I took the shell, and gave my companions the oyster, and whoever will do so, I will venture to say, will be well received through life. I must confess, however, that I made great havoc among the marbles, of which I swallowed as many as the other boys did of sugar-plums. I have many a time given a stick of barley-sugar for a delicious white alley; and it used to be the diversion of the bigger boys to shake me, and hear them rattle in my

\* Gentleman's Magazine.

stomach. While I was there, I devoured the greatest part of a stone chimney-piece, which had been in the school time out of mind, and borne the memorials of many generations of scholars, all of which were more swept away by my teeth, than those of time. I fell, also, upon a collection of spars and pebbles, which my master's daughter had got together to make a grotto. For both these exploits I was severely flogged. I continued, however, my usual diet, except that for a change I sometimes ate Norfolk dumplings, which I found agree with me very well. I have now continued this diet for thirty years, and do affirm it to be the most cheap, wholesome, natural, and delicious of all food.

I suspect the Antediluvians were Lithophagi: this, at least, we are certain of, that Saturn, who lived in the golden age, was a stone-eater! We cannot but observe, that those people who live in fat rich soils are gross and heavy; whereas those who inhabit rocky and barren countries, where there is plenty of nothing but stones, are healthy, sprightly, and vigorous. For my own part, I do not know that ever I was ill in my life, except that once being over persuaded to venture on some Suffolk cheese, it gave me a slight indigestion.

I am ready to eat flints, pebbles, marbles, freestone, granite, or any other stones the curious may choose, with a good appetite and without any deception. I am promised by a friend, a shirt and coarse frock of the famous Asbestos, that my food and clothing may be suitable to each other.

### FRANCIS BATTALIA.

In 1641, Hollar etched a print of Francis Battalia, an Italian, who is said to have eaten half a peck of stones a day. Respecting this individual, Dr. Bulwer, in his "Artificial Changeling," says he saw the man, that he was at that time about thirty years of age; and that "he was born with two stones in one hand, and one in the other, which the child took for his first nourishment, upon the physician's advice; and afterwards nothing else but three or four pebbles in a spoon, once in twenty-four hours." After his stone-meals, he was accustomed to take a draught of beer: "and in the interim, now and then, a pipe of tobacco; for he had been a soldier in Ireland, at the siege of Limerick; and upon his return to London was confined for some time upon suspicion of imposture."

## Garrick Plays.

### No. IX.

[From the "Two Angry Women of Abingdon," a Comedy, by Henry Porter, 1599.]

#### *Proverb-monger.*

This formal fool, your man, speaks nought but Proverbs;

And, speak men what they can to him, he'll answer  
With some rhyme-rotten sentence, or old saying,  
Such spokes as th' Ancient of the Parish use  
With "Neighbour, it's an old Proverb and a true,  
Goose giblets are good meat, old sack better than new!"  
Then says another, "Neighbour, that is true."  
And when each man hath drunk his gallon round,  
(A penny pot, for that's the old man's gallon),  
Then doth he lick his lips, and stroke his beard,  
That's glued together with the slavering drops  
Of yesty ale; and when he scarce can trim  
His gouty fingers, thus he'll fillip it,  
And with a rotten hem say, "Hey my hearts,"  
"Merry go sorry," "Cock and Pye, my hearts;"  
And then their saving-penny-proverb comes,  
And that is this, "They that will to the wine,  
By'r Lady, mistress, shall lay their penny to mine."  
This was one of this penny-father's bastards;  
For on my life he was never begot  
Without the consent of some great Proverb-monger.

#### *She Wit.*

Why, she will flout the devil, and make blush  
The boldest face of man that ever man saw.  
He that hath best opinion of his wit,  
And hath his brain-pan fraught with bitter jests  
(Or of his own, or stol'n, or howsoever),  
Let him stand ne'er so high in his own conceit,  
Her wit's a sun that melts him down like butter,  
And makes him sit at table pancake-wise,  
Flat, flat, and ne'er a word to say;  
Yet she'll not leave him then, but like a tyrant  
She'll persecute the poor wit-beaten man,  
And so be-bang him with dry bobs and scoffs,  
When he is down (most cowardly, good faith!)  
As I have pitied the poor patient.  
There came a Farmer's Son a wooing to her,  
A proper man, well-landed too he was,  
A man that for his wit need not to ask  
What time a year 'twere need to sow his oats,  
Nor yet his barley, no, nor when to reap,  
To plow his fallows, or to fell his trees,  
Well experienced thus each kind of way;  
After a two months' labour at the most,  
(And yet 'twas well he held it out so long),  
He left his Love; she had so laced his lips,  
He could say nothing to her but "God be with ye."  
Why, she, when men have dined, and call'd for cheese  
Will strait maintain jests bitter to digest;  
And then some one will fall to argument,



Who if he over-master her with reason,  
Then she'll begin to buffet him with mocks.

*Master Goursey proposes to his Son a Wife.*

*Frank Goursey.* Ne'er trust me, father, the shape of marriage,

Which I do see in others, seems so severe,  
I dare not put my youngling liberty  
Under the awe of that instruction;  
And yet I grant, the limits of free youth  
Going astray are often restrain'd by that.  
But Mistress Wedlock, to my summer thoughts,  
Will be too curst, I fear: O should she snip  
My pleasure-aiming mind, I shall be sad;  
And swear, when I did marry, I was mad.

*Old Goursey.* But, boy, let my experience teach thee this;

(Yet in good faith thou speak'st not much amiss);  
When first thy mother's fame to me did come,  
Thy grandsire thus then came to me his son,  
And ev'n my words to thee to me he said;  
And, as thou say'st to me, to him I said,  
But in a greater huff and hotter blood:  
I tell ye, on youth's tiptoes then I stood,  
Says he (good faith, this was his very say),  
When I was young, I was but Reason's fool;  
And went to wedding, as to Wisdom's school:  
It taught me much, and much I did forget;  
But, beaten much by it, I got some wit:  
Though I was shackled from an often-scout,  
Yet I would wanton it, when I was out;  
'Twas comfort old acquaintance then to meet,  
Restrained liberty attain'd is sweet,  
Thus said my father to thy father, son;  
And thou may'st do this too, as I have done.

*Wandering in the dark all night.*

O when will this same Year of Night have end?  
Long-look'd for Day's Sun, when wilt thou ascend?  
Let not this thief-friend misty veil of night  
Encroach on day, and shadow thy fair light;  
Whilst thou comest tardy from thy Thetis' bed,  
Blush forth golden-hair and glorious red.  
O stay not long, bright lantern of the day,  
To light my mist-way feet to my right way.

The pleasant Comedy, from which these Extracts are taken, is contemporary with some of the earliest of Shakspeare's, and is no whit inferior to either the Comedy of Errors, or the Taming of the Shrew, for instance. It is full of business, humour, and merry malice. Its night-scenes are peculiarly sprightly and wakeful. The versification unencumbered, and rich with compound epithets. Why do we go on with ever new Editions of Ford, and Massinger, and the thrice reprinted Selections of Dodsley? what we want is as many

volumes more, as these latter consist of, filled with plays (such as this), of which we know comparatively nothing. Not a third part of the Treasures of old English Dramatic literature has been exhausted. Are we afraid that the genius of Shakspeare would suffer in our estimate by the disclosure? He would indeed be somewhat lessened as a miracle and a prodigy. But he would lose no height by the confession. When a Giant is shown to us, does it detract from the curiosity to be told that he has at home a gigantic brood of brethren, less only than himself? Along *with* him, not *from* him, sprang up the race of mighty Dramatists who, compared with the Otways and Rowses that followed, were as Miltons to a Young or an Akenside. That he was their elder Brother, not their Parent, is evident from the fact of the very few direct imitations of him to be found in their writings. Webster, Decker, Heywood, and the rest of his great contemporaries went on their own ways, and followed their individual impulses, not blindly prescribing to themselves his tract. Marlowe, the true (though imperfect) Father of our *tragedy*, preceded him. The *comedy* of Fletcher is essentially unlike to that of his. 'Tis out of no detracting spirit that I speak thus, for the Plays of Shakspeare have been the strongest and the sweetest food of my mind from infancy; but I resent the comparative obscurity in which some of his most valuable co-operators remain, who were his dear intimates, his stage and his chamber-fellows while he lived, and to whom his gentle spirit doubtlessly then awarded the full portion of their genius, as from them toward himself appears to have been no grudging of his acknowledged excellence.

C. L.

**Characters.**

AGRESTILLA.

*For the Table Book.*

There is a story in the Rambler of a lady whom the great moralist calls Althea, who perversely destroyed all the satisfaction of a party of pleasure, by not only finding, but seeking for fault upon every occasion, and affecting a variety of frivolous fears and apprehensions without cause. Female follies, like "states and empires, have their periods of declension;" and nearly half a century has passed away since it has been deemed elegant, or supposed interesting, to scream at a spider, shudder in a boat, or

assert, with vehemence of terror, that a gun, though ascertained not to be charged, may still "go off." The tendency to fly from one extreme to the other has ever been the characteristic of weak minds, and the party of weak minds will always support itself by a considerable majority, both among women and men. Something may be done by those minor moralists, modestly termed essayists and novelists, who have brought wisdom and virtue to dwell in saloons and drawing-rooms. Mrs. H. More and Miss Edgeworth have pretty well written down the affectation of assuming "the cap, the whip, the masculine attire," and the rage for varnishing and shoe-making has of itself subsided, by the natural effect of total incongruity between the means and the end. Ladies are now contented to be ladies, that is, rational beings of the softer sex, and do not affect to be artists or mechanics. Nevertheless, some peculiarities of affectation do from time to time shoot up into notice, and call for the pruning-knife of the friendly satirist.

AGRESTILLA is an agreeable, well-informed person of my own sex, from whose society I have derived great pleasure and advantage both in London and Paris. A few weeks since, she proposed to me to accompany her to spend some time in a small town in Normandy, for the benefit of country air: to this plan I acceded with great readiness; an apartment was secured by letter, and we proceeded on our journey.

I have lived too long in the world ever to expect unmixed satisfaction from any measure, and long enough never to neglect any precaution by which personal comfort is to be secured. To this effect I had represented, that perhaps it might be better to delay fixing on lodgings till we arrived, lest we should find ourselves bounded to the view of a market-place or narrow street, with, perchance, a butcher's shop opposite our windows, and a tin-man or tallow-chandler next door to us. Agrestilla replied, that in London or Paris it was of course essential to one's consideration in society to live in a fashionable neighbourhood, but that nobody minded those things "in the country." In vain I replied, that *consideration* was not what I considered, but freedom from noise and bad smells: I was then laughed at for my fastidiousness,—"Who in the world would make difficulties about such trifles in the *country*, when one might be out of doors from morning till night!"

We arrived at the place of our destination; my mind expanded with pleasure at

the sight of large rooms, wide staircases, and windows affording the prospect of verdure. The stone-floors and the paucity of window-curtains, to say nothing of blinds to exclude the sun, appeared to me inconveniences to be remedied by the expenditure of a few francs; but Agrestilla, as pertinacious in her serenity as Althea in her querulousness, decided that we ought to take things in the rough, and make anything do "in the country." Scraps of carpet and ells of muslin are attainable by unassisted effort, stimulated by necessity, and I acquired and maintained tolerable ease of mind and body, till we came to discuss together the grand article of society. My maxim is, the best or none at all. I love conversation, but hate feasting and visiting. Agrestilla lays down no maxim, but her practice is, good if possible—if not, second-best; at all events, a number of guests and frequent parties. Though she is not vain of her mind or of her person, yet the display of fine clothes and good dishes, and the secret satisfaction of shining forth the queen of her company, make up her enjoyment: Agrestilla's taste is gregarious. To my extreme sorrow and apprehension, we received an invitation to dine with a family unknown to me, and living nine miles off! To refuse was impossible, the plea of preengagement is inadmissible with people who tell you to "choose your day," and as to pretending to be sick, I hold it to be presumptuous and wicked. The conveyance was to be a cart! the time of departure six in the morning! Terrified and aghast, I demanded, "How are we to get through the day?" No work! no books! no subjects of mutual interest to talk upon!—"Oh! dear me, time soon passes 'in the country;' we shall be three hours going, the roads are very bad, then comes breakfast, and then walking round the garden, and then dinner and coming home early." This invitation hung over my mind like an incubus,—like an eye-tooth firm in the head to be wrenched out,—like settling-day to a defaulter, or auricular confession to a ceremonious papist and bad liver. My only hope was in the weather. The clouds seemed to be for ever filling and for ever emptying, like the pitchers of the Danaides. The street, court, and garden became all impassable, without the loan of Celestine's *sabots* (anglicé, wooden-shoes.) Celestine is a stout Norman girl, who washes the dishes, and wears a holland-mob and a linsey-woolsey petticoat. Certainly, thought I, in my foolish security, while this deluge continues no-

body will think of visiting "in the country." But vain and illusive was my hope! Agrestilla declared her intention of keeping her engagement "if it rained cats and dogs;" and the weather cleared up on the eve of my execution, and smiled in derision of my woe. The cart came. Jemmy Dawson felt as much anguish in his, but he did not feel it so long. We were lumbered with inside packages, bundles, boxes, and baskets, accumulated by Agrestilla; I proposed their being secured with cords (*lashed* is the sea-term) to prevent them from rolling about, crushing our feet and grazing our legs at every jolt. Agrestilla's politeness suppress an exclamation of amazement, that people could mind such trifles "in the country!"—for her part, she never made difficulties.—Being obliged to maintain the equilibrium of my person by clinging to each side of the cart with my two hands, I had much to envy those personages of the Hindû mythology, who are provided with six or seven arms: as for my bonnet it was crushed into all manner of shapes, my brain was jarred and concussed into the incapacity to tell whether six and five make eleven or thirteen, and my feet were "all murdered," as the Irish and French say. What exasperated my sufferings was the reflection on my own folly in incurring so much positive evil, to pay and receive a mere compliment! Had it been to take a reprieve to a dear friend going to be hanged, to carry the news of a victory, or convey a surgeon to the wounded, I should have thought nothing and said less of the matter; but for a mere dinner among strangers, a long day without interest and occupation!—really I consider myself as having half incurred the guilt of suicide. Six or seven times at least, the horse, painfully dragging us the whole way by the strain of every nerve and sinew, got stuck in the mud, and was to be flogged till he plunged out of it. More than once we tottered upon ridges of incrusted mud, when a very little matter would have turned us over. I say nothing about Rutland—I abhor and disdain a pun—but we did nothing but cross ruts to avoid puddles, and cross them back again to avoid stones, and the ruts were all so deep as to leave but one semicircle of the wheel visible. I never saw such roads—the Colossus of Rhodes would have been knee-deep in them. At last we arrived—Agrestilla as much out of patience at my calling it an evil to have my shins bruised black and blue, while engaged in a party of pleasure "in the country," as I to find the expedition all pain and no pleasure. We

turned out of the cart in very bad condition; all our dress "clean put on," as the housewives say, rumpled and soiled, our limbs stiff, our faces flushed, and by far too fevered to eat, and too weary to walk. How I thought, like a shipwrecked mariner, not upon my own "fireside," as English novelists always say, but upon my quiet, comfortable room, books, work, independence, and *otium* with or without *dignitate* (let others decide that.) Oh! the *fug* of talking when one has nothing to say, smiling when one is ready to cry, and accepting civilities when one feels them all to be inflictions! Of the habits, the manners, the appearance, and the conversation of our hosts, I will relate nothing; I have eaten their bread, as the Arabs say, and owe them the tribute of thanks and silence. Agrestilla was as merry as possible all day; she has lived in the company of persons of sense and education, but—nobody expects refinement "in the country!" In vain I expostulate with her, pleading in excuse of what she terms my fastidiousness, that I cannot change my fixed notions of elegance, propriety, and comfort, to conform to the habits of those to whom such terms are as *lingua franca* to a Londoner, what he neither understands nor cares for.

It is easy to conform one's exterior to rural habits, by putting on a coarse straw hat, thick shoes, and linen gown, but the taste and feeling of what is right, the mental perception must remain the same. Nothing can be more surprising to an English resident in a country-town of France, than the jumble of ranks in society that has taken place since the revolution. I know a young lady whose education and manners render her fit for polished society in Paris; her mother goes about in a woollen jacket, and dresses the dinner, not from necessity, for that I should make no joke of, but from taste; and is as arrant an old gossip as ever lolled with both elbows over the counter of a chandler's shop.—Her brother is a *garde du corps*, who spends his life in palaces and drawing-rooms, and she has one cousin a little pastry-cook, and another a washer-woman.—They have a lodger, a maiden lady, who lives on six hundred francs per annum, (about twenty-four pounds,) and of course performs every menial office for herself, and, except on Sundays, looks like an old weeding-woman; her brother has been a judge, lives in a fine house, buys books and cultivates exotics. Low company is tiresome in England, because it is ignorant and stupid; in France it is gross and disgusting. The notion of being merry and

entertaining is to tell gross stories; the *demoiselles* sit and say nothing, simpler and look pretty: what a pity it is that time should change them into coarse, hard-featured *commères*, like their mothers! The way in Normandy is to dine very early, and remain all the evening in the dinner-room, instead of going into a fresh apartment to take coffee. Agrestilla does not fail to conform to the latter plan in Paris, because people of fashion do so, and Agrestilla is a fashionable woman, but she wonders I should object to the smell of the dinner "in the country." I have been strongly tempted to the crime of sacrilege by robbing the church for wax candles, none being to be got at "the shop." My incapacity for rural enjoyments and simple habits is manifest to Agrestilla, from my absurdly objecting to the smell of tallow-candles "in the country." Agrestilla's rooms are profusely lighted with wax in Paris, "but nobody thinks of such a thing 'in the country' for nearly a month or two,"—as if life were not made up of months, weeks, and hours!

I am afraid, Mr. Editor, that I may have wearied you by my prolixity, but since all acumen of taste is to disappear, when we pass the bills of mortality, I will hope that my communication may prove good enough to be read—in the *country*.

N.

## FEMALE FRIENDSHIP.

Joy cannot claim a purer bliss,  
Nor grief a dew from stain more clear,  
Than female friendship's meeting kiss,  
Than female friendship's parting tear.  
How sweet the heart's full bliss to pour  
To her, whose smile must crown the store!  
How sweeter still to tell of woes  
To her, whose faithful breast would share  
In every grief, in every care,  
Whose sigh can lull them to repose!  
Oh! blessed sigh! there is no sorrow,  
But from thy breath can sweetness borrow;  
E'en to the pale and drooping flower  
That fades in love's neglected hour;  
E'en with her woes can friendship's pow'r  
One happier feeling blend:  
'Tis from her restless bed to creep,  
And sink like wearied babe to sleep,  
On the soft couch her sorrows steep,  
The bosom of a friend.

Miss Mitford.

## LINES TO A SPARROW.

WHO COMES TO MY WINDOW EVERY  
MORNING FOR HIS BREAKFAST.

Master Dicky, my dear,  
You have nothing to fear,  
Your proceedings I mean not to check, sir;  
Whilst the weather benumbs,  
We should pick up our crumbs,  
So, I prithee, make free with a *peck*, sir.

I'm afraid it's too plain  
You're a villain in *grain*,  
But in that you resemble your neighbours,  
For mankind have agreed  
It is right to *suck seed*,  
Then, like you, *hop the twig* with their labours.

Besides this, master Dick,  
You of trade have the trick,  
In all *branches* you traffic at will, sir;  
You have no need of shops  
For your samples of *hops*,  
And can ev'ry day take up your *bill*, sir.

Then in foreign affairs  
You may give yourself *airs*,  
For I've heard it reported at home, sir,  
That you're on the best terms  
With the *diet of Worms*,  
And have often been tempted to *Rome*, sir.

Thus you feather your nest  
In the way you like best,  
And live high without fear of mishap, sir;  
You are fond of your *grub*,  
Have a taste for some *shrub*,  
And for *gin*—there you understand *trap*, sir.

Tho' the rivers won't flow,  
In the frost and the snow,  
And for fish other folks vainly try, sir;  
Yet you'll have a treat,  
For, in cold or in heat,  
You can still take a *perch* with a *fly*, sir.

In love, too, oh Dick,  
(Tho' you oft when love-sick  
On the course of good-breeding may trample;  
And though often henpeck'd,  
Yet) you scorn to neglect  
To set all mankind an *egg-sample*.

Your *opinions*, 'tis true,  
Are flighty a few,  
But at this I, for one, will not grumble;  
So—your breakfast you've got,  
And you're off like a *shot*,  
Dear Dicky, your humble *cum-tumble*.\*

\* Examiner, Feb. 12, 1815.



### Hut. Alderson, Bellman of Durham.

And who gave thee that jolly red nose?  
 Brandy, cinnamon, ale, and cloves,  
 That gave me the jolly red nose.

OLD SONG.

### THE BISHOP OF BUTTERBY.

A SKETCH, BY ONE OF HIS PREBENDARIES.

*For the Table Book.*

I remember reading in that excellent little periodical, "The Cigar," of the red nose of the friar of Dillow, which served the holy man in the stead of a lantern, when he crossed the fens at night, to visit the fair lady of the sheriff of Gloucestershire. Whether the nose of the well-known eccentric now under consideration ever lighted his path, when returning from Shincliffe

feast, or Houghton-le-spring hopping—whether it ever

"Brightly beam'd his path above,  
 And lit his way to his ladye love"—

this deponent knoweth not; but, certainly, if ever nose could serve for such purposes, it is that of Hut. Alderson, which is the reddest in the city of Durham—save and excepting, nevertheless, the nose of fat Hannah, the Elvet orange-woman. Yes, Hut. thou portly living tun! thou animated lump of obesity! thou hast verily a most jolly nose! Keep it out of my sight, I

pray thee! Saint Giles, defend me from its scorchings! there is fire in its mere pictorial representation! Many a time, I ween, thou hast mulled thine ale with it, when sitting with thy pot companions at Moralies!

Hutchinson Alderson, the subject of the present biographical notice, is the well-known bellman of the city of Durham. Of his parentage and education I am ignorant, but I have been informed by him, at one of his "visitations," that he is a native of the place, where, very early in life, he was "bound 'prentice to a shoemaker," and where, after the expiration of his servitude, he began business. During the period of the threatened invasion of this nation by the French, he enlisted in the Durham militia; but I cannot correctly state what office he held in the regiment; the accounts on the subject are very conflicting and contradictory. Some have informed me he was a mere private, others that he was a corporal; and a wanton wag has given out that he was kept by the regiment, to be used as a beacon, in cases of extraordinary emergency. Certain it is that he was in the militia, and that during that time the accident occurred which destroyed his hopes of military promotion, and rendered him unable to pursue his ordinary calling—I allude to the loss of his right hand, which happened as follows:—A Durham lady, whose husband was in the habit of employing Alderson as a shoemaker, had a favourite parrot, which, on the cage door being left open, escaped, and was shortly afterwards seen flying from tree to tree in a neighbouring wood. Alderson, on being made acquainted with the circumstance, proceeded with his gun to the wood, where, placing himself within a few yards of the bird, he fired at it, having previously poured a little water into the muzzle, which he thoughtlessly imagined would have the effect of bringing down the bird, without doing it material injury; but, unhappily, the piece exploded, and shattered his right hand so dreadfully, that immediate amputation was rendered necessary.

For some time after this calamity, Alderson's chief employment consisted in taking care of gentlemen's horses, and cleaning knives. He was then appointed street-keeper; and, during the short time he held that office, discharged its duty in a very impartial manner—I believe to the entire satisfaction of all the inhabitants. He has also, at different periods, been one of the constables of the parish of Saint Mary le Bow. About the year 1822, the office of

bellman to the city of Durham became vacant, by resignation, upon which Hut. immediately offered himself as a candidate; and, from there being no opposition, and his being a freeman, he was installed by the unanimous voice of every member of the corporation, and he has accordingly discharged the duties of bellman ever since. It is in that capacity our artist has represented him in the cut at the head of the present sketch. But Hut. Alderson is the wearer of other dignities.

About three miles from Durham is a beautiful little hamlet, called Butterby, and in ancient deeds *Beautrove*,\* and *Beautrovensis*, from the elegance of its situation; and certainly its designation is no misnomer, for a lovelier spot the imagination cannot picture. The seclusion of its walks, the deep shade of its lonely glens, and the many associations connected with it, independently of its valuable mineral waters, conspire to render it a favourite place of resort; and, were I possessed of the poetic talent of veterinary doctor Marshall, I should certainly be tempted to immortalize its many charms in a sonnet. Butterby was formerly a place of considerable note; the old manor-house there, whose haunted walls are still surrounded by a moat, was once the residence of Oliver Cromwell, whose armorial bearings still may be seen over one of the huge, antique-fashioned fire-places. In olden time, Butterby had a church, dedicated to saint Leonard, of which not a *visible* vestige is remaining; though occasionally on the spot which antiquaries have fixed upon as its site, divers sepulchral relics have been discovered. Yet, to hear many of the inhabitants of Durham talk, a stranger would naturally believe that the hamlet is still in possession of this sacred edifice; for "*Butterby-church*" is there spoken of, not as a plate adorning the antiquarian page, nor even as a ruin to attract the gaze of the moralizing tourist, but as a real, substantial, *bonâ fide* structure: the fact is, that, in the slang of Durham, (for the modern Zion † has its slang as well as the modern Babylon,) a Butterby church-goer is one who does not frequent any church; and when such an one is asked, "What church have you attended to-day?" the customary answer is, "I have been attending service at Butterby." About the year 1823, there appeared in one of the London journals an account of a marriage, said to have been solemnized at But-

\* Vide Mr. Dixon's View of Durham.

† Ibid.

terby-church, between two parties who never existed but in the fertile brain of the writer of the paragraph, "By the Rev. Hutchinson Alderson, rector." From that time, Hut. Alderson began to be designated a clergyman, and was speedily dubbed A. M. Merit *will* rise, and therefore the A. M. became D. D., and Alderson himself enjoyed the waggery, and insisted on the young gentlemen of the place touching their hats, and humbling themselves when his reverence passed.

Not content with the honours which already, like laurel branches, had encircled his brow, Hut. aspired to still greater distinction, and gave out that Butterby was a bishop's see, that the late parochial church was a cathedral, and, in fine, that the late humble rector was a lordly bishop—THE RIGHT REVEREND HUTCHINSON ALDERSON LORD BISHOP OF BUTTERBY, or HUT. BUT. Having thus dubbed himself, he next proceeded to the proper formation of his cathedral; named about ten individuals as prebends, (among whom were the writer of this sketch, and his good friend his assistant artist,) chose a dean and archdeacon, and selected a few more humble individuals to fill the different places of sexton, organist, vergers, bell-ringers, &c., and soon began, in the exercise of his episcopal functions, to give divers orders, oral and written, respecting repairs of the church, preaching of sermons, &c. The last I recollect was a notice, delivered to one of the prebends by the bishop in *propria persona*, intimating that, owing to the church having received considerable damage by a high flood, he would not be required to officiate there till further notice.

A cathedral is nothing without a tutelary saint, and accordingly Butterby-church has been dedicated to saint Giles. Several articles have been written, and privately circulated, descriptive of the splendid architecture of this imaginary edifice; every arch has had its due meed of approbation, and its saint has been exalted in song, almost as high as similar worthies of the Roman catholic church. A legend has been written—I beg pardon, *found* in one of the vaults of Bear-park,—containing an account of divers miracles performed by saint Giles; which legend is doubtless as worthy of credit, and equally true, as some of Alban Butler's, or the miracles of prince Hohenlohe and Thomas à Becket. Happening to have a correct copy of the composition to which I allude, I give it, with full persuasion that by so doing I shall confer a signal obligation on the rest of my brother

prebends, some of whom are believers in its antiquity, though, I am inclined to think, it is, like the *ancient* poems found in Redcliffe-church, and published by the unfortunate Chatterton—all "*Rowley powley*," &c. I have taken the liberty to modernize the spelling.

## SAINT GILES

### *His Holie Legend :*

WRITTEN IN LATIN, BY FATHER PETER, MONK OF BEAUPAIRE, AND DONE INTO ENGLISH THIS YEAR OF REDEMPTION, 1555, BY MASTER JOHN WALTON, SCHOOLMASTER, ST. MAGDALENE HER CHAPEL YARD DURHAM: AND DEDICATED TO OUR GOOD QUEEN MARY, WHOM GOD LONG PRESERVE.

#### 1.

O did ye ne'er hear of saint Giles,  
The saint of fam'd Butterby steeple?  
There ne'er was his like seen for miles,  
Pardie, he astonied the people!  
His face was as red as the sun,  
His eyne were a couple of sloes, sir,  
His belly was big as a tun,  
And he had a huge bottle nose, sir;  
O what a strange fellow was he!

#### 2.

Of woman he never was born,  
And wagers have been laid upon it;  
They found him at Finchale one morn,  
Wrapp'd up in an heavenly bounnet:  
The prior was taking his rounds,  
As he was wont after his *brichfast*,  
He heard most celestial sounds,  
And saw something in a tree stick fast,  
Like a bundle of dirty old clothes.

#### 3.

Quite frighten'd, he fell on his knees,  
And said thirteen aves and ten credos,  
When the thing in the tree gave a sneeze,  
And out popp'd a hand, and then three toes:  
Now, when he got out of his faint,  
He approach'd, with demeanour most humble,  
And what should he see but the saint,  
Not a copper the worse from his tumble,  
But lying all sound wind and limb.

#### 4.

Says the prior, "From whence did you come,  
Or how got you into my garden?"  
But the baby said nothing but mum—  
And for the priest car'd not a *farden* :  
At length, the saint open'd his gob,  
And said, "I'm from heaven, d'ye see, sir,  
Now don't stand there scratching your nob,  
But help me down out of the tree, sir,  
Or I'll soon set your convent a-blaze!"

## 5.

The prior stood quite in a maze,  
 To hear such an infant so queerly call,  
 So, humbling himself, he gave praise  
 To our lady for so great a miracle:  
 Saint Giles from the bush then he took,  
 And led him away to the priory;  
 Where for years he stuck close to his book,  
 A holie and sanctified friar, he  
 Was thought by the good folks all round.

## 6.

In sanctity he pass'd his days,  
 Once or twice exorcis'd a demoniac;  
 And, to quiet his doubts and his fears,  
 Applied to a flask of old Cogniac;  
 To heaven he show'd the road fair,  
 And, if he saw sinner look glum or sad,  
 He'd tell him to drive away care,  
 And say, "Take a swig of good rum, my lad,  
 And it will soon give your soul ease."

## 7.

In miracles too the saint dealt,  
 And some may be seen to this minute;  
 At his bidding he'd make a rock melt,  
 Tho' Saint Sathanas might be in it:  
 One evening when rambling out,  
 He found himself stopp'd by the river,  
 So he told it to turn round about,  
 And let him go quietly over,  
 And the river politely complied!

## 8.

To Butterby often he'd stray,  
 And sometimes look in at the well, sir;  
 And if you'll attend to the lay,  
 How it came by its virtues I'll tell, sir:  
 One morning, as wont, the saint call'd,  
 And being tremendously faint then,  
 He drank of the stuff till he stall'd,  
 And out spake the reverend saint then,  
 My blessing be on thee for aye!

## 9.

Thus saying he bent his way home,  
 Now mark the event which has follow'd,  
 The fount has from that time become  
 A cure for sick folks—for its hallow'd:  
 And many a pilgrim goes there  
 From many a far distant part, sir,  
 And, piously uttering a prayer,  
 Blesses the saint's pious heart, sir,  
 That gave to the fount so much grace.

## 10.

At Finchale his saintship did dwell,  
 Till the devil got into the cloister,  
 And left the bare walls as a shell,  
 And gulp'd the fat monks like an oyster:  
 So the saint was enforced to quit,  
 But swore he'd the fell fellows all amuse,  
 And pay back their coin every whit,  
 Tho' his hide should be flay'd like Bartholemew's,  
 And red as Saint Dunstan's red nose.

## 11.

Another church straight he erected,  
 Which for its sanctity fam'd much is,  
 Where sinners and saints are protected,  
 And kept out of Belzebub's clutches:  
 And thus in the eve of his days  
 He still paternosters and aves sung,  
 His lungs were worn threadbare with praise,  
 Till death, who slays priors, rest gave his tongue  
 And sent him to sing in the spheres!

## 12.

It would be too long to tell here  
 Of how, when or where, the monks buried him,  
 Suffice it to say, it seems clear  
 That somewhere or other they carried him.  
 His odd life by death was made even,  
 He popp'd off on one of Lent Sundays,  
 His corpse was to miracles given,  
 And his choristers sung "De profundis  
 Clamavi ad te Domine!"

*Finis coronat opus.*

Such is the extraordinary legend of saint Giles, which I leave the antiquaries to sit in judgment on, and with which I quit the subject of Butterby-church, wishing that its good bishop may long continue in peaceful possession of the see, and in full enjoyment of all the honours and revenues connected therewith.

As relating to Butterby, I may be allowed perhaps to mention, that this place has afforded considerable amusement to many young men of wit and humour. About twenty years ago, the law students, then in Durham, instituted what they called the "Butterby manor court," and were in the habit of holding a sham court at a public-house there. A gentleman, who is now in London, and one of the most eminent men in the profession, used to preside as steward; and was attended by the happy and cheerful tenantry, who did suit and service, constituted a homage, and performed other acts and deeds, agreeable to the purpose for which they were duly and truly summoned, and assembled.

Hitherto, little has been said respecting the personal appearance and character of Hut. Alderson, and therefore, without further circumvolution, I hasten to add, that he is fifty years of age "and upwards," of the middle size and rather corpulent, of a very ruddy countenance, is possessed of a vast fund of anecdote, and is at all times an agreeable and humorous companion. He may generally be seen parading the streets of Durham, as represented by my brother prebend. Considering his humble rank in society, he is well-informed; and if he has



any failing, it is what has given the beautiful vermilion tint to that which, as it forms the most prominent feature in *his* appearance, is made one of the most prominent features of *my* memoir. As a crier, I never liked him—his voice is too *piano*, and wants a little of the *forte*.

In religion, Hut. is a stanch supporter of the establishment, and regularly attends divine service at St. Mary-le-Bow, where "his reverence" is allowed an exalted seat in the organ gallery, in which place, but for his services, I fear my friend, Mr. Weatherell, the organist, would have difficulty in drawing a single tone from the instrument. His aversion to dissenters is tremendous, and he is unsparing in his censure of those who do not conform to the church; yet, notwithstanding this, both Catholics and Unitarians unaccountably rank amongst his prebends. In politics, he is a whig of the old school, and abominates the radicals. At elections, (for he has a vote both for county and city, being a leaseholder for lives, and a freeman,) he always supports Michael Angelo Taylor and Mr. Lambton. He prides himself on his integrity, and I believe justly, for he is one that will never be bought or sold; if thousands were offered to him to obtain his vote, he would spurn the bribe, and throw the glittering ore in the faces of those who dared to insult his independent spirit.

It may amuse the reader, if I offer the following as a specimen of the ridiculous interruptions Hut. meets with when crying.

### THREE RINGS—*Ding dong! ding dong! ding dong!*

*Hut.* To be sold by auction—

1 *Boy.* Speak up! speak up! Hut.

*Hut.* Hod your jaw—at the Queen's head in—

2 *Boy.* The town of Butterby.

*Hut.* I'll smash your heed wi' the bell—the Queen's head in the *Bailya*—a large collection of—

3 *Boy.* Pews, pulpits, and organs.

*Hut.* I'll rap your canister—of valuable—*buiks* the property of—

1 *Boy.* The bishop of Butterby.

*Hut.* Be quiet, you scamp—of a gentleman from Lunnon—the *buiks* may be viewed any time between the hours of one and three, by applying to—

2 *Boy.* Tommy Sly—

*Hut.* Mr. Thwaites on the premises: the sale to commence at seven o'clock in the evening *prizizely*.

*All.* Huih! hooch! hooch!

*Hut.* I'll smash some o' your heeds wi' the bell—I know thee, Jack!—mind, an' I doant tell thee mither noo, thou daft fule!

This farce is usually acted every day in the streets of Durham; and to be truly enjoyed it should be witnessed. Having nothing more of my own to say, I shall conclude this sketch in the language of Rousseau.—"Voilà ce que j'ai fait, ce que j'ai pensé. J'ai dit le bien et le mal avec la même franchise. Je n'ai rien tû de mauvais, rien ajouté de bon; et s'il m'est arrivé d'employer quelque ornement indifférent, ce n'a jamais été que pour remplir un ruide occasionné par mon défaut de mémoire; j'ai pu supposer vrai ce que je savois avoir pu l'être jamais ce que je savois être faux."\*

R. I. P.

To show the high estimation in which the above character is held by the inhabitants of Durham and Northumberland, a correspondent relates, that on Saturday last a select party of gentlemen connected with the above counties, and chiefly of the legal and medical professions, dined at the Queen's-head tavern, Holborn; where, after the healths of the king and royal family, a gentleman present proposed the health of "the Rev. Dr. Alderson, bishop of Butterby." In the course of the introductory speech, allusion was made to Hut.'s many acquirements, and to his lustrous qualities as a living ornament of the ancient city of Durham. The toast was drunk amid the most enthusiastic applause, and a dignitary of "Butterby-church" returned thanks for the honour conferred on his exalted diocesan.

March 12, 1827.

### THE DRAYMAN.

*For the Table Book.*

Lie heavy on him, *earth!* for he  
Laid many a *heavy load* on thee.

*Epig.* 23, CHRISTMAS Treat.

The drayman is a being distinct from other men, as the brewer's horse is distinct from other horses—each seems adapted to the other's use: the one eats abundantly of grains, and prospers in its traces—the other drinks porter by the canful, and is hardly able to button his jerkin. Much of a dray-

\* Les Confessions, part. i. liv. i.

man's life is spent with his master's team and barrels. Early rising is his indispensable duty; and, long ere the window-shutters of London shopkeepers are taken down, he, with his fellow stavesmen, are seen half way through the streets to the vender of what is vulgarly called "heavy wet." Woe to the patience of a crowd, waiting to cross the roadway, when the long line, in clattering gear, are passing review, like a troop of unyielding soldiers. The driver, with his whip, looks as important as a sergeant-major; equipped in his coat of mail, the very pavement trembles with his gigantic tread.\* Sometimes his comrades ride on the shaft and sleep, to the imminent risk of their lives. Arrived at their destination, they move a slow and sure pace, which indicates that "all things should be taken easy," for "the world was not made in a day."

The cellar being the centre of gravity, the empty vessels are drawn out, and the full ones drawn in; but with as much science as would require Hercules himself to exercise, and Bacchus to improve. After these operations are performed, what a sight it is to behold the drayman at work over his breakfast, in the taproom if the weather is cold, or on a bench in view of a prospect, if the sunshine appears: the hunch of bread and meat, or a piece of cheese deposited in the hollow of his hand, which he divides into no small portions, are enough to pall the appetite. The manner in which he clenches the frothy pot, and conducts it to his mouth, and the long draft he takes, in gurgles down his unshorn, summer-like throat, almost warrant apprehensions of supply not being equal to demand, and consequent advance of price. He is an entire proof of the lusty quality of his master's porter, for he is the largest opium-pill in the brewhouse dispensary. While feeding on the fat of the publican's larder, his horses are shaking up the corn, so unfeelingly crammed in hair-bags, to their reeking nostrils. The drayman is a sort of rough give and take fellow; he uses the whip in a brangle, and his sayings are sometimes, like himself, rather dry. When he returns to the brewhouse, he is to be found in the stable, at the vat, and in the lower apartments. To guard against cold, he prefers a red night-cap to a Welsh wig, and takes great care of

the grains, without making scruples. He is a good preparer, well versed in the art of refinement—knows when his articles work well, and is an excellent judge of brown stout. At evening, as his turn relieves him, he takes his next day's orders at the counting-house, and with clean apron and face, goes to his club, and sometimes even ventures to make a benefit speech in behalf of the sick members, or a disconsolate widow. Now and then, in his best white "foul weather," he treats his wife and nieces to "the Wells," or "the Royalty," taking something better than beer in his pocket, made to hold his "bunch of fives," or any other esteemed commodity. At a "free and easy," he sometimes "rubs up," and enjoys a "bit of 'bacco" out of the tin box, wherein he drops his half-penny before he fills; and then, like a true Spectator, smokes the company in a genteel way. If called upon for a song, he either complains of hoarseness, or of a bad memory; but should he indulge the call of his Vice on his right hand, he may be heard fifty yards in the wind, after which he is "knocked down" with thund'rous applause. He shakes his collops at a good joke about the "tap," and agrees with Joe Miller, that

"Care to our coffin adds a nail no doubt,  
But every grin of laughter draws one out."

An old dog's-eared song-book is the companion to a bung-plug, a slate memorandum, and sundry utensils, which are his pocket residents. He is proud to wear a pair of fancy garters below knee, and on Mondays his neckcloth and stockings show that he was "clean as a new pin *yesterday*." Like an undertaker, he smells of the beer to which he is attached, and rarely loses sight of "Dodd's Sermon on Malt." He ventures to play sly tricks with his favourite horse, and will give kick for kick when irritated. His language to his team is pure low Dutch, untranslatable, but perfectly understood when illustrated by a cut. It may be said that he moves in his own sphere; for, though he drives through the porter world, he spends much of his time *out of the public-house*, and is rarely *te-ipse*. What nature denies to others, custom sanctions in him, for "he eats, drinks, and is merry." If a rough specimen of an unsophisticated John Bull were required, I would present the drayman.

\* I am here reminded of an old epigram on a "Fat Doctor," in the *Christmas Treat*, xxxiii.

"When Tadloe treads the streets, the paviors cry  
'God bless you, sir!' and lay their rammers by."

## SONNET.

FROM THE SPANISH OF QUEVEDO.

*For the Table Book.**"En el mundo naciste, no a emendarle."*

In this wide world, beware to think, my friend,  
Thy lot is cast to change it, or amend ;  
But to perform thy part, and give thy share  
Of pitying aid ; not to subdue, but bear.

If prudent, thou may'st know the world ; if wise,  
In virtue strong, thou may'st the world despise ;  
For good, be grateful—be to ill resign'd,  
And to the better world exalt thy mind.

The peril of thy soul in this world fear,  
But yet th' Almighty's wondrous work revere ;  
See all things good but man ; and chiefly see,  
With eye severe, the faults that dwell in thee.  
On them exert thine energies, and try  
Thyself to mend, ere judge the earth and sky.

## ACQUAINTANCE TABLE.

2 Glances make	1 Bow.
2 Bows . . . .	1 How d'ye do.
6 How d'ye do's .	1 Conversation.
4 Conversations . .	1 Acquaintance.

**The Royal Table.**

## ORIGIN OF

## MARKING THE KING'S DISHES

## WITH THE COOKS' NAMES.

King George II. was accustomed every other year to visit his German dominions with the greater part of the officers of his household, and especially those belonging to the kitchen. Once on his passage at sea, his first cook was so ill with the sea-sickness, that he could not hold up his head to dress his majesty's dinner ; this being told to the king, he was exceedingly sorry for it, as he was famous for making a Rhenish soup, which his majesty was very fond of ; he therefore ordered inquiry to be made among the assistant-cooks, if any of them could make the above soup. One named Weston (father of Tom Weston, the player) undertook it, and so pleased the king, that he declared it was full as good as that made by the first cook. Soon after the king's return to England, the first cook died ; when the king was informed of it, he said, that his steward of the household always appointed his cooks, but that he would now name one for himself, and therefore asking if one Weston was still in the

kitchen, and being answered that he was, "That man," said he, "shall be my first cook, for he makes most excellent Rhenish soup." This favour begot envy among all the servants, so that, when any dish was found fault with, they used to say it was Weston's dressing : the king took notice of this, and said to the servants, it was very extraordinary, that every dish he disliked should happen to be Weston's ; "in future," said he, "let every dish be marked with the name of the cook that makes it." By this means the king detected their arts, and from that time Weston's dishes pleased him most. The custom has continued ever since, and is still practised at the king's table.

## MONEY—WEIGHTS AND MEASURES.

**POUND**, is derived from the Latin word *pondus*.

**OUNCE**, from *uncia*, or twelfth, being the twelfth of a pound troy.

**INCH**, from the same word, being the twelfth of a foot.

**YARD**, from the Saxon word *gyrd*, or *girth*, being originally the circumference of the body, until Henry I. decreed that it should be the length of his arm.

**HALFPENNY** and **FARTHING**. In 1060, when William the Conqueror began to reign, the **PENNY**, or sterling, was cast, with a deep cross, so that it might be broken in half, as a **HALF-penny**, or in quarters, for *Fourthings*, or *Farthings*, as we now call them.

## OLD MUG-HOUSES.

The internal economy of a mug-house in the reign of George I. is thus described by a foreign traveller :—

At the mug-house club in Long-acre, where on Wednesdays a mixture of gentlemen, lawyers, and tradesmen meet in a great room, a grave old gentleman in his grey hairs, and nearly ninety years of age, is their president, and sits in an armed chair some steps higher than the rest. A harp plays all the while at the lower end of the room ; and now and then some one of the company rises and entertains the rest with a song, (and by the by some are good masters.) Here is nothing drank but ale, and every gentleman chalks on the table as it is brought in : every one also, as in a coffee-house, retires when he pleases.

N. B. In the time of the parliament's

sitting, there are clubs composed of the members of the commons, where most affairs are digested before they are brought into the house.

No *freehold* property—no *copyhold* property—no *leasehold* property. In fact, no *property* at all! I live by my *wits*, as one half of the world live, and am therefore *NOT qualified*.

GASPARD.

### “AS DRUNK AS DAVID'S SOW.”

A few years ago, one David Lloyd, a Welchman, who kept an inn at Hereford, had a living sow with six legs, which occasioned great resort to the house. David also had a wife who was much addicted to drunkenness, and for which he used frequently to bestow on her an admonitory drubbing. One day, having taken an extra cup which operated in a powerful manner, and dreading the usual consequences, she opened the sty-door, let out David's sow, and lay down in its place, hoping that a short unmolested nap would sufficiently dispel the fumes of the liquor. In the mean time, however, a company arrived to view the so much talked of animal; and Davy, proud of his office, ushered them to the sty, exclaiming, “Did any of you ever see such a creature before?”—“Indeed, Davy,” said one of the farmers, “I never before saw a sow so drunk as thine in all my life!”—Hence the term “as drunk as David's sow.”

### SINGULAR RETURN.

*For the Table Book.*

An inhabitant of the parish of Clerkenwell being called upon, a short time ago, to fill up the blanks of a printed circular under the following heads, in pursuance of an act of parliament passed in the sixth year of his present majesty's reign, entitled “An Act for consolidating and amending the Laws relative to Jurors and Juries,” sent in his return as follows:—

“STREET.”

*Baker-street* — badly paved — rascally lighted—with one old woman of a watchman.

“TITLE, QUALITY, CALLING, OR BUSINESS.”

No *title*—no *quality*—no *calling*, except when my wife and sixteen children call for bread and butter—and as for *business*, I have none. Times are bad, and there's no *business* to be done.

“NATURE OF QUALIFICATION; WHETHER FREEHOLD, COPYHOLD, OR LEASEHOLD PROPERTY.”

### Suburban Sonnets.

I.

#### ISLINGTON.

Thy fields, fair Islington! begin to bear  
Unwelcome buildings, and unseemly piles;  
The streets are spreading, and the Lord knows where  
Improvement's hand will spare the neighb'ring stiles:  
The rural blandishments of Maiden Lane  
Are ev'ry day becoming less and less,  
While kilns and lime roads force us to complain  
Of nuisances time only can suppress.  
A few more years, and COPENHAGEN HOUSE  
Shall cease to charm the tailor and the snob;  
And where attornies' clerks in smoke carouse,  
Regardless wholly of to-morrow's job,  
Some Claremont Row, or Prospect-Place shall rise,  
Or terrace, p'rhaps, misnomer'd PARADISE!

II.

#### HAGBUSH LANE.

POOR HAGBUSH LANE! thy ancient charms are going  
To rack and ruin fast as they can go;  
And where but lately many a flow'r was growing,  
Nothing shall shortly be allow'd to grow!  
Thy humble cottage, where as yet they sell  
No “nut-brown ale,” or luscious Stilton cheese—  
Where dusky gipsies in the summer dwell,  
And donkey drivers fight their dogs at ease,  
Shall feel ere long the lev'ling hand of taste,  
If that be *taste* which darkens ev'ry field;  
Thy garden too shall likewise be displac'd,  
And no more “cabbage” to its master yield;  
But, in its stead, some new Vauxhall perchance  
Shall rise, renown'd for pantomime and dance!

III.

#### HIGHGATE.

ALREADY, HIGHGATE! to thy skirts they bear  
Bricks, mortar, timber, in no small degree,  
And thy once pure, exhilarating air  
Is growing pregnant with impurity!  
The would-be merchant has his “country box”  
A few short measures from the dusty road,  
Where friends on Sunday talk about the stocks,  
Or praise the beauties of his “neat abode:”  
One deems the wall-flow'r garden, in the front,  
Unrival'd for each aromatic bed;  
Another fancies that his old sow's grunt  
“Is so much *like* the country,” and instead  
Of living longer down in Crooked-lane,  
Resolves, at once, to “ruralize” again!

*Islington.*

J. G.



## Shepherd's Well, Hampstead.

The verdant lawns which rise above the rill  
Are not unworthy Virgil's past'ral song.

On the west side of Hampstead, in the middle of one of the pleasant meadows called Shepherd's fields, at the left-hand of the footpath going from Belsize-house towards the church, this arch, embedded above and around by the green turf, forms a conduit-head to a beautiful spring: the specific gravity of the fluid, which yields several tuns a day, is little more than that of distilled water. Hampstead abounds in other springs, but they are mostly impregnated with mineral substances. The water of "Shepherd's well," therefore, is in continual request, and those who cannot otherwise conveniently obtain it, are supplied through a few of the villagers, who make a scanty living by carrying it to houses for a penny a pail-full. There is no carriage-way to

the spot, and these poor things have much hard work for a very little money.

I first knew this spring in my childhood, when domiciled with a relation, who then occupied Belsize-house, by being allowed to go with Jeff the under-gardener, whose duty it was to fetch water from the spring. As I accompanied *him*, so a tame magpie accompanied *me*: Jeff slouched on with his pails and yoke, and my ardour to precede was restrained by fear of some ill happening to Mag if I did not look after the rogue. He was a wayward bird, the first to follow wherever I went, but always according to his own fashion; he never put forth his speed till he found himself a long way behind, so that Jeff always led the van, and Mag always brought up

the rear, making up for long lagging by long hopping. On one occasion, however, as soon as we got out of the side-door from the out-house yard into Belsize-lane, Mag bounded across the road, and over the wicket along the meadows, with quick and long hops, throwing "side-long looks behind," as if deriding my inability to keep up with him, till he reached the well: there we both waited for Jeff, who for once was last, and, on whose arrival, the bird took his station on the crown of the arch, looking alternately down to the well and up at Jeff. It was a sultry day in a season of drought, and, to Jeff's surprise, the water was not easily within reach; while he was making efforts with the bucket, Mag seemed deeply interested in the experiment, and flitted about with tiresome assiduity. In a moment Jeff rose in a rage, execrated poor Mag, and vowed cruel vengeance on him. On our way home the bird preceded, and Jeff, to my continual alarm in behalf of Mag, several times stopped, and threw stones at him with great violence. It was not till we were housed, that the man's anger was sufficiently appeased to let him acquaint me with its cause: and then I learned that Mag was a "wicked bird," who knew of the low water before he set out, and was delighted with the mischief. From that day, Jeff hated him, and tried to maim him: the creature's sagacity in eluding his brutal intent, he imputed to diabolical knowledge; and, while my estimation of Jeff as a good-natured fellow was considerably shaken, I acquired a secret fear of poor Mag. This was my first acquaintance with the superstitious and dangerous feelings of ignorance.

The water of Shepherd's well is remarkable for not being subject to freeze. There is another spring sometimes resorted to near Kilburn, but this and the ponds in the Vale of Health are the ordinary sources of public supply to Hampstead. The chief inconvenience of habitations in this delightful village is the inadequate distribution of good water. Occasional visitants, for the sake of health, frequently sustain considerable injury by the insalubrity of private springs, and charge upon the fluid they breathe the mischiefs they derive from the fluid they drink. The localities of the place afford almost every variety of aspect and temperature that invalids require: and a constant sufficiency of wholesome water might be easily obtained by a few simple arrangements.

March 19, 1827.

## Garrick Plays.

No. X.

[From the "Fair Maid of the Exchange,"  
a Comedy, by Thomas Heywood,  
1637.]

*Cripple offers to fit Frank Golding with ready made Love Epistles.*

*Frank.* Of thy own writing?

*Crip.* My own, I assure you, Sir.

*Frank.* Faith, thou hast robb'd some sonnet-book or other,

And now would'st make me think they are thy own.

*Crip.* Why, think'st thou that I cannot write a Letter, Ditty, or Sonnet, with judiciale phrase, As pretty, pleasing, and pathetical, As the best Ovid-imitating dunce In the whole town?

*Frank.* I think thou can'st not.

*Crip.* Yea, I'll swear I cannot.

Yet, Sirrah, I could coney-catch the world, Make myself famous for a sudden wit, And be admired for my dexterity, Were I disposed.

*Frank.* I prithee, how?

*Crip.* Why, thus. There lived a Poet in this town, (If we may term our modern writers Poets), Sharp-witted, bitter-tongued; his pen, of steel; His ink was temper'd with the biting juice And extracts of the bitterest weeds that grew; He never wrote but when the elements Of fire and water tilted in his brain. This fellow, ready to give up his ghost To Lucia's bosom, did bequeath to me His Library, which was just nothing But rolls, and scrolls, and bundles of cast wit, Such as durst never visit Paul's Church Yard. Amongst 'em all I lighted on a quire Or two of paper, fill'd with Songs and Ditties, And here and there a hungry Epigram; These I reserve to my own proper use, And Pater-noster-like have conn'd them all. I could now, when I am in company, At ale-house, tavern, or an ordinary, Upon a theme make an extemporal ditty (Or one at least should seem extemporal), Out of the abundance of this Legacy, That all would judge it, and report it too, To be the infant of a sudden wit, And then were I an admirable fellow.

*Frank.* This were a piece of cunning.

*Crip.* I could do more; for I could make enquiry, Where the best-witted gallants use to dine, Follow them to the tavern, and there sit In the next room with a calve's head and brimstone, And over-hear their talk, observe their humours, Collect their jests, put them into a play, And tire them too with payment to behold What I have filch'd from them. This I could do;

But O for shame that man should so arraign  
 Their own fee-simple wits for verbal theft !  
 Yet men there be that have done this and that,  
 And more by much more than the most of them.\*

After this Specimen of the pleasanter vein of Heywood, I am tempted to extract some lines from his "Hierarchie of Angels, 1634;" not strictly as a Dramatic Poem, but because the passage contains a string of names, all but that of *Watson*, his contemporary Dramatists. He is complaining in a mood half serious, half comic, of the disrespect which Poets in his own times meet with from the world, compared with the honors paid them by Antiquity. Then they could afford them three or four sonorous names, and at full length; as to *Ovid*, the addition of *Publius Naso Sulmensis*; to *Seneca*, that of *Lucius Annæus Cordubensis*; and the like. Now, says he,

Our modern Poets to that pass are driven,  
 Those names are curtail'd which they first had given;  
 And, as we wish'd to have their memories drown'd,  
 We scarcely can afford them half their sound.  
*Greene*, who had in both Academies ta'en  
 Degree of Master, yet could never gain  
 To be call'd more than *Robin*: who, had he  
 Profest ought save the *Muse*, served, and been free  
 After a sev'n years apprenticeship, might have  
 (With credit too) gone *Robert* to his grave.  
*Marlowe*, renown'd for his rare art and wit,  
 Could ne'er attain beyond the name of *Kit*;  
 Although his *Hero* and *Leander* did  
 Merit addition rather. Famous *Kid*  
 Was call'd but *Tom*. *Tom Watson*; though he wrote  
 Able to make *Apollo's* self to dote  
 Upon his *Muse*; for all that he could strive,  
 Yet never could to his full name arrive.  
*Tom Nash* (in his time of no small esteem)  
 Could not a second syllable redeem.  
 Excellent *Beaumont*, in the foremost rank  
 Of the rarest wits, was never more than *Frank*.  
 Mellifluous *SHAKESPEARE*, whose enchanting quill  
 Commanded mirth or passion, was but *WILL*;

\* The full title of this Play is "The Fair Maid of the Exchange, with the humours of the Cripple of Fenchurch." The above Satire against some Dramatic Plagiarists of the time, is put into the mouth of the Cripple, who is an excellent fellow, and the Hero of the Comedy. Of his humour this extract is a sufficient specimen; but he is described (albeit a tradesman, yet wealthy withal) with heroic qualities of mind and body; the latter of which he evinces by rescuing his Mistress (the Fair Maid) from three robbers by the main force of one crutch lustily applied; and the former by his foregoing the advantages which this action gained him in her good opinion, and bestowing his wit and finesse in procuring for her a husband, in the person of his friend *Golding*, more worthy of her beauty, than he could conceive his own maimed and halting limbs to be. It would require some boldness in a dramatist now-a-days to exhibit such a Character; and some luck in finding a sufficient Actor, who would be willing to personate the infirmities, together with the virtues, of the Noble Cripple.

And famous *Jonson*, though his learned pen  
 Be dipt in *Castaly*, is still but *Ben*.  
*Fletcher*, and *Webster*, of that learned pack  
 None of the meanest, neither was but *Jack*;  
*Deeker* but *Tom*; nor *May*, nor *Middleton*;  
 And he's now but *Jack Ford*, that once were *John*.

Possibly our Poet was a little sore, that this contemptuous curtailment of their Baptismal Names was chiefly exercised upon his Poetical Brethren of the *Drama*. We hear nothing about *Sam Daniel*, or *Ned Spenser*, in his catalogue. The familiarity of common discourse might probably take the greater liberties with the Dramatic Poets, as conceiving of them as more upon a level with the Stage Actors. Or did their greater publicity, and popularity in consequence, fasten these diminutives upon them out of a feeling of love and kindness; as we say *Harry the Fifth*, rather than *Henry*, when we would express good will?—as himself says, in those reviving words put into his mouth by *Shakspeare*, where he would comfort and confirm his doubting brothers:

Not *Amurath* an *Amurath* succeeds,  
 But *Harry Harry*!

And doubtless *Heywood* had an indistinct conception of this truth, when (coming to his own name), with that beautiful *retracting* which is natural to one that, not Satrically given, has wandered a little out of his way into something recriminative, he goes on to say:

Nor speak I this, that any here exprest  
 Should think themselves less worthy than the rest,  
 Whose names have their full syllables and sound;  
 Or that *Frank*, *Kit*, or *Jack*, are the least wound  
 Unto their fame and merit. I for my part  
 (Think others what they please) accept that heart,  
 Which courts my love in most familiar phrase;  
 And that it takes not from my pains or praise,  
 If any one to me so bluntly come:  
 I hold he loves me best that calls me *Tom*.

C. L.

## ERRATA.

### GARRICK PLAYS, NO. IX.

Col. 357. Last line but two of the last extract—

"Blushing forth golden hair and glorious red"—  
 a sun-bright line spoiled:—

*Blush for Blushing.*

Last line but two of the extract preceding the former, (the end of the old man's speech)—

"Restrained liberty attain'd is sweet,"  
 should have a full stop.

These little blemishes kill such delicate things: prose feeds on grosser punctualities.

Will the reader be pleased to make the above corrections with a pen, and allow the fact of illness in excuse for editorial mischance?

\*

## SNUFF AND TOBACCO.

*For the Table Book.*

In the year 1797 was circulated the following:—

PROPOSALS for Publishing by Subscription, a HISTORY OF SNUFF AND TOBACCO, in two Volumes.

Vol. I. to contain a Description of the Nose—Size of Noses—A Digression on Roman Noses—Whether long Noses are symptomatic—Origin of Tobacco—Tobacco first manufactured into Snuff—Enquiry who took the first Pinch—Essay on Sneezing—Whether the ancients sneezed, and at what—Origin of Pocket-handkerchiefs—Discrimination between Snuffing and taking Snuff; the former applied only to Candles—Parliamentary Snufftakers—Troubles in the time of Charles the First, as connected with Smoking.

Vol. II. Snufftakers in the Parliamentary army—Wit at a Pinch—Oval Snuff-boxes first used by the Round-heads—Manufacture of Tobacco Pipes—Dissertation on Pipe Clay—State of Snuff during the Commonwealth—The Union—Scotch Snuff first introduced—found very pungent and penetrating—Accession of George the Second—Snuff-boxes then made of Gold and Silver—George the Third—Scotch Snuff first introduced at Court—The Queen—German Snuffs in fashion—Female Snufftakers—Clean Tuckers, &c. &c.—Index and List of Subscribers.

In connection with this subject I beg to mention an anecdote, related to me by an old Gentleman who well remembered the circumstance:—

“When every Shopkeeper had a Sign hanging out before his door, a Dealer in Snuff and Tobacco on Fish Street Hill, carried on a large trade, especially in Tobacco, for his Shop was greatly frequented by Sailors from the Ships in the River. In the course of time, a Person of the name of Farr opened a Shop nearly opposite, and hung out his Sign inscribed ‘The best Tobacco by Farr.’ This (like the Shoemaker’s inscription, ‘Adam Strong Shoemaker,’ so

well known) attracted the attention of the Sailors, who left the old Shop to buy ‘the best Tobacco by far.’ The old Shopkeeper, observing that his opponent obtained much custom by his Sign, had a new one put up at his Door inscribed ‘Far better Tobacco than the best Tobacco by Farr.’ This had its effect; his trade returned, and finally his opponent was obliged to give up business.”

W. P.

## THE SMOKER'S SONG.

*For the Table Book.*

For thy sake, Tobacco, I  
Would do any thing but die!  
CHARLES LAMB.

1.  
There is a tiny weed, man,  
That grows far o'er the sea man;  
The juice of which does more bewitch  
Than does the gossip's tea, man.
2.  
Its name is call'd tobacco,  
'Tis used near an' l far man;  
The car-man chews—but I will choose  
The daintier cigar, man.
3.  
'Tis dainty ev'n in shape, man—  
So round, so smooth, so long, man!  
If you're a churl, 'twill from you hurl  
Your spleen—you'll sing a song, man!
4.  
If you will once permit it  
To touch your swelling lip, man,  
You soon shall see 'twill sweeter be  
Than what the bee doth sip, man!
5.  
If e'er you are in trouble,  
This will your trouble still, man,  
On sea and land 'tis at command,  
An idle hour to kill, man!
6.  
And if the blind god, Cupid,  
Should strike you to the heart, man,  
Take up a glass, and toast your lass—  
And—ne'er from smoking part, man!
7.  
And also if you're married,  
In Hymen's chains fast bound, man;  
To plague your wife out of her life,  
Smoke still the whole year round, man!
8.  
How sweet 'tis of an evening  
When win'try winds do blow, man,  
As 'twere in spite, to take a pipe,  
And smoke by th' fire's glow, man!



## 9.

The sailor in his ship, man,  
When wildly rolls the wave, man,  
His pipe will smoke, and craek his joke  
Above his yawning grave, man!

## 10.

The soldier, in the tavern,  
Talks of the battle's roar, man;  
With pipe in hand, he gives command,  
And thus he lives twice o'er man!

## 11.

All classes in this world, man,  
Have each their own enjoyment,  
But with a pipe, they're *all* alike—  
'Tis every one's employment!

## 12.

Of all the various pleasures  
That on this earth there are, man,  
There's nought to *me* affords such glee  
As a pipe or sweet cigar, man!

O. N. Y.

## Old Customs and Manners.

By JOHN AUBREY, 1678.

EX MS. COLL. ASHMOL. MUS. OXFORD.

### Education.

There were very few free-schools in England before the Reformation. Youth were generally taught Latin in the monasteries, and young women had their education not at Hackney, as now, scilicet, anno 1678, but at nunneries, where they learnt needle-work, confectionary, surgery, physic, (apothecaries and surgeons being at that time very rare,) writing, drawing, &c. Old Jackquar, now living, has often seen from his house the nuns of St. Mary Kingston, in Wilts, coming forth into the Nymph Hay with their rocks and wheels to spin, sometimes to the number of threescore and ten, all whom were not nuns, but young girls sent there for their education.

### Chimneys.

Anciently, before the Reformation, ordinary men's houses, as copyholders, and the like, had no chimneys, but flues like louver-holes; some of them were in being when I was a boy.

### Painted Cloths.

In the halls and parlours of great houses were wrote texts of Scripture on the painted cloths.

### Libels.

The lawyers say, that, before the time of king Henry VIII., one shall hardly find

an action on the case as for slander, &c. once in a year, quod nota.

### Christmas.

Before the last civil wars, in gentlemen's houses at Christmas, the first dish that was brought to the table was a boar's head with a lemon in his mouth. At Queen's College in Oxford they still retain this custom; the bearer of it brings it into the hall, singing to an old tune an old Latin rhyme, "Caput apri defero," &c. The first dish that was brought up to the table on Easter-day was a red herring riding away on horseback, i. e. a herring ordered by the cook something after the likeness of a man on horseback, set in a corn salad.

### Easter.

The custom of eating a gammon of bacon at Easter, which is still kept up in many parts of England, was founded on this, viz. to show their abhorrence to Judaism at that solemn commemoration of our Lord's resurrection. In the Easter holydays was the clerk's ale for his private benefit, and the solace of the neighbourhood.

### Salutations.

The use of "Your humble servant" came first into England on the marriage of queen Mary, daughter of Henry IV. of France, which is derived from *Votre très humble serviteur*. The usual salutation before that time was, "God keep you!" "God be with you!" and among the vulgar, "How dost do?" with a thump on the shoulder.

### Court Rudeness.

Till this time the court itself was unpolished and unmannered. King James's court was so far from being civil to women, that the ladies, nay the queen herself, could hardly pass by the king's apartment without receiving some affront.

### Travellers in France.

At the parish priests' houses in France, especially in Languedoc, the table-cloth is on the board all day long, and ready for what is in the house to be put thereon for strangers, travellers, friars, and pilgrims; so 'twas, I have heard my grandfather say, in his grandfather's time.

### Private Heralds.

Heretofore noblemen and gentlemen of fair estates had their heralds, who wore their coat of arms at Christmas, and at other solemn times, and cried "Largesse" thrice,

At Tomarton, in Gloucestershire, anciently the seat of the Rivers, is a dungeon thirteen or fourteen feet deep; about four feet high are iron rings fastened to the wall, which was probably to tie offending villains to, as all lords of manors had this power over their villains, (or soccage tenants,) and had all of them no doubt such places for their punishment. It is well known, all castles had dungeons, and so I believe had monasteries, for they had often within themselves power of life and death.

In days of yore, lords and gentlemen lived in the country like petty kings; had jura regalia belonging to their seignories, had their castles and boroughs, had gallows within their liberties, where they could try, condemn, and execute. Never went to London but in parliament-time, or once a year to do their homage to the king. They always ate in gothic halls, at the high table or *oreille*, (which is a little room at the upper end of the hall, where stands a table,) with the folks at the side-tables. The meat was served up by watchwords. Jacks are but of late invention. The poor boys did turn the spits, and licked the dripping for their pains. The beds of the men-servants and retainers were in the hall, as now in the grand or privy chamber.

Here in the hall, the mumming and the loaf-stealing, and other Christmas sports, were performed.

The hearth was commonly in the middle, whence the saying, "Round about our coal-fire."

A neat-built chapel, and a spacious hall, were all the rooms of note, the rest more small.

#### *Private Armories.*

Every baron and gentleman of estate kept great horses for men at arms. Some had their armories sufficient to furnish out some hundreds of men.

#### *Justices' Halls.*

The halls of the justices of peace were dreadful to behold; the screen was garnished with corselets and helmets gaping with open mouths, with coats of mail, lances, pikes, halberds, brown bills, batardastors, and buckles.

#### *Inns.*

Public inns were rare. Travellers were entertained at religious houses for three days together, if occasion served.

#### *Gentry Meetings.*

The meeting of the gentry were not at taverns, but in the fields or forests, with

hawks and hounds, and their bugle-horns, in silken bawderies.

#### *Hawking.*

In the last age every gentleman-like man kept a sparrow-hawk, and the priest a hobby, as dame Julian Berners teaches us, (who wrote a treatise on field-sports, temp. Henry VI.): it was a divertisement for young gentlewomen to manne sparrow-hawks and merlines.

#### *Church-houses—Poor-rates.*

Before the Reformation there were no poor's rates; the charitable doles given at religious houses, and church-ale in every parish, did the business. In every parish there was a church-house, to which belonged spits, pots, crocks, &c. for dressing provision. Here the housekeepers met and were merry, and gave their charity. The young people came there too, and had dancing, bowling, shooting at butts, &c. Mr. A. Wood assures me, there were few or no alms-houses before the time of king Henry VIII.; that at Oxford, opposite to Christ church, is one of the most ancient in England. In every church was a poor man's box, and the like at great inns.

In these times, besides the jollities above-mentioned, they had their pilgrimages to several shrines, as to Walsingham, Canterbury, Glastonbury, Bromholm, &c. Then the crusades to the holy wars were magnificent and splendid, and gave rise to the adventures of the knight-errant and romances; the solemnity attending processions in and about churches, and the perambulations in the fields, were great diversions also of those times.

#### *Glass Windows.*

Glass windows, except in churches and gentlemen's houses, were rare before the time of Henry VIII. In my own remembrance, before the civil wars, copyholders and poor people had none.

#### *Men's Coats.*

About ninety years ago, noblemen's and gentlemen's coats were of the bedels and yeomen of the guards, i. e. gathered at the middle. The benchers in the inns of court yet retain that fashion in the make of their gowns.

#### *Church-building.*

Captain Silas Taylor says, that in days of yore, when a church was to be built, they

watched and prayed on the vigil of the dedication, and took that point of the horizon where the sun arose for the east, which makes that variation, so that few stand true, except those built between the two equinoxes. I have experimented some churches, and have found the line to point to that part of the horizon where the sun rises on the day of that saint to whom the church was dedicated.

Before the wake, or feast of the dedication of the church, they sat up all night fasting and praying, (viz.) on the eve of the wake.

#### *New Moon.*

In Scotland, especially among the Highlanders, the women make a courtesy to the new moon; and our English women in this country have a touch of this, some of them sitting astride on a gate or stile the first evening the new moon appears, and say, "A fine moon, God bless her!" The like I observed in Herefordshire.

#### *Husbandry—Shepherds.*

The Britons received the knowledge of husbandry from the Romans; the foot and the acre, which we yet use, is the nearest to them. In our west country, (and I believe so in the north,) they give no wages to the shepherd, but he has the keeping so many sheep with his master's flock. Plautus hints at this in his *Asinaria*, act 3, scene 1, "etiam Opilio," &c.

#### *Architecture.*

The Normans brought with them into England civility and building, which, though it was gothic, was yet magnificent.

Mr. Dugdale told me, that, about the time of king Henry III., the pope gave a bull, or patent, to a company of Italian architects, to travel up and down Europe to build churches.

#### *Trumpets—Sheriffs' Trumpets.*

Upon occasion of bustling in those days, great lords sounded their trumpets, and summoned those that held under them. Old sir Walter Long, of Draycot, kept a trumpeter, rode with thirty servants and retainers. Hence the sheriffs' trumpets at this day.

#### *Younger Brothers.*

No younger brothers were to betake themselves to trades, but were churchmen or retainers to great men.

#### *Learning, and learned Men.*

From the time of Erasmus till about twenty years last past, the learning was downright pedantry. The conversation and habits of those times were as starched as their bands and square beards, and gravity was then taken for wisdom. The doctors in those days were but old boys, when quibbles passed for wit, even in their sermons.

#### *Gentry and their Children.*

The gentry and citizens had little learning of any kind, and their way of breeding up their children was suitable to the rest. They were as severe to their children as their schoolmasters, and their schoolmasters as masters of the house of correction: the child perfectly loathed the sight of his parents as the slave his torture.

Gentlemen of thirty and forty years old were to stand like mules and fools bareheaded before their parents; and the daughters (grown women) were to stand at the cupboard-side during the whole time of her proud mother's visit, unless (as the fashion was) leave was desired forsooth that a cushion should be given them to kneel upon, brought them by the serving-man, after they had done sufficient penance in standing.

The boys (I mean the young fellow) had their foreheads turned up and stiffened with spittle: they were to stand mannerly forsooth thus, the foretop ordered as before, with one hand at the bandstring, and the other behind.

#### *Fans.*

The gentlewomen had prodigious fans, as is to be seen in old pictures, like that instrument which is used to drive feathers, and it had a handle at least half a yard long; with these the daughters were oftentimes corrected, (sir Edward Coke, lord chief justice, rode the circuit with such a fan; sir William Dugdale told me he was an eye-witness of it. The earl of Manchester also used such a fan,) but fathers and mothers slashed their daughters in the time of their besom discipline, when they were peevish women.

#### *University Flogging.*

At Oxford (and I believe at Cambridge) the rod was frequently used by the tutors and deans; and Dr. Potter, of Trinity college, I knew right well, whipped his pupil with his sword by his side, when he came to take his leave of him to go to the inns of court.



### Young Lambs to sell.

Young lambs to sell! young lambs to sell!  
 If I'd as much money as I could tell,  
 I'd not come here with lambs to sell!  
 Dolly and Molly, Richard and Nell,  
 Buy my young lambs, and I'll use you well!

This is a "London cry" at the present time: the engraving represents the crier, William Liston, from a drawing for which he purposely *stood*.

This "public character" was born in the Gallowgate in the city of Glasgow. He became a soldier in the waggon-train, commanded by colonel Hamilton, and served under the duke of York in Holland, where, on the 6th of October, 1799, he lost his right arm and left leg, and his place in the army. His misfortunes thrust distinction upon him. From having been a private in the ranks, where he would have re-

mained a single undistinguishable cipher 0, amongst a row of ciphers 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 0 he now makes a figure in the world; and is perhaps better known throughout England than any other individual of his order in society, for he has visited almost every town with "young lambs to sell." He has a wife and four children; the latter are constantly employed in making the "young lambs," with white cotton wool for fleeces, spangled with Dutch gilt, the head of flour paste, red paint on the cheeks, two jet black spots for eyes, horns of twisted shining tin, legs to correspond, and pink tape

tied round the neck for a graceful collar. A full basket of these, and his song-like cry, attract the attention of the juvenile population, and he contrives to pick up a living, notwithstanding the "badness of the times." The day after last Christmas-day, his cry in Covent-garden allured the stage-manager to purchase four dozen of "young lambs," and at night they were "brought out" at that theatre, in the basket of a performer who personated their old proprietor, and cried so as to deceive the younger part of the audience into a belief that he was their real favourite of the streets.

I remember the *first* crier of "young lambs to sell!" He was a maimed sailor; and with him originated the manufacture. If I am not mistaken, this man, many years after I had ceased to be a purchaser of his ware, was guilty of some delinquency, for which he forfeited his life: *his* cry was

Young lambs to sell! young lambs to sell!  
 Two for a penny young lambs to sell!  
 Two for a penny young lambs to sell—  
 Two for a penny young lambs to sell!  
 If I'd as much money as I could tell,  
 I wouldn't cry young lambs to sell!  
 Young lambs to sell—young lambs to sell—  
 Two for a penny young lambs to sell!  
 Young lambs to se—e—ll,  
 Young la—a—mbs to sell!

Though it is five and thirty years ago since I heard the sailor's musical "cry," it still sings in my memory; it was a tenor of modulated harmonious tune, till, in the last line but one, it became a thorough bass, and rolled off at the close with a loud swell that filled urchin listeners with awe and admiration. During this chant his head was elevated, and he gave his full voice, and apparently his looks, to the winds; but the moment he concluded, and when attention was yet rivetted, his address became particular: his persuasive eye and jocular address flashed round the circle of "my little masters and mistresses," and his hand presented a couple of his snow white "fleecy charge," dabbled in gold, "two for a penny!" nor did he resume his song till ones and twos were in the possession of probably every child who had a halfpenny or penny at command.

The old sailor's "young lambs" were only half the cost of the poor soldier's. It may be doubted whether the materials of their composition have doubled in price, but the demand for "young lambs" has certainly lessened, while the present manufacturer has quite as many wants as the old one,

and luckily possessing a monopoly of the manufacture, he therefore raises the price of his articles to the necessity of his circumstances. It is not convenient to refer to the precise chapter in the "Wealth of Nations," or to verified tables of the increased value of money, in order to show that the new lamb-seller has not exceeded "an equitable adjustment" in the arrangement of his present prices; but it is fair to state in his behalf, that he declares, notwithstanding all the noise he makes, the carrying on of the lamb business is scarcely better than pig-shaving; "Sir," says he, "it's great *cry*, and little *wool*." From a poor fellow, at his time of life, with only half his limbs to support a large family, this is no joke. Not having been at his native place for two and twenty years, the desire to see it once more is strong within him, and he purposes next Easter to turn his face northwards, with his family, and "cry" all the way from London to Glasgow. Let the little ones, therefore, in the towns of his route, keep a penny or two by them to lay out in "young lambs," and so help the poor fellow along the road, in this stage of his struggle through life. \*

March 19, 1827.

## LINES ON HAPPINESS.

### *For the Table Book.*

Like a frail shadow seen in maze,  
 Or some bright star shot o'er the ocean,  
 Is happiness, that meteor's blaze,  
 For ever fleeting in its motion.

It plays within our fancied grasp,  
 Like a phantasmagorian shade,  
 Pursued, e'en to the latest gasp,  
 It still seems hovering in the glade.

'Tis but like hope, and hope's, at best,  
 A star that leads the weary on,  
 Still pointing to the unpossess'd,  
 And palling that it beams upon.

J. B. O.

## HUMAN LIFE.

### BY GOETHE.

That life is but a dream is the opinion of many; it is mine. When I see the narrow limits which confine the penetrating, active genius of man; when I see that all his powers are directed to satisfy mere necessities, the only end of which is to prolong a precarious or painful existence; that his greatest care, with regard to certain inquiries, is but a blind resignation; and that

we only amuse ourselves with painting brilliant figures and smiling landscapes on the walls of our prison, whilst we see on all sides the boundary which confines us; when I consider these things I am silent: I examine myself; and what do I find? Alas! more vague desires, presages, and visions, than conviction, truth, and reality.

The happiest are those, who, like children, think not of the morrow, amuse themselves with playthings, dress and undress their dolls, watch with great respect before the cupboard where mamma keeps the sweetmeats, and when they get any, eat them directly, and cry for more; these are certainly happy beings. Many also are to be envied, who dignify their paltry employments, sometimes even their passions, with pompous titles; and who represent themselves to mankind as beings of a superior order, whose occupation it is to promote their welfare and glory. But the man who in all humility acknowledges the vanity of these things; observes with what pleasure the wealthy citizen transforms his little garden into a paradise; with what patience the poor man bears his burden; and that all wish equally to behold the sun yet a little longer; he too may be at peace. He creates a world of his own, is happy also because he is a man; and, however limited his sphere, he preserves in his bosom the idea of liberty.

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### VALEDICTORY STANZAS.

#### *For the Table Book.*

The flower is faded,  
The sun-beam is fled,  
The bright eye is shaded,  
The loved one is dead:  
Like a star in the morning—  
When, mantled in gray,  
Aurora is dawning—  
She vanish'd away.

Like the primrose that bloometh  
Neglected to die,  
Though its sweetness perfumeth  
The evening's soft sigh—  
Like lightning in summer,  
Like rainbows that shine  
With a mild dreamy glimmer  
In colours divine—

The kind and pure hearted,  
The tender, the true,  
From our love has departed  
With scarce an adieu:  
So briefly, so brightly  
In virtue she shone,  
As shooting stars nightly  
That blaze and are gone.

The place of her slumber  
Is holy to me,  
And oft as I number  
The leaves of the tree,  
Whose branches in sorrow  
Bend over her urn,  
I think of to-morrow  
And silently mourn.

The farewell is spoken,  
The spirit sublime  
The last tie has broken,  
That bound it to time;  
And bright is its dwelling,  
Its mansion of bliss—  
How far, far excelling  
The darkness of this!

Yet hearts still are beating,  
And eyes still are wet—  
True, our joys are all fleeting,  
But who can forget?  
I know they must vanish  
As visions depart,  
But oh, can this banish  
The thorn from my heart?

The eye of affection,  
Its tribute of tears  
Sheds, with fond recollection  
Of life's happy years;  
And tho' vain be the anguish  
Indulg'd o'er the tomb,  
Yet nature will languish  
And shrink from its gloom.

Those lips—their least motion  
Was music to me,  
And, like light on the ocean,  
Those eyes seem'd to be:  
Are they mute—and for ever?  
The spell will not break;  
Are they closed—must I never  
Behold them awake?

When distress was around me  
Thy smiles were as balm,  
That in misery found me,  
And left me in calm:  
Success became dearer  
When thou wert with me,  
And the clear sky grew clearer  
When gaz'd on with thee.

Thou art gone—and tho' reason  
My grief would disarm,  
I feel there's a season  
When grief has a charm;  
And 'tis sweeter, far sweeter  
To sit by thy grave,  
Than to follow Hope's meteor  
Down time's hasty wave.

In darkness we laid thee—  
The earth for thy bed—  
The couch that we made thee  
Is press'd by thee dead:

In sorrow's film shrouded,  
Our eyes could not see  
The glory unclouded  
That opened on thee.

Thou canst not, pure spirit,  
Return to the dust.  
But we may inherit—  
So humbly we trust—  
The joys without measure  
To which thou art gone,  
The regions of pleasure  
Where tears are unknown.

H.

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### EFFECT OF CONSCIENCE.

On the 30th of March, 1789, 360*l.* was carried to the account of the public, in consequence of the following note received by the chancellor of the exchequer.

“Sir—You will herewith receive bank notes to the amount of 360*l.* which is the property of the nation, and which, as an honest man, you will be so just as to apply to the use of the state in such manner that the nation may not suffer by its having been detained from the public treasury. You are implored to do this for the ease of conscience to an honest man.”

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### Anecdotes

OF

#### HENRY THE GREAT.

##### PUBLIC LIBEL.

About 1605, Henry IV. of France attempting to enforce some regulations respecting the annuities upon the Hotel de Ville, of Paris, several assemblies of the citizens were held, in which Francis Miron, the *prévôt des marchands*, addressed the king's commissioners against the measures with fervour and firmness. It was rumoured amongst the people of Paris, that their magistrate was threatened, for having exerted himself too warmly in their behalf; they crowded about his house, in order to defend him, but Miron requested them to retire, and not to render him really criminal. He represented that nothing injurious was to be apprehended, for they had a king as great and wise, as he was beneficent and just, who would not suffer himself to be hurried away by the instigations of evil counsellors. Yet those whose conduct Miron had arraigned, endeavoured to persuade Henry to punish him, and deprive him of his office, for disobedient actions,

and seditious discourse. The king's answer contained memorable expressions:—“Authority does not always consist in carrying things with a high hand: regard must be paid to times, persons, and the subject-matter. I have been ten years in extinguishing civil discord, I dread its revival, and Paris has cost me too much for me to risk its loss; in my opinion, it would unquestionably be the case, were I to follow your advice; for I should be obliged to make terrible examples, which, in a few days, would deprive me of the glory of clemency, and the affection of my people; and these I prize as much, and even more than my crown. I have experienced, on many occasions, the fidelity and probity of Miron, who harbours no ill intentions, but undoubtedly deemed himself bound, by the duties of his office, to act as he has acted. If unguarded expressions have escaped him, I pardon them, on account of his past services; and, should he even desire a martyrdom in the public cause, I will disappoint him of the glory, by avoiding to become a persecutor and a tyrant.”

Henry ended the affair by receiving the apology and submission of Miron, and revoking the orders concerning the annuities, which had occasioned the popular alarm.\*

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### LIBELLOUS DRAMA.

† On the 26th of January, 1607, a pleasant farce was acted at the Hotel de Bourgogne, at Paris, before Henry IV., his queen, and the greater part of the princes, lords, and ladies of the court. The subject of the piece was a quarrel between a married man and his wife. The wife told her husband, that he staid tippling at the tavern while executions were daily laid upon their goods, for the tax which must be paid to the king, and that all their substance was carried away. “It is for that very reason,” said the husband in his defence, “that we should make merry with good cheer; for of what service would all the fortune we could amass be to us, since it would not belong to ourselves, but to this same noble king. I will drink the more, and of the very best: monsieur the king shall not meddle with that; go fetch me some this minute; march.” “Ah, wretch!” replied the wife, “would you bring me and your children to ruin?” During this dialogue, three officers of justice came in, and demanded the tax, and, in default of payment, prepared to carry away the furniture. The wife began a loud

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\* Prefixe.

lamentation; at length the husband asked them who they were? "We belong to Justice," said the officers: "How, to *Justice!*" replied the husband; "they who belong to Justice act in another manner; I do not believe that you are what you say." During this altercation the wife seized a trunk, upon which she seated herself. The officers commanded her, "in the king's name," to open it; and after much dispute the trunk was opened, and out jumped three devils, who carry away the three officers of justice.

The magistrates, conceiving themselves to have been insulted by this performance, caused the actors to be arrested, and committed them to prison. On the same day they were discharged, by express command of the king, who magnanimously told those that complained of the affront, "You are fools! If any one has a right to take offence, it is I, who have received more abuse than any of you. I pardon the comedians from my heart; for the rogues made me laugh till I cried again.\*"

#### CUSTOM AT SCARBOROUGH.

The fish-market is held on the sands, by the sides of the boats, which, at low water, are run upon wheels with a sail set, and are conducted by the fishermen, who dispose of their cargoes in the following manner.

One of the female fishmongers inquires the price, and bids a groat; the fishermen ask a sum in the opposite extreme: the one bids up, and the other reduces the demand, till they meet at a reasonable point, when the bidder suddenly exclaims, "Het!" This practice seems to be borrowed from the Dutch. The purchase is afterwards retailed among the regular, or occasional surrounding customers.

#### LINES TO A BARREL ORGAN.

##### *For the Table Book.*

How many thoughts from thee I cull,  
 Music's bluntest vehicle!  
 From thy caravan of sounds,  
 Constant in its daily rounds,  
 Some such pleasure do I find  
 As when, borne upon the wind,  
 The well-known "bewilder'd chimes"  
 Plaintively recall those times,  
 (Long since lost in sorrow's shade,)  
 When, in some sequester'd glade,  
 Their simple, stammering tongues would try  
 Some heart-moving melody.—  
 Oldest musical delight  
 Of my boyish days! the sight

Or sound of thee would charm my feet,  
 And make my joy of heart complete—  
 How thou luredst listeners  
 To thy crazy, yearning airs!—  
 Harmonious, grumbling volcano!  
 Murm'ring sounds in small *piano*,  
 Or screaming forth a shrill *soprano*,  
 Mingled with the growling bass.  
 Fragments of some air I trace,  
 Stifled by the notes which cram it—  
 Scatter'd ruins of the gamut!—  
 Sarcophagus of harmony!  
 Orphens' casket! guarded by  
 A swain who lives by what he earns  
 From the music which he churns:  
 Every note thou giv'st *by turns*.—  
 Not Pindar's lyre more variety  
 Possess'd than thou! no cloy'd satiety  
 Feel'st thou at thy perpetual feast  
 Of sound; nor weariness the least:  
 Thy task's perform'd with right goodwill.—  
 Thou art a melodious mill!  
 Notes, like grain, are dribbled in,  
 Thou *grindest* them, and fill'st the bin  
 Of melody with plenteous store.  
 Thy tunes are like the parrot's lore,  
 Nothing of them dost thou wot,  
 But repeatest them by rote.—  
 Curious, docile instrument!  
 To skillless touch obedient:  
 Like a mine of richest ore,  
 Inexhaustible in store,  
 Yielding at a child's command  
 All thy wealth unto its hand.  
 Harmonicon peripatetic!  
 What clue to notes so oft erratic  
 Hast thou, by which the ear may follow  
 Through thy labyrinthine hollow,  
 Which its own echo dost consume,  
 As stoves devour their own fume.—  
 Mysterious fabric! cage-like chest!  
 Behind whose gilded bars the nest  
 Of unfledg'd melodies is hid  
 'Neath that brazen coverlid.—  
 In thy bondage-house of song,  
 Bound in brazen fetters strong,  
 Immortal harmonies do groan!  
 Doleful sounds their stifled moan.  
 A vulture preys upon their pangs;  
 Round whose neck their prison hangs;  
 Like that tenanted strong box  
 By eagle found upon the rocks  
 Of Broddingnag's gigantic isle.  
 Like Sisyphus, their endless toil  
 Is hopeless: their tormentor's claw  
 Turns the wheel (his will's their law)  
 Which all their joints and members racks,  
 Ne'er will his cruelty relax.—  
 Miniature in shape and sound  
 Of that grand instrument, which round  
 Old cathedral walls doth send!  
 Its pealing voice: whose tones do blend  
 The clangor of the trumpet's throat,  
 And the silver-stringed lute.—

\* L'Etoile, Hist. d'Henri IV.



To what else shall I compare thee?—  
 Further epithets I'll spare thee.  
 Honest and despised thing,  
 To thy memory I cling.  
 Spite of all thy faults, I own  
 I love thy "old, familiar" tone.

GASTON.

### MINISTERIAL FAVOUR.

A gentleman who had been long attached to cardinal Mazarine, reminded the cardinal of his many promises, and his dilatory performance. Mazarine, who had a great regard for him, and was unwilling to lose his friendship, took his hand, and explained the many demands made upon a person in his situation as minister, which it would be politic to satisfy previously to other requests, as they were founded on services done to the state. The cardinal's adherent, not very confident in his veracity, replied, "My lord, all the favour I now ask at your hand is, that whenever we meet in public, you will do me the honour to tap me on the shoulder in an unreserved manner." The cardinal smiled, and in the course of two or three years tapping, his friend became a wealthy man, on the credit of these attentions to him; and Mazarine and his confidant laughed at the public security which enriched the courtier at so little expense to the state.

### DUDLEY OF PORTSMOUTH.

"I'M A GOING!"

*For the Table Book.*

Barbers are not more celebrated by a desire to become the most busy citizens of the state, than by the expert habit in which they convey news. Many a tale is invented out of a mere surmise, or whisper, for the gratification of those who attend barbers' shops. An old son of the scissors and razor, well known at Portsmouth, was not, however, quite so perfect a *phiziologist*, as his more erudite and bristling fraternity. One evening, as he was preparing his fronts, and fitting his comb "to a hair," two supposed gentlemen entered his shop to be dressed; this being executed with much civility and despatch, a wager was laid with old Dudley, (for that was his name,) that he could not walk in a ring three feet in diameter, for one hour, and utter no other words than "I'm a going!" Two pounds on each side was on the counter; the ring was drawn in chalk; the money chinked in the ear, and old Dudley moved in the

circle of his orbit. "I'm a going!—I'm a going!—I'm a going!" were the only words which kept time with his feet during the space of fifty-five minutes, when, on a sudden, one of the gentlemen sprang forward, and taking up the money, put it into his pocket. This device threw old Dudley off his guard, and he exclaimed, "That's not fair!"—"Enough!" rejoined the sharpers, "you've lost the wager." They departed, leaving him two pounds minus, and to this day old Dudley is saluted by the appellation of "I'm a going!"

JEHOIADA.

### ROYAL DECISION.

In the reign of George I. the sister of judge Dormer being married to a gentleman who afterwards killed a man very basely, the judge went to move the king for a pardon. It was impossible that he could offer any thing to the royal ear in extenuation of the crime, and therefore he was the more earnest in expressing his hope that his majesty would save him and his family from the infamy the execution of the sentence would bring upon them. "So, Mr. Justice," said the king, "what you propose to me is, that I should transfer the infamy from you and your family, to me and my family; but I shall do no such thing." Motion refused.

### Biographiana.

REV. THOMAS COOKE.

*To the Editor.*

Sir—In reply to the inquiries of your correspondent G. J. D. at p. 136, I beg to state, that the person he alludes to was the translator of Hesiod, immortalized by Pope in his *Dunciad*.

The Rev. Thomas Cooke was a profound Greek and Latin scholar, and consequently much better versed in the beauties of Homer, &c. than the irritable translator of the *Iliad* and *Odyssey*: his remarks on, and expositions of Pope's glaring misconceptions of many important passages of the ancient bard drew down the satirical vengeance of his illustrious translator.

It would, however, appear that Pope was not the assailant in the first instance, for in the Appendix to the *Dunciad* we find "A list of Books, Papers, and Verses, in which our author (Pope) was abused, before the publication of that Poem;" and among the said works "The Battle of the

Poets, an heroic Poem, by Thomas Cooke, printed for J. Roberts, folio, 1725," is particularly mentioned. In book ii. of the *Dunciad*, we have the following line,—

"Cooke shall be Prior, and Concanen Swift;"

to which the following note is appended:—

"The man here specified writ a thing called *The Battle of the Poets*, in which Philips and Welsted were the heroes, and Swift and Pope utterly routed."

Cooke also published some "malevolent things in the British, London, and daily journals, and at the same time wrote letters to Mr. Pope, protesting his innocence."

His chief work was a translation of "Hesiod, to which Theobald writ notes, and half notes, which he carefully owned."

Again, in the testimonies of authors, which precede the *Dunciad*, we find the following remark:—

"Mr. Thomas Cooke,

"After much blemishing our author's Homer, crieth out

"But in his other works what beauties shine,  
While sweetest music dwells in ev'ry line!  
These he admir'd. on these he stamp'd his praise,  
And bade them live t' enlighten future days!"

I have somewhere read that Cooke was a native of Sussex; that he became famous for his knowledge of the Greek and Latin languages while at Cambridge; and was ultimately settled in some part of Shropshire, where he soon became acquainted with the family of the young lady celebrated by his muse, in the fifth number of the *Table Book*, and where he also greatly distinguished himself as a clergyman, and preceptor of the younger branches of the neighbouring gentry and nobility. This may in some measure account for the respectable list of subscribers alluded to by G. J. D.

It is presumed, however, that misfortune at length overtook him; for we find, in the "Ambulator, or London and its Environs," under the head "Lambeth," that he lies interred in the church-yard of that parish, and that he died extremely poor: he is, moreover, designated "the celebrated translator of Hesiod, Terence, &c."

I have seen the poem entitled "The Immortality of the Soul," mentioned by G. J. D., though I have no recollection of its general features or merit; but of "The Battle of the Poets" I have a copy; and what renders it more rare and valuable is, that it was Mr. Cooke's own impression of the work, and has several small productions upon various occasions, written, I

presume, with his own hand, each having the signature "Thomas Cooke," on the blank leaves at the commencement of the book.

On my return from the continent, I shall have no objection to intrust this literary curiosity to your care for a short time, giving you the liberty of extracting any (and all if you think proper) of the pieces written on the interleaves: and, in the mean time, I will do myself the pleasure of selecting one from the number, for insertion in the *Table Book*, which will, at least, prove that Mr. Cooke's animosity was of transient duration, and less virulent than that of Pope.

It is possible that at some future time I may be able to enlarge upon this subject, for the better information of your correspondent; and I beg, in the interim, to remark that there is no doubt the Annual Register, from about the year 1750 to 1765, or works of that description, will fully satisfy his curiosity, and afford him much more explanation relative to Mr. Cooke than any communications from existing descendants.

In Mr. Cooke's copy of "The Battle of the Poets," the lines before quoted run thus:—

"But in his other works what beauties shine—  
What sweetness also dwells in ev'ry line!  
These all admire—these bring him endless praise,  
And crown his temples with unfading bays!"

I remain, sir,  
Your obedient servant and subscriber,

\* \* \* \* \*

Oxford, Jan. 29, 1827.

## VERSES,

OCCASIONED BY THE LAMENTED DEATH  
OF MR. ALEXANDER POPE.

POPE! though thy pen has strove with heedless rage  
To make my name obnoxious to the age,  
While, dipp'd in gall, and tarnish'd with the spleen,  
It dealt in taunts ridiculous and mean,  
Aiming to lessen what it could not reach,  
And giving license to ungrateful speech,  
Still I forgive its enmity, and feel  
Regrets I would not stifle, nor conceal;  
For though thy temper, and imperious soul,  
Needed, at times, subjection and controul,  
There was a majesty—a march of sense—  
A proud display of rare intelligence,  
In many a line of that transcendent pen,  
We never, perhaps, may contemplate again—  
An energy peculiarly its own,  
And sweetness perfectly before unknown!

Then deign, thou mighty master of the lyre !  
 T' accept what justice and remorse inspire ;  
 Justice that prompts the willing muse to tell,  
 None ever wrote so largely and so well—  
 Remorse that feels no future bard can fill  
 The vacant chair with half such Attic skill,  
 Or leave behind so many proofs of taste,  
 As those rich poems dulness ne'er disgrac'd !

Farewell, dear shade ! all enmity is o'er,  
 Since Pope has left us for a brighter shore,  
 Where neither rage, nor jealousy, nor hate,  
 Can rouse the little, nor offend the great ;  
 Where worldly contests are at once forgot,  
 In the bright glories of a happier lot ;  
 And where the dunces of the Dunciad see  
 Thy genius crown'd with immortality !

THOMAS COOKE.

## DUKE OF YORK

ALBANY AND CLARENCE.

*For the Table Book.*

In the History of Scotland, there is a remark which may be added to the account of the dukes of York, at col. 103 ; viz.

*Shire of Perth.*—That part of the county called Braidalbin, or Breadalbane, lies amongst the Grampian-hills, and gives title to a branch of the family of Campbell ; where note that Braid-Albin, in old Scotch, signifies the highest part of Scotland, and Drum-Albin, which is the name of a part thereof, signifies the ridge or back of Scotland. Hence it is collected that this is the country which the ancients called *Albany*, and part of the residence of the ancient Scots, who still retain the name, and call themselves "Albinkich," together with the ancient language and habit, continuing to be a hardy, brave, and warlike people, and very parsimonious in their way of living ; and from this country the sons of the royal family of Scotland took the title of "duke of *Albany* ;" and since the union of the two crowns, it has been found amongst the royal titles of the dukes of York.

Respecting the dukedom of *Clarence*, which is originally derived from Clare, in Suffolk, king Edward III. in the thirty-sixth year of his reign, for default of issue male in the former family, created his third son, Lionel, by reason of his marriage with the granddaughter of the late earl of *Clare*, duke of Clarence, being a word of a fuller sound than the monosyllable "Clare."

III.

## DOMESTIC ARRANGEMENTS.

Lord George Germain was of a remarkably amiable disposition ; and his domestics lived with him rather as humble friends than menial servants. One day entering his house in Pall-mall, he observed a large basket of vegetables standing in the hall, and inquired of the porter to whom they belonged, and from whence they came ? Old John immediately replied, "They are *ours*, my lord, from *our* country-house."—"Very well," rejoined his lordship. At that instant a carriage stopped at the door, and lord George, turning round, asked what coach it was ? "*Ours*," said honest John. "And are the children in it *ours* too ?" said his lordship, smiling. "*Most certainly*, my lord," replied John, with the utmost gravity, and immediately ran to lift them out.

## Riddle.

### A LITERARY CHARACTER.

I have long maintained a distinguished station in our modern days, but I cannot trace my origin to ancient times, though the learned have attempted it. After the revolution in 1688, I was chief physician to the king ; at least in my absence he ever complained of sickness. Had I lived in ancient days, so friendly was I to crowned heads, that Cleopatra would have got off with a sting ; and her cold arm would have felt a reviving heat. I am rather a friend to sprightliness than to industry ; I have often converted a neutral pronoun into a man of talent : I have often amused myself with reducing the provident ant to indigence ; I never meet a post horse without giving him a blow ; to some animals I am a friend, and many a puppy has yelped for aid when I have deserted him. I am a patron of architecture, and can turn every thing into brick and mortar ; and so honest withal, that whenever I can find a pair of stockings, I ask for their owner. Not even Lancaster has carried education so far as I have : I adopt always the system of interrogatories. I have already taught my hat to ask questions of fact ; and my poultry questions of chronology. With my trees I share the labours of my laundry ; they scour my linen ; and when I find a rent, 'tis I who make it entire.

In short, such are my merits, that whatever yours may be, you can never be more than half as good as I am.

## ANSWER

TO THE PRECEDING.

A literary character you view,  
 Known to the moderns only—W ;  
 I was physician to king William ;  
 When absent, he would say, " how—ill I am !"  
 In ancient days if I had liv'd, the asp  
 Which poison'd Egypt's queen, had been a—Wasp ;  
 And the death-coldness of th' imperial arm  
 With life reviving had again been—Warm.  
 A friend to sprightliness, that neuter it  
 By sudden pow'r I've chang'd into a—Wit.  
 The vainly-provident industrious ant  
 With cruel sport I oft reduce to—Want ; -  
 Whene'er I meet with an unlucky hack,  
 I give the creature a tremendous—Whack ;  
 And many a time a puppy cries for help,  
 If I desert capriciously the—Whelp.  
 A friend to architecture, I turn all  
 (As quick as Chel'nham builders) into—Wall.  
 I'm honest, for whene'er I find some hose,  
 I seek the owner, loud exclaiming—Whose ?  
 Farther than Lancaster I educate,  
 My system's always to interrogate ;  
 Already have I taught my very hat  
 Questions of fact to ask, and cry out—What ?  
 Questions of time my poultry, for the hen  
 Cackles chronology, enquiring—When ?  
 My laundry's labour I divide with ashes ;  
 It is with them the laundress scours and—Washes :  
 And if an ugly rent I find, the hole  
 Instantly vanishes, becoming—Whole.  
 In short, my merits are so bright to view,  
 How good soe'er you may be, just or true,  
 You can but halve my worth, for I am—double you.

Cheltenham.

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 THE MERRY MONARCH,  
 AND " BLYTHE COCKPEN."

While Charles II. was sojourning in Scotland, before the battle of Worcester, his chief confidant and associate was the laird of Cockpen, called by the nick-naming fashion of the times, " Blythe Cockpen." He followed Charles to the Hague, and by his skill in playing Scottish tunes, and his sagacity and wit, much delighted the merry monarch. Charles's favourite air was " Brose and Butter ;" it was played to him when he went to bed, and he was awakened by it. At the restoration, however, Blythe Cockpen shared the fate of many other of the royal adherents ; he was forgotten, and wandered upon the lands he once owned in Scotland, poor and unfriended. His letters to the court were unresented, or disregarded, till, wearied and incensed, he travelled to London ; but his mean garb not suiting the rich doublets of court, he was not allowed to approach the royal presence. At length,

he ingratiated himself with the king's organist, who was so enraptured with Cockpen's wit and powers of music, that he requested him to play on the organ before the king at divine service. His exquisite skill did not attract his majesty's notice, till, at the close of the service, instead of the usual tune, he struck up " Brose and Butter," with all its energetic merriment. In a moment the royal organist was ordered into the king's presence. " My liege, it was not me ! it was not me !" he cried, and dropped upon his knees. " You !" cried his majesty, in a rapture, " you could never play it in your life—where's the man ? let me see him." Cockpen presented himself on his knee. " Ah, Cockpen, is that you ?—Lord, man, I was like to dance coming out of the church !"—" I once danced too," said Cockpen, " but that was when I had land of my own to dance on."—" Come with me," said Charles, taking him by the hand, " you shall dance to *Brose and Butter* on your own lands again to the nineteenth generation ;" and, as far as he could, the king kept his promise.

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 • Topography.

## SINGULAR INTERMENT.

The following curious entry is in the register of Lymington church, under the year 1736 :—

" Samuel Baldwin, esq. sojourner in this parish, was immersed, without the Needles, sans cérémonie, May 20."

This was performed in consequence of an earnest wish the deceased had expressed, a little before his dissolution, in order to disappoint the intention of his wife, who had repeatedly assured him, in their domestic squabbles, (which were very frequent,) that if she survived him, she would revenge her conjugal sufferings, by dancing on his grave.

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 ODD SIGNS.

A gentleman lately travelling through Grantham, in Lincolnshire, observed the following lines under a sign-post, on which was placed an inhabited bee-hive.

Two wonders, Grantham, now are thine,  
 The highest spire, and a living sign.

The same person, at another public-house in the country, where London porter was sold, observed the figure of Britannia engraved upon a tankard, in a reclining posture; underneath was the following motto :—

Pray SUP-PORTER.



### Elvet Bridge, Durham.

The above engraving is from a lithographic view, published in Durham in 1820: it was designed by Mr. Bouet, a very ingenious French gentleman, resident there, whose abilities as an artist are of a superior order.

Elvet bridge consists of nine or ten arches, and was built by the excellent bishop Pudsey, about the year 1170. It was repaired in the time of bishop Fox, who held the see of Durham from 1494 to 1502, and granted an "indulgence" to all who should contribute towards defraying the expense; an expedient frequently resorted to in Catholic times for the forward-

ing of great undertakings. It was again improved, by widening it to twice its breadth, in 1806.

Upon this bridge there were two chapels, dedicated respectively to St. James and St. Andrew, one of which stood on the site of the old house close to the bridge, at present inhabited by Mr. Adamson, a respectable veterinary surgeon; the other stood on the site of the new houses on the south side of the bridge, occupied by Mr. Fenwick and Mr. Hopper. About three years ago, while clearing away the rubbish, preparatory to the erection of the latter houses, some remains of the old chapel

were discovered : an arch was in a very perfect state, but unfortunately no drawing was made.

It is believed by some, that another chapel stood on, or near Elvet bridge, dedicated to St. Magdalen ; and the name of the flight of steps leading from Elvet bridge to Saddler-street, viz. the Maudlin, or Magdalen-steps, rather favours the supposition. On the north side of Elvet bridge is a building, erected in 1632, formerly used as the house of correction, but which, since the erection of the new gaol, was sold to the late Stephen Kemble, Esq., and is now the printing and publishing office of the Durham Chronicle. The ground cells are miserable places : some figures, still visible on many of the walls, as faces, ships, &c. show to what resources the poor fellows confined there were driven to amuse themselves. This building is said to be haunted by the restless sprite of an old piper, who, as the story is, was brought down the river by a flood, and, on being rescued from the water, became an inmate of the house of correction, where he died a few years afterwards. The credulous often hear his bagpipes at midnight. Every old bridge seems to have its legend, and this is the legend of Elvet bridge.

The buildings represented by the engraving in the distance are the old gaol, and a few of the adjoining houses. This gaol, which stood to the east of the castle, and contiguous to the keep, was originally the great north gateway to the castle, and was erected by bishop Langley, who held the see of Durham from 1406 to 1437. It divided Saddler-street from the North Bailey, and was a fine specimen of the architecture of the age, but, from its confined situation, in a public part of the city, it was adjudged to be a nuisance, and was accordingly destroyed in 1820. On the west side of it is erected an elegant subscription library and news-room, and on the opposite a spacious assembly-room ; these form a striking contrast to the spot in the state here represented. The present county gaol is at the head of Old Elvet ; it is a splendid edifice, and so it should be, considering that it cost the county 120,000*l*.

Of bishop Pudsey, the builder of Elvet bridge, the following account is given in Hegg's Legend of St. Cuthbert. Speaking of St. Goodrick, of whom there are particulars in the *Every-Day Book*, Hegg says, "Thus after he had acted all the miracles of a legend, he ended his scene in the year 1170, not deserving that honour conferred on his cell by the forenamed

bishop Pusar (Pudsey), who told him he should be seven yeares blind before his death, so that the bishop deferring his repentance till the tyme of his blindness, (which Goodrick meant of the eyes of his understanding) dyed unprovided for death. But if good works be satisfactorie, then died he not in debt for his sinnes, who repayed and built many of the episcopall manors, and founded the manor and church at Darlington, and two hospitals, one at Alverton, and the other at *Sherburne*, neare Durham. He built also Elvet bridge, with two chapels upon it, over the Weer ; and, lastly, built that beautiful work the Galilee, now the bishop's consistory, and hither translated saint Bede's bones, which lye entered under a tomb of black marble."

From the above extract, as punctuated in all the printed copies I have seen, it would appear that Hegg intended to represent both the chapels as being *over the Weer*, whereas only one was so situated, the other being on one of the land arches. To render this passage correct, the words "with two chapels upon it" should have been inserted in a parenthesis, which would make the passage stand thus, "He built also Elvet bridge, (with two chapels upon it,) over the Weer." Hegg, with all his humour, is frequently obscure ; and his legend, which was for some time in manuscript, has suffered by the inattention of transcribers ; there are three different copies in print, and all vary. The edition printed by the late Mr. Allan of Darlington, from a manuscript in the library of Corpus Christi College, Oxford, and since reprinted by Mr. Hogget of Durham, is the most correct one, and from that the above extract is taken.

Bishop Pudsey's memory must always be dear to the inhabitants of the county of Durham, as probably no man ever conferred greater service on the county. It was he who, in order to supply the deficiency of Doomsday-book, caused a general survey to be made of all the demesne lands and possessions in his bishopric. This survey is recorded in a small folio of twenty-four pages, written in a bad hand, and called "Bolden Buke," now in the archives at Durham. It contains inquisitions, or verdicts of all the several tenures of lands, services, and customs ; all the tenants' names of every degree ; how much each of them held at that time, and what rents were reserved for the same. This book has been produced, and read in evidence on several trials at law, on the part of the succeeding bishops, in order to ascertain their property.

## Garrick Plays.

## No. XI.

[From "Jack Drum's Entertainment," a Comedy, Author unknown, 1601.]

*The free humour of a Noble Housekeeper.*

*Fortune (a Knight).* I was not born to be my cradle's drudge,

To choke and stifle up my pleasure's breath,  
To poison with the venom'd cares of thrift  
My private sweet of life : only to scrape  
A heap of muck, to fatten and manure  
The barren virtues of my progeny,  
And make them sprout 's spite of their want of worth ;  
No, I do wish my girls should wish me live ;  
Which few do wish that have a greedy sire,  
But still expect, and gape with hungry lip,  
When he'll give up his gouty stewardship.

*Friend.* Then I wonder,  
You not aspire unto the eminence  
And height of pleasing life. To Court, to Court—  
There burnish, there spread, there stick in pomp,  
Like a bright diamond in a Lady's brow.  
There plant your fortunes in the flowing spring,  
And get the Sun before you of Respect.  
There trench yourself within the people's love,  
And glitter in the eye of glorious grace.  
What's wealth without respect and mounted place ?

*Fortune.* Worse and worse !—I am not yet dis-  
traught,

I long not to be squeeze'd with my own weight,  
Nor hoist up all my sails to catch the wind  
Of the drunk reeling Commous. I labour not  
To have an awful presence, nor be feared,  
Since who is fear'd still fears to be so feared.  
I care not to be like the Horeb calf,  
One day adored, and next pasht all in pieces.  
Nor do I envy Polyphemian puffs,  
Switzers' slopt greatness. I adore the Sun,  
Yet love to live within a temperate zone.  
Let who will climb ambitious glibbery rounds,  
And lean upon the vulgar's rotten love,  
I'll not corral him. The sun will give  
As great a shadow to my trunk as his ;  
And after death, like Chessmen having stood  
In play, for Bishops some, for Knights, and Pawns,  
We all together shall be tumbled up  
Into one bag.  
Let hush'd-calm quiet rock my life asleep ;  
And, being dead, my own ground press my bones ;  
Whilst some old Beldame, hobbling o'er my grave,  
May mumble thus :  
' Here lies a Knight whose Money was his Slave."

[From the "Changes," a Comedy, by James Shirley, 1632.]

*Excess of Epithets, enfeebling to Poetry.*

*Friend.* Master Caperwit, before you read, pray tell me,  
Have your verses any Adjectives ?

*Caperwit.* Adjectives ! would you have a poem without

Adjectives ? they're the flower, the grace of all our language.

A well-chosen Epithet doth give new soul  
To fainting Poesy, and makes every verse  
A Bride ! With Adjectives we bait our lines,  
When we do fish for Gentlewomen's loves,  
And with their sweetness catch the nibbling ear  
Of amorous ladies ; with the music of  
These ravishing nouns we charm the silken tribe,  
And make the Gallant melt with apprehension  
Of the rare Word. I will maintain 't against  
A bundle of Grammarians, in Poetry  
The Substantive itself cannot *subsist*  
Without its Adjective.

*Friend.* But for all that,  
Those words would sound more full, methinks, that are  
not

So larded ; and if I might counsel you,  
You should compose a Sonnet clean without 'em.  
A row of stately Substantives would march  
Like Switzers, and bear all the fields before 'em ;  
Carry their weight ; shew fair, like Deeds Enroll'd ;  
Not Writs, that are first made and after fill'd.  
Thence first came up the title of Blank Verse ;—  
You know, Sir, what Blank signifies ?—when the sense,  
First framed, is tied with Adjectives like points,  
And could not hold together without wedges :  
Hang 't, 'tis pedantic, vulgar Poetry.  
Let children, when they versify, stick here  
And there these piddling words for want of matter  
Poets write Masculine Numbers.

[From the "Guardian," a Comedy, by Abraham Cowley, 1650. This was the first Draught of that which he published afterwards under the title of the "Cutter of Coleman Street ;" and contains the character of a Foolish Poet, omitted in the latter. I give a few scraps of this character, both because the Edition is scarce, and as furnishing no unsuitable corollary to the Critical Admonitions in the preceding Extract.—The "Cutter" has always appeared to me the link between the Comedy of Fletcher and of Congreve. In the elegant passion of the Love Scenes it approaches the former ; and Puny (the character substituted for the omitted Poet) is the Prototype of the half-witted Wits, the Brisks and Dapper Wits, of the latter.]

*Doggrell, the foolish Poet, described.*

*Cutter.* — the very Emblem of poverty and poor poetry. The feet are worse patched of his rhymes, than of his stockings. If one line forget itself, and run out beyond his elbow, while the next keeps at home (like him), and dares not show his head, he calls that an Ode. \* \* \*

*Tabitha.* Nay, they mocked and fleered at us, as we sung the Psalm the last Sunday night.

*Cutter.* That was that mungrel Rhymer; by this light he envies his brother poet John Sternhold, because he cannot reach his heights. \* \* \*

*Doggrell (reciting his own verses.)* Thus pride doth still with beauty dwell,

And like the Baltic ocean swell.

*Blade.* Why the Baltic, Doggrell?

*Doggrell.* Why the Baltic!—this 'tis not to have read the Poets. \* \* \*

She looks like Niobe on the mountain's top.

*Cutter.* That Niobe, Doggrell, you have used worse than Phœbus did. Not a dog looks melancholy but he's compared to Niobe. He beat a villainous Tapster 'tother day, to make him look like Niobe.

C. L.

## ANCIENT WAGGERY.

*For the Table Book.*

[From the "Pleasant Conceits of old Hobson, the merry Londoner; full of humorous Discourses and merry Merriments:—1607."]

*How Maister Hobson hung out a lanterne and candlelight.*

In the beginning of queen Elizabeth's reign, when the order of hanging out lanterne and candlelight first of all was brought up,\* the bedell of the warde where Maister Hobson dwelt, in a dark evening, crieing up and down, "Hang out your lanternes! Hang out your lanternes!" using no other wordes, Maister Hobson tooke an emptie lanterne, and, according to the bedells call, hung it out. This flout, by the lord mayor, was taken in ill part, and for the same offence Hobson was sent to the Counter, but being released, the next night following, thinking to amend his call, the bedell cryed out, with a loud voice, "Hang out your lanternes and candle!" Maister Hobson, hereupon, hung out a lanterne and candle unlighted, as the bedell again commanded; whereupon he was sent again to the Counter; but the next night, the bedell being better advised, cryed "Hang out your lanterne and candle light! Hang out your lanterne and candle light!" which Maister Hobson at last did, to his great commendations, which cry of lanterne and candle light is in right manner used to this day.

*How Maister Hobson found out the Pye-stealer.*

In Christmas Holy-dayes when Maister

\* The custom of banging out lanterns before lamps were in use was earlier than queen Elizabeth's reign.

Hobson's wife had many pyes in the oven, one of his servants had stole one of them out, and at the tauerne had merrilie eat it. It fortun'd, the same day, that some of his friends dined with him, and one of the best pyes were missing, the stealer thereof, after dinner, he found out in this manner. He called all his servants in friendly sort together into the hall, and caused each of them to drinke one to another, both wine, ale, and beare, till they were all drunke; then caused hee a table to be furnished with very goode cheare, whereat hee likewise pleased them. Being set altogether, he saide, "Why sit ye not downe fellows?"—"We bee set already," quoth they.—"Nay," quoth Maister Hobson, "he that stole the pye is not yet set."—"Yes, that I doe!" quoth he that stole it, by which means Maister Hobson knewe what was become of the pye; for the poor fellowe being drunke could not keepe his owne secretts.

## THE FIRST VIOLET.

The spring is come: the violet's gone,  
The first-born child of the early sun;  
With us she is but a winter flower,  
The snow on the hills cannot blast her bower—  
And she lifts up her head of dewy blue  
To the youngest sky of the self-same hue.

And when the spring comes with her host  
Of flowers—that flower beloved the most,  
Shrinks from the crowd that may confuse  
Her heavenly odour and virgins hues.

Pluck the others, but still remember  
Their herald out of dim December—  
The morning star of all the flowers,  
The pledge of daylight's lengthened hours,  
Nor, midst the roses, e'er forget  
The virgin—virgin violet.

## YORKSHIRE SAYING.

*For the Table Book.*

"LET'S BEGIN AGAIN LIKE THE CLERK OF BEESTON."

The clerk of Beeston, a small village near Leeds, one Sunday, after having sung a psalm about half way through the first verse, discovered he had chosen a wrong tune, on which he exclaimed to the singers, "Stop lads, we've got into a wrong metre, let's begin again!" Hence the origin of the saying, so common in Leeds and the neighbourhood, "Let's begin again, like the clerk of Beeston."

T. Q. M.



## TO CONTENTMENT.

## I.

Spark of pure celestial fire,  
 Port of all the world's desire,  
 Paradise of earthly bliss,  
 Heaven of the other world and this ;  
 Tell me, where thy court abides,  
 Where thy glorious chariot rides ?

## II.

Eden knew thee for a day,  
 But thou wouldst no longer stay ;  
 Outed for poor Adam's sin,  
 By a flaming cherubin ;  
 Yet thou lov'st that happy shade  
 Where thy beauteous form was made,  
 And thy kindness still remains  
 To the woods, and flow'ry plains.

## III.

Happy David found thee there,  
 Sporting in the open air ;  
 As he led his flocks along,  
 Feeding on his rural song ;  
 But when courts and honours had  
 Snatch'd away the lovely lad,  
 Thou that there no room cou'dst find,  
 Let him go and staid behind.

## IV.

His wise son, with care and pain,  
 Search'd all nature's frame in vain ;  
 For a while content to be,  
 Search'd it round, but found not thee ;  
 Beauty own'd she knew thee not,  
 Plenty had thy name forgot :  
 Music only did aver,  
 Once you came and dane'd with her.\*

## Biography.

## PIETRE METASTASIO.

This celebrated Italian lyric and dramatic poet was born at Rome, in 1698, of parents in humble life, whose names were Trapassi. At ten years of age, he was distinguished by his talents as an *improvvisatore*. The eminent jurist, Gravina, who amused himself with writing bad tragedies, was walking near the Campus Martius one summer's evening, in company with the abbé Lorenzini, when they heard a sweet and powerful voice, modulating verses with the greatest fluency to the measure of the

canto *improvviso*. On approaching the shop of Trapassi, whence the melody proceeded, they were surprised to see a lovely boy pouring forth elegant verses on the persons and objects which surrounded him, and their admiration was increased by the graceful compliments which he took an opportunity of addressing to themselves. When the youthful poet had concluded, Gravina called him to him, and, with many encomiums and caresses, offered him a piece of money, which the boy politely declined. He then inquired into his situation and employment, and being struck with the intelligence of his replies, proposed to his parents to educate him as his own child. They consented, and Gravina changed his name from Trapassi to Metastasio, and gave him a careful and excellent education for his own profession.

At fourteen years of age, Metastasio produced his tragedy of "Giustino," which so pleased Gravina, that he took him to Naples, where he contended with and excelled some of the most celebrated improvisatori of Italy. He still, however, continued his study of the law, and with a view to the only two channels of preferment which prevail at Rome, also assumed the minor order of priesthood, whence his title of abate. In 1718, death deprived him of his patron, who bequeathed to him the whole of his personal property, amounting to fifteen thousand crowns. Of too liberal and hospitable a disposition, he gradually made away with this provision and then resolved to apply more closely to the law. He repaired to Naples, to study for that purpose, but becoming acquainted with Brugnattelli, usually called "the Romanina," the most celebrated actress and singer in Italy, he gave himself up entirely to harmony and poetry. The extraordinary success of his first opera, "Gli Orti Esperidi," confirmed him in this resolution, and joining his establishment to that of "the Romanina" and her husband, in a short time he composed three new dramas, "Cato in Utica," "Ezio," and "Semiramide." He followed these with several more of still greater celebrity, until, in 1730, he received and accepted an invitation from the court of Vienna, to take up his residence in that capital, as coadjutor to the imperial laureate, Apostolo Zeno, whom he ultimately succeeded. From that period, the life of Metastasio presented a calm uniformity for upwards of half a century. He retained the favour of the imperial family undiminished, for his extraordinary talents were admirably seconded by the even tenor of

\* From Dunton's "Athenian Sport."

his private character, and avoidance of court intrigue. Indefatigable as a poet, he composed no less than twenty-six operas, and eight oratorios, or sacred dramas, besides cantatas, canzoni, sonnets, and minor pieces to a great amount. The poetical characteristics of Metastasio are sweetness, correctness, purity, simplicity, gentle pathos, and refined and elevated sentiment. There is less of nature than of elegance and beauty in his dramas, which consequently appear insipid to those who have been nourished with stronger poetic aliment.

Dr. Burney, who saw Metastasio at the age of seventy-two, describes him as looking like one of fifty, and as the gayest and handsomest man, of his time of life, he had ever beheld. He died after a short illness at Vienna, in April 1782, having completed his eighty-fourth year, leaving a considerable property in money, books, and valuables. Besides his numerous works, which have been translated into most of the European languages, a large collection of his letters, published since his death, supplied copious materials for his biography.\*

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Mrs. Piozzi gives an amusing account of Metastasio in his latter days. She says:—

“Here (at Vienna) are many ladies of fashion very eminent for their musical abilities, particularly mesdemoiselles de Martinas, one of whom is member of the academies of Berlin and Bologna: the celebrated Metastasio died in their house, after having lived with the family sixty-five years more or less. They set his poetry and sing it very finely, appearing to recollect his conversation and friendship with infinite tenderness and delight. He was to have been presented to the pope the very day he died, and in the delirium which immediately preceded dissolution, raved much of the supposed interview. Unwilling to hear of death, no one was ever permitted to mention it before him; and nothing put him so certainly out of humour, as finding that rule transgressed. Even the small-pox was not to be named in his presence, and whoever did name that disorder, though unconscious of the offence he had given, Metastasio would see no more.”

Mrs. Piozzi adds, “The other peculiarities I could gather from Miss Martinas were these: that he had contentedly lived half a century at Vienna, without ever even

wishing to learn its language; that he had never given more than five guineas English money in all that time to the poor; that he always sat in the same seat at church, but never paid for it, and that nobody dared ask him for the trifling sum; that he was grateful and beneficent to the friends who began by being his protectors, but who, in the end, were his debtors, for solid benefits as well as for elegant presents, which it was his delight to be perpetually making. He left to them at last all he had ever gained, without the charge even of a single legacy; observing in his will, that it was to them he owed it, and that other conduct would in him have been injustice. He never changed the fashion of his wig, or the cut or colour of his coat, so that his portrait, taken not very long ago, looks like those of Boileau or Moliere at the head of their works. His life was arranged with such methodical exactness, that he rose, studied, chatted, slept, and dined, at the same hours, for fifty years together, enjoying uninterrupted health, which probably gave him that happy sweetness of temper, or habitual gentleness of manners, which was never ruffled, except when his sole injunction was forgotten, and the death of any person whatever was unwittingly mentioned before him. No solicitation had ever prevailed on him to dine from home, nor had his nearest intimates ever seen him eat more than a biscuit with his lemonade, every meal being performed with even mysterious privacy to the last. When his end approached by rapid steps, he did not in the least suspect that it was coming; and mademoiselle Martinas has scarcely yet done rejoicing in the thought that he escaped the preparations he so dreaded. Latterly, all his pleasures were confined to music and conversation; and the delight he took in hearing the lady he lived with sing his songs, was visible to every one. An Italian abate here said, comically enough, ‘Oh! he always looked like a man in the state of beatification when mademoiselle de Martinas accompanied his verses with her fine voice and brilliant finger.’ The father of Metastasio was a goldsmith at Rome, but his son had so devoted himself to the family he lived with, that he refused to hear, and took pains not to know, whether he had in his latter days any one relation left in the world.”

We have a life of Metastasio, chiefly derived from his correspondence, by Dr. Burney.

\* General Biog. Dict. Dict. of Musicians.

## A DEATH-BED:

IN A LETTER TO R. H. ESQ. OF B——.

*For the Table Book.*

I called upon you this morning, and found that you were gone to visit a dying friend. I had been upon a like errand. Poor N. R. has lain dying now for almost a week; such is the penalty we pay for having enjoyed through life a strong constitution. Whether he knew me or not, I know not, or whether he saw me through his poor glazed eyes; but the group I saw about him I shall not forget. Upon the bed, or about it, were assembled his Wife, their two Daughters, and poor deaf Robert, looking doubly stupified. There they were, and seemed to have been sitting all the week. I could only reach out a hand to Mrs. R. Speaking was impossible in that mute chamber. By this time it must be all over with him. In him I have a loss the world cannot make up. He was my friend, and my father's friend, for all the life that I can remember. I seem to have made foolish friendships since. Those are the friendships, which outlast a second generation. Old as I am getting, in his eyes I was still the child he knew me. To the last he called me Jemmy. I have none to call me Jemmy now. He was the last link that bound me to B——. You are but of yesterday. In him I seem to have lost the old plainness of manners and singleness of heart. Lettered he was not; his reading scarcely exceeding the Obituary of the old Gentleman's Magazine, to which he has never failed of having recourse for these last fifty years. Yet there was the pride of literature about him from that slender perusal; and moreover from his office of archive keeper to your ancient city, in which he must needs pick up some equivocal Latin; which, among his less literary friends assumed the airs of a very pleasant pedantry. Can I forget the erudite look with which having tried to puzzle out the text of a Black lettered Chaucer in your Corporation Library, to which he was a sort of Librarian, he gave it up with this consolatory reflection—"Jemmy," said he, "I do not know what you find in these very old books, but I observe, there is a deal of very indifferent spelling in them." His jokes (for he had some) are ended; but they were old Perennials, staple, and always as good as new. He had one Song, that spake of the "flat bottoms of our foes coming over in darkness," and alluded to a threatened Invasion, many years since blown over; this

he reserved to be sung on Christmas Night, which we always passed with him, and he sang it with the freshness of an impending event. How his eyes would sparkle when he came to the passage:

We'll still make 'em run, and we'll still make 'em  
sweat,  
In spite of the devil and Brussels' Gazette!

What is the Brussels' Gazette now? I cry, while I endite these trifles. His poor girls who are, I believe, compact of solid goodness, will have to receive their afflicted mother at an unsuccessful home in a petty village in ——shire, where for years they have been struggling to raise a Girls' School with no effect. Poor deaf Robert (and the less hopeful for being so) is thrown upon a deaf world, without the comfort to his father on his death-bed of knowing him provided for. They are left almost provisionless. Some life assurance there is; but, I fear, not exceeding——. Their hopes must be from your Corporation, which their father has served for fifty years. Who or what are your Leading Members now, I know not. Is there any, to whom without impertinence you can represent the true circumstances of the family? You cannot say good enough of poor R., and his poor Wife. Oblige me, and the dead, if you can.

London, 10 Feb. 1827.

L.

LINES  
FOR THE  
TABLE BOOK.

What seek'st thou on the heathy lea,  
So frequent and alone?

What in the violet cans't thou see?  
What in the mossy stone?

Yon evening sky's empurpled dye  
Seems dearer to thy gaze  
Than wealth or fame's enrapt'ring name,  
Or beauty's 'witching blaze.

Go, mingle in the busy throng  
That tread th' imperial mart;  
There listen to a sweeter song  
Than ever thrill'd thy heart.

The treasures of a thousand lands  
Shall pour their wealth before thee;  
Friends proffer thee their eager hands,  
And envious fools adore thee.

Ay—I will seek that busy throng,  
And turn, with aching breast,  
From scenes of tort'ring care and wrong—  
To solitude and rest!

February 21, 1827.

AMICUS.

## WAVERLEY.

It is a curious, yet well authenticated fact, that the novel of "Waverley"—the first, and perhaps the best, of the prose writing of sir Walter Scott—remained for more than ten years unpublished. So far back as 1805, the late talented Mr. John Ballantyne announced "Waverley" as a work preparing for publication, but the announce excited so little attention, that the design was laid aside for reasons which every reader will guess. In those days of peace and innocence, the spirit of literary speculation had scarcely begun to dawn in Scotland; the public taste ran chiefly on poetry; and even if gifted men had arisen capable of treading in the footsteps of Fielding, but with a name and reputation unestablished, they must have gone to London to find a publisher. The "magician" himself, with all his powers, appears to have been by no means over sanguine as to the ultimate success of a tale, which has made millions laugh, and as many weep; and in autumn he had very nearly delivered a portion of the MSS. to a party of sportsmen who visited him in the country, and were complaining of a perfect famine of wadding.\*

## A Young Artist's Letter

## FROM SWITZERLAND.

From the letter of an English artist, now abroad, accompanied by marginal sketches with the pen, addressed to a young relation, I am obligingly permitted to take the following—

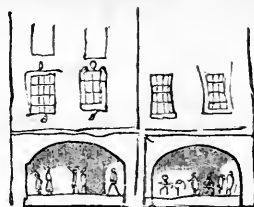
## EXTRACT,

*Interlaken, Switzerland.*

Sunday, Sept. 10, 1826.

I arrived at Geneva, after a ride of a day and a night, from Lyons, through a delightful mountainous country. The steam-boat carried me from Geneva to Lausanne, a very pretty town, at the other end of the fine lake, from whence I went to Berne, one of the principal towns in Switzerland, and the most beautiful I have seen yet. It is extremely clean, and therefore it was quite a treat, after the French towns, which are filthy.

Berne is convenient residence, both in sunny and wet weather, for all the streets have arcades, under which the shops are in this way,



so that people are not obliged to walk in the middle of the street at all. The town is protected by strong fortifications, but the ramparts are changed into charming lawns and walks. There are also delightful terraces on the river side, commanding the surrounding country, which is enchanting—rich woods and fertile valleys, swelling mountains, and meadows like velvet; and, beyond all, the snowy Alps.

At Berne I equipped myself as most persons do who travel on foot through Switzerland; I have seen scores of young men all in the same pedestrian costume. I give you a sketch, that you may have a better idea of it.



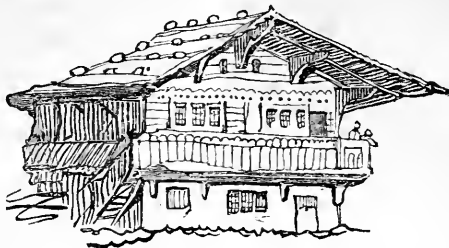
The dress is a light sort of smock-frock, with a leather belt round the waist, a straw hat, a knapsack on the back, and a small bottle, covered with leather, to carry spirits, fastened round the neck by a leather strap. The long pole is for climbing up the mountains, and jumping over the ice.

From Berne I arrived at Thun. The fine lake of Thun is surrounded by mountains of various forms, and I proceeded along it to this place. I have been on the lake of Brientys and to Lauterbrunnen, where there is the celebrated waterfall, called the "Stubach;" it falls about 800 feet; the rocks about it are exceedingly romantic, and close to it are the snowy mountains, among which I should particularize the celebrated "Yung frow," which has never been ascended.

Interlaken is surrounded by mountains,

\* The Times, 26th March, from an "Edinburgh paper."

and its scenery for sketches delicious. It is a village, built nearly all of wood ; the houses are the prettiest things I ever saw : they are in this way,



but much more beautiful than I can show in a small sketch. They are delicately clean, and mostly have fine vines and plenty of grapes about them. The stones on the roof are to keep the wood from being blown off. Then the people dress so well, and all look so happy, that it is a pleasure to be among them. I cannot understand a word they say, and yet they are all civil and obliging. If any children happen to see me drawing out of doors, they always run to fetch a chair for me. The women are dressed in this manner.

only that I observe on a Sunday they wear white nightcaps : every man that I can see now out of my window has one on ; and they are all playing at ball and nine-pins, just as they do in France. There is another kind of cap worn here made of silk ; this is limp, and does not look so well. They have also a flat straw hat.



The poor people and ladies are in the same style exactly : the caps are made of horsehair, and the hair dressed quite plain in front, and plaited behind almost to the ground with black ribbons. They wear silver chains from each side of the bosom, to pass under the arms, and fasten on the back. They are not all pretty, but they are particularly clean and neat. There is nothing remarkable in the men's dress,

The women work much more than the men ; they even row the boats on the lakes. All the Swiss, however, are very industrious ; and I like Switzerland altogether exceedingly. I leave this place tomorrow, and am going on to the beautiful valley of Sornen, (there was a view of it in the Diorama,) and then to the lake of the four cantons, or lake of Lucerne, and round the canton of the Valais to Geneva, and from thence for the lakes of Italy. If you examine a map for these places, it will be an amusement for you.

Lady Byron has been here for two days ; she is making a tour of Switzerland. There are several English passing through. I can scarcely give you a better notion of the situation of this beautiful little village, than by saying that it is in a valley between two lakes, and that there are the most charming walks you can imagine to the eminences on the river side, and along the borders of the lakes. There are more goats here than in Wales : they all wear a little bell round their neck ; and the sheep and cows being similarly distinguished, the movement of the flocks and herds keep an incessant tinkling, and relieve the stillness of the beautiful scenery.

## Gretna Green Marriages.

### THE BLACKSMITH.

On Friday, March 23, at Lancaster Lent assizes 1827, before Mr. baron Hullock, came on the trial of an indictment against Edward Gibbon Wakefield and William Wakefield, (brothers,) Edward Thevenot, (their servant,) and Frances the wife of Edward Wakefield, (father of the brothers,) for conspiring by subtle stratagems and false representations to take and carry away Ellen Turner, a maid, unmarried, and within the age of sixteen years, the only child and heiress of William Turner, from the care of the Misses Daulby, who had the education and governance of Miss Turner, and causing her to contract matrimony with the said Edward Gibbon Wakefield, without the knowledge and consent of her father, to her great disparagement, to her father's discomfort, and against the king's peace. Thevenot was acquitted; the other defendants were found "guilty," and the brothers stood committed to Lancaster-castle.

To a second indictment, under the statute of 4 and 5 Philip and Mary, against the brothers, for the abduction of Miss Turner, they withdrew their plea of "not guilty," and pleaded "guilty" to the fifth count.

In the course of the defence to the first indictment, David Laing, the celebrated blacksmith of Gretna-green, was examined; and, indeed, the trial is only mentioned in these pages, for the purpose of sketching this anomalous character as he appeared in the witness-box, and represented his own proceedings, according to *The Times'* report:—viz.

In appearance this old man was made to assume a superiority over his usual companions. Somebody had dressed him in a black coat, and velvet waistcoat and breeches of the same colour, with a shining pair of top boots—the shape of his hat, too, resembled the clerical fashion. He seemed a vulgar fellow, though not without shrewdness and that air of familiarity, which he might be supposed to have acquired by the freedom necessarily permitted by persons of a better rank of life, to one who was conscious he had the power of performing for them a guilty, but important ceremony.

On entering the witness-box, he leaned forward towards the counsel employed to examine him, with a ludicrous expression of gravity upon his features, and accompanied every answer with a knitting of his wrinkled brow, and significant nodding of his head, which gave peculiar force to his

quaintness of phraseology, and occasionally convulsed the court with laughter.

He was interrogated both by Mr. Scarlett and Mr. Coltman in succession.

Who are you, Laing?

Why, I live in Springfield.

Well, what did you do in this affair?

Why, I was sent for to Linton's, where I found two gentlemen, as it may be, and one lady.

Did you know them?

I did not.

Do you see them in court?

Why, no I cannot say.

What did you do?

Why I joined them, and then got the lady's address, where she come from, and the party's I believe.

What did they do then?

Why, the gentleman wrote down the names, and the lady gave way to it.

In fact, you married them after the usual way?

Yes, yes, I married them after the Scotch form, that is, by my putting on the ring on the lady's finger, and that way.

Were they both agreeable?

O yes, I joined their hands as man and wife.

Was that the whole of the ceremony—was it the end of it?

I wished them well, shook hands with them, and, as I said, they then both embraced each other very agreeably.

What else did you do?

I think I told the lady that I generally had a present from 'em, as it may be, of such a thing as money to buy a pair of gloves, and she gave me, with her own hand, a twenty-shilling Bank of England note to buy them.

Where did she get the note?

How do I know.

What did the gentleman say to you?

Oh, you ask what did he treat me with.

No, I do not; what did he say to you?

He did nothing to me; but I did to him what I have done to many before, that is, you must know, to join them together; join hands, and so on. I bargained many in that way, and she was perfectly agreeable, and made no objections.

Did you give them a certificate?

Oh! yes, I gave it to the lady.

[Here a piece of paper was identified by this witness, and read in evidence, purporting to certify that Edward Gibbon Wakefield and Ellen Turner had been duly married according to the form required by the Scottish law. This paper, except the names and dates,

was a printed register, at the top of which was a rudely executed woodcut, apparently of the royal arms.]

Did the gentleman and lady converse freely with you?

O, yes; he asked me what sort of wine they had in Linton's house, and I said they had three kinds, with the best of *Shumpine* (Champagne.) He asked me which I would take, and I said *Shumpine*, and so and so; while they went into another room to dine, I finished the wine, and then off I came. I returned, and saw them still in the very best of comfortable spirits.

Mr. SCARLETT.—We have done with you, Laing.

Mr. BROUGHAM.—But *my* turn is to come with you, my gentleman. What did you get for this job besides the *Shumpine*? Did you get money as well as *Shumpine*?

Yes, sure I did, and so and so.

Well, how much?

Thirty or forty pounds or thereabouts, as may be.

Or fifty pounds, as it may be, Mr. Blacksmith?

May be, for I cannot say to a few pounds. I am dull of hearing.

Was this marriage ceremony, which you have been describing, exactly what the law and church of Scotland require on such occasions, as your certificate (as you call it) asserts?

O yes, it is in the old common form.

What! Do you mean in the old common form of the church of Scotland, fellow?

There is no prayer-book required to be produced, I tell you.

Will you answer me when I ask you, what do you mean by the old ordinary form of the church of Scotland, when this transaction has nothing whatever to do with that church? Were you never a clergyman of that country?

Never.

How long are you practising this delightful art?

Upwards of forty-eight years I am doing these marriages.

How old are you?

I am now beyond seventy-five.

What do you do to get your livelihood?

I do these.

Pretty doing it is; but how did you get your livelihood, say, before these last precious forty-eight years of your life?

I was a gentleman.

What do you call a gentleman?

Being sometimes poor, sometimes rich.

Come now, say what was your occupation before you took to this trade?

I followed many occupations.

Were you not an ostler?

No, I were not.

What else were you then?

Why, I was a merchant once.

That is a travelling vagrant pedlar, as I understand your term?

Yes, may be.

Were you ever any thing else in the way of calling?

Never.

Come back now to what you call the marriage. Do you pretend to say that it was done after the common old form of the church of Scotland? Is not the general way by a clergyman?

That is not the general way altogether.

Do you mean that the common ordinary way in Scotland is not to send for a clergyman, but to go a hunting after a fellow like you?

Scotland is not in the practice altogether of going after clergymen. Many does not go that way at all.

Do you mean to swear, then, that the regular common mode is not to go before a clergyman?

I do not say that, as it may be.

Answer me the question plainly, or else you shall not so easily get back to this good old work of yours in Scotland as you think?

I say as it may be, the marriages in Scotland an't always done in the churches.

I know that as well as you do, for the clergyman sometimes attends in private houses, or it is done before a justice depute; but is this the regular mode?

I say it ent no wrong mode—it is law.

*Re-examined* by Mr. SCARLETT.

Well, is it the irregular mode?

No, not irregular, but as it may be unregular, but its right still.

You mean your own good old unregular mode?

Yes; I have been both in the courts of Edinburgh and Dublin, and my marriages have always been held legal.

What form of words do you use?

Why, you come before me, and say—

Mr. SCARLETT.—No, I will not, for I do not want to be married; but suppose a man did who called for your services, what is he to do?

Why, it is I that do it. Surely I ask them, before two witnesses, do you take one and other for man and wife, and they say they do, and I then declare them to be man and wife for ever more, and so and so, in the Scotch way you observe.

The COURT.—Mr. Attorney, (addressing Mr. Scarlett, who is attorney-general for the county palatine,) is it by a fellow like this, that you mean to prove the custom of the law of Scotland as to valid marriage?

Here the blacksmith's examination terminated.

### SPRING.

Oh, how delightful to the soul of man,  
How like a renovating spirit comes,  
Fanning his cheek, the breath of infant Spring!  
Morning awakens in the orient sky  
With purpler light, beneath a canopy  
Of lovely clouds, their edges tipped with gold;  
And from his palace, like a deity,  
Darting his lustrous eye from pole to pole,  
The glorious sun comes forth, the vernal sky  
To walk rejoicing. To the bitter north  
Retire wild winter's forces—eruel winds—  
And griping frosts—and magazines of snow—  
And deluging tempests. O'er the moisten'd fields  
A tender green is spread; the bladed grass  
Shoots forth exuberant; th' awakening trees,  
Thawed by the delicate atmosphere, put forth  
Expanding buds; while, with mellifluous throat,  
The warm ebullience of internal joy,  
The birds hymn forth a song of gratitude  
To him who sheltered, when the storms were deep,  
And fed them through the winter's cheerless gloom.

Beside the garden path, the crocus now  
Puts forth its head to woo the genial breeze,  
And finds the snowdrop, hardier visitant,  
Already basking in the solar ray.  
Upon the brook the water-cresses float  
More greenly, and the bordering reeds exalt  
Higher their speary summits. Joyously,  
From stone to stone, the ouzel flits along,  
Startling the linnet from the hawthorn bough;  
While on the elm-tree, overshadowing deep  
The low-roofed cottage white, the blackbird sits  
Cheerily hymning the awakened year.

Turn to the ocean—how the scene is changed!  
Behold the small waves melt upon the shore  
With chastened murmur! Buoyantly on high  
The sea-gulls ride, weaving a sportive dance,  
And turning to the sun their snowy plumes.  
With shrilly pipe, from headland or from cape,  
Emerge the line of plovers, o'er the sands  
Fast sweeping; while to inland marsh the hern,  
With undulating wing scarce visible,  
Far up the azure concave journeys on!  
Upon the sapphire deep, its sails unfurl'd,  
Tardily glides along the fisher's boat,  
Its shadow moving o'er the moveless tide;  
The bright wave flashes from the rower's oar,  
Glittering in the sun, at measured intervals;  
And, casually borne, the fisher's voice,  
Floats solemnly along the watery waste;  
The shepherd boy, enveloped in his plaid,  
On the green bank, with blooming furze o'ertopped,  
Listens, and answers with responsive note.

## Eccentric Biography.

JAMES CHAMBERS.

This unfortunate being, well known by the designation of "the poor poet," was born at Soham, in Cambridgeshire, in 1748, where his father was a leather-seller, but having been unfortunate in business, and marrying a second wife, disputes and family broils arose. It was probably from this discomfort in his paternal dwelling-place, that he left home never to return. At first, and for an uncertain period, he was a maker and seller of nets and some small wares. Afterwards, he composed verses on birthdays and weddings, acrostics on names, and such like matters. Naturally mild and unassuming in his manners, he attracted the attention and sympathy of many, and by this means lived, or, rather, suffered life! That his mind was diseased there can be no doubt, for no sane being would have preferred an existence such as his. What gave the first morbid turn to his feelings is perhaps unknown. His sharp, lively, sparkling eye might have conveyed an idea that he had suffered disappointment in the *tender* passion; while, from the serious tendency of many of his compositions, it may be apprehended that religion, or false notions of religion, in his very young days, operated to increase the unhappiness that distressed his faculties. Unaided by education of any kind, he yet had attained to write, although his MSS. were scarcely intelligible to any but himself; he could spell correctly, was a very decent grammarian, and had even acquired a smattering of Latin and Greek.

From the age of sixteen to seventy years, poor Chambers travelled about the county of Suffolk, a sort of wandering bard, gaining a precarious subsistence by selling his own effusions, of which he had a number printed in cheap forms. Among the poorer people of the country, he was mostly received with a hearty welcome; they held him in great estimation as a poet, and sometimes bestowed on him a small pecuniary recompense for the ready adaptation of his poetical qualities, in the construction of verses on certain occasions suitable to their taste or wishes. Compositions of this nature were mostly suggested to him by his muse during the stillness of night, while reposing in some friendly barn or hay-loft. When so inspired, he would immediately arise and commit the effusion to paper. His memory was retentive, and, to amuse his hearers, he would repeat most of his pieces by heart.



He wandered for a considerable time in the west of Suffolk, particularly at Haverhill; and Mr. John Webb, of that place, in his poem entitled "Haverhill," thus notices him:—

An hapless outcast, on whose natal day  
No star propitious beam'd a kindly ray.  
By some malignant influence doom'd to roam  
The world's wide dreary waste, and know no home.  
Yet heav'n to cheer him as he pass'd along,  
Infus'd in life's sour cup the sweets of song.  
Upon his couch of straw, or bed of hay,  
The poetaster tun'd the *acrostic lay*:  
On him an humble muse her favours shed,  
And nightly musings earn'd his daily bread.  
Meek, unassuming, modest shade! forgive  
This frail attempt to make thy memory live.  
Minstrel, adieu!—to me thy fate's unknown;  
Since last I saw you, many a year has flown.  
Full oft has summer poured her fervid beams,  
And winter's icy breath congeal'd the streams.  
Perhaps, lorn wretch! unfriended and alone  
In hovel vile, thou gav'st thy final groan!  
Clos'd the blear'd eye, ordain'd no more to weep,  
And sunk, unheeded sunk, in death's long sleep!

Chambers left Haverhill, never to return to it, in the year 1790. In peregrinating the country, which he did in every change of sky, through storms, and through snow, or whatever might betide, he was often supported entirely by the spontaneous benevolence of those who witnessed his wanderings. In his verses on a snow-storm, he says:—

This vile raiment hangs in tatters;  
No warm garment to defend;  
O'er my flesh the chill snow scatters;  
No sung hut!—no social friend!

About four years before his death, while sojourning in Woodbridge, sleeping in a miserable hut on the barrack ground, and daily wandering about the town, with every visible mark of misery to distress the eye, his condition became a libel upon the feelings of the inhabitants of the place; a few gentlemen determined he should no longer wander in such a state of wretchedness, offered to clothe and cleanse him, and provide a comfortable room, bed, &c. and a person to shave him and wash for him; and they threatened, if he would not comply, to take him home to where he belonged.

His aversion to a poor-house amounted to horror: he expresses somewhat to that effect in one of his poems—

'Mongst Belial's sons of contention and strife,  
To breathe out the transient remains of my life!

This dread operated in behalf of those

who desired to assist him. His wretched hovel was emptied, its miserable accumulations were consigned to the flames, and he was put into a new habitation, clothed from head to foot, and so metamorphosed, that but few knew him at first sight. A bedstead and bedding, a chair, table, and necessary crockery were provided for his comfort, but the poor creature was often heard to exclaim, of the cleansing and burning, that "it was the worst day's work he ever met with." After a few short weeks he left this home, and a shilling a week allowed him by a gentleman, besides some weekly pence, donations from ladies in the town, for a life of wandering privation and, at times, of absolute want, until the closing scene of his weary pilgrimage. He breathed his last on the 4th of January, 1827, in an unoccupied farm-house belonging to Mr. Thurston of Stradbroke, where he had been permitted the use of two rooms. Within a few days before, he had been as well as usual, but he suddenly became ill, and had the attention of two women, neighbours, who provided him warm gruel, and a few things his situation required. Some one had given him a warm blanket, and when he died there was food in the house, with tenpence halfpenny in money, a few scraps of poetry, and a bushel of wheat which he had gleaned in the harvest. A decent coffin and shroud were provided, and he was buried in Stradbroke churchyard.\*

Chambers was literally one of the poor at all times; and hence his annals are short and simple. Disregard of personal appearance was natural to his poverty-stricken circumstances and melancholy disposition; for the wheel of his fortune was fixed by habit, as by a nail in a sure place, to constant indigence. Neglected in his youth, and without fixed employment, he brooded throughout life on his hopeless condition, without a friend of his own rank who could participate in his sorrows. He was a lonely man, and a wanderer, who had neither act nor part in the common ways of the world.

## Gairball.

A DRAMATIC SKETCH.

For the Table Book.

Characters—Mr. Greenfat, Mrs. Greenfat, Masters Peter and Humphrey Greenfat, Misses Theodosia and Arabella Greenfat, and Mr. John Eelskin.

\* The Ipswich Journal, January 31, 1827.

*Seen dispersedly in various parts of the gardens.*

*Master Peter.* Oh my! what a sweet place! Why, the lamps are thicker than the pears in our garden, at Walworth: what a load of oil they must burn!

*Miss Arabella.* Mamma, is that the lady mayoress, with the *ostridge* feathers, and the pink satin gown?

*Mrs. Greenfat.* No, my love; that's Miss Biddy Wilkins, of Gutter-lane! (*To a waiter.*) You rude fellow, you've trod on my dress, and your nasty foot has torn off one of my flounces.

*Miss Theodosia.* John, (*to Mr. Eelskin.*) how very pretty that illuminated walk looks. Dear me! do you see the fountain? How vastly reviving this hot weather, isn't it?

*Mr. Eelskin.* Ah, my beloved Theodosia! how should I notice the beauties of the scene in your company—when your eyes are brighter than the lamps, and your voice is sweeter than the music! In vain the fiddlers fiddle, and the singers sing, I can hear nothing—listen to nothing—but my adorable Theodosia!

*Master Humphrey.* La, papa, what's that funny round place, with flags on the top, and ballad women and men with cocked hats inside?

*Mr. Greenfat.* That's the *Hawkestraw*.

*Mrs. Greenfat.* Hush, my dear; it's vulgar to talk loud. Dosee, my love, don't hang so on Mr. John's arm, you'll quite fatigue him. That's Miss Tunstall—Miss Tunstall's going to sing. Now, my pretty Peter, don't talk so fast.

*Miss Arabella.* Does that lady sing in French, mamma?

*Mrs. Greenfat.* No, child, it's a *sentimental* air, and they never have no meaning?

*Miss Theodosia.* That's the *overture* to *Friedshots*; Eelskin, do you like it?

*Mr. Eelskin.* On your *piano* I should. But shall I take you out of this glare of light? Would you choose a ramble in the dark walk, and a peep at the puppet-show-cosmoramas?

*Mr. Greenfat.* I hates this squalling. (*Bell rings.*) What's that for?

*Mr. Eelskin.* That's for the *fant-toe-sheeni*, and the balancing man.

*Mr. Greenfat.* Well then, let's go and look at Mr. *Fant-toe-sheeni*.

*Mrs. Greenfat.* Oh, goodness, how I'm squeedged. Pray don't push so, sir—I'm astonished at your rudeness, mam! You've

trod on my corn, and lamed me for the evening!

*Mr. Greenfat.* Sir, how dare you suffer your wife to tread on my wife's toes?

*Master Peter.* My stars, sister, he's got a *bagginette* on his nose!

*Mrs. Greenfat.* Mr. John, will you put little Humphy on your shoulder, and show him the *funt-oh-see-ne*?

*Master Humphrey.* I can see now, mamma; there's Punch and Judy, mamma! Oh, my! how well they do dance!

*Mr. Greenfat.* I can see this in the streets for nothing.

*Mrs. Greenfat.* Yes, Mr. Greenfat, but not in such good company!

*Mr. Eelskin.* This, my beautiful Theodosia, is the musical temple; it's very elegant—only it never plays. Them paintings on the walls were painted by Mungo Parke and Hingo Jones; the *archatechure* of this room is considered very fine!

*Master Peter.* Oh, I'm so hot. (*Bell rings.*)

*Mr. Eelskin.* That's for the *hyder-hawlics*. We'd better go into the gallery, and then the ladies won't be in the crowd.

*Mr. Greenfat.* Come along then; we want to go into the gallery. A shilling a-piece, indeed! I wonder at your impudence! Why, we paid three and sixpence a head at the door.

*Mr. Eelskin.* Admission to the gallery is *hextra*.

*Mr. Greenfat.* Downright robbery!—I won't pay a farthing more.

*Miss Arabella.* See, mamma, water and fire at once!—how droll!

*Mrs. Greenfat.* Pray be kind enough to take off your hat, sir; my little boy can't see a bit. Humphy, my dear, hold fast by the railing, and then you won't lose your place. Oh, Mr. John, how very close and sultry it is!

*Mr. Greenfat.* What outlandish hussey's that, eh, John?

*Mr. Eelskin.* That's the female juggler, sir.

*Miss Theodosia.* Are those real knives, do you think, John?

*Mr. Eelskin.* Oh, no doubt of it; only the edges are blunt to prevent mischief. Who's this wild-looking man? Oh, this is the male juggler: and now we shall have a duet of juggling!

*Mrs. Greenfat.* Can you see, Peter?—Bella, my love, can you see? Mr. John, do you take care of Dosee? Well, I *purtest* I never saw any thing half so wonderful: did you, Mr. Greenfat?

*Mr. Greenfat.* Never: I wonder when it will be over?

*Mr. Eelskin.* We'd better not go away; the ballet will begin presently, and I'm sure you'll like the dancing, Miss, for, excepting the *Westrisis*, and your own sweet self, I never saw better dancing.

*Miss Theodosia.* Yes, I loves dancing; and at the last Cripplegate ball, the master of the ceremonies paid me several compliments.

*Miss Arabella.* Why do all the dancers wear plaids, mamma?

*Mrs. Greenfat.* Because it's a cool dress, dear.

*Mr. Greenfat.* Well, if a girl of mine whisked her petticoats about in that manner, I'd have her horsewhipped.

*Mr. Eelskin.* Now we'll take a stroll till the concert begins again. This is the marine cave—very natural to look at, Miss, but nothing but paint and canvass, I assure you. This is the *rewolving* evening war for the present; after the fire-works, it still change into his majesty, King George. Yonder's the hermit and his cat.

*Master Peter.* Mamma, does that old man always sit there?

*Mrs. Greenfat.* I'm sure I don't know, child; does he, Mr. Eelskin?

*Mr. Greenfat.* Nonsense—it's all gammon!

*Mr. Eelskin.* This way, my angel; the concert has recommenced.

*Miss Theodosia.* Oh, that's Charles Taylor; I likes his singing; he's such a merry fellow: do *huncore* him, John.

*Mrs. Greenfat.* Dosee, my dear, you're too bold; it was a very *impurent* song: I declare I'm quite ashamed of you!

*Mr. Greenfat.* Never mince matters; always speak your mind, girl.

*Mr. Eelskin.* The fire-works come next. Suppose we get nearer the Moorish tower, and look for good places, as Mr. G. dislikes paying for the gallery. Now you'll not be *afeard*; there'll not be the least danger, depend.

*Mrs. Greenfat.* Is there much smoke, Mr. John?—Do they fire many cannons?—I hates cannons—and smoke makes me cough. (*Bell rings.*) Run, run, my dears—Humphy, Peter, Bella, run! Mr. Greenfat, run, or we shall be too late! Eelskin and Dosee are a mile afore us! What's that *red light*? Oh, we shall all be burnt! What noise is that?—Oh, it's the bomb in the Park!—We shall all be burnt!

*Mr. Greenfat.* Nonsense, woman, don't frighten the children!

*Miss Theodosia.* Now you're sure the

rockets won't fall on my new pink bonnet, nor the smoke soil my *French* white dress, nor the smell of the powder frighten me into fits?—Now you're quite sure of it, John?

*Mr. Eelskin.* Quite sure, my charmer: I have stood here repeatedly, and never had a hair of my head hurt. See, Blackmore is on the rope; there he goes up—up—up!—Isn't it pretty, Miss?

*Miss Theodosia.* Oh, delightful!—Does he never break his neck?

*Mr. Eelskin.* Never—it's insured! Now he descends. How they shoot the maroons at him! Don't be afear'd, lovee, they sha'n't hurt you. See, Miss, how gracefully he bows to you.—Isn't it terrific?

*Miss Theodosia.* Is this *all*?—I thought it would last for an hour, at least. John, I'm so hungry; I hope papa means to have supper?

*Master Peter.* Mamma, I'm so hungry.

*Master Humphrey.* Papa, I'm so dry.

*Miss Arabella.* Mamma, I want something to eat.

*Mrs. Greenfat.* Greenfat, my dear, we must have some refreshments.

*Mr. Greenfat.* Refreshments! where will you get them? All the boxes are full.—Oh, here's one. Waiter! what, the devil, call this a dish of beef?—It don't weigh three ounces! Bring half a gallon of stout, and plenty of bread. Can't we have some water for the children?

*Mr. Eelskin.* Shouldn't we have a little *wine*, sir?—it's more genteeler.

*Mr. Greenfat.* Wine, Eelskin, wine!—Bad sherry at six shillings a bottle!—Couldn't reconcile it to my conscience.—We'll stick to the stout.

*Mrs. Greenfat.* Eat, my loves.—Some more bread for Bella.—There's a bit of fat for you, Peter.—Humphy, you shall have my crust.—Pass the stout to Dosee, Mr. John.—Don't drink it *all*, my dear!

*Mr. Greenfat.* Past two o'clock!—Shameful!—Waiter, bring the bill. Twelve shillings and eightpence—abominable!—Charge a shilling a pot for stout—monstrous! Well, no matter; we'll walk home. Come along.

*Master Peter.* Mamma, I'm so tired.

*Miss Arabella.* Mamma, my legs ache so.

*Master Humphrey.* Papa, I wish you'd carry me.

*Mr. Greenfat.* Come along—it will be five o'clock before we get home!

[*Exeunt omnes.*  
H.

## TO MY TEA-KETTLE.

*For the Table Book.*

1.  
For many a verse inspired by tea,  
(A never-failing muse to me)  
My KETTLE, let this tribute flow,  
Thy charms to blazon,  
And tell thy modest worth, although  
Thy face be brazen.

2.  
Let others boast the madd'ning bowl,  
That raises but to sink the soul,  
Thou art the Bacchus that alone  
I wish to follow :  
From thee I tippie Helicon,  
My best Apollo !

3.  
'Tis night—my children sleep—no noise  
Is heard, except thy cheerful voice ;  
For when the wind would gain mine ear,  
Thou sing'st the faster—  
As if thou wert resolv'd to cheer  
Thy lonely master.

4.  
And so thou dost : those brazen lungs  
Vent no deceit, like human tongues :  
That honest breath was never known  
To turn informer :  
And for thy feelings—all must own  
That none are warmer.

5.  
But late, another eye and ear  
Would mark thy form, thy music hear :  
Alas ! how soon our pleasures fly,  
Returning never !  
That ear is deaf—that friendly eye  
Is clos'd for ever !

6.  
Be thou then, now, my friend, my guide,  
And humming wisdom by my side,  
Teach me so patiently to bear  
Hot-water troubles,  
That they may end, like thine, in air,  
And turn to bubbles.

7.  
Let me support misfortune's fire  
Unhurt ; and, when I fume with ire,  
Whatever friend my passion sees,  
And near me lingers,  
Let him still handle me with ease,  
Nor burn his fingers.

8.  
O ! may my memory, like thy front,  
When I am cold, endure the brunt  
Of vitriol envy's keen assaults,  
And shine the brighter,  
And ev'ry rub—that makes my faults  
Appear the lighter.

SAM SAM'S SON.

## TO MY TEA-POT.

*For the Table Book.*

1.  
My TEA-POT ! while thy lips pour forth  
For me a stream of matchless worth,  
I'll pour forth my rhymes for thee :  
Don Juan's verse is gross, they say ;  
But I will pen a *grocer* lay,  
Commencing—" Amo tea."

2.  
Yes—let Anacreon's votary sip  
His flowing bowl with feverish lip,  
And breathe abominations ;  
Some day he'll be *bowl'd out* for it—  
He's brewing mischief, while I sit  
And brew my *Tea-pot-ations*.

3.  
After fatigue, how dear to me  
The maid who suits me to a T,  
And makes the water bubble :  
From her red hand when I receive  
The evergreen, I seem to give  
At T. L. no trouble.

4.  
I scorn the hop, disdain the malt,  
I hate solutions sweet and salt,  
Injurious I vote 'em ;  
For tea my faithful palate yearns ;  
Thus—though my fancy never turns,  
It always is *tea-totum* !

5.  
Yet some assure me whilst I sip,  
That thou hast stain'd thy silver lip  
With sad adulterations—  
Slow poison drawn from leaves of sbe,  
That quickly cause the quick to go,  
And join their dead relations.

6.  
Aunt Malaprop now drinks noyeau  
Instead of Tea, and well I know  
That she prefers it greatly :  
She says, " Alas ! I give up Tea,  
There's been so much *adultery*  
Among the grocers lately !"

7.  
She warns me of Tea-dealers' tricks—  
Those double-dealing men, who mix  
Unwholesome drugs with *some* Tea ;  
'Tis bad to sip—and yet to give  
Up sipping's worse ; we cannot live  
" *Nec sine Tea, nec cum Tea.*"

8.  
Yet still, tenacious of my Tea,  
I think the grocers send it me  
Quite pure, ('tis what they *call* so.)  
Heedless of warnings, still I get  
" Tea veniente die, et  
Tea decedente," also.

SAM SAM'S SON.



### Stratford upon Avon Church.

From a sepia drawing, obligingly communicated by J. S. J., the reader is presented with this view of a church, "hallowed by being the sepulchral enclosure of the remains of the immortal Shakspeare." It exemplifies the two distinct styles, the early pointed and that of the fourteenth century. The tower is of the first construction; the windows of the transepts possess a preeminent and profuse display of the mullions and tracery characteristic of the latter period.\*

This structure is spacious and handsome, and was formerly collegiate, and dedicated to the Holy Trinity. A row of limes, trained so as to form an arched avenue, form an approach to the great door. A representation of a portion of this pleasant entrance is in an engraving of the church in the "Gentleman's Magazine" for 1807.

Another opportunity will occur for relating particulars respecting the venerable edifice, and the illustrious bard, whose birth and burial at Stratford upon Avon confer on the town imperishable fame.

\* Mr. Carter, in the Gentleman's Magazine, 1816.  
VOL. I.—15.

## Garrick Plays.

## No. XII.

[From the "Brazen Age," an Historical Play, by Thomas Heywood, 1613.]

*Venus courts Adonis.*

*Venus.* Why doth Adonis fly the Queen of Love,  
And shun this ivory girdle of my arms ?

To be thus scarf'd the dreadful God of War  
Would give me conquer'd kingdoms. For a kiss,  
But half like this, I could command the Sun  
Rise 'fore his hour, to bed before his time ;  
And, being love-sick, change his golden beams,  
And make his face pale as his sister Moon.

Look on me, Adon, with a stedfast eye,  
That in these chrystal glasses I may see  
My beauty that charms Gods, makes Men amazed  
And stown'd with wonder. Doth this roseat pillow  
Offend my Love ?

With my white fingers will I clap thy cheek ;  
Whisper a thousand pleasures in thy ear.

*Adonis.* Madam, you are not modest. I affect  
The unseen beauty that adorns the mind :  
This looseness makes you foul in Adon's eye.  
If you will tempt me, let me in your face  
Read blusfulness and fear ; a modest fear  
Would make your cheek seem much more beautiful.

*Venus.* —wert thou made of stone,  
I have heat to melt thee ; I am Queen of Love.  
There is no practive art of dalliance

Of which I am not mistress, and can use.  
I have kisses that can murder unkind words,  
And strangle hatred that the gull sends forth ;  
Touches to raise thee, were thy spirits half dead ;  
Words that can pour affection down thy ears.  
Love me ! thou canst not chuse ; thou shalt not chuse.

*Adonis.* Madam, you woo not well. Men covet not  
These proffer'd pleasures, but love sweets denied.  
These prostituted pleasures surfeit still ;  
Where's fear, or doubt, men sue with best good will.

*Venus.* Thou canst instruct the Queen of Love in  
love.

Thou shalt not, Adon, take me by the hand ;  
Yet, if thou needs will force me, take my palm.  
I'll frown on him : alas ! my brow's so smooth,  
It will not bear a wrinkle.—Hie thee hence  
Unto the chace, and leave me ; but not yet :  
I'll sleep this night upon Endymion's bank,  
On which the Swain was courted by the Moon.  
Dare not to come ; then art in our disgrace :  
Yet, if thou come, I can afford thee place !

*Phæbus jeers Vulcan.*

*Vul.* Good morrow, Phæbus ; what's the news  
abroad ?—

For thou see'st all things in the world are done,  
Men act by day-light, or the sight of sun.

*Phæb.* Sometime I cast my eye upon the sea,  
To see the tumbling seal or porpoise play.  
There see I merchants trading, and their sails  
Big-bellied with the wind ; sea fights sometimes  
Rise with their smoke-thick clouds to dark my beams.  
Sometimes I fix my face upon the earth,

With my warm fervour to give metals, trees,  
Herbs, plants and flowers, life. Here in gardens walk  
Loose Ladies with their Lovers arm in arm.

Yonder the laboring Plowman drives his team.  
Further I may behold main battles pitch ;  
And whom I favour most (by the wind's help)  
I can assist with my transparent rays.  
Here spy I cattle feeding ; forests there  
Stored with wild beasts ; here shepherds with their  
lasses,

Piping beneath the trees while their flocks graze.  
In cities I see trading, walking, bargaining,  
Buying and selling, goodness, badness, all things—  
And shine alike on all.

*Vul.* Thrice happy Phæbus,  
That, whilst poor Vulcan is confin'd to Lemnos,  
Hast every day these pleasures. What news else ?

*Phæb.* No Emperor walks forth, but I see his state ;  
Nor sports, but I his pastimes can behold.

I see all coronations, funerals,  
Marts, fairs, assemblies, pageants, sights and shows.  
No hunting, but I better see the chace  
Than they that rouse the game. What see I not ?

There's not a window, but my beams break in ;  
No chink or cranny, but my rays pierce through ;  
And there I see, O Vulcan, wondrous things :  
Things that thyself, nor any God besides,  
Would give belief to.

And, shall I tell thee, Vulcan, 'tother day  
What I beheld?—I saw the great God Mars—

*Vul.* God Mars—

*Phæb.* As I was peeping through a cranny, a-bed—

*Vul.* Abed ! with whom ?—some pretty Wench, I  
warrant.

*Phæb.* She was a pretty Wench.

*Vul.* Tell me, good Phæbus,  
That, when I meet him, I may flout God Mars ;  
Tell me, but tell me truly, on thy life.

*Phæb.* Not to dissemble, Vulcan, 'twas thy Wife !

*The Peers of Greece go in quest of  
Hercules, and find him in woman's weeds,  
spinning with Omphale.*

*Jason.* Our business was to Theban Hercules.

'Twas told us, he remain'd with Omphale,  
The Theban Queen.

*Telamon.* Speak, which is Omphale ? or which Al-  
cides ?

*Pollux.* Lady, our purpose was to Hercules ;  
Shew us the man.

*Omphale.* Behold him here.

*Atræus.* Where ?

*Omphale.* There, at his task.

*Jason.* Alas, this Hercules !

This is some base effeminate Groom, not he  
That with his puissance frighted all the earth.

*Hercules.* Hath Jason, Nestor, Castor, Telamon,  
Atræus, Pollux, all forgot their friend ?  
We are the man.

*Jason.* Woman, we know thee not :  
We came to seek the Jove-born Hercules,  
That in his cradle strangled Juno's snakes,  
And triumph'd in the brave Olympic games.  
He that the Cleonean lion slew,

Th' Erimanthian boar, the bull of Marathon,  
The Lernean hydra, and the winged hart.

*Telamon.* We would see the Theban  
That Cacus slew, Busiris sacrificed,  
And to his horses hurl'd stern Diomed  
To be devoured.

*Pollux.* That freed Hesione  
From the sea whale, and after ransack'd Troy,  
And with his own hand slew Laomedon.

*Nestor.* He by whom Dercilus and Albion fell;  
He that Æcalia and Betricia won.

*Atræus.* That monstrous Geryon with his three heads  
vanquish'd,

With Linus, Lichas that usurpt in Thebes,  
And captiv'd there his beauteous Megara.

*Pollux.* That Hercules by whom the Centaurs fell,  
Great Achelous, the Stymphalides,  
And the Cremona giants: where is he?

*Telamon.* That trait'rous Nessus with a shaft trans-  
fix'd,

Strangled Antheus, purg'd Augeus' stalls,  
Won the bright apples of th' Hesperides.

*Jason.* He that the Amazonian baldrick won;

That Achelous with his club subdued,  
And won from him the Pride of Caledon,  
Fair Deianeira, that now mourns in Thebes  
For absence of the noble Hercules!

*Atræus.* To him we came; but, since he lives not  
here,

Come, Lords; we will return these presents back  
Unto the constant Lady, whence they came.

*Hercules.* Stay, Lords—

*Jason.* 'Mongst women?—

*Hercules.* For that Theban's sake,  
Whom you profess to love, and came to seek,  
Abide awhile; and by my love to Greece,  
I'll bring before you that lost Hercules,  
For whom you came to enquire.

*Telamon.* It works, it works—

*Hercules.* How have I lost myself!  
Did I all this? Where is that spirit become,  
That was in us? no marvel, Hercules,  
That thou be'st strange to them, that thus disguised  
Art to thyself unknown!—hence with this distaff,  
And base effeminate chares; hence, womanish tires;  
And let me once more be myself again.  
Your pardon, Omphale!

I cannot take leave of this Drama with-  
out noticing a touch of the truest pathos,  
which the writer has put into the mouth of  
Meleager, as he is wasting away by the  
operation of the fatal brand, administered  
to him by his wretched Mother.

My flame increaseth still—Oh father CÆneus;  
And you Althea, whom I would call Mother,  
But that my genius prompts me thou'rt unkind:  
*And yet farewell!*

What is the boasted "Forgive me, but  
forgive me!" of the dying wife of Shore in  
Rowe, compared with these three little  
words?

C. L.

## Topography.

### ST. MARGARET'S AT CLIFF.

#### *For the Table Book.*

— Stand still. How fearful  
And dizzy 'tis to cast one's eyes so low!  
The crows and thoughts, that wing the midway air,  
Show scarce so gross as beetles: half way down  
Hangs one that gathers samphire; dreadful trade!  
Methinks he seems no bigger than his head;  
The fishermen that walk upon the beach  
Appear like mice; and yon tall anchoring bark,  
Diminish'd to her cock; her cock, a buoy,  
Almost too small for sight: the murmuring surge,  
That on the unnumber'd idle pebbles chafes,  
Cannot be heard so high.—

SHAKSPEARE.

The village of St. Margaret's at Cliff is  
situated at a small distance from the South  
Foreland, and about a mile from the high  
road half way between Dover and Deal.  
It was formerly of some consequence, on  
account of its fair for the encouragement  
of traders, held in the precincts of its  
priors, which, on the dissolution of the  
monastic establishments by Henry VIII.,  
losing its privilege, or rather its utility, (for  
the fair is yet held,) the village degenerated  
into an irregular group of poor cottages, a  
decent farm-house, and an academy for  
boys, one of the best commercial school  
establishments in the county of Kent. The  
church, though time has written strange  
defeatures on its mouldering walls, still  
bears the show of former importance; but  
its best claim on the inquisitive stranger is  
the evening toll of its single bell, which is  
generally supposed to be the curfew, but is  
of a more useful and honourable character.  
It was established by the testament of  
one of its inhabitants in the latter part of  
the seventeenth century, for the guidance  
of the wanderer from the peril of the  
neighbouring precipices, over which the  
testator fell, and died from the injuries he  
received. He bequeathed the rent of a piece  
of land for ever, to be paid to the village  
sexton for tolling the bell every evening  
at eight o'clock, when it should be dark  
at that hour.

The cliffs in the range eastward of Dover  
to the Foreland are the most precipitous,  
but not so high as Shakspeare's. They are  
the resort of a small fowl of the widegeon  
species, but something less than the wid-  
geon, remarkable for the size of its egg,  
which is larger than the swan's, and of a  
pale green, spotted with brown; it makes  
its appearance in May, and, choosing the  
most inaccessible part of the precipice, de-  
posits its eggs, two in number, in holes,

how made it is difficult to prove : when the young bird is covered with a thin down, and before any feathers appear, it is taken on the back of the parent, carried to the sea, and abandoned to its own resources, which nature amply supplies means to employ, in the myriads of mackerel fry that at that season colour the surface of the deep with a beautiful pale green and silver. This aquatic wanderer is said to confine its visit to the South Foreland and the seven cliffs at Beachy-head, and is known by the name of Willy. Like the gull, it is unfit for the table, but valuable for the downy softness of its feathers.

It was in this range of Dover cliffs that Joe Parsons, who for more than forty years had exclusively gathered samphire, broke his neck in 1823. Habit had rendered the highest and most difficult parts of these awful precipices as familiar to this man as the level below. Where the overhanging rock impeded his course, a rope, fastened to a peg driven into a cliff above, served him to swing himself from one projection to another : in one of these dangerous attempts this fastening gave way, and he fell to rise no more. Joe had heard of Shakspeare, and felt the importance of a hero. It was his boast that he was a king too powerful for his neighbours, who dared not venture to disturb him in his domain ; that nature alone was his lord, to whom he paid no quittance. All were free to forage on his grounds, but none ventured. Joe was twice wedded ; his first rib frequently attended and looked to the security of his ropes, and would sometimes terrify him with threats to cast him loose ; a promise of future kindness always ended the parley, and a thrashing on the next quarrel placed Joe again in peril. Death suddenly took Judith from this vale of tears ; Parsons awoke in the night and found her brought up in an everlasting roadstead : like a true philosopher and a quiet neighbour, Joe took his second nap, and when day called out the busy world to begin its matin labour, Joe called in the nearest gossip to see that all was done that decency required for so good a wife. His last helpmate survives her hapless partner. No one has yet taken possession of his estate. The inquisitive and firm-nerved stranger casts his eyes below in vain : he that gathered samphire is himself gathered. The anchored bark, the skiff, the choughs and crows, the fearful precipice, and the stringy root, growing in unchecked abundance, bring the bard and Joe Parsons to remembrance, but no one now attempts the "dreadful trade."

## TO A SEA-WEED

### PICKED UP AFTER A STORM.

Exotic!—from the soil no tiller ploughs,  
Save the rude surge ;—fresh stripling from a grove,  
Above whose tops the wild sea-monsters rove ;  
—Have not the genii harbour'd in thy boughs,  
Thou filmy piece of wonder!—have not those  
Who still the tempest, for thy rescue strove,  
And stranded thee thus fair, the might to prove  
Of spirits, that the caves of ocean house ?

How else, from capture of the giant-spray,  
Hurt-free escapest thou, slight ocean-flower ?  
—As if Arachne wove, thus faultless lay  
The full-develop'd forms of fairy-bower ;  
—Who that beholds thee thus, nor with dismay  
Recalls thee struggling thro' the storm's dark hour !\*

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## MARRIAGE OF THE SEA.

The doge of Venice, accompanied by the senators, in the greatest pomp, marries the sea every year.

Those who judge of institutions by their appearance only, think this ceremony an indecent and extravagant vanity ; they imagine that the Venetians annually solemnize this festival, because they believe themselves to be masters of the sea. But the wedding of the sea is performed with the most noble intentions.

The sea is the symbol of the republic : of which the doge is the first magistrate, but not the master ; nor do the Venetians wish that he should become so. Among the barriers to his domination, they rank this custom, which reminds him that he has no more authority over the republic, which he governs with the senate, than he has over the sea, notwithstanding the marriage he is obliged to celebrate with her. The ceremony symbolizes the limits of his power, and the nature of his obligations.

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## OLD COIN INSCRIPTIONS.

To read an inscription on a silver coin which, by much wear, is become wholly obliterated, put the poker in the fire ; when red hot, place the coin upon it, and the inscription will plainly appear of a greenish hue, but will disappear as the coin cools. This method was practised at the Mint to discover the genuine coin when the silver was last called in.

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\* Poems and Translations from Schiller.



## THE LADY AND THE TROUBADOUR.

*For the Table Book.*

[Emeugarde, daughter of Jacques de Tournay, Lord of Croiton, in Provence, becoming enamoured of a Troubadour, by name Enguilbert de Marnef, who was bound by a vow to repair to the Camp of the Crusaders in Palestine, besought him on the eve of his departure to suffer her to accompany him: de Marnef at first resolutely refused; but at length, overcome by her affectionate solicitations, assented, and was joined by her the same night, after her flight from her father's chaste, in the garb of a guild brother of the joyeuse science.

CHRONIQUE DE POUTAILLER.]

Enguilbert! oh Enguilbert, the sword is in thine hand,  
 Thou hast vowed before our Lady's shrine to seek the Sainted land:  
 —Thou goest to fight for glory—but what will *glory* be,  
 If thou lov'st me, and return'st to find a tomb and dust for *me*?

Look on me Enguilbert, for I have lost the shame  
 That should have stayed these tears and prayers from one of Tournay's name:  
 —Look on me, my own bright-eyed Love—oh wilt thou leave me—say  
 To droop as sunless flowers do, lacking thee—light of *my* day?

Oh say that I may wend with thee—I'll doff my woman's 'tire,  
 Sling my Father's sword unto my side, and o'er my back my lyre:  
 I'll roam with thee a Troubadour, by day—by night, thy bride—  
 —Speak Enguilbert—say *yes*, or see my heart break if denied.

Oh shouldst thou fall, my Enguilbert, whose lips thy wounds will close?—  
 Who but thine own fond Emeugarde should watch o'er thy repose?  
 And pierced, and cold her faithful breast must be e'er spear or sword  
 Should ought of harm upon thee wreak, my Troubadour—my Lord.

—Nay smile not at my words, sweet-heart—the Goss hath slender beak  
 But brings its quarry nobly down—I *love* tho' I am *weak*  
 —My Blood hath coursed thro' Charlemagne's veins, and better it should *flow*  
 Upon the field with Infidels', than here *congeal* with woe.

—Ah Enguilbert—my soul's adored! the tear is in thine eye;  
 Thou wilt not—can'st not leave me like the widowed dove to die:  
 —No—no—thine arm is round me—that kiss on my hot brow  
 Spoke thy assent, my bridegroom love,—*we are ONE for ever now.*

J. J. K.

## THE GOLDEN TOOTH.

In 1593, it was reported that a Silesian child, seven years old, had lost all its teeth, and that a golden tooth had grown in the place of a natural double one.

In 1595, Horstius, professor of medicine in the university of Helmstadt, wrote the history of this golden tooth. He said it was partly a natural event, and partly miraculous, and that the Almighty had sent it to this child, to console the Christians for their persecution by the Turks.

In the same year, Rullandus drew up another account of the golden tooth.

Two years afterwards, Ingosteterus, another learned man, wrote against the opinion which Rullandus had given on this tooth of gold. Rullandus immediately replied in a most elegant and erudite dissertation.

Libavius, a very learned man, compiled all that had been said relative to this tooth, and subjoined his remarks upon it.

Nothing was wanting to recommend these erudite writings to posterity, but proof that the tooth was gold—a goldsmith examined it, and found it a natural tooth artificially gilt.

## LE REVENANT.

"There are but two classes of persons in the world—those who are hanged, and those who are not hanged: and it has been my lot to belong to the former."

There is a pathetic narrative, under the preceding title and motto in "Blackwood's Edinburgh Magazine," of the present month, (April, 1827.) It is scarcely possible to abridge or extract from it, and be just to its writer. Perhaps the following specimen may induce curiosity to the perusal of the entire paper in the journal just named.

"I have been *hanged*, and am *alive*," says the narrator. "I was a clerk in a Russia broker's house, and fagged between Broad-street Buildings and Batson's coffee-house, and the London-docks, from nine in the morning to six in the evening, for a salary of fifty pounds a-year. I did this—not contentedly—but I endured it; living sparingly in a little lodging at Islington for two years; till I fell in love with a poor, but very beautiful girl, who was honest where it was very hard to be honest; and worked twelve hours a-day at sewing and millinery, in a mercer's shop in Cheap-side, for half a guinea a-week. To make short of a long tale—this girl did not know how poor I was; and, in about six months, I committed seven or eight forgeries, to the amount of near two hundred pounds. I was seized one morning—I expected it for weeks—as regularly as I awoke—every morning—and carried, after a very few questions, for examination before the lord mayor. At the Mansion-house I had nothing to plead. Fortunately my motions had not been watched; and so no one but myself was implicated in the charge—as no one else was really guilty. A sort of instinct to try the last hope made me listen to the magistrate's caution, and remain silent; or else, for any chance of escape I had, I might as well have confessed the whole truth at once. The examination lasted about half an hour; when I was fully committed for trial, and sent away to Newgate.

"The shock of my first arrest was very slight indeed; indeed I almost question if it was not a relief, rather than a shock, to me. For months, I had known perfectly that my eventual discovery was certain. I tried to shake the thought of this off; but it was of no use—I dreamed of it even in my sleep; and I never entered our counting-house of a morning, or saw my master take up the cash-book in the course of the

day, that my heart was not up in my mouth, and my hand shook so that I could not hold the pen—for twenty minutes afterwards, I was sure to do nothing but blunder. Until, at last, when I saw our chief clerk walk into the room, on new year's morning, with a police officer, I was as ready for what followed, as if I had had six hours' conversation about it. I do not believe I showed—for I am sure I did not feel it—either surprise or alarm. My 'fortune,' however, as the officer called it, was soon told. I was apprehended on the 1st of January; and the sessions being then just begun, my time came rapidly round. On the 4th of the same month, the London grand jury found three bills against me for forgery; and, on the evening of the 5th, the judge exhorted me to 'prepare for death;' for 'there was no hope that, in this world, mercy could be extended to me.'

"The whole business of my trial and sentence passed over as coolly and formally as I would have calculated a question of interest, or summed up an underwriting account. I had never, though I lived in London, witnessed the proceedings of a criminal court before; and I could hardly believe the composure and indifference—and yet civility—for there was no show of anger or ill-temper—with which I was treated; together with the apparent perfect insensibility of all the parties round me, while I was rolling on—with a speed which nothing could check, and which increased every moment—to my ruin! I was called suddenly up from the dock, when my turn for trial came, and placed at the bar; and the judge asked, in a tone which had neither severity about it, nor compassion—nor carelessness, nor anxiety—nor any character or expression whatever that could be distinguished—'If there was any counsel appeared for the prosecution?' A barrister then, who seemed to have some consideration—a middle aged, gentlemanly-looking man—stated the case against me—as he said he would do—very 'fairly and forbearingly;' but, as soon as he read the facts from his brief, 'that only'—I heard an officer of the gaol, who stood behind me, say—'put the rope about my neck.' My master then was called to give his evidence; which he did very temperately—but it was conclusive. A young gentleman, who was my counsel, asked a few questions in cross-examination, after he had carefully looked over the indictment; but there was nothing to cross-examine upon—I knew that well enough—though I

was thankful for the interest he seemed to take in my case. The judge then told me, I thought more gravely than he had spoken before—‘That it was time for me to speak in my defence, if I had any thing to say.’ I had nothing to say. I thought one moment to drop down upon my knees, and beg for mercy; but, again—I thought it would only make me look ridiculous; and I only answered—as well as I could—‘That I would not trouble the court with any defence.’ Upon this, the judge turned round, with a more serious air still, to the jury, who stood up all to listen to him as he spoke. And I listened too—or tried to listen attentively—as hard as I could; and yet—with all I could do—I could not keep my thoughts from wandering! For the sight of the court—all so orderly, and regular, and composed, and formal, and well satisfied—spectators and all—while I was running on with the speed of wheels upon smooth soil downhill, to destruction—seemed as if the whole trial were a dream, and not a thing in earnest! The barristers sat round the table, silent, but utterly unconcerned, and two were looking over their briefs, and another was reading a newspaper; and the spectators in the galleries looked on and listened as pleasantly, as though it were a matter not of death going on, but of pastime or amusement; and one very fat man, who seemed to be the clerk of the court, stopped his writing when the judge began, but leaned back in his chair, with his hands in his breeches’ pockets, except once or twice that he took a snuff; and not one living soul seemed to take notice—they did not seem to know the fact—that there was a poor, desperate, helpless creature—whose days were fast running out—whose hours of life were even with the last grains in the bottom of the sand-glass—among them! I lost the whole of the judge’s charge—thinking of I know not what—in a sort of dream—unable to steady my mind to any thing, and only biting the stalk of a piece of rosemary that lay by me. But I heard the low, distinct whisper of the foreman of the jury, as he brought in the verdict—‘GUILTY,’—and the last words of the judge, saying—‘that I should be hanged by the neck until I was dead;’ and bidding me ‘prepare myself for the next life, for that my crime was one that admitted of no mercy in this.’ The gaoler then, who had stood close by me all the while, put his hand quickly upon my shoulder, in an under voice, telling me, to ‘Come along!’ Going down the hall steps, two other officers met me;

and, placing me between them, without saying a word, hurried me across the yard in the direction back to the prison. As the door of the court closed behind us, I saw the judge fold up his papers, and the jury being sworn in the next case. Two other culprits were brought up out of the dock; and the crier called out for—‘The prosecutor and witnesses against James Hawkins, and Joseph Sanderson, for burglary!’

“I had no friends, if any in such a case could have been of use to me—no relatives but two; by whom—I could not complain of them—I was at once disowned.—There was but one person then in all the world that seemed to belong to me; and that one was Elizabeth Clare! And, when I thought of her, the idea of all that was to happen to myself was forgotten—I covered my face with my hands, and cast myself on the ground; and I wept, for I was in desperation.—She had gone wild as soon as she had heard the news of my apprehension—never thought of herself, but confessed her acquaintance with me. The result was, she was dismissed from her employment—and it was her only means of livelihood.

“She had been every where—to my master—to the judge that tried me—to the magistrates—to the sheriffs—to the aldermen—she had made her way even to the secretary of state! My heart did misgive me at the thought of death; but, in despite of myself, I forgot fear when I missed her usual time of coming, and gathered from the people about me how she was employed. I had no thought about the success or failure of her attempt. All my thoughts were—that she was a young girl, and beautiful—hardly in her senses, and quite unprotected—without money to help, or a friend to advise her—pleading to strangers—humbling herself perhaps to menials, who would think her very despair and helpless condition, a challenge to infamy and insult. Well, it mattered little! The thing was no worse, because I was alive to see and suffer from it. Two days more, and all would be over; the demons that fed on human wretchedness would have their prey. She would be homeless—pennyless—friendless—she would have been the companion of a forger and a felon; it needed no witchcraft to guess the termination.—

“We hear curiously, and read every day, of the visits of friends and relatives to wretched criminals condemned to die. Those who read and hear of these things the most curiously, have little impression

of the sadness of the reality. It was six days after my first apprehension, when Elizabeth Clare came, for the last time, to visit me in prison! In only these short six days her beauty, health, strength—all were gone; years upon years of toil and sickness could not have left a more worn-out wreck. Death—as plainly as ever death spoke—sat in her countenance—she was broken-hearted. When she came, I had not seen her for two days. I could not speak, and there was an officer of the prison with us too: I was the property of the law now; and my mother, if she had lived, could not have blest, or wept for me, without a third person, and that a stranger, being present. I sat down by her on my bedstead, which was the only place to sit on in my cell, and wrapped her shawl close round her, for it was very cold weather, and I was allowed no fire; and we sat so for almost an hour without exchanging a word.——

\* \* \* \* \*

“She was got away, on the pretence that she might make one more effort to save me, with a promise that she should return again at night. The master was an elderly man, who had daughters of his own; and he promised—for he saw I knew how the matter was—to see Elizabeth safe through the crowd of wretches among whom she must pass to quit the prison. She went, and I knew that she was going for ever. As she turned back to speak as the door was closing, I knew that I had seen her for the last time. The door of my cell closed. We were to meet no more on earth. I fell upon my knees—I clasped my hands—my tears burst out afresh—and I called on God to bless her.”——

The mental and bodily sufferings of the condemned man in his cell, his waking dreams, and his dead sleep till the morning of execution, though of intense interest in the narrative, are omitted here that the reader may at once accompany the criminal to the place of execution ——

“I remember beginning to move forward through the long arched passages which led from the press-room to the scaffold. I saw the lamps that were still burning—for the daylight never entered here: I heard the quick tolling of the bell, and the deep voice of the chaplain reading as he walked before us—

‘I am the resurrection and the life, saith the Lord; he that believeth in me, though he were dead, shall live. And

though after my skin worms destroy this body, yet in my flesh shall I see God!’

“It was the funeral service—the order for the grave—the office for those that were senseless and dead—over us, the quick and the living——

“I felt once more—and saw! I felt the transition from these dim, close, hot, lamp-lighted subterranean passages, to the open platform and steps at the foot of the scaffold, and to day. I saw the immense crowd blackening the whole area of the street below me. The windows of the shops and houses opposite, to the fourth story, choked with gazers. I saw St. Sepulchre’s church through the yellow fog in the distance, and heard the pealing of its bell. I recollect the cloudy, misty morning; the wet that lay upon the scaffold—the huge dark mass of building, the prison itself, that rose beside, and seemed to cast a shadow over us—the cold, fresh breeze, that, as I emerged from it, broke upon my face. I see it all now—the whole horrible landscape is before me. The scaffold—the rain—the faces of the multitude—the people clinging to the house-tops—the smoke that beat heavily downwards from the chimneys—the waggons filled with women, staring in the inn-yards opposite—the hoarse low roar that ran through the gathered crowd as we appeared! I never saw so many objects at once so plainly and distinctly in all my life as at that one glance; but it lasted only for an instant.

“From that look, and from that instant, all that followed is a blank ——”

To what accident the narrator owes his existence is of little consequence, compared with the moral to be derived from the sad story.—“The words are soon spoken, and the act is soon done, which dooms a wretched creature to an untimely death; but bitter are the pangs—and the sufferings of the body are among the least of them—that he must go through before he arrives at it!”

In the narrative there is more than seems to be expressed. By all who advocate or oppose capital punishment—by every being with a human heart, and reasoning powers—it should be read complete in the pages of “Blackwood.”

\*



### Blind Willie, the Newcastle Minstrel.

Lang may wor Tyneside lads sae true,  
 In heart byeth bliithe an' mellow,  
 Bestow the praise that's fairly due  
 To this bluff, honest fellow—  
 And when he's hamper'd i' the dust,  
 Still i' wor memory springin',  
 The times we've run till like to brust  
 To hear blind Willie singin'.

NEWCASTLE SONG.

WILLIAM PURVIS, or, as he is generally styled, blind Willie, is a well-known character, and native of Newcastle, where he has resided since his infancy. He was born blind, and is the son of Margaret Purvis, who died in All Saints' workhouse, February 7, 1819, in her hundredth year.

Willie is, indeed, as the ingenious Mr. Sykes calls him in his "Local Records," a "famous musician," for he has long been celebrated for his minstrelsy throughout the northern counties, but more particularly so in Northumberland. In Newcastle,

Willie is respected by all—from the rudest to the gentlest heart all love him—children seize his hand as he passes—and he is ever an equally welcome guest at the houses of the rich and the hovels of the pitmen. The hoppings of the latter are cheered by the soul-inspiring sound of his viol: nay, he is, I may truly say, a very particle of a pitman's existence, who, after a hard day's labour, considers it a pleasure of the most exquisite nature to repair to some neighbouring pot-house, there to enjoy Willie's music, and listen to the rude ballads he is

in the habit of composing and singing to the accompaniment of his own music. Poor Willie! may he live long and live happy. When he dies many a tear will fall from eyes that seldom weep, and hearts that know little of the more refined sensations of our nature will heave a sigh. Willie will die, but not his fame will die. In many of those humorous provincial songs, with which Newcastle abounds more than any other town I am acquainted with—the very airs as well as the words of which possess a kind of local nationality—"Blind Willie" is the theme. These songs are the admiration of all who know how to appreciate genuine humour; several of them have been sung for years, and I venture to prophesy, will be sung by future generations.

Among the characters who have noticed "Willie" may be mentioned the present duke of Northumberland, sir Matthew White Ridley, the late Stephen Kemble, Esq. and the admirable comedian Matthews. Sir Matthew White Ridley is a most particular favourite with "Willie," and it is no uncommon occurrence to hear Willie, as he paces along the streets of Newcastle, muttering to himself "Sir Maffa! sir Maffa! canny sir Maffa! God bless sir Maffa!"

One of Willie's greatest peculiarities is thus alluded to by Mr. Sykes:—"He has travelled the streets of Newcastle time out of mind without a covering upon his head. Several attempts have been made, by presenting him with a hat, to induce him to wear one, but after having *suffered* it for a day or two it is thrown aside, and the minstrel again becomes uncovered, preferring the exposure of his pate to the 'pelting of the pitiless storm.'" The likeness that accompanies this notice is from a large quarto engraving, published at Newcastle, and will doubtless be acceptable to numerous readers of that populous district wherein blind Willie is so popular.

### FARMERS.

IN

1722.

1822.

Man to the plough;

Man tally-ho;

Wife to the cow;

Miss piano;

Girl to the sow;

Wife silk and satin;

Boy to the mow;

Boy Greek and Latin;

And your rents will be netted. And you'll all be *Gazetted*

G.\*

### 'A REVERIE.

*For the Table Book.*

— On a cool delightful evening which succeeded one of the scorching days of last summer, I sallied forth for a walk in the neighbourhood of the city of ———. Chance led me along a path usually much frequented, which was then covered thick with the accumulated dust of a long drought; it bore the impression of a thousand busy feet, of every variety of form and size; from the first steps of the infant, whose nurse had allowed it to toddle his little journey to the outstretched arms of her who was almost seated to receive him, to the hobnailed slouch of the carter, whose dangling lash and dusty jacket annoyed the well-dressed throng. But three pair of footsteps, which were so perfect that they could not long have preceded my own, more than all, attracted my attention; those on the left certainly bore the impress of the delicately formed foot of a female; the middle ones were shaped by the ample square-toed, gouty shoe of a senior; and those on the right were as certainly placed there by the Wellington boot of some dandy; they were extravagantly right and left, the heel was small and high, for the middle of the foot did not tread on earth. — My imagination was instantly at work, to tenant these "leathern conveniences;" the last-mentioned I felt so certain were inhabited by an officer of the lancers, or an hussar who had witnessed Waterloo's bloody fight, that I could almost hear the tinkle of his military spur. I pictured him young, tall, handsome, with black mustachios, dark eyes, and, as the poet says,

"His nose was large with curved line,  
Which some men call the aquiline,  
And some do say the Romans bore  
Such noses fore them to the war."

The strides were not so long as a tall man would make, but this I accounted for by supposing they were accommodated to the hobbling gait of the venerable gentleman in the centre, who I imagined "of the old school," and to wear one of those few self-important wigs, which remain in this our day of sandy scratches. As these powdered coverings never look well without a three cocked hat, I had e'en placed one upon it, and almost edged it with gold lace, which, however, would not do—it had rather too much of by-gone days:—to my "mind's eye" he was clothed in a snuff-coloured suit, and one of his feet, which

\* *The Times.*

was not too gouty to admit of a leather shoe, had upon it a large silver buckle. My "high fancy" formed the lady a charming creature, sufficiently *en bon point*, with an exceedingly genteel figure; not such as two parallel lines would describe, but rather broad on the shoulders, gently tapering to the waist, then gradually increasing in a delicately flowing outline, such as the "statue that enchants the world" would exhibit, if animated and clothed in the present fashionable dress; her voice, of course, was delightful, and the mild expression of her face to be remembered through life—it could not be forgotten; in short, she was as Sterne says, "all that the heart wishes or the eye looks for in woman." My reverie had now arrived at its height, my canvass was full, my picture complete, and I was enjoying the last delicate touches of creative fancy, when a sudden turn in the road placed before me three persons, who, on a moment's reflection, I felt constrained to acknowledge as the authors of the footsteps which had led me into such a pleasing delusion; but—no more like the trio of my imagination, than "Hyperion to a satyr!" The dandy had red hair, the lady a red nose, and the middle man was a gouty sugar-baker; all very good sort of people, no doubt, except that they overthrew my aerial castle. I instantly retraced my steps, and was foolish enough to be sulky, nay, a very "anatomic of melancholy;" till a draught of "Burton's" liquid amber at supper made me friends with the world again—

ETA.

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## HIGHLAND TRADITION.

### MACGREGOR.

About the middle of the sixteenth century, the eldest son of Lamond, of Cowel, in Argyleshire, was hunting the red deer in Glenfine. At the same time the only son of Macgregor, of Glenstrae, the chief of that once powerful clan, was on a similar excursion in the same place, which was the boundary between the extensive territories of these two great families. Young Lamond had pierced a prime hart with an arrow; and the noble animal, galled by the shaft, which stuck in the wound, plunged into the river, and bent his course into Macgregor's country. He was followed by Lamond, who outran all his companions. It unfortunately fell out, that a hart had been wounded by the young Macgregor at the same time, among his own hills. The

two deer crossed each other in their flight, and the first that fell was claimed by both the hunters. The youths, flushed by the ardour of the chase, and totally unknown to each other, hotly disputed. They were armed, as was the fashion of those days, and fought, and the young Macgregor fell. Lamond cut his way through the attendants, but was keenly pursued. Having wonderful fleetness of foot, he made his way forward; and ignorant of the country and of the people, and almost exhausted with thirst, hunger, anguish, and fatigue, rushed into the house of Macgregor of Glenstrae, on whose mercy he threw himself, telling him that he had slain a man. Macgregor received him, and had given him refreshment, when the pursuers arrived, and told the unfortunate man the woful tale—that his son had fallen—his only child—the last of his ancient race—the hope of his life—the stay of his age. The old man was at this period left surrounded by enemies crafty and powerful—he, friendless and alone. The youth was possessed of every virtue that a father's heart could wish; his destroyer was now in his hands; but he had pledged his promise for his safety, and that pledge must be redeemed. It required all the power and influence of the aged chief to restrain the fury of his people from slaying young Lamond at the moment; and even that influence, great as it was, could only protect him, on an assurance that on the next morning his life should be solemnly sacrificed for their beloved Gregor.

In the middle of the night, Macgregor led Lamond forth by the hand, and, aware of his danger, himself accompanied him to the shore of Lochfine, where he procured a boat, made Lamond enter it, and ordered the boatmen to convey him safely across the loch into his own country. "I have now performed my promise," said the old man, "and henceforth I am your enemy—beware the revenge of a father for his only son!"

Before this fatal event occurred, the persecution against the unfortunate Macgregors had commenced, and this sad accident did not contribute to diminish it. The old laird of Glenstrae struggled hard to maintain his estate and his independence, but his enemies prevailed against him. The conduct of young Lamond was grateful and noble. When he succeeded to the ample possessions of his ancestors, he beseeched old Macgregor to take refuge under his roof. There the aged chief was treated as a father, and ended his days.

## HY-JINKS.

## A SCOTCH AMUSEMENT.

This is a drunkén sort of game.—The *queff*, or cup, is filled to the brim, then one of the company takes a pair of dice, and cries “Hy-jinks,” and throws. The number he casts points out the person that must drink; he who threw beginning at himself number one, and so round, till the number of the person agree with that of the dice, (which may fall upon himself, if the number be within twelve,) then he sets the dice to him, or bids him take them. He on whom they fall is obliged to drink, or pay a small sum of money as forfeit; then he throws and so on: but if he forgets to cry “Hy-jinks” he pays a forfeiture. Now, he, on whom it falls to drink, gets all the forfeited money in the bank, if he drinks, and orders the cup to be filled again, and then throws. If he errs in the articles, he loses the privilege of drawing the money. The articles are (1 *drink*;) 2 *draw*; 3 *fill*; 4 *cry* “Hy-jinks;” 5 *count just*; 6 *choose your double man*; viz. when two equal numbers of the dice is thrown, the person whom you choose must pay double forfeit, and so must you when the dice is in his and.

A rare project this, and no bubble I can assure you, for a covetous fellow may save money, and get himself as drunk as he can desire in less than an hour’s time.\*

S. S. S.

## Clubs.

## THE SILENT CLUB.

There was at Amadan a celebrated academy. Its first rule was framed in these words:—

“The members of this academy shall think much—write little—and be as mute as they can.”

A candidate offered himself—he was too late—the vacancy was filled up—they knew his merit, and lamented their disappointment in lamenting his own. The president was to announce the event; he desired the candidate should be introduced.

He appeared with a simple and modest air, the sure testimony of merit. The president rose, and presented a cup of pure water to him, so full, that a single drop

more would have made it overflow; to this emblematic hint he added not a word; but his countenance expressed deep affliction.

The candidate understood that he could not be received because the number was complete, and the assembly full; yet he maintained his courage, and began to think by what expedient, in the same *kind of language*, he could explain that a supernumerary academician would displace nothing, and make no essential difference in the rule they had prescribed.

Observing at his feet a rose, he picked it up, and laid it gently upon the surface of the water, so gently that not a drop of it escaped. Upon this ingenious reply, the applause was universal; the rule slept or winked in his favour. They presented immediately to him the register upon which the successful candidate was in the habit of writing his name. He wrote it accordingly; he had then only to thank them in a single phrase, but he chose to thank them without saying a word.

He figured upon the margin the number of his new associates, 100; then, having put a cipher before the figure 1, he wrote under it—“*their value will be the same*”—0100.

To this modesty the ingenious president replied with a politeness equal to his address: he put the figure 1 before the 100, and wrote, “*they will have eleven times the value they had*—1100.”

## CHARLESTOWN UGLY CLUB.\*

For the Table Book.

By a standing law of this “ugly club,” their club-room must always be the ugliest room in the ugliest house of the town. The only furniture allowed in this room is a number of chairs, contrived with the worst taste imaginable; a round table made by a back-woodsman; and a Dutch looking-glass, full of veins, which at one glance would make even a handsome man look a perfect “fright.” This glass is frequently sent to such gentlemen as doubt their qualifications, and neglect or decline to take up their freedom in the club.

When an ill-favoured gentleman first arrives in the city, he is waited upon, in a civil and familiar manner, by some of the members of the club, who inform him that they would be glad of his company on the next evening of their meeting; and the

\* Notes on Allan Ramsay’s Elegy upon Maggy Johnston.

\* See col. 263.



gentleman commonly thanks the deputation for the attention of the club, to one so unworthy as himself, and promises to consider the matter.

It sometimes happens, that several days elapse, and the "strange" gentleman thinks no more of the club. He has perhaps repeatedly looked into his own glass, and wondered what, in the name of sense, the club could have seen in his face, that should entitle him to the distinction they would confer on him.

He is, however, waited upon a second time by the most respectable members of the whole body, with a message from the president, requesting him not to be diffident of his qualifications, and earnestly desiring "that he will not fail to attend the club the very next evening—the members will feel themselves highly honoured by the presence of one whose appearance has already attracted the notice of the whole society."

"Zounds!" he says to himself on perusing the billet, "what do they mean by teasing me in this manner? I am surely not so ugly," (walking to his glass,) "as to attract the notice of the whole town on first setting my foot upon the wharf!"

"Your nose is very long," cries the spokesman of the deputation. "Noses," says the strange gentleman, "are no criterion of ugliness: it's true, the tip-end of mine would form an acute angle with a base line drawn horizontally from my under lip; but I defy the whole club to prove, that acute angles were ever reckoned ugly, from the days of Euclid down to this moment, except by themselves."

"Ah, sir," answers the messenger, "how liberal has nature been in bestowing upon you so elegant a pair of lantern jaws! believe me, sir, you will be a lasting honour to the club."

"My jaws," says the ugly man in a pet, "are such as nature made them: and Aristotle has asserted, that all her works are beautiful."

The conversation ends for the present. The deputation leaves the strange gentleman to his reflections, with wishes and hopes that he will consider further.

Another fortnight elapses, and the strange gentleman, presuming the club have forgotten him, employs the time in assuming *petit-maitre* airs, and probably makes advances to young ladies of fortune and beauty. At the expiration of this period, he receives a letter from a pretended female, (contrived by the club,) to the following purport:—

"My dear sir,

"There is such a congeniality between your countenance and mine, that I cannot help thinking you and I were destined for each other. I am unmarried, and have a considerable fortune in pine-barren land, which, with myself, I wish to bestow upon some deserving man; and from seeing you pass several times by my window, I know of no one better entitled to both than yourself. I am now almost two years beyond my grand climacteric, and am four feet four inches in height, rather less in circumference, a little dropsical, have lovely red hair and a fair complexion, and, if the doctor do not deceive me, I may hold out twenty years longer. My nose is, like yours, rather longer than common; but then to compensate, I am universally allowed to have charming eyes. They somewhat incline to each other, but the sun himself looks obliquely in winter, and cheers the earth with his glances. Wait upon me, dear sir, to-morrow evening.

"Yours till death, &c.

"M. M."

"What does all this mean?" cries the ugly gentleman, "was ever man tormented in this manner! Ugly clubs, ugly women! jimps and fiends, all in combination to persecute me, and make my life miserable! I am to be ugly, it seems, whether I will or not."

At this critical juncture, the president of the club, who is the very pink of ugliness itself, waits upon the strange gentleman, and takes him by the hand. "My dear sir," says he, "you may as well walk with me to the club as not. Nature has designed you for us, and us for you. We are a set of men who have resolution enough to dare to be ugly; and have long let the world know, that we can pass the evening, and eat and drink together with as much social glee and real good humour as the handsomest of them. Look into this Dutch glass, sir, and be convinced that we cannot do without you."

"If it must be so, it must," cries the ugly gentleman, "there seems to be no alternative; I will even do as you say!"

It appears from a paper in "The American Museum" of 1790, that by this mode the "ugly club" of Charleston has increased, is increasing, and cannot be diminished. According to the last accounts, "strange" gentlemen who do not comply with invitations to join the club in person are elected "honorary" members, and their names enrolled *volens volens*.

## SUMMER DRINKS.

## IMPERIAL.

Take two gallons of water, two ounces of ginger bruised, and two lemons; boil them together; when lukewarm, pour the whole on a pound and a half of loaf sugar, and two ounces of cream of tartar; add four table spoonfuls of yeast, and let them work together for six hours; then strain the liquor, and bottle it off in small stone bottles: it will be ready for use in a few hours.

## SHERBET.

Take nine Seville oranges and three lemons, grate off the yellow from the rinds, and put the raspings into a gallon of water, with three pounds of double refined sugar, and boil it to a candy height; then take it off the fire, and add the pulp of the oranges and lemons; keep stirring it till it be almost cold, then put it in a vessel for use.

## LEMON WATER.

Put two slices of lemon, thinly pared, into a tea-pot, with a little bit of the peel, and a bit of sugar, or a large spoonful of capillaire, pour in a pint of boiling water, and stop it close for two hours.

## GINGER BEER.

To four gallons of water, put three pounds of brown sugar, two ounces of ginger, one ounce and a half of hops, and about half a pound of fern-root cut small; boil these together till there be about three gallons. To colour it, burn a little sugar and put it in the liquor. Pour it into a vessel when cold, add two table-spoonfuls of barm, and then proceed as with common beer.

## CABBAGE, AND TAILORS.

The Roman name Brassica came, as is supposed, from "præsécó," because it was cut off from the stalk: it was also called Caulis in Latin, on account of the goodness of its stalks, and from which the English name Cole, Colwort, or Colewort, is derived. The word cabbage, by which all the varieties of this plant are now improperly called, means the firm head or ball that is formed by the leaves turning close over each other: from that circumstance we say the cole has cabbaged.—From thence arose the cant word applied to tailors, who formerly worked at the private houses of their customers, where they were often accused of cabbaging: which means the rolling up pieces of cloth instead of the list and shreds, which they claim as their due.\*

\* Phillips's Hist. of Cultivated Vegetables.

## APRIL.

## FROM THE FRENCH OF REMY BELLEAU.

APRIL! sweet month, the daintiest of all,  
Fair thee befall:

April! fond hope of fruits that lie  
In buds of swathing cotton wrapt,  
There closely lapt

Nursing their tender infancy—

April! that dost thy yellow, green, and blue,  
Around thee strew,

When, as thou go'st, the grassy floor,  
Is with a million flowers depaint,  
Whose colours quaint

Have diaper'd the meadows o'er—

April! at whose glad coming zephyrs rise  
With whisper'd sighs,

Then on their light wings brush away,  
And hang amid the woodlands fresh  
Their aery mesh,

To tangle Flora on her way—

April! it is thy hand that doth unlock,  
From plain and rock,

Odours and hues, a balmy store,  
That breathing lie on Nature's breast,  
So richly blest,

That earth or heaven can ask no more—

April! thy blooms, amid the tresses laid  
Of my sweet maid,

Adown her neck and bosom flow;  
And in a wild profusion there,  
Her shining hair

With them hath blent a golden glow—

April! the dimpled smiles, the playful grace,  
That in the face

Of Cytherea haunt, are thine;  
And thine the breath, that, from the skies,  
The deities

Inhale, an offering at thy shrine—

'Tis thou that dost with summons blythe and soft,  
High up aloft,

From banishment these heralds bring,  
These swallows, that along the air  
Send swift, and bear

Glad tidings of the merry spring.

April! the hawthorn and the eglantine,  
Purple woodbine,

Streak'd pink, and lily-cup and rose,  
And thyme, and marjoram, are spreading,  
Where thou art treading,

And their sweet eyes for thee unclose.

The little nightingale sits singing aye  
On leafy spray,

And in her fitful strain doth run  
A thousand and a thousand changes,  
With voice that ranges

Through every sweet division.

April! it is when thou dost come again,  
That love is fain

With gentlest breath the fires to wake,  
That cover'd up and slumbering lay,  
Through many a day,  
When winter's chill our veins did slake.

Sweet month, thou seest at this jocund prime  
Of the spring time,

The hives pour out their lusty young,  
And hear'st the yellow bees that ply,  
With laden thigh,  
Murmuring the flow'ry wilds among.

MAY shall with pomp his wavy wealth unfold,  
His fruits of gold,

His fertilizing dews, that swell  
In manna on each spike and stem,  
And like a gem,  
Red honey in the waxen cell.

Who will may praise him, but my voice shall be,  
Sweet month for thee;

Thou that to her do'st owe thy name,  
Who saw the sea-wave's foamy tide  
Swell and divide,  
Whence forth to life and light she came.

### ETYMOLOGY.

The following are significations of a few common terms:—

*Steward* literally means the keeper of the place; it is compounded of the two old words, *stede* and *ward*: by the omission of the first *d* and *e* the word steward is formed.

*Marshal* means one who has the care of horses: in the old Teutonic, *mare* was synonymous with horse, being applied to the kind; *scale* signified a servant.

*Mayor* is derived from the Teutonic *Meyer*, a lover of might.

*Sheriff* is compounded of the old words *shyre* and *reve*—an officer of the county, one who hath the overlooking of the shire.

*Yeoman* is the Teutonic word *gemen*, corrupted in the spelling, and means a commoner.

*Groom* signifies one who serves in an inferior station. The name of bridegroom was formerly given to the new-married man, because it was customary for him to wait at table on his bride and friends on his wedding day.

All our words of necessity are derived from the German; our words of luxury and those used at table, from the French. The sky, the earth, the elements, the names of animals, household goods, and articles of food, are the same in German as in Eng-

lish; the fashions of dress, and every thing belonging to the kitchen, luxury, and ornament, are taken from the French; and to such a degree of exactness, that the names of animals which serve for the ordinary food of men, such as *ox*, *calves*, *sheep*, when alive, are called the same in English as in German; but when they are served up for the table they change their names, and are called *beef*, *veal*, *mutton*, after the French.\*

### ORGANS.

#### *For the Table Book.*

A few particulars relative to organs, in addition to those at col. 260, may be interesting to musical readers.

The instrument is of so great antiquity, that neither the time nor place of invention, nor the name of the inventor, is identified; but that they were used by the Greeks, and from them borrowed by the Latins, is generally allowed. St. Jerome describes one that could be heard a mile off; and says, that there was an organ at Jerusalem, which could be heard at the Mount of Olives.

Organs are affirmed to have been first introduced into France in the reign of Louis I., A. D. 815, and the construction and use of them taught by an Italian priest, who learned the art at Constantinople. By some, however, the introduction of them into that country is carried as far back as Charlemagne, and by others still further.

The earliest mention of an organ, in the northern histories, is in the annals of the year 757, when the emperor Constantine, surnamed Copronymus, sent to Pepin of France, among other rich presents, a "musical machine," which the French writers describe to have been composed of "pipes and large tubes of tin," and to have imitated sometimes the "roaring of thunder," and, at others, the "warbling of a flute."

Bellarmino alleges, that organs were first used in churches about 660. According to Bingham, they were not used till after the time of Thomas Aquinas, about A. D. 1250. Gervas, the monk of Canterbury, who flourished about 1200, says, they were in use about a hundred years before his time. If his authority be good, it would countenance a general opinion, that organs were common in the churches of Italy, Germany, and England, about the tenth century.

March, 1827.

P.

\* Dutens.

## PERPLEXING MARRIAGES.

At Gwennap, in Cornwall, in March 1823, Miss Sophia Bawden was married to Mr. R. Bawden, both of St. Day. By this marriage, the father became brother-in-law to his son; the mother, mother-in-law to her sister; the mother-in-law of the son, his sister-in-law; the sister of the mother-in-law, her daughter-in-law; the sister of the daughter-in-law, her mother-in-law; the son of the father, brother-in-law to his mother-in-law, and uncle to his brothers and sisters; the wife of the son, sister-in-law to her father-in-law, and aunt-in-law to her husband; and the offspring of the son and his wife would be grandchildren to their uncle and aunt, and cousins to their father.

In an account of Kent, it is related that one Hawood had two daughters by his first wife, of which the eldest was married to John Cashick the son, and the youngest to John Cashick the father. This Cashick the father had a daughter by his first wife, whom old Hawood married, and by her had a son: with the exception of the former wife of old Cashick, all these persons were living at Faversham in February, 1650, and his second wife could say as follows:—

My father is my son, and | My sister is my daughter,  
I'm mother's mother; | I'm grandmother to my brother.

## STEPS RE-TRACED.

Catherine de Medicis made a vow, that if some concerns which she had undertaken terminated successfully, she would send a pilgrim on foot to Jerusalem, and that at every three steps he advanced, he should go one step back.

It was doubtful whether there could be found a man sufficiently strong and patient to walk, and go back one step at every third. A citizen of Verberie, who was a merchant, offered to accomplish the queen's vow most scrupulously, and her majesty promised him an adequate recompense. The queen was well assured by constant inquiries that he fulfilled his engagement with exactness, and on his return, he received a considerable sum of money, and was ennobled. His coat of arms were a cross and a branch of palm-tree. His descendants preserved the arms; but they degenerated from their nobility, by resuming the commerce which their ancestor quit-<sup>d</sup>.

\* Nouv. Hist. de Duch. de Valois.

## Street Circulars.

No. I.

*For the Table Book.*

## WHISTLING JOE.

He whistles as he goes for want of bread.\*

Old books declare,—in Plutus' shade,  
Whistling was once a roaring trade,—

Great was the call for nerve and gristle;  
That Charon, with his Styx in view,  
Pierced old Phlegethon through and through,  
And whist-led in the ferry-whistle—

That Polyphemus whistled when  
He p-layed the pipe-r in a pèn,  
And sought Ulysses' bark to launch;  
That Troy, King Priam had not lost,  
But for the whistlers that were horsed†  
Within the horse's wooden paunch.

Jupiter was a whist-ling wight,  
And Juno heard him with delight;  
And Boreas was a reedy swain,  
Awak'ning Venus from the sea:  
But of the Moderns?—Joe is he  
That whistles in the streets for gain.

You wonder as you hear the tone  
Sound like a herald in a zone  
Distinctly clear, minutely sweet;  
You list and Joe is dancing, now  
You laugh, and Joe returns a bow  
Returning in the crooked street.

He scrapes a stick across his arm  
And knocks his knees, in need, to charm;‡  
Instead of tabor and a fiddle,  
*Et omne solis*,—on his sole!  
He, *solus omnis*, like a pole  
Supports his body in the middle.

Thus, of the sprites that creep, or beg,  
With wither'd arm, or wooden leg,  
Uncatalogued in Bridewell's missal;  
Joe is the fittest for relief,  
He whistles gladness in his grief,§  
And hardly earns it for his whistle.

J. R. P.

\* Vide Dryden's *Cymon*,

“He whistled as he went for want of thought.”

† This word rhymes with *lost*, to oblige the cockneys.

‡ Like the punning clown in the stocks, that whistled  
*Over the wood laddie!*

§ “Whistle! and I will come to thee, my love.”

## Mauudy Thursday.

### THE THURSDAY BEFORE GOOD FRIDAY.

There are ample particulars of the present usages on this day at the chapel royal, St. James's, in the *Every-Day Book*, with accounts of celebrations in other countries; to these may be added the ceremonies at the court of Vienna, recently related by Dr. Bright:—

“On the Thursday of this week, which was the 24th of March, a singular religious ceremony was celebrated by the court. It is known in German catholic countries by the name of the *Fusswaschung*, or the ‘washing of the feet.’ The large saloon, in which public court entertainments are given, was fitted up for the purpose; elevated benches and galleries were constructed round the room for the reception of the court and strangers; and in the area, upon two platforms, tables were spread, at one of which sat twelve men, and at the other twelve women. They had been selected from the oldest and most deserving paupers, and were suitably clothed in black, with handkerchiefs and square collars of white muslin, and girdles round their waists.

“The emperor and empress, with the archdukes and archduchesses, Leopoldine and Clementine, and their suites, having all previously attended mass in the royal chapel, entered and approached the table to the sound of solemn music. The Hungarian guard followed, in their most splendid uniform, with their leopard-skin jackets falling from their shoulders, and bearing trays of different meats, which the emperor, empress, archdukes, and attendants, placed on the table, in three successive courses, before the poor men and women, who tasted a little, drank each a glass of wine, and answered a few questions put to them by their sovereigns. The tables were then removed, and the empress and her daughters the archduchesses, dressed in black, with pages bearing their trains, approached. Silver bowls were placed beneath the bare feet of the aged women. The grand chamberlain, in a humble posture, poured water upon the feet of each in succession, from a golden urn, and the empress wiped them with a fine napkin she held in her hand. The emperor performed the same ceremony on the feet of the men, and the rite concluded amidst the sounds of sacred music.”

## Good Friday—Easter.

### “VISITING THE CHURCHES” IN FRANCE.

On *Good Friday* the churches are all dressed up; canopies are placed over the altars, and the altars themselves are decorated with flowers and other ornaments, and illuminated with a vast number of wax candles. In the evening every body of every rank and description goes a round of visits to them. The devout kneel down and repeat a prayer to themselves in each; but the majority only go to see and be seen—to admire or to criticise the decorations of the churches and of each other—to settle which are arranged with the most taste, which are the most superb. This may be called the *feast of caps*, for there is scarcely a lady who has not a new *cap* for the occasion.

Easter Sunday, on the contrary, is the *feast of hats*; for it is no less general for the ladies on that day to appear in new *hats*. In the time of the convents, the decoration of their churches for Passion-week was an object in which the nuns occupied themselves with the greatest eagerness. No girl dressing for her first ball ever bestowed more pains in placing her ornaments to the best advantage than they bestowed in decorating their altars. Some of the churches which we visited looked very well, and very showy: but the weather was warm; and as this was the first revival of the ceremony since the revolution, the crowd was so great that they were insupportably hot.

A number of Egyptians, who had accompanied the French army on its evacuation of Egypt, and were settled at Marseilles, were the most eager spectators, as indeed I had observed them to be on *all* occasions of any particular religious ceremonies being performed. I never saw a more ugly or dirty-looking set of people than they were in general, women as well as men, but they seemed fond of dress and ornament. They had swarthy, dirty-looking complexions, and dark hair; but were not by any means to be considered as people of colour. Their hair, though dark, had no affinity with that of the negroes; for it was lank and greasy, not with any disposition to be woolly. Most of the women had accompanied French officers as *chères amies*: the Egyptian ladies were indeed said to have had in general a great taste for the French officers.\*

\* Miss Plumptre.

## PHLEBOTOMY.

Bleeding was much in fashion in the middle ages. In the fifteenth century, it was the subject of a poem; and Robert Boutevylleyn, a founder, claimed in the abbey of Pipewell four bleedings *per annum*. Among the monks this operation was termed "minution."

In some abbeys was a bleeding-house, called "Fleboto-maria." There were certain festivals when this bleeding was not allowed. The monks desired often to be bled, on account of eating meat.

In the order of S. Victor, the brethren were bled five times a year; in September, before Advent, before Lent, after Easter, and at Pentecost, which bleeding lasted three days. After the third day they came to Mattins, and were in the convent; on the fourth day, they received absolution in the chapter. In another rule, one choir was bled at the same time, in silence and psalmody, sitting in order in a cell.\*

## OLD CEREMONIES, &amp;c.

ORDER OF THE MAUNDAY, MADE AT GREENWICH ON THE 19TH OF MARCH, 1572; 14 ELIZ. From No. 6183 Add. MSS. in the British Museum.

Extracted by W. H. DEWHURST

*For the Table Book.*

FIRST.—The hall was prepared with a long table on each side, and formes set by them; on the edges of which tables, and under those formes, were lay'd carpets and cushions, for her majestie to kneel when she should wash them. There was also another table set across the upper end of the hall, somewhat above the foot pace, for the chappelan to stand at. A little beneath the midst whereof, and beneath the said foot pace, a stoole and cushion of estate was pitched for her majestie to kneel at during the service time. This done, the holy water, basons, alms, and other things, being brought into the hall, and the chappelan and poore folkes having taken the said places, the laundresse, armed with a faire towell, and taking a silver bason filled with warm water and sweet flowers, washed their feet all after one another, and wiped the same with his towell, and soe making a crosse a little above the toes kissed them. After hym within a little while followed the subalmoner, doing likewise, and after hym the almoner hymself also. Then lastly, her majestie came into the hall, and after some

singing and prayers made, and the gospel of Christ's washing of his disciples' feet read, 39 ladyes and gentlewomen (for soe many were the poore folkes, according to the number of the yeares complete of her majestie's age,) addressed themselves with aprons and towels to waite upon her majestie, and she kneeling down upon the cushions and carpets, under the feete of the poore women, first washed one foote of every one of them in soe many several basons of warm water and sweete flowers, brought to her severally by the said ladies and gentlewomen, then wiped, crossed, and kissed them, as the almoner and others had done before. When her majestie had thus gone through the whole number of 39, (of which 20 sat on the one side of the hall, and 19 on the other,) she resorted to the first again, and gave to each one certain yardes of broad clothe, to make a gowne, so passing to them all. Thirdly, she began at the first, and gave to each of them a pair of shoes. Fourthly, to each of them a wooden platter, wherein was half a side of salmon, as much ling, six red herrings, and cheat lofes of bread.\* Fifthly, she began with the first again, and gave to each of them a white wooden dish with claret wine. Sixthly, she received of each waiting lady and gentlewoman their towel and apron, and gave to each poore woman one of the same; and after this the ladies and gentlewomen waited noe longer, nor served as they had done throwe out the courses before. But then the treasurer of the chamber (Mr. Hennage) came to her majestie with 39 small white purses, wherein were also 39 pence, (as they saye,) after the number of yeares to her majesties said age, and of him she received and distributed them severally. Which done, she received of him soe manye leather purses alsoe, each containing 20 sh. for the redemption of her majestie's gown, which (as men saye) by ancient ordre she ought to give some of them at her pleasure; but she, to avoide the trouble of suite, which accustomed was made for that preferment, had changed that rewarde into money, to be equally divided amongst them all, namely, 20 sh. a peice, and she alsoe delivered particularly to the whole companie. And so taking her ease upon the cushion of estate, and hearing the quire a little while, her majestie withdrew herself, and the companie departed: for it was by that time the sun was setting.

W. L(AMBERT.)

\* Fosbroke's British Monachism.

\* Manchet, or cheat-bread.

TAKEN BY W. H. DEWHURST FROM THE SAME MSS.

EXTRACTS from the churchwarden's accounts of the parish of St. Helen, in Abingdon, Berkshire, from the first year of the reign of Philip and Mary, to the thirty-fourth of Q. Elizabeth, now in the possession of the Rev. Mr. GEORGE BENSON.

With some Observations on them, by the late professor J. WARD.

	s.	d.		s.	d.
<i>Ann.</i> MDLV. or 1 & 2 of <i>Phil. and Mary.</i>			Payde for mending and paving the place where the aultere stodee . . . . .	5	8
Payde for makeinge the roode, and peynting the same . . . . .	5	4	for too dossin of <i>morres belles</i> . . . . .	1	0
for makeinge the herse lights, and paschall tapers . . . . .	11	1	for fower new saulter bockes . . . . .	8	0
for makeinge the roode lyghtes . . . . .	10	6	for gathering the herse lyghtes . . . . .	4	0
for a legend . . . . .	5	0			
for a hollie water pott . . . . .	6	0	<i>Ann.</i> MDLXI. or 4 of <i>Eliz.</i>		
<i>Ann.</i> MDLVI. or 2 & 3 of <i>P. and M.</i>			Payde for 4 pownde of candilles upon Cristmas daye in the morning for the masse . . . . .	0	12
Payde for a boke of the articles . . . . .	0	2	for a table of the commandementes and cealender, or rewle to find out the lessons and spallmes, and for the frame . . . . .	2	0
for a <i>shippe of frankencense</i> . . . . .	0	20	to the somner for bringing the order for the roode lofte . . . . .	0	8
for new wax, and makeinge the herse lights . . . . .	5	8	to the carpenter for <i>takeing down the roode lofte</i> , and stopping the holes in the wall, where the joices stodee . . . . .	15	8
for the font taper, and the paskall taper . . . . .	6	7	to the peynter for wryting the scripture, where roode lofte stodee and overthwarte the same isle . . . . .	3	4
Receyved for the holye loof lyghts . . . . .	33	4	to the clarkes for maynteyning and repeyring the song boke in the quyre . . . . .	4	0
for the rode lyghtes at Christmas . . . . .	23	2 ob.			
at the buryall and <i>monethes mynd</i> of George Chynche . . . . .	0	22	<i>Ann.</i> MDLXI. or 5 of <i>Eliz.</i>		
for 12 tapers, at the <i>yeres mynd</i> of Maister John Hide . . . . .	0	21	Payde for a <i>lybill</i> for the church . . . . .	10	0
at the buryall and <i>monethes mynd</i> of the good wif Braunche . . . . .	12	4	<i>Ann.</i> MDLXIII. or 6 of <i>Eliz.</i>		
<i>Ann.</i> MDLVII. or 3 & 4 of <i>P. and M.</i>			Payde for a boke of Wendsdayes fasting, which contayns omellies . . . . .	0	6
Receyved of the parische of the rode lyghts at Christmas . . . . .	21	9	<i>Ann.</i> MDLXIV. or 7 of <i>Eliz.</i>		
of the clarke for the holye loff . . . . .	36	8	Payde for a communion boke . . . . .	4	0
at the buryall of Rich. Ballerd for 4 tapers . . . . .	0	6	for reparations of the cross in the market place . . . . .	5	2
* * * * *			<i>Ann.</i> MDLXV. or 8 of <i>Eliz.</i>		
Payde for peynting the roode of Marie and John, the patron of the church to fasten the tabernacle where the patron of the church now standeth for the roode Marie and John, with the patron of the church . . . . .	6	8	Payde for too boke of <i>common prayer agaynst invading of the Turke</i> . . . . .	0	6
for makeinge the <i>herse lyghts</i> . . . . .	0	8	for a repetition of the <i>communion boke</i> . . . . .	4	0
for the roode Marie and John, and the patron of the church . . . . .	18	0	<i>Ann.</i> MDLXVI. or 9 of <i>Eliz.</i>		
to the sextin, for watching the sepulter two nyghts . . . . .	3	8	Payde for setting up <i>Robin Hooode's bowere</i> . . . . .	0	18
to the suffrigan for hallowing the church yard, and other implementes of the church . . . . .	7	0	<i>Ann.</i> MDLXXIII. or 16 of <i>Eliz.</i>		
for the waste of the pascall and for holye yoyle . . . . .	0	8	Payde for a quire of paper to make four boke of <i>Geneva salmes</i> . . . . .	0	4
<i>Ann.</i> MDLVIII. MDLIX. or 4 & 5 of <i>P. &amp; M.</i> and 1 & 2 of <i>Eliz.</i>	30	0	for 2 bockes of <i>common prayer</i> new sett forth . . . . .	0	4
Receyved for roode lyghts at Xmas, 1558. for roode lyghts at Xmas, 1559 . . . . .	18	6	<i>Ann.</i> MDLXXIV. or 17 of <i>Eliz.</i>		
at Ester, for the pascall lyghte, 1558 for waxe to <i>thense</i> the church on Ester daye . . . . .	18	3 ob.	Payde for candilles for the church at Christmas . . . . .	0	15
at Ester, for the pascall lyghte, 1559 for the hollie loff, 1558 . . . . .	24	0	<i>Ann.</i> MDLXXVI. MDLXXVII. or 19 & 20 of <i>Eliz.</i>		
for the hollie loff, 1559 . . . . .	0	20	Payde for a new bylle . . . . .	40	0
* * * * *	35	0	for a booke of <i>common prayer</i> . . . . .	7	0
Payde to the bellman for meate, drinke, and cooles, watching the sepulture for the <i>communion boke</i> . . . . .	34	0	for wrytyng the commandementes in the quyre, and peynting the same . . . . .	19	0
for <i>takeing down the altare</i> . . . . .	34	8	<i>Ann.</i> MDLXXVIII. or 21 of <i>Eliz.</i>		
for 4 song boke and a sawter . . . . .	0	19	Payde for a booke of the articles . . . . .	0	10
<i>Ann.</i> MDLX. or 3 of <i>Eliz.</i>	5	0	<i>Ann.</i> MDXCI. or 34 of <i>Eliz.</i>		
Payde for tymbre and makeinge the communion table . . . . .	0	20	Payde for an <i>houe glasse</i> for the pulpitt . . . . .	0	4
for a carpet for do . . . . .	6	8			

## OBSERVATIONS, &amp;c. ON THE PRECEDING CHARGES.

The churchwarden's accounts of a particular parish\* may in themselves be thought, justly, as a matter of no great consequence, and not worthy of much regard. But these seem to deserve some consideration, as they relate to a very remarkable period in our history, and prove by facts the great alterations that were made in religious affairs under the reigns of queen Mary and queen Elizabeth, together with the time and manner of putting them into execution; and may therefore serve both to confirm and illustrate several things related by our ecclesiastical historians.

1. We find mention made in these extracts of the *rood* and *rood loft*. By the former of which was meant either a crucifix, or the image of some saint erected in popish churches. And here that name is given to the images of saint Mary and saint John, and to saint Helen, the patroness of the church. These images were set in shrines, or tabernacles, and the place where they stood was called the rood loft, which was commonly over or near the passage out of the body of the church into the chancel. In 1548, the first of king Edward VI., all images and their shrines were ordered to be taken down, as bishop Burnett informs us. But they were restored again on the accession of queen Mary, as we find here, by the first article.

2. The *ship for frankincense*, mentioned in the year 1556, was a small vessel in the form of a ship or boat, in which the Roman catholics burn frankincense to perfume their churches and images.

3. The *boke of articles*, purchased in 1556, seems to be that which was printed and sent over the kingdom by order of queen Mary, at the end of the year 1554, containing instructions to the bishops for visiting the clergy.

4. We find frequent mention made of lights and other expenses at a *funeral*, the *months mind*, the *years* and *two years mind*, and the *obit* of deceased persons, which were masses performed at those seasons for the rest of their souls; the word *mind*, meaning the same as *memorial* or *remembrance*. And so it is used in a sermon yet extant of bishop Fisher, entitled *A morning remembrance had at the month minde of the most noble prynces Margarete, countesse of Richmonde and Darbye, &c.* As

to the term *obits*, services of that kind seem to have been annually performed. The office of the mass for each of these solemnities may be seen in the *Romzn Missal*, under the title of *Missal pro defunctis*. And it appears by the different sums here charged, that the expenses were suited to persons of all ranks, that none might be deprived of the benefit which was supposed to accrue from them.

5. It was customary in popish countries on Good Friday to erect a small building, to represent the sepulchre of our Saviour. In this they put the host, and set a person to watch both that night and the next. On the following morning very early, the host being taken out, Christ is risen. This was done here in 1557 and two following years, the last of which was in the reign of queen Elizabeth. Du Fresne has given us a particular account of this ceremony as performed at Rouen in France, where three persons in female habits used to go to the sepulchre, in which two others were placed to represent angels, who told them Christ was risen. (*Latin Glossary*, under the words *Sepulchro officinum*.) The building mentioned must have been very slight, since the whole expense amounted to no more than seventeen shillings and sixpence.

6. In the article of *wax to thense the church*, under the year 1558, the word *thense* is, I presume, a mistake for *cense*, as they might use wax with the frankincense in censuring or perfuming the church.

7. In 1559 the *altar* was taken down, and in 1560 the communion table was put in its place, by order of queen Elizabeth.

8. Masses for the dead continued to this time, but here, instead of a *moneths mynde*, the expression is a *months monument*. But as that office was performed at the altar, and this being taken down that year, the other could not be performed. And yet we have the word *mass* applied to the service performed on Christmas-day the year following.

9. The *morrice bells*, mentioned under the year 1560 as purchased by the parish, were used in their morrice dances, a diversion then practised at their festivals; in which the populace might be indulged from a political view, to keep them in good humour.

10. In 1561 the *rood loft* was taken down, and in order to obliterate its remembrance, (as had been done before in the reign of king Edward VI.,) some passages out of the Bible were painted in the place where it stood, which could give but little offence, since the images had been removed

\* Fuller's Hist. of Waltham Abbey, p. 13. T. Lewis's Hist. of the English Translation of the Bible, p. 191.



the preceding year by the queen's injunction, on the representation of the bishops.

11. In 1562 a *Bible* is said to have been bought for the church, which cost ten shillings. This, I suppose, was the *Geneva Bible*, in 4to., both on account of its low price, and because that edition, having the division of verses, was best suited for public use. It was an English translation, which had been revised and corrected by the English exiles at Geneva, in queen Mary's reign, and printed there in 1560, with a dedication to queen Elizabeth. In the year 1576 we find another *Bible* was bought, which was called the *New Bible*, and is said to have cost forty shillings; which must have been the large folio, usually called archbishop *Parker's Bible*, printed at London, in 1568, by Richard Jugge, the queen's printer. They had *prayer-books*, *psalters*, and *song-books*, for the churches in the beginning of this reign, as the whole Bible was not easily to be procured.

12. In 1565 there is a charge of sixpence for two common *prayer-books* against invading the *Turke*. It was then thought the common cause of the Christian states in Europe to oppose the progress of the Turkish arms by all methods, both civil and religious. And this year the Turks made a descent upon the Isle of Malta, where they besieged the town and castle of St. Michael four months, when, on the approach of the Christian fleet, they broke up the siege, and suffered considerable loss in their flight. (Thuanus, lib. 38.) And as the war was afterwards carried on between them and the emperor Maximilian in Hungary, the like *prayer-books* were annually purchased for the parish till the year 1569 inclusive.\*

13. In 1566 there is an article of eight-pence for setting up *Robin Hood's bowere*. This, I imagine, might be an arbour or booth, erected by the parish, at some festival. Though for what purpose it received that name I know not, unless it was designed for archers.

14. In 1573 charge is made of paper for four books of *Geneva psalms*. It is well known, that the vocal music in parochial churches received a great alteration under the reign of queen Elizabeth, being changed from *antiphonyes* into metrical psalmody, which is here called the *Geneva psalms*.

15. In the year 1578 tenpence were paid for a book of the articles. These articles were agreed to and subscribed for by both houses

of convocation in 1562, and printed the year following. But in 1571, being again revised and ratified by act of parliament, they seem to have been placed in churches.

16. The last article in these extracts is fourpence for *an houre glass for the pulpit*. How early the custom was of using hour glasses in the pulpit, I cannot say; but this is the first instance of it I ever met with.

It is not to be thought that the same regulations were all made within the same time in all other places. That depended with the several bishops of their dioceses, and according to their zeal for the Reformation. Abingdon lies in the diocese of Salisbury, and, as bishop Jewel, who was first nominated to that see by queen Elizabeth, and continued in it till the year 1571, was so great a defender of the reformed religion, it is not to be doubted but every thing was there carried on with as much expedition as was judged consistent with prudence.

## Garrick Plays.

### No. XIII.

[From the "Battle of Alcazar, a Tragedy, 1594.]"

*Muly Mahamet, driven from his throne into a desert, robs the Lioness to feed his fainting Wife Calipolis.*

*Muly.* Hold thee, Calipolis; feed, and faint no more.  
This flesh I forced from a Lioness;  
Meat of a Princess, for a Princess' meat.

Learn by her noble stomach to esteem  
Penury plenty in extremest dearth;  
Who, when she saw her foragement bereft,  
Pined not in melancholy or childish fear;  
But, as brave minds are strongest in extremes,  
So she, redoubling her former force,  
Ranged through the woods, and rent the breeding  
vaults

Of proudest savages, to save herself.  
Feed then, and faint not, fair Calipolis;  
For, rather than fierce famine shall prevail  
To gnaw thy entrails with her thorny teeth,  
The conquering Lioness shall attend on thee,  
And lay huge heaps of slaughter'd carcasses  
As bulwarks in her way to keep her back.  
I will provide thee of a princely Ospray,  
That, as she dieth over fish in pools,  
The fish shall turn their glistening bellies up,  
And thou shall take the liberal choice of all.  
Jove's stately Bird with wide-commanding wings  
Shall bover still about thy princely head,

\* Pref. ad Camdeni "Eliz." p. xxix. l. i. g.

And beat down fowls by shoals into thy lap.  
Feed then, and faint not, fair Calipolis.\*

[From the "Seven Champions of Christendom," by John Kirk, acted 1638.]

*Calib, the Witch, in the opening Scene, in a Storm.*

*Calib.* Ha! louder a little; so, that burst was well. Again; ha, ha! house, house your heads, ye fear-struck mortal fools, when Calib's consort plays A hunts-up to her. How rarely doth it languell In mine ears! these are mine organs; the toad, The bat, the raven, and the fell whistling bird, Are all my anthem-singing quiristers. Such sapless roots, and liveless with'r'd woods, Are pleasanter to me than to behold The jocund month of May, in whose green head of youth The amorous Flora strews her various flowers, And smiles to see how brave she has deckt her girl. But pass we May, as game for fangled fools, That dare not set a foot in Art's dark, secret, and bewitching path, as Calib has.

Here is my mansion  
Within the rugged bowels of this cave,  
This crag, this cliff, this den; which to behold  
Would freeze to ice the hissing trammels of Medusa.  
Yet here enthroned I sit, more richer in my spells  
And potent charms, than is the stately Mountain Queen,  
Drest with the beauty of her sparkling gems,  
To vie a lustre 'gainst the heavenly lamps.  
But we are sunk in these antipodes; so choakt  
With darkness is great Calib's cave, that it  
Can stife day. It can?—it shall—for we do loath the  
light;

And, as our deeds are black, we hug the night.  
But where's this Boy, my GEORGE, my Love, my Life,  
Whom Calib lately dotes on more than life?  
I must not have him wander from my love  
Farther than summons of my eye, or beck,  
Can call him back again. But 'tis my fiend-  
-begotten and deform'd Issue†, misleads him:  
For which I'll rock him in a storm of hail,  
And dash him 'gainst the pavement on the rocky den;  
He must not lead my Joy astray from me.  
The parents of that Boy, begetting him,  
Begot and bore the issue of their deaths;  
Which done‡, the Child I stole,  
Thinking alone to triumph in his death,  
And bathe my body in his popular gore;  
But dove-like Nature favour'd so the Child,

\* This address, for its barbaric splendor of conception, extravagant vein of promise, not to mention some idiomatic peculiarities, and the very structure of the verse, savours strongly of Marlowe; but the real author, I believe, is unknown.

† A sort of young Caliban, her son, who presently enters, complaining of a "bloody coxcomb" which the Young Saint George had given him.

‡ Calib had killed the parents of the Young Saint George.

That Calib's killing knife fell from her hand;  
And, 'stead of stabs, I kiss'd the red-lipt Boy.

[From "Two Tragedies in One," by Robert Yarrington, who wrote in the reign of Elizabeth.]

*Truth, the Chorus, to the Spectators.*

All you, the sad Spectators of this Act,  
Whose hearts do taste a feeling pensiveness  
Of this unheard-of savage massacre:  
Oh be far off to harbour such a thought,  
As this audacious murderer put in act!  
I see your sorrows flow up to the brim,  
And overflow your cheeks with brinish tears:  
But though this sight bring surfeit to the eye,  
Delight your ears with pleasing harmony,  
That ears may countercheck your eyes, and say,  
"Why shed you tears? this deed is but a Play."\*

*Murderer to his Sister, about to stow away the trunk of the body, having severed it from the limbs.*

Hark, Rachel! I will cross the water strait,  
And fling this middle mention of a Man  
Into some ditch.

It is curious, that this old Play comprises the distinct action of two Atrocities; the one a vulgar murder, committed in our own Thames Street, with the names and incidents truly and historically set down; the other a Murder in high life, supposed to be acting at the same time in Italy, the scenes alternating between that country and England: the Story of the latter is *mutatis mutandis* no other than that of our own "Babes in the Wood," transferred to Italy, from delicacy no doubt to some of the family of the rich Wicked Uncle, who might yet be living. The treatment of the two differs as the romance-like narratives in "God's Revenge against Murder," in which the Actors of the Murders (with the trifling exception that they were *Murderers*) are represented as most accomplished and every way amiable young Gentlefolks of either sex—as much as *that* differs from the honest un glossing pages of the homely Newgate Ordinary.

C. L.

\* The whole theory of the reason of our delight in Tragic Representations, which has cost so many elaborate chapters of Criticism, is condensed in these four last lines: *Aristotle quintessentialised*.

## The Old Bear Garden

AT BANKSIDE, SOUTHWARK.

BEAR BAITING—MASTERS OF THE BEARS  
AND DOGS—EDWARD ALLEYN—THE  
FALCON TAVERN, &C.

The Bull and the Bear baiting, on the Bankside, seem to have preceded, in point of time, the several other ancient theatres of the metropolis. The precise date of their erection is not ascertained, but a Bear-garden on the Bankside is mentioned by one Crowley, a poet, of the reign of Henry VIII., as being at that time in existence. He informs us, that the exhibitions were on a Sunday, that they drew full assemblies, and that the price of admission was then one halfpenny!

“What follie is this to keep with danger,  
A great mastive dog, and fowle ouglie bear;  
And to this end, to see them two fight,  
With terrible tearings, a ful ouglie sight.  
And methinkes those men are most fools of al,  
Whose store of money is but very smal;  
And yet every Sunday they wil surely spend  
One penny or two, the bearward's living to mend.

“At Paris garden each Sunday, a man shal not fail  
To find two or three hundred for the bearwards vale,  
One halfpenny apiece they use for to give,  
When some have no more in their purses, I believe;  
Wel, at the last day, their conscience wil declare,  
That the poor ought to have al that they may spare.  
If you therefore give to see a bear fight,  
Be sure God his curse upon you wil light!”

Whether these “rough games,” as a certain author terms them, were then exhibited in the same or similar amphitheatres, to those afterwards engraved in our old plans, or in the open air, the extract does not inform us. Nor does Stowe's account afford any better idea. He merely tells us, that there were on the west bank “two bear gardens, the old and the new; places, wherein were kept beares, bulls, and other beasts to be bayted; as also mastives in several kenels, nourished to bayt them. These beares and other beasts,” he adds, “are there kept in plots of ground, scaffolded about, for the beholders to stand safe.”

In Aggas's plan, taken 1574, and the plan of Braun, made about the same time, these plots of ground are engraved, with the addition of two *circi*, for the accommodation of the spectators, bearing the names of the “*Bowl Baytyng*, and the *Beare Baytyng*.” In both plans, the buildings appear to be completely circular, and were evi-

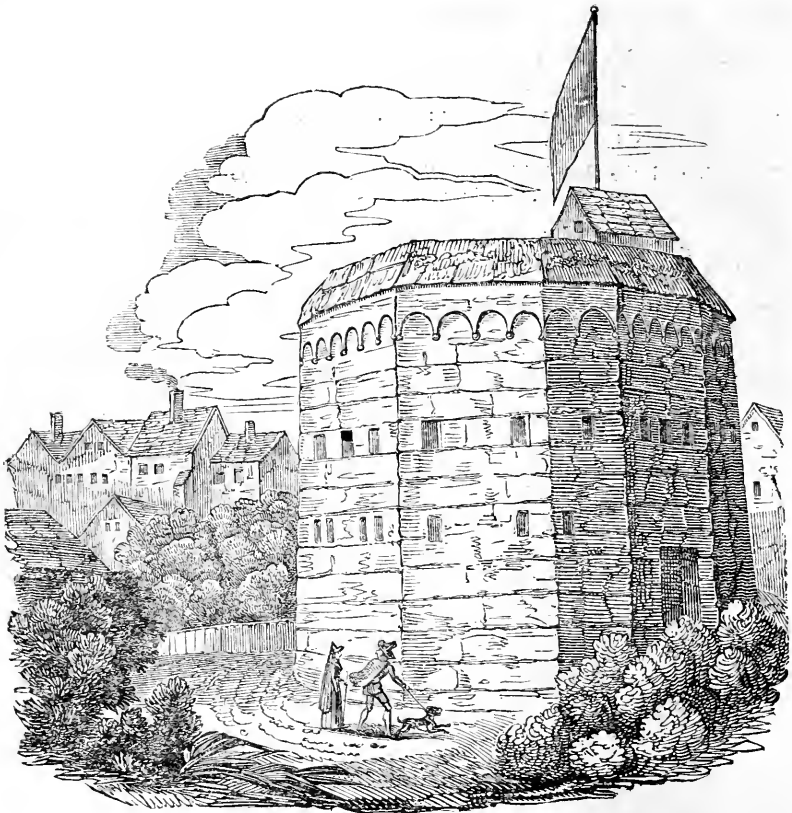
dently intended as humble imitations of the ancient Roman amphitheatre. They stood in two adjoining fields, separated only by a small slip of land; but some differences are observable in the spots on which they are built.

In Aggas's plan, which is the earliest, the disjoining slip of land contains only one large pond, common to the two places of exhibition; but in Braun, this appears divided into three ponds, besides a similar conveniency near each theatre. The use of these pieces of water is very well explained in Brown's Travels, (1685) who has given a plate of the “Elector of Saxony his beare garden at Dresden,” in which is a large pond, with several bears amusing themselves in it; his account of which is highly curious:

“In the hunting-house, in the old town,” says he, “are fifteen bears, very well provided for, and looked unto. They have *fountains* and *ponds*, to wash themselves in, wherein they much delight: and near to the pond are high *ragged posts* or *trees*, set up for the bears to climb up, and *scaffolds* made at the top, to sun and dry themselves; where they will also sleep, and come and go as the keeper calls them.”

The ponds, and dog-kennels, for the bears on the Bankside, are clearly marked in the plans alluded to; and the construction of the amphitheatres themselves may be tolerably well conceived, notwithstanding the smallness of the scale on which they are drawn. They evidently consisted, within-side, of a lower tier of circular seats for the spectators, at the back of which, a sort of screen ran all round, in part open, so as to admit a view from without, evident in Braun's delineation, by the figures who are looking through, on the outside. The buildings are unroofed, and in both plans shown during the time of performance, which in Aggas's view is announced by the display of little flags or streamers on the top. The dogs are tied up in slips near each, ready for the sport, and the combatants actually engaged in Braun's plan. Two little houses for retirement are at the head of each theatre.

The amusement of bear-baiting in England existed, however, long before the mention here made of it. In the Northumberland Household Book, compiled in the reign of Henry VII., enumerating “al manner of rewardis customable usede yearly to be yeven by my Lorde to strangers, as players, mynstrails, or any other strangers, whatsoever they be,” are the following:



### The Bear Garden in Southwark, A. D. 1574.

FROM THE LONG PRINT OF LONDON BY VISCHER CALLED THE ANTWERP VIEW.

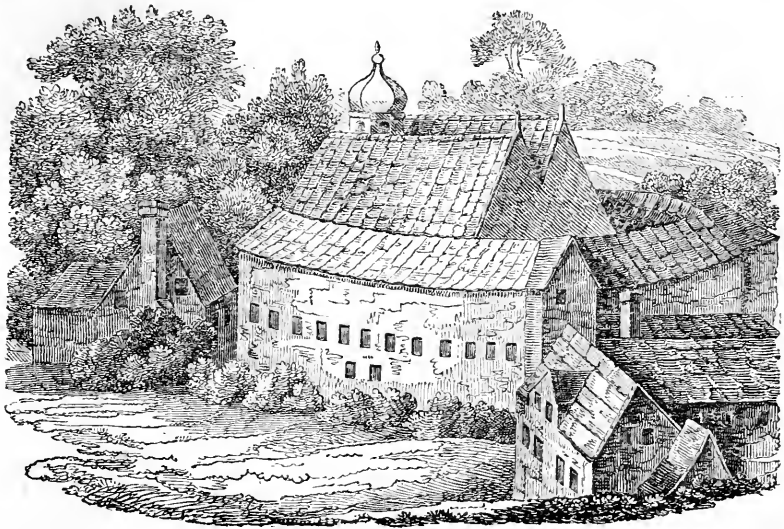
"Furst, my Lorde usith and accustomyth to gyff yerely, the Kinge or the Queene's barwarde. If they have one, when they custome to com unto hym, yearely—vj. s. viij. d."

"Item, my Lorde usith and accustomyth to gyfe yerly, when his Lordshipe is at home, to his barward, when he comyth to my Lorde in Christnas, with his Lordshipe's beests, for makyng of his Lord-ship pastyme, the said xij. days—xx. s."

It made one of the favourite amusements of the romantic age of queen Elizabeth, and was introduced among the princely pleasures of Kenilworth in 1575, where the droll author of the account introduces the bear and dogs deciding their ancient grudge per duellum.\*

"Well, Syr (says he), the bearez wear brought foorth intoo couort, the dogs set too them, too argu the points eeven face to face, they had learnd counsell allso a both parts: what may they be coounted parciall that are retained but a to syde, I ween. No wery feers both tou and toother eager in argument: if the dog in pleadyng woold pluk the bear by the throte, the bear with trauers woould claw him again by the skaip, confess and a list; but a voyd a coold not that waz bound too the bar: and hiz counsell toll'd him that it coold be too him no poliecy in pleading. Thearfore, thus with fendng and prouing, with plucking and tugging, skratting and byting, by plain tooth and nayll, a to side and toother, such erspes of blood and leather was thear between them, az a month's

\* Princely Pleasures of Kenilworth, p. 22, quoted by Mr. Pennant, in his Account of London, p. 36.



## The Bear Garden in Southwark, A. D. 1648.

FROM THE LARGE FOUR-SHEET VIEW OF LONDON BY HOLLAR.

THE LAST KNOWN REPRESENTATION OF THE PLACE.

licking, I ween, wyl not recover, and yet remain az far oout az euer they wear. It waz a sport very pleazaunt of theez beastys : to see the bear with hiz pink nyez leering after hiz cnmiez approach, the nimblness and wayt of ye dog too take his auantage, and the fors and experiens of the bear agayn to auoyd the assaults : if he wear bitten in one place, hoow he woold pynch in another too get free : that if he wear taken onez, then what shyft with byting, with clawyng, with roring, torsing and tumbling, he woold work to wynde hymself from them ; and when he was lose, to shake hiz eartz twyse or thrise wyth the blud and the slaver about hiz fiznamy, was a matter of a goodly relief."

It is not to be wondered at, that an amusement, thus patronised by the great, and even by royalty itself, ferocious as it was, should be the delight of the vulgar, whose untutored taste it was peculiarly calculated to please. Accordingly, bear-baiting seems to have been amazingly frequented, at this time, especially on *Sundays*. On one of these days, in 1582, a dire accident befell the spectators. The scaffolding suddenly gave way, and multitudes of people were killed, or miserably maimed. This was looked upon as a judgment, and as

such was noticed by divines, and other grave characters, in their sermons and writings. The lord mayor for that year (sir Thomas Blanke) wrote on the occasion to the lord treasurer, "that it gave great reason to acknowledge the hand of God, for breach of the Lord's Day," and moved him to redress the same.

Little notice, however, was taken of his application; the accident was forgot; and the barbarous amusement soon followed as much as ever, Stowe assuring us, in his work, printed many years afterwards, "that for baiting of bulls and bears, they were, till that time, much frequented, namely, in bear gardens on the Bankside." The commonalty could not be expected to reform what had the sanction of the highest example, and the labours of the moralist were as unavailing as in the case of pugilism in the present day.

In the succeeding reign, the general introduction of the drama operated as a check to the practice, and the public taste took a turn. One of these theatres gave place to "the Globe;" the other remained long after. This second theatre, which retained its original name of the "Bear-baiting," was rebuilt on a larger scale, about the beginning of James the First's reign; and

of an octagonal form instead of round, as before; in which respect it resembled the other theatres on the Bankside. The *first* engraving in this article contains a view of it in this state, from the long print of London by Vischer, usually called the Antwerp view. In this representation, the slips, or dog-kennels, are again distinctly marked, as well as the ponds. The *second* engraving, from Hollar's view about 1648, shows it as it was a third time rebuilt on a larger scale, and again of the circular shape, when "plays" and prize-fighting were added to the amusements exhibited at it.

In the reign of James I. the "Bear-garden" was under the protection of royalty, and the mastership of it made a patent place. The celebrated actor Alleyn enjoyed this lucrative post, as keeper of the king's wild beasts, or master of the royal bear-garden, situated on the Bankside, in Southwark. The profits of this place are said by his biographer to have been immense, sometimes amounting to 500*l.* a year; and well account for the great fortune he raised. A little before his death he sold his share and patent to his wife's father, Mr. Hinchtoe, for 580*l.*

We have a good account of the "Bear-baiting," in the reign of Charles II., by one Mons. Jorevin, a foreigner, whose observations on this country were published in 1672,\* and who has given us the following curious detail of a visit he paid to it:—

"We went to see the Bergiardin, by Sodoark,† which is a great amphitheatre, where combats are fought between all sorts of animals, and sometimes men, as we once saw. Commonly, when any fencing-masters are desirous of showing their courage and their great skill, they issue mutual challenges, and, before they engage, parade the town with drums and trumpets sounding, to inform the public there is a challenge between two brave masters of the science of defence, and that the battle will be fought on such a day. We went to see this combat, which was performed on a stage in the middle of this amphitheatre, where, on the flourishes of trumpets, and the beat of drums, the combatants entered, stripped to their shirts. On a signal from the drum, they drew their swords, and immediately began the fight, skirmishing a long time without any wounds. They were both very skilful and courageous. The tallest had the

advantage over the least; for, according to the English fashion of fencing, they endeavoured rather to cut, than push in the French manner, so that by his height he had the advantage of being able to strike his antagonist on the head, against which, the little one was on his guard. He had, in his turn, an advantage over the great one, in being able to give him the Jarnac stroke, by cutting him on his right ham, which he left in a manner quite unguarded. So that, all things considered, they were equally matched. Nevertheless, the tall one struck his antagonist on the wrist, which he almost cut off; but this did not prevent him from continuing the fight, after he had been dressed, and taken a glass or two of wine to give him courage, when he took ample vengeance for his wound; for a little afterwards, making a feint at the ham, the tall man, stooping in order to parry it, laid his whole head open, when the little one gave him a stroke, which took off a slice of his head, and almost all his ear. For my part, I think there is an inhumanity, a barbarity, and cruelty, in permitting men to kill each other for diversion. The surgeons immediately dressed them, and bound up their wounds; which being done, they resumed the combat, and both being sensible of their respective disadvantages, they therefore were a long time without giving or receiving a wound, which was the cause that the little one, failing to parry so exactly, being tired with this long battle received a stroke on his wounded wrist, which dividing the sinews, he remained vanquished, and the tall conqueror received the applause of the spectators. For my part, I should have had more pleasure in seeing the battle of the bears and dogs, which was fought the following day on the same theatre."

It does not appear at what period the Bear-baiting was destroyed, but it was, probably, not long after the above period. Strype, in his first edition of Stowe, published 1720, speaking of "Bear Alley," on this spot, says, "Here is a glass-house, and about the middle a *new-built* court, well-inhabited, called *Bear-garden Square*; so called, as built in the place where the Bear-garden formerly stood, until removed to the other side of the water; which is more convenient for the butchers, and such like, who are taken with such rustic sports as the baiting of bears and bulls." The theatre was evidently destroyed to build this *new court*.\*

\* Republished in the Antiquarian Repertory, Ed. 1806, under the title of "A Description of England and Ireland, in the 17th Century, by Mons. Jorevin," vol. iv. p. 549.

† Bear-garden, Southwark.

\* Lond. Illustrat.

According to an entry in the Parochial Books in 1586, one Morgan Pope agreed to pay the parish of St. Saviour, Southwark, for the Bear-garden, and the ground where the dogs were kept, 6s. 8d. arrears and 6s. 8d. for tithes.

The old Bear-garden at Bankside, and the Globe theatre wherein Shakspeare's plays were originally performed, and he himself sometimes acted, was in the manor or liberty of Paris Garden. Near this, and in the same manor, were the Hope, the Swan, and the Rose theatres. It appears from "an ancient Survey on vellum made in the reign of queen Elizabeth," that "Olde Paris Garden Lane" ran from Bankside, in the direction of the present Blackfriars-road, to stairs at the river's-side near to, or perhaps on the very spot now occupied by, the Surry end of Blackfriars-bridge, and opposite to this lane in the road of the Bankside stood an old stone cross, which, therefore, were it remaining, would now stand in Blackfriars-road, near Holland-street, leading to the present Falcon glass-house, opposite to which site was the old Falcon tavern, celebrated for having been the daily resort of Shakspeare and his dramatic companions. Till of late years, the Falcon inn was a house of great business, and the place from whence coaches went to all parts of Kent, Surry, and Sussex. In 1805, before the old house was taken down, Mr. Wilkinson, of Cornhill, caused a drawing to be made, and published an engraving of it. The Bull and Bear Baiting" were two or three hundred yards eastward of the Falcon, and beyond were the Globe and the other theatres just mentioned. "The site of the Old Bear-garden retaining its name, is now occupied by Mr. Bradley's extensive iron-foundery, in which shot and shells are cast for the government."\*

The royal officer, called the "master of the bears and dogs," under queen Elizabeth and king James I., had a fee of a farthing per day. Sir John Darrington held the office in 1600, when he was commanded on a short notice to exhibit before the queen in the Tilt-yard; but not having a proper stock of animals, he was obliged to apply to Edward Alleyn, (the founder of Dulwich-college,) and Philip Henslow, then owner of the Bear-garden in Southwark, for their assistance. On his death, king James granted the office to sir William Steward, who, it seems, interrupted Alleyn and Henslow as not having a license, and yet

refused to take their stock at a reasonable price, so that they were obliged to buy his patent. Alleyn and Henslow complained much of this in a petition to the king, containing many curious circumstances, which Mr. Lysons has published at length. Alleyn held this office till his death, or very near it: he is styled by it in the letters patent for the foundation of his college in 1620. Among his papers there is a covenant from Peter Street, for the building at the Bear-garden, fifty-six feet long and sixteen wide, the estimate of the carpenter's work being sixty-five pounds.

The latest patent discovered to have been granted for the office of master of the bears and dogs is that granted to sir Sanders Duncombe in 1639, for the sole practising and profit of the fighting and combating of wild and domestic beasts in England, for fourteen years.

This practice was checked by the parliament in 1642. On the 10th of December in that year, Mr. Whittacre presented in writing an examination of the words expressed by the master of the Bear-garden, "that he would cut the throats of those that refused to subscribe a petition:" whereupon it was resolved, on the question "that Mr. Godfray, master of the Bear-garden, shall be forthwith committed to Newgate— Ordered, the masters of the Bear-garden, and all other persons who have interest there, be enjoined and required by this house, that for the future they do not permit to be used the game of bear-baiting in these times of great distraction, till this house do give further order herein." The practice, however, did not wholly discontinue in the neighbourhood of London till 1750. Of late years this public exhibition was revived in Duck-lane, Westminster, and at the present time is not wholly suppressed.

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## Literature.

### A NEW POEM.

"AHAB, in four Cantos. BY S. R. JACKSON."

Mr. Jackson, the author of several poems, whose merits he deems to have been disregarded, puts forth "Ahab," with renewed hope, and a remarkable address. He says—

"Reader, hast thou not seen a solitary buoy floating on the vast ocean? the waves dash against it, and the broad keel of the vessel sweeps over and presses it down, yet it rises again to the surface, prepared

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\* Manning and Bray's Surry.

for every assault—I am like that buoy. Thrice have I appeared before you, thrice have the waves of neglect passed over me, and once more I rise, a candidate for your good opinion. My wish is not merely to succeed, but to merit success. *Palnam qui meruit ferat*, was the motto of one who will never be forgotten, and I hope to quote it without seeming to be presumptuous. I am told by some who are deemed competent judges, that I am deserving of encouragement, and I here solicit it.

“During the printing of this work, one has criticised a rough rhyme, another cried—‘Ha! what you turned poet?’ and giving his head a significant shake, said, ‘better mind Cocker.’ ‘So I would,’ I replied, ‘but Cocker won’t mind me.’ In all the various changes of my life the Muse has not deserted me: beloved ones have vanished—friends have deceived—but she has remained faithful. One critic has advised this addition, another that curtailment; but remembering the story of the old man and the boy, and the ass, I plod on: not that I am indifferent to opinion—far from it; but there *are* persons whose advice one cannot take—who find fault merely for the sake of talking, and impale an author from mere spleen.

“The poem now submitted to your notice is founded on the 21st and 22d chapters in the First Book of Kings: in it I have endeavoured to show, that crime always brings its own punishment; that whenever we do wrong, an inward monitor reminds us of it: and have sought to revive in the spirits of Englishmen that patriotic feeling which is daily becoming more dormant.

“At this season,\* when the leaves are falling fast, booksellers, as well as trees, get cold-hearted—they will not purchase; nor can I blame them, for if the tide of public opinion sets in against poetry, they would be wrong to buy what they cannot sell. Yet they might, some of them at least, treat an author more respectfully; they might *look* at his work, it would not take them a long time to do so; and they could then tell if it would suit them or not. Unfortunately, a manuscript need but be in yerse, and it will be worth nothing. I fancy the booksellers are like the horse in the team, they have carried the poet’s bells so long that they have become weary of the jingle. Be this as it may, I have tried, and could not get a purchaser. It was true I had published before, but my productions came out un-

aided, and remained unnoticed. I had no patron’s name to herald mine. I sent copies to the Reviews, but, with the exception of the Literary Chronicle and Gentleman’s Magazine, they were unnoticed. The doors to publicity being thus closed against me, what could I do, but fail, as better bards have done before me——”

There is an affecting claim in the verified conclusion of the preface.

“ ‘Tis done! the work of many a pensive hour

Is o’er: the fruit is gather’d from the tree,  
Warm’d by care’s sun, and by affliction’s shower  
Water’d and ripen’d in obscurity.

Few hopes have I that it may welcome be;

Yet do I not give way to black despair;

Small barks have liv’d through many a stormy sea,  
Small birds wing’d far their way through boundless air

And joy’s sweet rose tow’rd o’er the weeds of envious care.

“With these feelings I submit my poem to notice, and but request such patronage as it may deserve.”

The following invocation, which commences the poem, will arrest attention.

“God! whom my fathers worshipp’d, God of all,  
From mid thy throne of brightness hear my call:  
And though unworthiest I of earthly things,  
To wake the harp of David’s silent strings;  
Though, following not the light which in my path  
Shone bright to guide me, I have brav’d thy wrath,  
And walk’d with other men in darkness, yet,  
If penitent, my heart its sins regret—  
If, bending lowly at thy shrine, I crave  
Thy aid to guide my bark o’er life’s rough wave,  
Till all the shoals of error safely past,  
In truth’s calm haven I repose at last:  
O, let that sweet, that unextinguish’d beam  
Which fondly came to wake me from my dream,  
Again appear my wand’ring steps to guide,  
Lest my soul sink, and perish in its pride.  
I ask not, all-mysterious as Thou art,  
To see Thee, but to feel Thee in my heart;  
Unfetter’d by the various rules and forms  
That bound the actions of earth’s subtle worms,  
From worldly arts and prejudices free,  
To know that Thou art God, and worship Thee.  
And, whether on the tempest’s sweeping wing  
Thou comest, or the breath that wakes the spring;  
If in the thunder’s roar thy voice I hear,  
Or the loud blast that marks the closing year;  
Or in the gentle music of the breeze,  
Stirring the leaves upon the forest trees;  
Still let me feel thy presence, let me bear  
In mind that Thou art with me every where.  
And oh! since inspiration comes from Thee  
To mortal mind, like rain unto the tree,  
Bidding it flourish and put forth its fruit,  
So bid my soul, whose voice has long been mute,  
Awaken; give me words of fire to sing  
The deeds and fall of Israel’s hapless king.

\* Michaelmas, 1826.



Perhaps the reader may be further propitiated in the author's behalf by the

"DEDICATION."

"TO THE REV. CHRISTOPHER BENSON, M.A.  
Prebendary of Worcester, and Rector of  
St. Giles in the Fields.

"Sir—Being wholly unused to patronage, I know not how to invoke it, but by plainly saying, that I wish for protection to whatever may be deemed worthy of regard in the following pages.

"I respectfully dedicate the poem to you, sir, from a deep sense of the esteem wherein you are held; and, I openly confess, with considerable anxiety that you may approve, and that your name may sanction and assist my efforts.

"In strictness perhaps I ought to have solicited your permission to do this; but, with the wishes I have expressed, and conscious of the rectitude of my motives, I persuade myself that you will see I could not afford to hazard your declining, from private feelings, a public testimony of unfeigned respect, from a humble and unknown individual.

"I am, sir, your most obedient

And sincerely devoted servant,

"SAMUEL RICHARD JACKSON.

"Sept. 29, 1826."

Mr. Jackson has other offspring besides the productions of his muse, and their infant voices may be imagined to proclaim in plain prose that the present volume, and it is a volume—a hundred pages in full sized octavo—is published for the author, by Messrs. Sherwood and Co. "price 4s. in boards."—Kind-hearted readers will take the hint.

PULPIT CLOCKS, AND HOUR  
GLASSES.

In the annals of Dunstable Priory is this item: "In 1483, made a *clock* over the pulpit."

A stand for a *hour-glass* still remains in many pulpits. A rector of Bibury used to preach two hours, regularly turning the *glass*. After the text, the esquire of the parish withdrew, smoked his pipe, and returned to the blessing. Lecturers' pulpits have also hour-glasses. The priest had sometimes a *watch* found him by the parish.\*

\* Fosbroke's British Monachism.

Easter.

RESTORATION OF THE CATHOLIC  
RELIGION IN FRANCE.

The catholic religion was that in which the French were brought up; and they were, from habit at least, if not from conviction, attached to it: so far was its overthrow from meeting with the general approbation and concurrence of the nation, that if it was acquiesced in for a time, it was merely from a feeling of inability to avert the blow; and the persecution which it experienced only served, as all persecution does, to endear the object of it more strongly to them.

Such would have been the effect, even if the attempt made had only been to substitute by force some other mode of faith in its place; but when the question was to annihilate religion itself, no sane mind could possibly dream of ultimate success. The sense of dependence upon some unseen power far above our comprehension, is a principle inherent in human nature;—no nation has yet been discovered, how remote soever from civilisation in its customs and manners, in which some ideas of a power superior to all earthly ones were not to be found.

The French are generally characterised as fond of novelty, and always seeking after it with eagerness; and yet, however paradoxical it may appear, it is no less true, that in many respects no people adhere more tenaciously to ancient habits and customs. Nothing contributed so essentially to the final overthrow of the violent revolutionists—no, not even the horror excited by the torrents of blood which they shed—as their endeavouring all at once to deprive the people of many habits and customs which they particularly cherished; nor did any thing contribute more strongly to Bonaparte's power, than his restoring them.

These reflections were suggested to Miss Plumtre by one of the most remarkable scenes that occurred while she was at Paris—the procession to the church of Notre-Dame, on *Easter Sunday*, for the public restoration of the catholic worship. The free exercise of their religion had been for several months allowed to the people, and the churches, which had long been shut, were reopened; but this was the first occasion on which the constituted authorities had, as a body, assisted in any religious ceremony. As to the reestablishment of religion being grateful to the

people, not a doubt remained in her mind ; every opportunity which had been afforded her of investigating the matter, since she first landed in France, had given her so strong a conviction of it, that it could not be increased by any thing she was about to witness. But another experiment which was to be made on the occasion was a greater subject of curiosity ; and this was, that the procession and ceremonies were to be in some sort a revival of the ancient court splendour and pageantry.

Deeply impressed with this kind of curiosity, and knowing that the only way to be fully informed of the sentiments of the people was to make one among them, she and her friends took their stations in the square before the great entrance to the Palais-royal, where a double rank of soldiers formed a lane to keep a passage clear for the procession. They procured chairs from a neighbouring house, which served as seats till the cavalcade began, and then they stood on them to see it pass. She describes the ceremonies in the following manner.

The square was thronged with people, and we could with the utmost facility attend to the sentiments uttered by the circle round us. The restoration of religion seemed to engage but a small part of their attention—that was an idea so familiar to them, that it had almost ceased to excite emotion ; but they were excessively occupied by speculations on the procession, which report had said was to be one of the most magnificent sights ever seen in France, at least since the banishment of royalty with all its brilliant train of appendages.

At length it began :—It consisted first of about five thousand of the consular guard, part infantry, part cavalry ; next followed the carriages of the senate, the legislative body, the tribunate, and all the public officers, with those of the foreign ambassadors, and some private carriages. After these came the eight beautiful cream-coloured horses which had been just before presented to Bonaparte by the king of Spain, each led by a young Mameluke, in the costume of his country ; and then Roustan, Bonaparte's Mameluke, friend, and attendant, upon all occasions. Then came the coach with the three consuls, drawn by eight horses, with three footmen behind, who, with the coachmen, were all in rich liveries, green velvet laced with gold, and bags : the servants of some of the great public officers were also in bags and liveries. About a hundred dragoons

following the consular carriage closed the procession.

A sort of cynical philosopher who stood near us made a wry face every now and then, as the procession passed, and once or twice muttered in his teeth, *Qui est-ce qui peut dire que cet homme là n'a point de l'ostentation ?* "Who will pretend to say that this man is not ostentatious?" But the multitude, after having been lavish of "*charmant !*" "*superbe !*" "*magnifique !*" and other the like epithets, to all that preceded the consular carriage, at last, when they saw that appear with the eight horses, and the rich liveries and bags, gave a general shout, and exclaimed, *Ah, voilà encore la bourse et la livrée !—oh, comme ça est beau !—Comme ça fait plaisir ! voilà ! qui commence véritablement un peu à prendre couleur !* "Ah ! see there again the bag and the livery !—Oh, how handsome that is !—What pleasure it gives to see it !—This begins indeed to assume something like an appearance !" Nor in the pleasure they felt at the revival of this parade, did the idea seem once to intrude itself, of examining into the birth of him who presided over it, or his pretensions to being their chief magistrate : it was enough that their ancient hobby-horse was restored, and it was matter of indifference to them by whom the curb which guided it was held. Among those whom I had a more particular opportunity of observing, was a well-dressed and respectable-looking man, about the middle age, who from his appearance might be supposed some creditable tradesman. He had been standing by me for some time before the procession began, and we had entered into conversation ; he was eloquent in his eulogium of Bonaparte, for having made such an extraordinary progress in calming the spirit of faction, which had long harassed the country ; and particularly he spoke with exultation of his having so entirely silenced the Jacobins, that there appeared every reason to hope that their influence was fallen, never to rise again. He was among the most eager in his expressions of admiration of the procession ; and at the conclusion of it, turning to me, he said, with a very triumphant air and manner, *Comme les Jacobins seront hêbété de tout ceci.* "How the Jacobins will be cast down with all this !"

While the procession was passing, the remarks were confined to general exclamation, as the objects that presented themselves struck the fancy of the spectators ; but when all was gone by, comparisons in

abundance began to fly about, between the splendour here displayed, and the mean appearance of every thing during the reign of Jacobinism, which all ended to the disadvantage of the latter, and the advantage of the present system: *Tout étoit si mesquine dans ce tems là—Ceci est digne d'une nation telle que la France.* "Every thing was so mean in those days—This is worthy of such a nation as France." Some, who were too much behind to have seen the consular carriage, were eager in their inquiries about it. They could see, and had admired, the bags and liveries, but they could not tell what number of horses there were to the carriage; and they learned, with great satisfaction, that there were eight. *Ah, c'est bien,* they said, *c'est comme autrefois—enfin nous reconnoissons notre pays.* "Ah, 'tis well—'tis as formerly—at length we can recognise our own country again." And then the troops—never was any thing seen *plus superbe, plus magnifique*—and they were all French, no Swiss guards. Here the *ancien régime* came in for a random stroke.

After discussing these things for a while, the assembly dispersed into different parts of the town, some going towards the church, to try whether any thing further was to be seen there; but most went to walk in the gardens of the Tuilleries, and other parts, to see the preparations for the illumination in the evening, and thus pass the time away till the procession was likely to return. We employed ourselves in this manner; and, after walking about for near two hours, resumed our former stations. Here we saw the procession return in the same order that it had gone; when it was received with similar notes of approbation. In the evening there was a concert for the public in the gardens of the Tuilleries, and the principal theatres were opened to the public gratis. The chateau and gardens of the Tuilleries were brilliantly illuminated, as were the public offices and the theatres, and there were fireworks in different parts of the town.

A very striking thing observable in this day, was the strong contrast presented between a great gathering together of the people in France and in England; and I must own that this contrast was not to the advantage of my own fellow-countrymen. On such occasions honest John Bull thinks he does not show the true spirit of liberty, unless he jostles, squeezes, elbows, and pushes his neighbours about as much as possible. Among the Parisian populace, on the contrary, there is a peaceableness of

demeanour, a spirit of order, and an endeavour in each individual to accommodate his neighbour, which I confess I thought far more pleasing—shall I not say also more civilized—than honest John's freeborn elbowing and pushing. All the liberty desired by a Frenchman on such occasions, is that of walking about quietly to observe all that passes, and of imparting his observations and admiration to his neighbour; for talk he must—he would feel no pleasure unless he had some one to whom his feelings could be communicated.

We went the next morning to see the decorations of Nôtre-Dame, before they were taken down. All that could be done to give the church a tolerable appearance had been effected; and when full of company its dilapidated state might perhaps be little seen; but empty, that was still very conspicuous. The three consuls sat together under a canopy, Bonaparte in the middle, with Cambaceres on his right hand, and Lebrun on his left. Opposite to them sat cardinal Caprara, the pope's legate, under a corresponding canopy.

A very curious circumstance attending this solemnity was, that the sermon was preached by the very same person who had preached the sermon at Rheims on the coronation of Louis XVI., Monsieur Boisgelin, then archbishop of Aix, in Provence, now archbishop of Tours. His discourse was allowed by all who heard it to be a very judicious one. He did not enter into politics, or launch into fulsome flattery of those in power; but dwelt principally on the necessity of an established religion, not only as a thing right in itself, but as essential to the preservation of good morals among the people—illustrating his argument by the excesses into which they had been led during the temporary abandonment of religion, and bestowing commendation upon those by whom it had been restored.\*

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EASTER AT PORTAFERRY, BELFAST, &c.

*For the Table Book.*

On Easter Monday several hundred of young persons of the town and neighbourhood of Portaferry, county of Down, resort, dressed in their best, to a pleasant walk near that town, called "The Walter." The avowed object of each person is to see the fun, which consists in the men kissing the females, without reserve, whether married

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\* Miss Plumptre.

or single. This mode of salutation is quite a matter of course; it is never taken amiss, nor with much show of coyness; the female must be very ordinary indeed, who returns home without having received at least a dozen hearty busses. Tradition is silent as to the origin of this custom, which of late years is on the decline, especially in the respectability of the attendants.

On the same day several thousands of the working classes of the town and vicinity of Belfast, county of Antrim, resort to the Cave-hill, about three miles distant, where the day is spent in dancing, jumping, running, climbing the rugged rocks, and drinking. Here many a rude brawl takes place; many return home with black eyes and bloody noses, and in some cases with broken bones. Indeed it is with them the greatest holiday of the year, and to not a few it furnishes laughable treats to talk about, till the return of the following spring. On this evening a kind of dramatic piece is usually brought forward at the Belfast theatre, called "The Humours of the Cave-hill."

S. M. S.

#### OLD MAP OF SCOTLAND.

In the year 1545 was published at Antwerp, the *Cosmography* of Peter Apianus, "expurgated from all faults," by Gemma Frisius, a physician and mathematician of Louvain. It is sufficient to say, that in this correct "expurgated" work, Scotland is an *island*, of which *York* is one of the chief cities.\*

#### PEN BEHIND THE EAR—PAPER.

The custom of carrying a pen behind the ear, lately common, is ancient. In the life of S. Odo is the following passage: "He saw a pen sticking above his ear, in the manner of a writer."

Mabillon says, that he could find no paper books more ancient than the tenth century: but the pen made of a feather was certainly common in the seventh century; and though ascribed to the classical ancients, by Montfaucon's mistaking a passage of Juvenal, it is first mentioned by Adrian de Valois, a writer of the fifth century. This rather precedes Beckmann, who places the first certain account of it to Isadore.†

\* Fosbroke's *British Monachism*.

† *Ibid.*

## Suburban Sonnets.

### IV.

#### HAMPSTEAD.

HAMPSTEAD! I doubly venerate thy name,

Because 'twas in thy meadows that I grew  
Enamour'd of that literary fame

Which youthful poets eagerly pursue,  
And first beheld that beauty-beaming form,

Which death too quickly tore from my embrace,  
That peerless girl, whose blushes were as warm  
As ever glow'd upon a virgin face!

Hence, lovely village! I am still thy debtor,

For pleasures now irrevocably flown—

For that transcendent maid, who, when I met her,

Along thy meadows musing, and alone,

Look'd like a spirit from the realms above,

Sent down to prove the sov'reignty of Love!

### V.

#### THE NEW RIVER.

Thou pleasant river! in the summer time

About thy margin I delight to stray,

Persuing Byron's captivating rhyme,

And drinking inspiration from his lay!

For there is something in thy placid stream

That gives a keener relish to his song,

And makes the spirit of his numbers seem

More fascinating as I move along:—

There is besides upon thy waves a moral,

With which it were ridiculous to quarrel;

For, like the current of our lives, they flow

Thro' multifarious channels, till they go

Down into darkness, and preserve no more

The "form and feature" they possess'd before!

### VI.

#### MINERVA TERRACE, ISLINGTON.

YE, who are anxious for a "country seat,"

Pure air, green meadows, and suburban views,

Rooms snug and light, not over large, but neat,

And gardens water'd with refreshing dews,

May find a spot adapted to your taste,

Near *Barnsbury-park*, or rather *Barnsbury-town*,

Where ev'ry thing looks elegant and chaste,

And wealth reposes on a bed of down!

I, therefore, strongly recommend to those

Who want a pure and healthy situation,

To choose *MINERVA TERRACE*, and repose

'Midst prospects worthy of their admiration;—

How long they'll last is quite another thing,

Not longer, perhaps, than the approaching spring!

J. G.

*Islington, March 25, 1827.*



### London Cries.

"Buy a fine singing-bird!"

The *criers* of singing birds are extinct: we have only the *bird-sellers*. This engraving, therefore, represents a by-gone character: it is from a series of etchings called the "Cries of London," by Marcellus Lauron, a native of the Hague, where he was born in 1653. He came to England with his father, by whom he was instructed in painting. He drew correctly, studied nature diligently, copied it closely, and so surpassed his contemporaries in drapery, that sir Godfrey Kneller employed him to clothe his portraits. He likewise excelled in imitating the different styles of eminent masters, executed conversation pieces of considerable merit, and died at London in 1705. His "London Cries" render his name familiar, on account of the popularity which these performances still possess, and there being among them likenesses of several "remarkable people" of the times. "Lauron's Cries" are well known to collectors, with whom the portrait of a pedlar, if a "*mentioned print*," is quite as covetable as a peer's.

Mr. Fenn of East Dereham, Norfolk, writing to the Rev. Mr. Granger, who was the Linnæus of "engraved British portraits," sends him a *private* etching or two of a "Mr. Orde's doing," and says, "He is a fellow of King's College, Cambridge, and is exceedingly lucky in taking off any peculiarity of person. Mr. Orde is a gentleman of family and fortune, and in these etchings makes his genius a conveyance of his charity, as he gives the profits arising from the local sale of the impressions in the University, to the originals from whom he draws his likenesses.—Randal, the orangeman, got enough by the sale of himself to equip himself from head to foot: he always calls his oranges, &c. by some name corresponding to the time he sells them; as, at the commencement, *Commencement* oranges; at a musical entertainment, *Oratorio* oranges. By this humour he is known throughout the University, where he is generally called *Dr. Randal*. His likeness, manner, and gait, are exactly taken off.—The Clare-hall fruit-woman too

is very striking, as indeed are all the etchings.\*

Mr. Malcolm tells of a negro-man abroad, who cried "balloon lemons, quality oranges, quality lemons, holiday limes, with a certain peculiarity, and whimsicality, that recommended him to a great deal of custom. He adventured in a lottery, obtained a prize of five thousand dollars, became raving mad, through excess of joy, and died in a few days."

Lauron's "London Cries" will be further noticed: in the mean time it may suffice to say, that this is the season wherein a few kidnappers of the feathered tribe walk about with their little prisoners, and tempt young fanciers to "buy a fine singing bird."

April 9, 1827. \*

## Garrick Plays.

### No. XIV.

[From the "Arraignment of Paris," a Dramatic Pastoral, by George Peel, 1584.]

*Flora dresses Ida Hill, to honour the coming of the Three Goddesses.*

*Flora.* Not Iris in her pride and bravery  
Adorns her Arch with such variety;  
Nor doth the Milk-white Way in frosty night  
Appear so fair and beautiful in sight,  
As done these fields, and groves, and sweetest bowers,  
Bestrew'd and deck'd with parti-colour'd flowers,  
Along the bubbling brooks, and silver glide,  
That at the bottom doth in silence slide,  
The watery flowers and lilies on the banks  
Like blazing comets burgeon all in ranks;  
Under the hawthorn and the poplar tree,  
Where sacred Phœbe may delight to be:  
The primrose, and the purple hyacinth,  
The dainty violet, and the wholesome minth;  
The double daisy, and the cowslip (Queen  
Of summer flowers), do over-peer the green;  
And round about the valley as ye pass,  
Ye may ne see (for peeping flowers) the grass.—  
They are at hand by this.  
Juno hath left her chariot long ago,  
And hath return'd her peacocks by her Rainbow;  
And bravely, as becomes the Wife of Jove,  
Doth honour by her presence to our grove:  
Fair Venus she hath let her sparrows fly,  
To tend on her, and make her melody;  
Her turtles and her swans unyoked be,  
And flicker near her side for company:  
Pallas hath set her tigers loose to feed,

Commanding them to wait when she hath need:  
And hitherward with proud and stately pace,  
To do us honour in the sylvan chace,  
They march, like to the pomp of heav'n above,  
Juno, the Wife and Sister of King Jove,  
The warlike Pallas, and the Queen of Love.

*The Muses, and Country Gods, assemble to welcome the Goddesses.*

*Pomona.* — with country store like friends we  
venture forth.

Think'st, Faunus, that these Goddesses will take our  
gifts in worth?

*Faunus.* Nay, doubtless; for, 'shall tell thee, Dame,  
'twere better give a thing,

A sign of love, unto a mighty person, or a King,  
Than to a rude and barbarous swain both bad and  
basely born:

FOR GENTLY TAKES THE GENTLEMAN THAT OFT THE  
CLOWN WILL SCORN.

### The Welcoming Song.

*Country Gods.* O Ida, O Ida, O Ida, happy hill!  
This honour done to Ida may it continue still!

*Muses.* Ye Country Gods, that in this Ida wonne,  
Bring down your gifts of welcome,  
For honour done to Ida.

*Gods.* Behold in sign of joy we sing,  
And signs of joyfnl welcome bring,  
For honour done to Ida.

*Pan.* The God of Shepherds, and his mates,  
With country cheer salutes your States:  
Fair, wise, and worthy, as you be!  
And thank the gracious Ladies Three,  
For honour done to Ida.

### Paris. Cœnone.

*Paris.* Cœnone, while we bin disposed to walk,  
Tell me, what shall be subject of our talk.  
Thou hast a sort of pretty tales in store;  
'Dare say no nymph in Ida's woods hath more.  
Again, beside thy sweet alluring face,  
In telling them thou hast a special grace.  
Then prithee, sweet, afford some pretty thing,  
Some toy that from thy pleasant wit doth spring.

*Cœn.* Paris, my heart's contentment, and my choice,  
Use thou thy pipe, and I will use my voice;  
So shall thy just request not be denied,  
And time well spent, and both be satisfied.

*Paris.* Well, gentle nymph, although thou do me  
wrong,  
That can ne tune my pipe unto a song,  
Me list this once, Cœnone, for thy sake,  
This idle task on me to undertake.

*(They sit under a tree together.)*

*Cœn.* And whereon then shall be my roundelay?  
For thou hast heard my store long since, 'dare say—

\* Letters between Rev. J. Granger, &c.

How Saturn did divide his kingdom tho'  
 To Jove, to Neptune, and to Dis below :  
 How mighty men made foul successful war  
 Against the Gods, and State of Jupiter :  
 How Phorcyas' 'ympe, that was too trick and fair,  
 That tangled Neptune in her golden hair,  
 Became a Gorgon for her lewd misdeed ;—  
 A pretty fable, Paris, for to read ;  
 A piece of cunning, trust me, for the nonce,  
 That wealth and beauty alter men to stones :  
 How Salmacis, resembling Idleness,  
 Turns men to women all thro' wantonness :  
 How Pluto raught Queen Pluto's daughter thence,  
 And what did follow of that love-offence :  
 Of Daphne turn'd into the Laurel Tree,  
 That shews a myrror of virginity :  
 How fair Narcissus, tooting on his shade,  
 Reproves disdain, and tells how form doth vade :  
 How cunning Philomela's needle tells,  
 What force in love, what wit in sorrow, dwells :  
 What pains unhappy Souls abide in Hell,  
 They say, because on Earth they lived not well,—  
 Ixion's wheel, proud Tantal's pining woe,  
 Prometheus' torment, and a many moe ;  
 How Danaus' daughters ply their endless task ;  
 What toil the toil of Sisyphus doth ask.  
 All these are old, and known, I know ; yet, if thou wilt  
 have any,  
 Chuse some of these ; for, trust me else, Ænone hath  
 not many.

Paris. Nay, what thou wilt ; but since my cunning  
 not compares with thine,  
 Begin some toy that I can play upon this pipe of mine.  
 Æn. There is a pretty Sonnet then, we call it  
 CUPID'S CURSE :  
 "They that do change old love for new, pray Gods they  
 change for worse."

(They sing.)

Æn. Fair, and fair, and twice so fair,  
 As fair as any may be,  
 The fairest shepherd on our green,  
 A Love for any Lady.

Paris. Fair, and fair, and twice so fair,  
 As fair as any may be,  
 Thy Love is fair for thee alone,  
 And for no other Lady.

Æn. My Love is fair, my Love is gay,  
 And fresh as bin the flowers in May,  
 And of my Love my roundelay,  
 My merry, merry, merry roundelay,  
 Concludes with Cupid's Curse :  
 They that do change old love for new,  
 Pray Gods they change for worse.

Both. { Fair, and fair, &c. } (repeated.)  
 { Fair, and fair, &c. }

Æn. My Love can pipe, my Love can sing,  
 My Love can many a pretty thing,  
 And of his lovely praises ring  
 My merry, merry, merry roundelays :

Amen to Cupid's Curse :  
 They that do change old love for new,  
 Pray Gods they change for worse.

Both. { Fair, and fair, &c. } (repeated.)  
 { Fair, and fair, &c. }

TO MY ESTEEMED FRIEND, AND EXCELLENT  
 MUSICIAN, V. N., ESQ.

DEAR SIR,

I conjure you in the name of all the  
 Sylvan Deities, and of the Muses, whom  
 you honour, and they reciprocally love and  
 honour you,—rescue this old and passion-  
 ate *Ditty*—the very flower of an old *for-  
 gotten Pastoral*, which had it been in all  
 parts equal, the Faithful Shepherdess of  
 Fletcher had been but a second name in  
 this sort of Writing—rescue it from the  
 profane hands of every common Composer :  
 and in one of your tranquildest moods,  
 when you have most leisure from those sad  
 thoughts, which sometimes unworthily beset  
 you ; yet a mood, in itself not unallied to  
 the better sort of melancholy ; laying by  
 for once the lofty Organ, with which you  
 shake the Temples ; attune, as to the Pipe  
 of Paris himself, to some milder and more  
 love-according instrument, this pretty  
 Courtship between Paris and his (then-not  
 as yet-forsaken) Ænone. Oblige me ; and  
 all more knowing Judges of Music and of  
 Poesy ; by the adaptation of fit musical  
 numbers, which it only wants to be the  
 rarest Love Dialogue in our language.

Your Implorer,  
 C. L.

## Etymology.

"For the NONCE."

The original of *nonce*, an old word used  
 by George Peel, is uncertain : it signi-  
 fies purpose, intent, design.

I saw a wolf  
 Nursing two whelps ; I saw her little ones  
 In wanton dalliance the teat to crave,  
 While she her neck wreath'd from them for the NONCE.  
*Spenser.*

They used at first to fume the fish in a house built  
 for the NONCE.

*Crew.*

When in your motion you are hot,  
 And that he calls for drink, I'll have prepared him  
 A chalice for the NONCE.

*Shakespeare.*

Such a light and metall'd dance ;  
Saw you never ;  
And they lead men for the NONCE,  
That turn round like grindle stones.

*Ben Jonson.*

A voider for the NONCE,  
I wrong the devil should I pick their bones.

*Cleaveland.*

Coming ten times for the NONCE,  
I never yet could see it flow but once.

*Cotton.*

These authorities, adduced by Dr. Johnson, Mr. Archdeacon Nares conceives to have sufficiently explained the meaning of the word, which, though obsolete, is still "provincially current." He adds, that it is sometimes written *noncs*, and exemplifies the remark by these quotations :—

The mask of Monkes, devised for the *noncs*.

*Mirror for Magistrates.*

And cunningly contrived them for the *noncs*  
In likely rings of excellent device.

*Drayton.*

We also find "for the *noncs*" in Chaucer.

\*

morning to be a full house, and I very well recollect that Tom Holderd, General Bibo, Roger Bags, Duke Walker, Town Gate Jack, and Bill Cliff of Botany,\* all of whom are since dead, were present. After the members had waited a long time, without the accustomed "folio of four pages" making its appearance, general Bibo arose and turning to the speaker, who in pensive melancholy was reclining on the anvil, he thus addressed him :—

"Mr. Speaker, I am convinced that the mail will not arrive to day, (hear ! hear !) and therefore, that the members of this honourable house may not, at the hour of twelve, which is fast approaching, go home to their dinners without having something to communicate to their wives and families, I will, with your permission, relate one of those numerous legendary tales, with which our romantic district so much abounds—May I do so?"

Kitty upon this gave the anvil a thundering knock, which was his usual signal of assent, and the general proceeded to relate the full particulars, from which is extracted the following

## Legend.

It was the 14th day of July, in the year 17—, when the corpse of a villager was interred in the romantic church-yard of Kirby Malhamdale. The last prayer of the sublime burial service of the English church was said, and the mourners had taken a last lingering look at the narrow tenement which enshrined mortality. All had departed, with the exception of the sexton, a village lad of the name of Kitchen, and a soldier, whose long, flowing, silvery hair and time-worn frame bespoke a very advanced age; he was seated on a neighbouring stone. The grave was not entirely filled up, and a scull, the melancholy remnant of some former occupier of the same narrow cell, was lying beside it. Kitchen took up the scull, and gazed on the sockets, eyeless *then*, but which had contained orbs, that perhaps had reflected the beam sent from beauty's eye, glowed with fury on the battle-field, or melted at the tale of compassion. The old soldier observed the boy, and approaching him said, "Youth! *that* belonged to one who died soon after the reign of queen Mary. His name was Thompson, he was a military man, and as mischievous a fellow as ever existed—ay,

## THE BANQUET OF THE DEAD, OR GENERAL BIBO'S TALE.

### A LEGEND OF KIRBY MALHAMDALE CHURCH-YARD, CRAVEN, YORKSHIRE.

*For the Table Book.*

Come all ye jovial farmers bold, and damsels sweet  
and fair,

And listen unto me awhile a doleful tale you'll hear.

*Bloody Squire, or Derbyshire Tragedy.*

#### PROEM.

On Sheep-street-hill, in the town of Skipton, in Craven, is a blacksmith's-shop, commonly called "the parliament-house." During the late war it was the resort of all the eccentric characters in the place, who were in the habit of assembling there for the purpose of talking over the political events of the day, the knowledge whereof was gleaned from a daily paper, taken in by Mr. Kitty Cook, the occupier of the premises, and to the support of which the various members contributed. One winter's morning in the year 1814, owing to a very heavy snow, the mail was detained on its road to the great discomfiture and vexation of the respectable parliamentary members, who were all as usual at their posts at the hour of nine. There happened on that

\* The Saint Giles's of Skipton, where the lower order of inhabitants generally reside.



for many a long year he was a plague to Kirby Malhamdale."

"Then," replied the boy, "doubtless his death was a benefit, as by it the inhabitants of the valley would be rid from a pest."

"Why, as to that point," answered the veteran, "I fear you are in the wrong. Thompson's reign is not yet finished; 'tis whispered he often returns and visits the scenes of his childhood, nay, even plays his old tricks over again. It is by no means improbable, that at this very instant he is at no great distance, and listening to our conversation."

"What," ejaculated the boy, "he will neither rest himself nor allow other people to do so, the old brute!" and he kicked the scull from him.

"Boy," said the soldier, "you dare not do that again."

"Why not?" asked Kitchen, giving it at the same time another kick.

"Kick it again," said the soldier.

The boy did so.

The veteran smiled grimly, as if pleased with the spirit which the boy manifested, and said, in a joking way, "Now take up that scull, and say to it—Let the owner of this meet me at the midnight hour, and invite me to a banquet spread on yon green stone by his bony fingers—

Come ghost, come devil,

Come good, come evil,

Or let old Thompson himself appear,

For I will partake of his midnight cheer."\*

Kitchen, laughing with the glee of a schoolboy, and with the thoughtlessness incident to youth, repeated the ridiculous lines after his director, and then leaving the church-yard vaulted over the stile leading to the school-house, where, rejoining his companions, he quickly forgot the scene wherein he had been engaged; indeed it impressed him so little, that he never mentioned the circumstance to a single individual.

The boy at his usual hour of ten retired to rest, and soon fell into a deep slumber, from which he was roused by some one rattling the latch of his door, and singing beneath his window. He arose and opened the casement. It was a calm moonlight

night, and he distinctly discerned the old soldier, who was rapping loudly at the door, and chanting the elegant stanzas he had repeated at the grave of the villager.

"And what pray now may you be wanting at this time of night?" asked the boy, wholly undaunted by the strangeness of the visitation. "If you cannot lie in bed yourself, you ought to allow others to rest."

"What," replied the old man, "hast thou so soon forgotten thy promise?" and he repeated the lines "*Come good, come evil, &c.*"

Kitchen laughed at again hearing the jingle of these ridiculous rhymes, which to him seemed to be "such as nurses use to frighten babes withal." At this the soldier's countenance assumed a peculiar expression, and the full gaze of his dark eye, which appeared to glow with something inexpressibly wild and unearthly, was bent upon the boy, who, as he encountered it, felt an indescribable sensation steal over him, and began to repent of his incautious levity. After a short silence the stranger again addressed him, but in tones so hollow and sepulchral, that his youthful blood was chilled, and his heart beat strongly and quickly in his bosom.

"Boy, thy word must be kept! Promises made with the grave are not to be lightly broken—

"Amidst the cold graves of the coffin'd dead

Is the table deck'd and the banquet spread;

Then haste thee thither without delay,

For nigh is the time, away! away!"

"Then be it as you wish," said the boy, in some slight degree resuming his courage; "go; I will follow." On hearing this the soldier departed, and Kitchen watched his figure till it was wholly lost in the mists of the night.

\* \* \* \* \*

At a short distance from Kirby Malhamdale church, on the banks of the Aire, was a small cottage, the residence of the Rev. Mr. ———, the rector of the parish. [General Bibb mentioned his name, but I shall not, for if I did some of his descendants might address themselves to the *Table Book*, and contradict the story of their ancestor having been engaged in so strange an adventure as that contained in the sequel of this legend.] Mr. ——— had from his earliest years been addicted to scientific and literary pursuits, and was generally in his study till a late hour. On this eventful night he was sitting at a table, strewed with divers ancient tomes, intently perusing an old Genevan edition of the

\* Should any reader of this day find fault with the inelegant manner in which the dialogue is carried on between Kitchen and the soldier, in defence I beg leave to say, the dialogue is told as general Bibb related it, and though in many parts of the tale I have made so many alterations, that I should not be guilty of any impropriety in calling it an original: I do not consider myself authorized to change the dialogues occasionally introduced.

Institutes of John Calvin. While thus employed, and buried in profound meditation, the awful and death-like stillness was broken, and he was roused from his reverie by a hurried and violent knocking at the door. He started from his chair, and rushing out to ascertain the cause of this strange interruption, beheld Kitchen with a face as pale as a winding-sheet. "Kitchen, what brings you here at this untimely hour?" asked the clergyman. The boy was silent, and appeared under the influence of extreme terror. Mr. ———, on repeating the question, had a confused and indistinct account given him of all the circumstances. The relation finished, Mr. ——— looked at the boy, and thus addressed him: "Yes, I thought some evil would come of your misdeeds; for some time past your conduct has been very disorderly, you having long set a bad example to the lads of Malhamdale. But this is no time for upbraiding. I will accompany you, and together we will abide the result of your rash engagement."

Mr. ——— and the boy left the rectory, and proceeded along the road leading to the church-yard; as they entered the sacred precinct, the clock of the venerable pile told the hour of midnight. It was a beautiful night—scarcely a cloud broke the cerulean appearance of the heavens—countless stars studded heaven's deep blue vault—the moon was glowing in her highest lustre, and shed a clear light on the old grey church tower and the distant hills—scarcely a breeze stirred the trees, then in their fullest foliage—every inmate of the village-inn\* was at rest—there was not a sound, save the murmuring of the lone mountain river, and the deep-toned baying of the watchful sheep-dog.

Mr. ——— looked around, but, seeing no one, said to the boy, "Surely you have been dreaming—your tale is some illusion, some chimera of the brain. The occurrences of the day have been embodied in your visions, and the over excitement created by the scene at the tomb has worked upon your imagination."

"Oh no, sir!" said Kitchen, "but his eyes which glared so fearfully upon me could not have been a deception. I saw his tall figure, and heard his hollow sepulchral voice sing those too well-remembered lines,

but—Heavens! did you not see it?" He started, and drawing nearer to the priest, pointed to the eastern window of the edifice. Mr. ——— looked in the direction, and saw a dark shadowy form gliding amid the tombstones. It approached, and as its outline became more distinctly marked, he recognised the mysterious being described to him in his study by the terrified boy.—The figure stopped, and looking long and earnestly at them said, "One! two! How is this? I have one more guest than I invited; but it matters not, all is ready, follow me—

"Amidst the cold graves of the coffin'd dead,  
Is the table deck'd and the banquet spread."

The figure waved its arm impatiently, and beckoning them to follow moved on in the precise and measured step of an old soldier. Having reached the eastern window, it turned the corner of the building, and proceeded directly to the old green stone, near Thompson's grave. The thick branches of an aged yew-tree partially shaded the spot from the silver moonlight, which was peacefully falling on the neighbouring graves, and gave to this particular one a more sombre and melancholy character than the rest. Here was, indeed, a table spread, and its festive preparations formed a striking contrast with the awful mementos strewed around. Never in the splendid and baronial halls of De Clifford,\* never in the feudal mansion of the Nortons,† nor in the refectory of the monks of Sawley, had a more substantial banquet been spread. Nothing was wanting there of roast or boiled—the stone was plentifully decked; yet it was a fearful sight to see, where till now but the earthworm had ever revelled, a banquet prepared as for revelry. The boy looked on the stone, and as he gazed on the smoking viands a strange thought crossed his brow—at what fire were those provisions cooked. The seats placed around were coffins, and Kitchen every instant seemed to dread lest their owners should appear, and join the sepulchral banquet. Their ghostly host having placed himself at the head of the table, motioned his guests to do the same, and they did so accordingly. Mr. ——— then in his clerical character rose to ask the accustomed blessing, when he was interrupted. "It cannot be," said the stranger as he rose; "I cannot hear at my board a pro-

\* In Kirby Malhamdale church-yard is a public-house, verifying the lines of the satirist:—

Where God erects a house of prayer,  
The devil builds a chapel there.

\* Skipton-castle.

† Rylstone-hall. See Wordsworth's beautiful poem the White Doe.

testant grace. When I trod the earth as a mortal, the catholic religion was the religion of the land! It was the blessed faith of my forefathers, and it was mine. Within those walls I have often listened to the solemnization of the mass, but now how different! listen!" He ceased. The moon was overcast by a passing cloud, the great bell tolled, a screech-owl flew from the tower, lights were seen in the building, and through one of the windows Mr. ——— beheld distinctly the bearings of the various hatchments, and a lambent flame playing over the monument of the Lamberts — music swelled through the aisles, and unseen beings with voices wilder than the unmeasured notes

Of that strange lyre, whose strings  
The genii of the breezes sweep,

chanted not a *Gratias agimus*, but a *De Profundis*. All was again still, and the stranger spoke, "What you have heard is my grace. Is not a *De Profundis* the most proper one to be chanted at the banquet of the dead?"

Mr. ———, who was rather an epicure, now glanced his eye over the board, and finding that that necessary appendage to a good supper, *salt*, was wanting, said, in an astonished tone, "Why, where's the *salt*?" when immediately the stranger and his feast vanished, and of all that splendid banquet nothing remained, save the mossy stone whereon it was spread.

Such was the purport of general Bibo's tale; and why those simple words had so wondrous an effect has long been a subject of dispute with the illuminati of Skipton and Malhamdale. Many are the conjectures, but the most probable one is this,—the spectre on hearing the word *salt* was perhaps reminded of the Red Sea, and having, like all sensible ghosts, a dislike to that awful and tremendous gulf, thought the best way to avoid being laid there was to make as precipitate a retreat as possible.

Kirby, or as it is frequently called, Kirby *Malhamdale*, from the name of the beautiful valley in which it is situate, is one of the most sequestered villages in Craven, and well worthy of the attention of the tourist, from the loveliness of its surrounding scenery and its elegant church, which hitherto modern barbarity has left unprofaned by decorations and ornaments, as churchwardens and parish officers style those acts of Vandalism, by which too many of the Cra-

ven churches have been spoiled, and on which Dr. Whitaker has animadverted in pretty severe language. That excellent historian and most amiable man, whose memory will ever be dear to the inhabitants of Craven, speaking of Kirby church, says, "It is a large, handsome, and uniform building of red stone, probably of the age of Henry VII. It has one ornament peculiar, as far as I recollect, to the churches in Craven, to which the Tempests were benefactors. Most of the columns have in the west side, facing the congregation as they turned to the altar, an elegant niche and tabernacle, once containing the statue of a saint. In the nave lies a grave-stone, with a cross fleury in high relief, of much greater antiquity than the present church, and probably covering one of the canons of Dereham.\*"

At the west end of the church, on each side of the singer's gallery, are two emblematical figures, of modern erection, painted on wood; one of them, Time with his scythe, and this inscription, "Make use of time;" the other is a skeleton, with the inscription "Remember death." With all due deference to the taste of the parishioners, it is my opinion that these paintings are both unsuited to a Christian temple, and the sooner they are removed the better. The gloomy mythology of the Heathens ill accords with the enlightened theology of Christianity.

At the east end of the church are monumental inscriptions to the memory of John Lambert, the son, and John Lambert, the grandson of the well-known general Lambert, of roundhead notoriety. The residence of the Lamberts was Calton-hall, in the neighbourhood; and at Winterburn, a village about two miles from Calton, is one of the oldest Independent chapels in the kingdom, having been erected and endowed by the Lamberts during the usurpation of Cromwell; it is still in possession of this once powerful sect, and *was* a picturesque object: it *had* something of sturdy non-conformity in its appearance, but alas! modern barbarism has been at work on it, and given it the appearance of a respectable barn. The deacons, who "repaired and beautified" it, ought to place their names over the door of the chapel, in characters readable at a mile's distance, that the traveller may be informed by whom the chapel erected by the Lamberts was defamed.

I often have lamented, that ministers of

\* History of Craven.

religion have so little to do with the repairs of places of worship. The clergy of all denominations are, in general, men of cultivated minds and refined tastes, and certainly better qualified to superintend alterations than country churchwardens and parish officers, who, though great pretenders to knowledge, are usually ignorant destroyers of the beauty of the edifices confided to their care.

T. Q. M.

April, 1827.

### SALT.

The conjecture of T. Q. M. concerning the disappearance of the spectre-host, and the breaking up of the nocturnal banquet, in the church-yard of Kirby Malhamdale, is ingenious, and entitled to the notice of the curious in spectral learning: but it may be as well to consider whether the *point* of the legend may not be further illustrated.

According to Moresin, *salt* not being liable to putrefaction, and preserving things seasoned with it from decay, was the emblem of eternity and immortality, and mightily abhorred by infernal spirits. "In reference to this symbolical explication, how beautiful," says Mr. Brand, "is that expression applied to the righteous, 'Ye are the *salt* of the earth!'"

On the custom in Ireland of placing a plate of *salt* over the heart of a dead person, Dr. Campbell supposes, in agreement with Moresin's remark, that the salt was considered the emblem of the incorruptible part; "the body itself," says he, "being the type of corruption."

It likewise appears from Mr. Pennant, that, on the death of a highlander, the friends laid on the breast of the deceased a wooden platter, containing a small quantity of *salt* and earth, separate and unmixed; the earth an emblem of the corruptible body—the salt an emblem of the immortal spirit.

The body's *salt* the soul is, which when gone  
The flesh soone sucks in putrefaction.

Herrick.

The custom of placing a plate of *salt* upon the dead, Mr. Douce says, is still retained in many parts of England, and particularly in Leicestershire; but the pewter plate and salt are laid with an intent to hinder air from getting into the body and distending it, so as to occasion bursting or

inconvenience in closing the coffin. Though this be the reason for the usage at present, yet it is doubtful whether the practice is not a vulgar continuation of the ancient symbolical usage; otherwise, why is *salt* selected?

To these instances of the relation that *salt* bore to the dead, should be annexed Bodin's affirmation, cited by Reginald Scot; namely, that as *salt* "is a sign of eternity, and used by divine commandment in all sacrifices," so "*the devil loveth no salt in his meat.*"—This saying is of itself, perhaps, sufficient to account for the sudden flight of the spectre, and the vanishing of the feast in the church-yard of Kirby Malhamdale on the call for the *salt*.

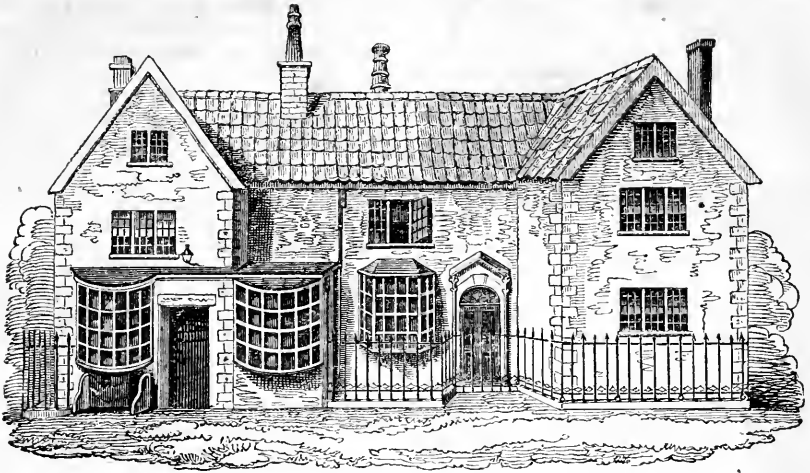
Finally may be added, *salt* from the "Hesperides" of Herrick:—

### TO PERILLA.

Ah, my Perilla! dost thou grieve to see  
Me, day by day, to steal away from thee?  
Age calls me hence, and my gray haire bid come  
And haste away to mine eternal home;  
'Twill not be long, Perilla, after this,  
That I must give thee the supremest kisse:  
Dead when I am, first cast in *salt*, and bring  
Part of the creame from that religious spring,  
With which, Perill'a, wash my hands and feet;  
That done, then wind me in that very sheet  
Which wrapt thy smooth limbs, when thou didst im-  
plore  
The gods protection but the night before;  
Follow me weeping to my turfe, and there  
Let fall a primrose, and with it a teare:  
Then, lastly, let some weekly strewings be  
Devoted to the memory of me;  
Then shall my ghost not walk about, but keep  
Still in the cold and silent shades of sleep.

### A CORPORATION.

Mr. Howel Walsh, in a corporation case tried at the Tralee assizes, observed, that "a corporation cannot blush. It was a body it was true; had certainly a head—a new one every year—an annual acquisition of intelligence in every new lord mayor. Arms he supposed it had, and long ones too, for it could reach at any thing. Legs, of course, when it made such long strides. A throat to swallow the rights of the community, and a stomach to digest them! But whoever yet discovered, in the anatomy of any corporation, either bowels, or a heart?"



## House at Kirkby-Moorside, Yorkshire,

WHEREIN THE SECOND DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM DIED.

In the worst inn's worst room, with mat half-hung,  
 The floors of plaster, and the walls of dung,  
 On once a flock-bed, but repair'd with straw,  
 With tape-ty'd curtains, never meant to draw,  
 The George and Garter dangling from that bed  
 Where tawdry yellow strove with dirty red,  
 Great Villiers lies—alas! how chang'd from him,  
 That life of pleasure, and that soul of whim!  
 Gallant and gay, in Cliveden's proud alcove,  
 The bow'r of wanton Shrewsbury and Love;  
 Or just as gay at council, in a ring  
 Of mimic'd Statesmen, and their merry King.  
 No wit to flatter, 'reft of all his store!  
 No fool to laugh at, which he valued more!  
 There victor of his health, of fortune, friends,  
 And fame; this lord of useess thousands ends.

Pope.

In an amusing and informing topographical tract, written and published by Mr. John Cole of Scarborough, there is the preceding representation of the deathbed-house of the witty and dissipated nobleman, whose name is recorded beneath the engraving. From this, and a brief notice of the duke in a work possessed by most of the readers of the *Table Book*,\* with some extracts from documents, accompanying Mr. Cole's print, an interesting idea may be formed of this nobleman's last thoughts, and the scene wherein he closed his eyes.

The room wherein he died is marked above by a star \* near the window.

Kirkby-Moorside is a market town, about twenty-six miles distant from Scarborough, seated on the river Rye. It was formerly part of the extensive possessions of Villiers, the first duke of Buckingham, who was killed by Felton, from whom it descended with his title to his son, who, after a profligate career, wherein he had wasted his brilliant talents and immense property, repaired to Kirkby-Moorside, and died there in disease and distress.

In a letter to bishop Spratt, dated "Kerby-moor Syde, April 17, 1687," the earl

\* The *Every-Day Book*.

of Arran relates that, being accidentally at York on a journey towards Scotland, and hearing of the duke of Buckingham's illness, he visited him. "He had been long ill of an ague, which had made him weak; but his understanding was as good as ever, and his noble parts were so entire, that though I saw death in his looks at first sight, he would by no means think of it.—I confess it made my heart bleed to see the duke of Buckingham in so pitiful a place, and in so bad a condition.—The doctors told me his case was desperate, and though he enjoyed the free exercise of his senses, that in a day or two at most it would kill him, but they durst not tell him of it; so they put a hard part on me to pronounce death to him, which I saw approaching so fast, that I thought it was high time for him to think of another world.—After having plainly told him his condition, I asked him whom I should send for to be assistant to him during the small time he had to live: he would make me no answer, which made me conjecture, and having formerly heard that he had been inclining to be a Roman Catholic, I asked him if I should send for a priest; for I thought any act that could be like a Christian, was what his condition now wanted most; but he positively told me that he was not of that persuasion, and so would not hear any more of that subject, for he was of the church of England.—After some time, beginning to feel his distemper mount, he desired me to send for the parson of this parish, who said prayers for him, which he joined in very freely, but still did not think he should die; though this was yesterday, at seven in the morning, and he died about eleven at night.

"I have ordered the corpse to be embalmed and carried to Helmsley castle, and there to remain till my lady duchess her pleasure shall be known. There must be speedy care taken: for there is nothing here but confusion, not to be expressed. Though his stewards have received vast sums, there is not so much as one farthing, as they tell me, for defraying the least expense. But I have ordered his intestines to be buried at Helmsley, where his body is to remain till farther orders. Being the nearest kinsman upon the place, I have taken the liberty to give his majesty an account of his death, and sent his George and blue ribbon to be disposed as his majesty shall think fit. I have addressed it under cover to my lord president, to whom I beg you would carry the bearer the minute he arrives."

A letter, in Mr. Cole's publication, written by the dying duke, confesses his ill-spent life, and expresses sincere remorse for the prostitution of his brilliant talents.

"FROM THE YOUNGER VILLIERS, DUKE OF BUCKINGHAM, ON HIS DEATHBED TO DR. W—.

"Dear doctor,

"I always looked upon you to be a person of true virtue, and know you to have a sound understanding; for, however I have acted in opposition to the principles of religion, or the dictates of reason, I can honestly assure you I have always had the highest veneration for both. The world and I shake hands; for I dare affirm, we are heartily weary of each other. O, what a prodigal have I been of that most valuable of all possessions, *Time!* I have squandered it away with a profusion unparalleled; and now, when the enjoyment of a few days would be worth the world, I cannot flatter myself with the prospect of half a dozen hours. How despicable, my dear friend, is that man who never prays to his God, but in the time of distress. In what manner can he supplicate that Omnipotent Being, in his afflictions, whom, in the time of his prosperity, he never remembered with reverence.

"Do not brand me with infidelity, when I tell you, that I am almost ashamed to offer up my petitions at the throne of Grace, or to implore that divine mercy in the next world which I have so scandalously abused in this.

"Shall ingratitude to man be looked upon as the blackest of crimes, and not ingratitude to God? Shall an insult offered to a king be looked upon in the most offensive light, and yet no notice (be) taken when the King of kings is treated with indignity and disrespect?

"The companions of my former libertinism would scarcely believe their eyes, were you to show this epistle. They would laugh at me as a dreaming enthusiast, or pity me as a timorous wretch, who was shocked at the appearance of futurity; but whoever laughs at me for being right, or pities me for being sensible of my errors, is more entitled to my compassion than resentment. A future state may well enough strike terror into any man who has not acted well in this life; and he must have an uncommon share of courage indeed who does not shrink at the presence of God. The apprehensions of death will soon bring the most profligate to a proper use of his

understanding. To what a situation am I now reduced! Is this odious *little hut* a suitable lodging for a prince? Is this anxiety of mind becoming the character of a Christian? From my rank I might have expected affluence to wait upon my life; from religion and understanding, peace to smile upon my end: instead of which I am afflicted with poverty, and haunted with remorse, despised by my country, and, I fear, forsaken by my God.

"There is nothing so dangerous as extraordinary abilities. I cannot be accused of vanity now, by being sensible that I was once possessed of uncommon qualifications, especially as I sincerely regret that I ever had them. My rank in life made these accomplishments still more conspicuous, and fascinated by the general applause which they procured, I never considered the proper means by which they should be displayed. Hence, to procure a smile from a blockhead whom I despised, I have frequently treated the virtues with disrespect; and sported with the holy name of Heaven, to obtain a laugh from a parcel of fools, who were entitled to nothing but contempt.

"Your men of wit generally look upon themselves as discharged from the duties of religion, and confine the doctrines of the gospel to meaner understandings. It is a sort of derogation, in their opinion, to comply with the rules of Christianity; and they reckon that man possessed of a narrow genius, who studies to be good.

"What a pity that the holy writings are not made the criterion of true judgment; or that any person should pass for a fine gentleman in this world, but he that appears solicitous about his happiness in the next.

"I am forsaken by all my acquaintance, utterly neglected by the friend of my bosom, and the dependants on my bounty; but no matter! I am not fit to converse with the former, and have no ability to serve the latter. Let me not, however, be wholly cast off by the good. Favour me with a visit as soon as possible. Writing to you gives me some ease, especially on a subject I could talk of for ever.

"I am of opinion this is the last visit I shall ever solicit from you; my distemper is powerful; come and pray for the departing spirit of the poor unhappy

"BUCKINGHAM."

f The following is from the parish register of Kirkby Moorside.

COPY.

*buried in the yeare of our Lord* [1687.]

*April ye 17.*

*Gorges uhuas Lord dooke of buckingam, etc.*

This vulgar entry is the only public memorial of the death of a nobleman, whose abuse of faculties of the highest order, subjected him to public contempt, and the neglect of his associates in his deepest distress. If any lesson can reach the sensualist he may read it in the duke's fate and repentant letter.

The publication of such a tract as Mr. Cole's, from a provincial press, is an agreeable surprise. It is in octavo, and bears the quaint title of the "Antiquarian Trio," because it describes, 1. The house wherein the duke of Buckingham died. 2. Rudston church and obelisk. 3. A monumental effigy in the old town-hall, Scarborough, with a communication to Mr. Cole from the Rev. J. L. Lisson, expressing his opinion, that it represents John de Mowbray, who was constable of Scarborough castle in the reign of Edward II. Engravings illustrate these descriptions, and there is another on wood of the church of Hunmanby, with a poem, for which Mr. Cole is indebted to the pen of "the present incumbent, the Rev. Archdeacon Wrangham, M. A. F. R. S."

## Literature.

"SERVIAN POPULAR POETRY, translated by JOHN BOWRING," 1827.

It is an item of "Foreign Occurrences," in the "Gentleman's Magazine," July, 1807, that a firman of the grand signior sentenced the whole Servian nation to extermination, without distinction of age or sex; if any escaped the sword, they were to be reduced to slavery. Every plain matter-of-fact man knew from his Gazetteer that Servia was a province of Turkey in Europe, bounded on the north by the Danube and Save, which separate it from Hungary, on the east by Bulgaria, on the west by Bosnia, and on the south by Albania and Macedonia; of course, he presumed that fire and sword had passed upon the country within these boundaries, and that the remaining natives had been deported; and consequently, to render the map of Turkey in Europe perfectly correct, he took his pen, and blotted out "Servia."

It appears, however, that by one of those accidents, which defeat *certain* purposes of state policy, and which are quite as common to inhuman affairs, in "sublime" as in Christian cabinets, there was a change of heads in the Turkish administration. The Janizaries becoming displeased with their new uniforms, and with the ministers of Selim, the best of grand signiors, his sublime majesty was graciously pleased to mistake the objects of their displeasure, and send them the heads of Mahmud Effendi, and a few ex-ministers, who were obnoxious to himself, instead of the heads of Achmet Effendi, and others of his household; the discontented therefore immediately decapitated the latter themselves; and, further, presumed to depose Selim, and elevate Mustapha to the Turkish throne. According to an ancient custom, the deposed despot threw himself at the feet of his successor, kissed the border of his garment, retired to that department of the seraglio occupied by the princes of the blood who cease to reign, and Mustapha, girded with the sword of the prophet, was the best of grand signiors in his stead. This state of affairs at the court of Constantinople rendered it inconvenient to divert the energies of the faithful to so inconsiderable an object as the extinction of the Servian nation; and thus Servia owes its existence to the Janizaries' dislike of innovation on their dress; and we are consequently indebted to that respectable prejudice for the volume of "Servian popular Poetry," published by Mr. Bowring. We might otherwise have read, as a dry matter of history, that the Servian people were exterminated A. D. 1807, and have passed to our graves without suspecting that they had songs and bards, and were quite as respectable as their ferocious and powerful destroyers.

Mr. Bowring's "Introduction" to his specimens of "Servian popular Poetry," is a rapid sketch of the political and literary history of Servia.

"The Servians must be reckoned among those races who vibrated between the north and the east; possessing to-day, dispossessed to-morrow; now fixed, and now wandering: having their head-quarters in Sarmatia for many generations, in Macedonia for following ones, and settling in Servia at last. But to trace their history, as to trace their course, is impossible. At last the eye fixes them between the Sava and the Danube, and Belgrade grows up as the central point round which the power of Servia gathers itself together, and

stretches itself along the right bank of the former river, southwards to the range of mountains which spread to the Adriatic and to the verge of Montengro. Looking yet closer, we observe the influence of the Venetians and the Hungarians on the character and the literature of the Servians. We track their connection now as allies, and now as masters; once the receivers of tribute from, and anon as tributaries to, the Grecian empire; and in more modern times the slaves of the Turkish yoke. Every species of vicissitude marks the Servian annals—annals represented only by those poetical productions of which these are specimens. The question of their veracity is a far more interesting one than that of their antiquity. Few of them narrate events previous to the invasion of Europe by the Turks in 1355, but some refer to facts coeval with the Mussulman empire in Adrianople. More numerous are the records of the struggle between the Moslem and the Christian parties at a later period; and last of all, they represent the quiet and friendly intercourse between the two religions, if not blended in social affections, at least associated in constant communion."

Respecting the subject more immediately interesting, Mr. Bowring says—

"The earliest poetry of the Servians has a heathenish character; that which follows is leagued with Christian legends. But holy deeds are always made the condition of salvation. The whole nation, to use the idea of Göthe, is imaged in poetical superstition. Events are brought about by the agency of angels, but the footsteps of Satan can be nowhere traced; the dead are often summoned from their tombs; awful warnings, prophecies, and birds of evil omen, bear terror to the minds of the most courageous.

"Over all is spread the influence of a remarkable, and, no doubt, antique mythology. An omnipresent spirit—airy and fanciful—making its dwelling in solitudes—and ruling over mountains and forests—a being called the *Vila*, is heard to issue its irresistible mandates, and pour forth its prophetic inspiration: sometimes in a form of female beauty—sometimes a wilder Diana—now a goddess, gathering or dispersing the clouds—and now an owl, among ruins and ivy. The *Vila*, always capricious, and frequently malevolent, is a most important actor in all the popular poetry of Servia. The *Trica Polonica* is sacred to her. She is equally renowned for the beauty of her person and the swiftness of her step:—'Fair as the mountain *Vila*,'



is the highest compliment to a Servian lady — ‘Swift as the Vila,’ is the most eloquent eulogium on a Servian steed.

“Of the amatory poems of the Servians, Göthe justly remarks, that, when viewed all together, they cannot but be deemed of singular beauty; they exhibit the expressions of passionate, overflowing, and contented affection; they are full of shrewdness and spirit; delight and surprise are admirably portrayed; and there is, in all, a marvellous sagacity in subduing difficulties, and in obtaining an end; a natural, but at the same time vigorous and energetic tone; sympathies and sensibilities, without wordy exaggeration, but which, notwithstanding, are decorated with poetical imagery and imaginative beauty; a correct picture of Servian life and manners—every thing, in short, which gives to passion the force of truth, and to external scenery the character of reality.

“The poetry of Servia was wholly traditional, until within a very few years. It had never found a pen to record it, but has been preserved by the people, and principally by those of the lower classes, who had been accustomed to listen and to sing these interesting compositions to the sound of a simple three-stringed instrument, called a *Gusle*; and it is mentioned by Göthe, that when some Servians who had visited Vienna were requested to write down the songs they had sung, they expressed the greatest surprise that such simple poetry and music as theirs should possess any interest for intelligent and cultivated minds. They apprehended, they said, that the artless compositions of their country would be the subject of scorn or ridicule to those whose poetry was so polished and so sublime. And this feeling must have been ministered to by the employment, even in Servia, of a language no longer spoken; for the productions of literature, though it is certain the natural affections, the every-day thoughts and associations could not find fit expression in the old church dialect:—

“The talk

Man holds with week-day man in the hourly walk  
Of the mind’s business, is the undoubted stalk  
‘True song’ doth grow on.”

“The collection of popular songs, *Narodne srpske pjesme*, from which most of those which occupy this volume are taken, was made by Vuk, and committed to paper either from early recollections, or from the repetition of Servian minstrels. These, he informs us, and his statement is corroborated by every intelligent traveller, form a

very small portion of the treasure of song which exists unrecorded among the peasantry. How so much of beautiful anonymous poetry should have been created in so perfect a form, is a subject well worthy of inquiry. Among a people who look to music and song as a source of enjoyment, the habit of improvisation grows up imperceptibly, and engages all the fertilities of imagination in its exercise. The thought which first finds vent in a poetical form, if worth preservation, is polished and perfected as it passes from lip to lip, till it receives the stamp of popular approval, and becomes as it were a national possession. There is no text-book, no authentic record, to which it can be referred, whose authority should interfere with its improvement. The poetry of a people is a common inheritance, which one generation transfers sanctioned and amended to another. Political adversity, too, strengthens the attachment of a nation to the records of its ancient prosperous days. The harps may be hung on the willows for a while, during the storm and the struggle, but when the tumult is over, they will be strung again to repeat the old songs, and recall the time gone by.

“The historical ballads, which are in lines composed of five trochaics, are always sung with the accompaniment of the *Gusle*. At the end of every verse, the singer drops his voice, and mutters a short cadence. The emphatic passages are chanted in a louder tone. ‘I cannot describe,’ says Wessely, ‘the pathos with which these songs are sometimes sung. I have witnessed crowds surrounding a blind old singer, and every cheek was wet with tears—it was not the music, it was the words which affected them.’ As this simple instrument, the *Gusle*, is never used but to accompany the poetry of the Servians, and as it is difficult to find a Servian who does not play upon it, the universality of their popular ballads may be well imagined.”

While Mr. Bowring pays cheerful homage to a rhyme translation of a Servian ballad, in the *Quarterly Review*, No. LXIX. p. 71, he adds, that it is greatly embellished, and offers a version, in blank verse, more faithful to the original, and therefore more interesting to the critical inquirer. The following specimen of Mr. Bowring’s translation may be compared with the corresponding passage in the *Review*.

She was lovely—nothing e’er was lovelier;  
She was tall and slender as the pine tree;  
White her cheeks, but tinged with rosy blushes,  
As if morning’s beam had shone upon them,

Till that beam had reach'd its high meridian ;  
 And her eyes, they were two precions jewels ;  
 And her eyebrows, leeches from the ocean ;  
 And her eyelids, they were wings of swallows ;  
 Silken tufts the maiden's flaxen ringlets ;  
 And her sweet mouth was a sngar casket ;  
 And her teeth were pearls array'd in order ;  
 White her bosom, like two snowy dovelets ;  
 And her voice was like the dovelet's cooing ;  
 And her smiles were like the glowing sunshine.

On the eyebrows of the bride, described as "*leeches* from the ocean," it is observable that, with the word *leech* in Servian poetry, there is no disagreeable association. "It is the name usually employed to describe the beauty of the eyebrows, as swallows' wings are the simile used for eyelashes." A lover inquires

"Hast thou wandered near the ocean ?  
 Has thou seen the *pjavitza* ? \*  
 Like it are the maiden's eyebrows."

There is a stronger illustration of the simile in

#### THE BROTHERLESS SISTERS.

Two solitary sisters, who  
 A brother's fondness never knew,  
 Agreed, poor girls, with one another,  
 That they would make themselves a brother :  
 They cut them silk, as snow-drops white ;  
 And silk, as richest rubies bright ;  
 They carved his body from a hough  
 Of box-tree from the mountain's brow ;  
 Two jewels dark for eyes they gave ;  
 For eyebrows, from the ocean's wave  
 They took two leeches ; and for teeth  
 Fix'd pearls above, and pearls beneath ;  
 For food they gave him honey sweet,  
 And said, "Now live, and speak, and eat."

The tenderness of Servian poetry is prettily exemplified in another of Mr. Bowring's translations.

#### FAREWELL.

Against white Buda's walls, a vine  
 Doth its white branches fondly twine :  
 O no ! it was no vine-tree there ;  
 It was a fond, a faithful pair,  
 Bonnd each to each in earliest vow—  
 And, O ! they must be severed now !  
 And these their farewell words :—"We part—  
 Break from my bosom—break—my heart !  
 Go to a garden—go, and see,  
 Some rose-branch blushing on the tree ;  
 And from that branch a rose-flower tear,  
 Then place it on thy bosom bare ;  
 And as its leavelets fade and pine,  
 So fades my sinking heart in thine."

\* The leech.

And thus the other spoke : "My love !  
 A few short paces backward move,  
 And to the verdant forest go ;  
 There's a fresh water-fount below ;  
 And in the fount a marble stone,  
 Which a gold cup reposes on ;  
 And in the cup a ball of snow—  
 Love ! take that ball of snow to rest  
 Upon thine heart within thy breast,  
 And as it melts unnoticed there,  
 So melts my heart in thine, my dear !"

One other poem may suffice for a specimen of the delicacy of feeling in a Servian bosom, influenced by the master-passion.

#### THE YOUNG SHEPHERDS.

The sheep, beneath old Buda's wall,  
 Their wonted quiet rest enjoy ;  
 But ah ! rude stony fragments fall.  
 And many a silk-wool'd sheep destroy ;  
 Two youthful shepherds perish there,  
 The golden George, and Mark the fair.

For Mark, O many a friend grew sad,  
 And father, mother wept for him :  
 George—father, friend, nor mother had,  
 For him no tender eye grew dim :  
 Save one—a maiden far away,  
 She wept—and thus I heard her say :

"My golden George—and shall a song,  
 A song of grief be sung for thee—  
 'Twould go from lip to lip—ere long  
 By careless lips profaned to be ;  
 Unhallow'd thoughts might soon defame  
 The purity of woman's name.

"Or shall I take thy picture fair,  
 And fix that picture in my sleeve ?  
 Ah ! time will soon the vestment tear,  
 And not a shade, nor fragment leave :  
 I'll not give him I love so well  
 To what is so corruptible.

"I'll write thy name within a book ;  
 That book will pass from hand to hand,  
 And many an eager eye will look,  
 But ah ! how few will understand !—  
 And who their holiest thoughts can shroud  
 From the cold insults of the crowd ?"

#### GRETNA GREEN.

##### *For the Table Book.*

This celebrated scene of matrimonial mockery is situated in Dumfriesshire, near the mouth of the river Esk, nine miles north-west from Carlisle.

Mr. Pennant, in his journey to Scotland, speaks in the following terms of Gretna, or, as he calls it, Gretna Green. By some persons it is written Graitney

Green, according to the pronunciation of the person from whom they hear it:—

“At a short distance from the bridge, stop at the little village of Gretna—the resort of all amorous couples, whose union the prudence of parents or guardians prohibits. Here the young pair may be instantly united by a fisherman, a joiner, or a blacksmith, who marry from two guineas a job, to a dram of whiskey. But the price is generally adjusted by the information of the postilions from Carlisle, who are in pay of one or other of the above worthies; but even the drivers, in case of necessity, have been known to undertake the sacerdotal office. This place is distinguished from afar by a small plantation of firs, the Cyprian grove of the place—a sort of landmark for fugitive lovers. As I had a great desire to see the high-priest, by stratagem I succeeded. He appeared in the form of a fisherman, a stout fellow in a blue coat, rolling round his solemn chaps a quid of tobacco of no common size. One of our party was supposed to come to explore the coast; we questioned him about the price, which, after eying us attentively, he left to our honour. The church of Scotland does what it can to prevent these clandestine matches, but in vain; for these infamous couplers despise the fulmination of the kirk, and excommunication is the only penalty it can inflict.”

The “Statistical Account of Scotland” gives the subsequent particulars:—“The persons who follow this illicit practice are mere impostors—priests of their own creation, who have no right whatever either to marry, or exercise any part of the clerical function. There are at present more than one of this description in this place; but the greatest part of the trade is monopolized by a man who was originally a tobacconist, and not a blacksmith, as is generally believed. He is a fellow without education, without principle, without morals, and without manners. His life is a continued scene of drunkenness: his irregular conduct has rendered him an object of detestation to all the sober and virtuous part of the neighbourhood. Such is the man (and the description is not exaggerated) who has had the honour to join in the sacred bonds of wedlock many people of great rank and fortune from all parts of England. It is forty years and upwards since marriages of this kind began to be celebrated here. At the lowest computation, about sixty are supposed to be solemnized annually in this place.”

*Copy Certificate of a Gretna Green Marriage.*

“Gretna Green Feby 17 1784

“This is to Sertfay to all persons that may be Cunserved that William Geades from the Cuntey of Bamph in thee parish of Crumdell and Nelley Patterson from the Sitey of Ednbrough Both Comes before me and Declares them Selvse to be Both Single persons and New Mareid by thee way of thee Church of Englund And Now married by thee way of thee Church of Scotland as Day and Deat abuv menched by me

DAVID M'FARSON

*his*

WILLIAM X GEADES

*Mark*

NELLY PATORSON

*Witness*

DANELL MORAD

By the canons and statutes of the church of Scotland, all marriages performed under the circumstances usually attending them at Gretna Green, are clearly illegal; for although it may be performed by a layman, or a person out of orders, yet, as in England, bans or license are necessary, and those who marry parties clandestinely are subject to heavy fine and severe imprisonment. Therefore, though Gretna Green be just out of the limits of the English Marriage Act, that is not sufficient, unless the forms of the Scottish church are complied with.

H. M. LANDER.

SCOTCH ADAM AND EVE.

The first record for marriage entered into the session-book of the West Parish of Greenock, commences with *Adam* and *Eve*, being the Christian names of the first couple who were married after the book was prepared. The worthy Greenockians can boast therefore of an ancient origin, but traces of Paradise or the Garden of Eden in their bleak regions defy research.

BOA CONSTRICTOR.

Jerome speaks of “a dragon of wonderful magnitude, which the Dalmatians in their native language call *boas*, because they are so large that they can swallow oxen.” Hence it should seem, that the *boa*-snake may have given birth to the fiction of dragons.\*

\* Fosbroke's British Monachism.

## Varia.

### PIOUS DIRECTION POST.

Under this title, in a west-country paper of the present year, (1827) there is the following statement:—

On the highway near Bixton, in Devonshire, the seat of the right hon. lord Rolle, in the centre of four cross roads, is a directing post with the following inscriptions, by an attention to which the traveller learns the condition of the roads over which he has to pass, and at the same time is furnished with food for meditation:—

*To Woodbury, Topsham, Exeter.*—Her ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace.

*To Brixton, Ottery, Honiton.*—O hold up our goings in thy paths that, our footsteps slip not.

*To Otterton, Sidmouth, Culliton, A. D. 1743.*—O that our ways were made to direct that we might keep thy statutes.

*To Budleigh.*—Make us to go in the paths of thy commandments, for therein is our desire.

### MARSEILLES.

The history of Marseilles is full of interest. Its origin borders on romance. Six hundred years before the Christian era, a band of piratical adventurers from Ionia, in Asia Minor, by dint of superior skill in navigation, pushed their discoveries to the mouth of the Rhone. Charmed with the white cliffs, green vales, blue waters, and bright skies, which they here found, they returned to their native country, and persuaded a colony to follow them to the barbarous shores of Gaul, bearing with them their religion, language, manners, and customs. On the very day of their arrival, so says tradition, the daughter of the native chief was to choose a husband, and her affections were placed upon one of the leaders of the polished emigrants. The friendship of the aborigines was conciliated by marriage, and their rude manners were softened by the refinement of their new allies in war, their new associates in peace. In arts and arms the emigrants soon acquired the ascendancy, and the most musical of all the Greek dialects became the prevailing language of the colony.\*

\* American paper.

## Law.

### CHANCERY.

Unhappy Chremes, neighbour to a peer,  
Kept half his lordship's sheep, and half his deer;  
Each day his gates thrown down, his fences broke,  
And injur'd still the more, the more he spoke;

At last resolved his potent foe to awe,  
And guard his right by statute and by law—  
A suit in Chancery the wretch begun;  
Nine happy terms through bill and answer run,  
Obtain'd his cause and costs, and was undone.

### A DECLARATION IN LAW.

Fee simple and a simple fee,  
And all the fees in tail,  
Are nothing when compared to thee,  
Thou best of fees—fe-male.

### LAW AND PHYSIC.

It has been ascertained from the almanacs of the different departments and of Paris, that there are in France no less than seven hundred thousand eight hundred and forty-three medical men. There are, according to another calculation, fourteen hundred thousand six hundred and fifty-one patients. Turning to another class of public men, we find that there are nineteen hundred thousand four hundred and three pleaders, and upon the rolls there are only nine hundred and ninety-eight thousand causes; so that unless the nine hundred and two thousand four hundred and three superfluous lawyers see fit to fall sick of a lack of fees and employment, there must remain three hundred thousand one hundred and ninety-two doctors, with nothing to do but sit with their arms across.\*

### "THE NAUGHTY PLACE."

A Scotch pastor recognised one of his female parishioners sitting by the side of the road, a little fuddled. "Will you just help me up with my bundle, gude mon?" said she, as he stopped.—"Fie, fie, Janet," cried the pastor, "to see the like o' you in sic a plight; do you know where all drunkards go?"—"Ay, sure," said Janet, "they just go whar a drap o' gude drink is to be got."

\* Furet.



## May-Day at Lynn in Norfolk.

*For the Table Book.*

Where May-day is still observed, many forms of commemoration remain, the rude and imperfect outlines of former splendour, blended with local peculiarities. The festival appears to have originated about A. M. 3760, and before Christ 242 years, in consequence of a celebrated courtesan, named *Flora*, having bequeathed her fortune to the people of Rome, that they should at this time, yearly, celebrate her memory, in singing, dancing, drinking, and other excesses; from whence these revels were called *Floralia*, or May-games.\* After some years, the senate of Rome exalted *Flora* amongst their thirty thousand deities, as the goddess of flowers, and commanded her to be worshipped, that she might protect their flowers,

fruits, and herbs.\* During the Catholic age, a great portion of extraneous ceremony was infused into the celebration, but that the excesses and lawless misrule attributed to this *Floralian* festival, by the fanatic enthusiasts of the Cromwellian age, ever existed, is indeed greatly to be doubted. It was celebrated as a national festival, an universal expression of joy and adoration, at the commencement of a season, when nature develops her beauties, dispenses her bounties, and wafts her "spicy gales," rich with voluptuous fragrance, to exhilarate man, and enliven the scenes around him.

In no place where the custom of celebrating May-day still continues does it present so close a resemblance to its Roman origin as at Lynn. This perhaps may be attributed to the circumstance of a colony of Romans having settled there, about the

\* *Hospinian de Orig. Festorum*—Polydore Virgil—and Godwin Antiq.

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\* *Aug. de Civit. Dei*—Rosinus de Antiquit. Rom.—and Hall's *Funebria Floræ*.

time of the introduction of Christianity into Britain, and projected the improvement and drainage of the marsh land and fens, to whom Lynn owes its origin, as the mother town of the district.\* That they brought with them their domestic habits and customs we know; and hence the festival of May-day partakes of the character of the Roman celebrations.

Early on the auspicious morn, a spirit of emulation is generally excited among the juveniles of Lynn, in striving who shall be first to arise and welcome "sweet May-day," by opening the door to admit the genial presence of the tutelary goddess,

— borne on Auroral zephyrs  
And deck'd in spangled, pearly, dew-drop gems.

The task of gathering flowers from the fields and gardens for the intended garland succeeds, and the gatherers frequently fasten the doors of drowsy acquaintances, by driving a large nail through the handle of the snack into the door-post, though, with the disappearance of thumb-snacks, that peculiarity of usage is of course disappearing too.

The Lynn garland is made of two hoops of the same size, fixed transversely, and attached to a pole or staff, with the end through the centre, and parallel to the hoops. Bunches of flowers, interspersed with evergreens, are tied round the hoops, from the interior of which festoons of blown birds' eggs are usually suspended, and long strips of various-coloured ribbons are also pendant from the top. A doll, full dressed, of proportionate size, is seated in the centre, thus exhibiting an humble, but not inappropriate representation of *Flora*, surrounded by the fragrant emblems of her consecrated offerings. Thus completed, the garlands are carried forth in all directions about the town, each with an attendant group of musicians, (i. e. *horn-blowers*, †)

\* The Romans having undertaken to drain the fens, and rescue marsh lands, by strong embankments, from the ravages of the ocean, founded Lynn, (it is supposed,) in the reign of the emperor *Cladius*, under the direction of *Catus Decianus*, the Roman procurator of the *Icenæ*, who was the principal superintendent of the canals, embankments, and other works of improvement then carried on in the fens. He is also thought to have brought over to his assistance, in this stupendous labour, a colony of Belgians, or Batavians, from whose dialect, the *Belgio Celtique*, the etymology of Lynn is considered to be derived. (Richard's Hist. of Lynn, vol. i. p. 221.)

† By sound of trumpet all the courtizans in Rome were called to the *Floralian* sports, where they danced, it is said, (though greatly to be doubted,) in a state of nudity, about the streets, with the trumpets blown before them. Hence Juvenal, (Sat. 60,) speaking of a lewd woman, calls her a *Floralian courtizan*. (Godwin Antiq.—Polydore Virgil—Farnab, in Martial, Epig. lib. i.—Hall's Funebria Floræ.)

collecting eleemosynary tributes from their acquaintances. The horns, used only on this occasion, are those of bulls and cows, and the sounds produced by them when blown in concert, (if the noise from two to twenty, or perhaps more, may be so termed,) is not unlike the lowing of a herd of the living animals. Forgetful of their youthful days, numberless anathemas are ejaculated by the elder inhabitants, at the tremendous hurricane of monotonous sounds throughout the day. Though deafening in their tones, there appears something so classically antique in the use of these horns, that the imagination cannot forbear depicting the horn-blowers as the votaries of *Io* and *Serapis*,\* (the Egyptian *Isis* and *Osiris*), in the character of the Lynn juveniles, sounding their *Io Pæuns* to the honour of *Flora*.

Having been carried about the town, the garland, faded and drooping, is dismounted from the staff, and suspended across a court or lane, where the amusement of throwing balls over it, from one to another, generally terminates the day. The only public garland, amongst the few now exhibited, and also the largest, is one belonging to the young inmates of St. James's workhouse, which is carried by one of the ancient inhabitants of the asylum, as appears in the sketch, attended by a numerous train of noisy horn-blowing pauper children, in the parish livery. Stopping at the door of every respectable house, they collect a considerable sum, which is dropped through the top of a locked tin canister, borne by one of the boys.

Previous to the Reformation, and while the festival of May-day continued under municipal patronage, it was doubtless splendidly celebrated at Lynn, with other ceremonies now forgotten; but having, by the order of council in 1644, † become illegal, it was severed from the corporation favour, and in a great measure annihilated. After the Restoration, however, it resumed a portion of public patronage, and in 1682 two new May-poles were erected; one in the Tuesday market-place, and the other at St. Anne's Fort. The festival never entirely recovered the blow it received under the Commonwealth; the May-poles have long since disappeared, and probably the rem-

\* *Io*, in heathen mythology, was the daughter of Inachus, transformed by Jupiter into a white heifer, and worshipped under the name of *Isis* by the Egyptians. *Serapis* was the son of Jupiter and Niobe; he first taught the Egyptians to sow corn and plant vines; and, after his death, was worshipped as an ox, under the name of *Osiris*.

† Every-Day Book, vol. i. p. 556.

nants, the garlands themselves, will soon fade away; for the celebration is entirely confined to the younger branches of the inhabitants. The refinement, or, more strictly speaking, the degeneracy of the age, has so entirely changed the national character, that while we ridicule and condemn the simple, and seemingly absurd, habits of our ancestors, we omit to venerate the qualities of their hearts; qualities which, unmingled with the alloy of innovating debasement, are so truly characteristic, that

—— “with all their faults, I venerate them still,  
 —— and, while yet a nook is left,  
 Where ancient English customs may be found,  
 Shall be constrain'd to love them.”

That the celebration of May-day, as a national festival, should have been abolished, is not surprising, when we consider the formidable attacks directed against it by the spirit of fanaticism, both from the pulpit and the press; a curious specimen of which is here inserted from “*FUNEBRIA FLORÆ, the Downfall of May-games,*” a scarce tract, published in 1661 “by Thomas Hall, B. D., and pastor of King’s Norton.”\* It is, as the author observes, “a kind of dialogue, and dialogues have ever been accounted the most lively and delightful, the most facile and fruitfulest way of teaching. Allusions and similes sink deep, and make a better impression upon the spirit; a pleasant allusion may do that which a solid argument sometimes cannot do; as, in some cases, iron may do that which gold cannot.”—From this curious tract is derived the following, with some slight omissions—

#### “INDICTMENT OF FLORA.”

“*Flora*, hold up thy hand, thou art here indicted by the name of *Flora*, of the city of Rome, in the county of Babylon, for that thou, contrary to the peace of our sovereign lord, his crown and dignity, hast brought in a pack of practical fanatics, viz. —ignorants, atheists, papists, drunkards, swearers, swashbucklers, maid-marian’s, morrice-dancers, maskers, mummers, May-pole stealers, health-drinkers, together with a rascallion rout of fiddlers, fools, fighters, gamsters, lewd-women, light-women, contemners of magistracy, affronters of ministry, rebellious to masters, disobedient to parents, misspenders of time, and abusers of the creature, &c.

“*Judge*. What sayest thou, guilty or not guilty?”

“*Prisoner*. Not guilty, my lord.

“*Judge*. By whom wilt thou be tried?”

“*Prisoner*. By the pope’s holiness, my lord.

“*Judge*. He is thy patron and protector, and so unfit to be a judge in this case.

“*Prisoner*. Then I appeal to the prelates and lord bishops, my lord.

“*Judge*. This is but a tiffany put off, for though some of that rank did let loose the reins to such profaneness, in causing the book of sports, for the profanation of God’s holy day, to be read in churches, yet ’tis well known that the gravest and most pious of that order have abhorred such profaneness and misrule.

“*Prisoner*. Then I appeal to the rout and rabble of the world.

“*Judge*. These are thy followers and thy favourites, and unfit to be judges in their own case.

“*Prisoner*. My lord, if there be no remedy, I am content to be tried by a jury.

“*Judge*. Thou hast well said, thou shalt have a full, a fair, and a free hearing.—*Crier*, call the jury.

“*Crier*. O yes, O yes; all manner of persons that can give evidence against the prisoner at the bar let them come into court, and they shall be freely heard.

“*Judge*. Call in the *Holy Scriptures*.

“*Crier*. Make room for the *Holy Scriptures* to come in.

“*Judge*. What can you say against the prisoner at the bar?”

“*Holy Scriptures*. Very much, my lord. I have often told them, that the night of ignorance is now past, and the light of the gospel is come, and therefore they must walk as children of the light, denying all ungodliness and worldly lusts. I have often told them, that they must shun all the appearance of evil, and have no fellowship with the unfruitful works of darkness, nor conform themselves like to the wicked of this world. I have often told them, that our God is a jealous God, and one that will not endure to have his glory given to idols.

“*Judge*. This is full and to the purpose indeed; but is there no more evidence to come in?”

“*Crier*. Yes, my lord, here is *Pliny*, an ancient writer, famous for his *Natural History*.

“*Judge*. What can you say against the prisoner at the bar?”

“*Pliny*. My lord, I have long since told them, that these were not christian, but

\* A copy of Hall’s *Funebr’ia Floræ* was sold January 20, 1819, in the Bindley Collection, for £6.12s. 6d.

pagan feasts; they were heathens, (and as such knew not God,) who first instituted these *Floralia* and May-games. I have told them that they were instituted according to the advice of the Sibyl's books, in the 516th year after the foundation of the city of Rome, to prevent the blasting and barrenness of the trees and the fruits of the earth. (Plin. Nat. Hist. lib. xviii. c. 29.)

"*Judge*. Sir, you have given us good light in this dark case; for we see that the rise of these feasts was from Pagans, and that they were ordained by the advice of Sibyl's books, and not of God's book; and for a superstitious and idolatrous end, that thereby *Flora*, not God, might be pleased, and so bless their fruits and flowers. This is clear, but have you no more evidence?

"*Crier*. Yes, my lord, here is *Cœlius Lactantius Firmianus*, who lived about three hundred years after Christ, who will plainly tell you the rise of these profane sports.

"*Judge*. I have heard of this celestial, sweet, and firm defender of the faith, and that he was a second Cicero for eloquence in his time. Sir, what can you say against the prisoner at the bar?

"*Lactantius*. My lord, I have long since declared my judgment against this *Flora*, in my first book of false religions, &c.

"*Judge*. This is plain and full, I now see that *Lactantius* is *Firmianus*, not only sweet, but firm and constant, &c. Have you no more evidence?

"*Crier*. Yes, my lord, here is the *Synodus Francica*, which was called, Anno Dom. 742.

"*Judge*. What can you say against the prisoner at the bar?

"*Synodus*. My lord, I have long since decreed, that the people of God shall have no *pagan feasts* or interludes, but that they reject and abominate all the uncleannesses of Gentilism, and that they forbear all sacrilegious fires, which they call *bonfires*, and all other observations of the Pagans whatsoever.

"*Judge*. This is clear against all heathenish feasts and customs, of which this is one. But have you no evidence nearer home?

"*Crier*. Yes, my lord, here is one that will conquer them all, and with the sword of justice suddenly suppress them.

"*Judge*. Who is that I pray you? Let me see such a man.

"*Crier*. My lord, it is *Charles the Second*, king of Great Britain, France, and Ireland, defender of the faith.

"*Judge*. Truly he deserves that title, if

he shall now appear in defence of the truth, against that profane rout which lately threatened the extirpation both of sound doctrine and good life. I hear that the king is a sober and temperate person, and *one that hates debauchery*; I pray you let us hear what he saith.

"*Crier*. My lord, the king came into London May 29th, and on the 30th he published a *Proclamation against Profaneness*, to the great rejoicing of all good people of the land. When all was running into profaneness and confusion, we, poor ministers, had nothing left but our prayers and tears; then, even then, it pleased the Most High to put it into the heart of our sovereign lord the king, eminently to appear in the cause of that God who hath so eminently appeared for him, and hath brought him through so many dangers and difficulties to the throne, and made so many mountains a plain before him, to testify against the debauchery and gross profaneness, which, like a torrent, had suddenly overspread the land. (Proclamation against Profaneness, &c. &c.)

"*Judge*. Now blessed be the Lord, the King of kings, who hath put such a thing as this into the heart of the king, and blessed be his counsel, the good Lord recompense it sevenfold into his bosom, and let all the sons of Belial fly before him; as the dust before the wind, let the angel of the Lord scatter them.

"*Prisoner*. My lord, I and my retinue are very much deceived in this Charles the Second; we all conceived that he was for us. My drunkards cried, "A health to the king;" the swearers swore, "A health to the king;" the papist, the atheist, the roarer, and the ranter, all concluded that now their day was come; but alas! how are we deceived!

"*Judge*. I wish that you, and all such as you are, may for ever be deceived in this kind, and that your eyes may rot in your heads before you ever see idolatry, superstition, and profaneness countenanced in the land.—Have you no more evidence to produce against these profane practices?

"*Crier*. Yes, my lord, here is an *Ordinance of Parliament* against them.

"*Prisoner*. My lord, I except against this witness above all the rest; for it was not made by a full and free parliament of lords and commons, but by some rump and relic of a parliament, and so is invalid.

"*Judge*. You are quite deceived, for this ordinance was made by lords and commons when the house was full and free; and those the best that England ever had, for



piety towards God and loyalty to their sovereign. Let us hear what they say.

“*Ordinance of Parliament.* My lord, I have plainly told them, that since the profanation of the Lord’s day hath been heretofore greatly occasioned by May-poles, the lords and commons do therefore ordain that they shall be taken down and removed, and that no May-pole shall be hereafter erected or suffered to remain within this kingdom, under the penalty of five shillings for every week, till such May-pole is taken down.\*

“*Judge.* This is to the purpose. This may clearly convince any sober man of the sinfulness of such practices, and make them abhor them; for what is forbidden by the laws of men, especially when those laws are consonant to the laws of God, may not be practised by any person; but these profane sports being forbidden by the laws of men, are herein consonant to the laws of God, which condemn such sinful pastimes. Have you no more evidence besides this ordinance to batter these Babylonish towers?

“*Crier.* Yes, my lord, here is the *Solemn League and Covenant*, taken in a solemn manner by king, lords, and commons, the assembly of divines, the renowned city of London, the kingdom of Scotland, and by many thousands of ministers and people throughout this nation.

“*Prisoner.* My lord, these things are out of date, and do not bind now our troubles are over.

“*Judge.* The sixth branch of the covenant will tell you, that we are bound all the days of our lives to observe these things zealously and constantly against all opposition; and I suppose every good man thinks himself bound to preserve the purity of religion, to extirpate popery, heresy, superstition, and profaneness, not only in times of trouble, but as duties to be practised in our places and callings all our days. Now if May-games and misrules do savour of superstition and profaneness, (as ’tis apparent they do,)—if they be contrary to sound doctrine and the power of godliness, (as to all unprejudiced men they are,)—then, by this solemn league and sacred covenant, we are bound to root them up. This is sufficient, if there were no more; but because men are loath to leave what they dearly love, let us see whether you have any further evidence?

“*Crier.* Yes, my lord, here is an excellent *Order* from the *Council of State*, made this present May, (1661,) wherein they take

notice of a spirit of profaneness and impiety that hath overspread the land; therefore they order, that the justices of the peace and commissioners for the militia do use their utmost endeavours to prevent all licentiousness and disorder, and all profanation of the sabbath; that they suppress all ale-houses, and all ungodly meetings; that they own and protect all good men in their pious and sober walking. The council doth likewise command them to have a special care to prevent profaneness and disorders of people about *May-poles* and meetings of that nature, and their rude and disorderly behaviours towards people, in molesting them, to get monies to spend vainly at such meetings.

“*Judge.* This is full and to the point indeed, blessed be God, and blessed be their counsel. But have you yet no more evidence?

“*Crier.* Yes, my lord, here is *Mr. Elton*, a man eminent for piety, and of known integrity in his time; he hath long since told us, that such filthy company, where there is such filthy speeches and lascivious behaviour, with mixed dancing at their merry meetings, &c.; and therefore to be abhorred by all sober Christians.\*

“To him assents that great divine, *Dr. Ames*, who tells us, that those who will shun incontinency and live chastely, must shun such profane meetings; and take heed of mixed dancing, stage-plays, and such incentives.†

“*Prisoner.* My lord, these were old puritans and precisians, who were more nice than wise.

“*Crier.* I will produce men of another strain; here are bishops against you. Bishop *Babington* hath long since told us, that these sinful pastimes are the devil’s festival, &c. *being forbidden by scripture*, which commands us to shun all appearance of evil.‡

“Here is also bishop *Andrews*, who tells us that we must not only refrain from evil, but also from the show of evil; and must do things honest not only before God, but also before men; to this end we must shun wanton dancing, stage-plays, &c. because our eyes thereby behold much wickedness, and a man cannot go on these hot coals and not be burnt, nor touch such pitch and not be defiled, nor see such wanton actions and not be moved §

\* Elton’s Exposition of the Second Commandment.

† Ames, Cas. Cons. 1. v. c. 39.

‡ Babington on the Seventh Commandment.

§ Bishop Andrews’s Exposition of the Seventh Commandment.

\* Ordinance of Parliament, 1644:—see *Every-Day Book*, vol. i. p. 556.

“*Judge.* This is pious, and to the purpose; here is evidence sufficient; I shall now proceed to sentence.

“*Crier.* My lord, I desire your patience to hear one witness more, and then I have done.

“*Judge.* Who is that which comes so late into court?

“*Crier.* My lord, 'tis the acute and accomplished *Ovid*.

“*Prisoner.* My lord, he is a heathen poet, who lived about twenty years before Christ.

“*Judge.* His testimony will be the stronger against your heathenish vanities. *Publius Ovidius Naso*, what can you say against mistress *Flora*?

“*Ovid.* My lord, I have long since told the world, that the senatorian fathers at Rome did order the celebration of these Floralian sports to be yearly observed about the beginning of May, in honour of *Flora*, that our fruits and flowers might the better prosper. At this feast there was drinking, dancing, and all manner, &c.\*

“*Prisoner.* Sir, you wrong the poet, and may for ought I know wrong me, by wrapping up his ingenious narrative in so little room—

“*Judge.* I love those whose writings are like jewels, which contain much worth in a little compass.

“*Crier.* And it please you, my lord, we will now call over the jury, that the prisoner may see we have done her no wrong.

“*Judge.* Do so.

“*Crier.* Answer to your names—*Holy Scriptures*, ONE—*Pliny*, TWO—*Lactantius*, THREE—*Synodus Francica*, FOUR—*Charles the Second*, FIVE—*Ordinance of Parliament*, SIX—*Solemn League and Covenant*, SEVEN—*Order of the Council of State*, EIGHT—*Messrs. Elton and Ames*, NINE—*Bishop Babington*, TEN—*Bishop Andrews*, ELEVEN—*Ovid*, TWELVE.—These, with all the godly in the land, do call for justice against this turbulent malefactor.

“*Judge.* *Flora*, thou hast here been indicted for bringing in abundance of misrule and disorder into church and state; thou hast been found guilty, and art condemned both by God and man,—by scriptures, fathers, councils,—by learned and pious divines,—and therefore I adjudge thee to

#### PERPETUAL BANISHMENT,

that thou no more disturb this church and state, lest justice do arrest thee.”—

K.

#### ACCOUNT OF A MAY-DAY COLLATION

*Given by Whitelocke, in the English Manner, (during his Embassy from Oliver Cromwell,) to Christina, Queen of Sweden, and some of her favourite Ladies and Courtiers.*

This being May-day, Whitelocke, according to the invitation he had made to the queen, put her in mind of it, that as she was his mistress, and this May-day, he was by the custom of England to wait upon her to take the air, and to treat her with some little collation, as her servant.

The queen said, the weather was very cold, yet she was very willing to bear him company after the English mode.

With the queen were Woolfeldt, Tott, and five of her ladies. Whitelocke brought them to his collation, which he had commanded his servants to prepare in the best manner they could, and altogether after the English fashion.

At the table with the queen sat *La Belle Countesse*, the *Countesse Gabriel Oxenstiern*, *Woolfeldt*, *Tott*, and *Whitelocke*; the other ladies sat in another room. Their meat was such fowl as could be gotten, dressed after the English fashion, and with English sauces, creams, puddings, custards, tarts, tanseys, English apples, bon chrétien pears, cheese, butter, neats' tongues, potted venison, and sweetmeats, brought out of England, as his sack and claret also was; his beer was also brewed, and his bread made by his own servants, in his own house, after the English manner; and the queen and her company seemed highly pleased with this treatment: some of her company said, she did eat and drink more at it than she used to do in three or four days at her own table.

The entertainment was as full and noble as the place would afford, and as *Whitelocke* could make it, and so well ordered and contrived, that the queen said, she had never seen any like it: she was pleased so far to play the good housewife, as to inquire how the butter could be so fresh and sweet, and yet brought out of England? *Whitelocke*, from his cooks, satisfied her majesty's inquiry; that they put the salt butter into milk, where it lay all night, and the next day it would eat fresh and sweet as this did, and any butter new made, and commended her majesty's good housewifery; who, to express her contentment to this collation, was full of pleasantness and gayety of spirits, both in supper-time, and afterwards; among other frolics, she

\* *Ovid*, *Fastorum*, lib. v.

commanded Whitelocke to teach her ladies the English salutation; which, after some pretty defences, their lips obeyed, and Whitelocke most readily.

She highly commended Whitelocke's music of the trumpets, which sounded all supper-time, and her discourse was all of mirth and drollery, wherein Whitelocke endeavoured to answer her, and the rest of the company did their parts.

It was late before she returned to the castle, whither Whitelocke waited on her; and she discoursed a little with him about his business, and the time of his audience, and gave him many thanks for his noble treatment of her and her company.

Two days after this entertainment, Mons. Woolfeldt, being invited by Whitelocke, told him that the queen was extremely pleased with his treatment of her. Whitelocke excused the meanness of it for her majesty. Woolfeldt replied, that both the queen and all the company esteemed it as the handsomest and noblest that they ever saw; and the queen, after that, would drink no other wine but Whitelocke's, and kindly accepted the neats' tongues, potted venison, and other cakes, which, upon her commendation of them, Whitelocke sent unto her majesty.\*

## MAY-DAY CHEESES.

*To the Editor.*

DEAR SIR,—On the first of May, at the village of Randwick, near Stroud, there has been, from time immemorial, the following custom:—Three large cheeses, (Gloucester of course,) decked with the gayest flowers of this lovely season, are placed on litters, equally adorned with flowers, and boughs of trees waving at the corners. They are thus borne through the village, accompanied by a joyous throng, shouting and huzzaaing with all their might and main, and usually accompanied by a little band of music. They proceed in this manner to the church-yard, where the cheeses being taken from the litters, and divested of their floral ornaments, are rolled three times round the church. They are then carried back in the same state, and in the midst of the village are cut up and distributed piecemeal to the inhabitants.

I am, dear, sir, &c.

April, 1827.

C. TOMLINSON.

## Easter.

### EASTER-BOX.

A custom was instituted in the city of Thoulouse by Charlemagne, that at Easter any Christian might give a box on the ear to a Jew, wherever he chanced to meet him, as a mark of contempt for the nation, which had, at that season, crucified the Saviour of mankind. This usage, scandalous in itself, was sometimes, through zeal, practised with great violence. It is stated that the eye of a poor Jew was forced out, on that side of the head whereon the blow was given. In the course of centuries this cruel custom was commuted for a tax, and the money appropriated to the use of the church of St. Saturnin.\* Accounts of the prevalence of this custom in our own country are related in the *Every-Day Book*, vol. i.

### DOCTOR GIBBS, ALIAS "HUCK'N!"

*For the Table Book.*

Dr. Gibbs, commonly called "Huck'n!" was an extraordinary individual, who followed the profession of an itinerary veterinary surgeon in the west of England. His ways were different from his neighbours, and his appearance was so singular, that a stranger might have taken him for a tramping tinker. Like Morland, he had an unfortunate predilection for "signs," under whose influence he was generally to be found. He would "keep it up to the last," with his last shilling; and, like the wit in doctor Kitchiner's *converzaciones*, he would "*come at seven and go it at eleven.*" To love for his profession, he added a love for old pastimes, customs, and revelries. He was a man, in the fullest extent of the word, a lover of his country—zealous in his friendships, he exercised the virtues of humanity, by aiding and even feeding those who were in severe distress. He spent much, for his means were considerable—they were derived from his great practice. His knowledge of his art was profound; a horse's life was as safe in his hands, as the writer's would be in sir Astley Cooper's.

In his person, "Huck'n!" was muscular, and he stood above the middle size; his habits gave him an unwieldy motion; his complexion was sandy; his aspect muddled; large eyebrows pent-housed his small glassy blue eyes; a wig of many curls, perking over his bald forehead, was closed by a bush of his own hair, of another colour behind; his whiskers were carrotty, and

\* Gentleman's Magazine, 1822.

\* Miss Plumpton.

he usually had an unshorn beard. It was when he entered a stable, or cow-pen, in his leather apron half-crossed, with his drug-pouch at his side; that he appeared in a skilful light. His thick holly walking-stick with a thong run through the top, was tried in the service, as its worn appearance testified, and many an animal's mouth could witness. He rarely pulled the drenching horn, or fleam from his pocket to operate, but he rolled his tongue over his beloved "pigtail," juicily deposited in the nook of a precarious tooth, and said,— "HUCK'N!" Hence his *nomme de guerre*—and hence the proverb that outlives him—"he that can *chew* like *Huck'n!* may *cure* like *Huck'n!*" The meaning of this emphatic monosyllable remains a secret. Some of the superstitious conjectured, that he used it in stables and outhouses as a charm to scare the witches from riding the cattle. This liberty is verily believed by many to exist to this day; hence a horse-shoe is nailed to the sill of the stable-door, that the midnight hags of "air and broom" may not cross the iron barrier.\*

It is thirty years since "Huck'n" flourished. If he had a home, it was at Hullavington, near Malmesbury, where as a pharmacist, farrier, and phlebotomist of high character and respectability, to his patients—who are known to evince more patience than most of the human species—he was very attentive. He would cheerfully forego his cheerful glass, his boon companions, his amusing anecdotes, necessary food, and nocturnal rest, to administer to the comfort of a poor "dumb creature," and remain day and night till life departed, or ease returned. Were he alive he would tell us, that in our intercourse with the brute creation, we should exercise humane feelings, and bestir ourselves to assuage the acute pain, betokened by agonizing looks and groans, in suffering animals.

"HUCK'N!" was an improvident man: under more classical auspices, he might have stood first in his profession; but he preferred being "unadorned—adorned the most." He lived to assist the helpless, and died in peace. Let persons of higher pretensions do more—"Huck'n?" †

March, 1827.

J. R. P.

\* Vermin and destructive birds are nailed, or rather crucified, on the park barns of noblemen by their game-keepers, to hold intruders in *terrorem*, and give ocular proofs of skill and vigilance.

† The Saxon word "*Halidom*" signifies "Holy Judgment:" whence in old times, "By my *Halidom!*" was a solemn oath among country people.—"By Gories!"—"By Gosh!" and a hundred other exclamations, may have originated in the avoiding an oath, or the performing a pledge—but what is "*Huck'n?*"



## Armorial Bearing

### OF THE LORD OF THE MANOR OF Stoke Lyne, Oxfordshire.

The above print, obligingly presented, is submitted to the reader, with the following in explanation—

To the Editor.

SIR,—As I have taken in your *Every-Day Book*, and continue with the *Table Book*, I send you the subjoined account, which, perhaps, may be worth your consideration, and the engraved wood-block for your use.

I remain your well-wisher,  
X.

#### AN ACCOUNT OF THE MANOR OF STOKE LYNE IN OXFORDSHIRE, LATE THE PRO- PERTY OF THE EARL AND COUNTESS OF SHIPBROOK.

The lord of the manor has a right, by ancient custom, to bear a hawk about his arms agreeable to the print: it arose from the following circumstance. When Charles the First held his parliament at Oxford, the then lord of Stoke Lyne was particularly useful to the king in his unfortunate situation, and rendered him service. To reward him he offered him knighthood, which he declined, and merely requested the king's permission to bear behind his coat of arms a hawk, which his majesty instantly granted. The present lord of the manor is Mr. Cole of Twickenham, inheriting the estate by descent from the late earl and countess, and whose family are registered in the parish church as early as March 22, 1584. There is also a monument of them in the church of Petersham, 1624; and another branch of the same family were created baronets, March 4, 1641, supposed to be the oldest family in the county of Middlesex.



### May-Day Dance in 1698.

This engraving of the milkmaids' garland, and the costume of themselves and their fiddler, at the close of the century before last, is from a print in "Mémoires, &c. par un Voyageur en Angleterre," an octavo volume, printed "à la Haye 1698," wherein it is introduced by the author, Henry Misson, to illustrate a passage descriptive of the amusements of London at that time. His account of the usage is to the following effect:—

On the first of May, and the five or six days following, all the young and pretty peasant girls, who are accustomed to bear about milk for sale in the city, dress themselves very orderly, and carry about them a number of vases and silver vessels, of which they make a pyramid, adorned with ribbons and flowers. This pyramid they bear on their heads instead of the ordinary milk-pail, and accompanied by certain of their comrades and the music of a fiddle, they go dancing from door to door surrounded by young men and children, who

follow them in crowds; and every where they are made some little present.

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#### ISABELLA COLOUR.

The archduke Albert married the infanta Isabella, daughter of Philip II. king of Spain, with whom he had the Low Countries in dowry. In the year 1602, he laid siege to Ostend, then in the possession of the heretics, and his pious princess, who attended him in that expedition, made a vow that till the city was taken she would never change her clothes. Contrary to expectation, it was three years before the place was reduced; in which time her highness's linen had acquired a hue, which from the superstition of the princess and the times was much admired, and adopted by the court fashionables under the name of the "Isabella-colour:" it is a whitish yellow, or soiled buff—better imagined than described.\*

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\* Sir J. Hawkins.

## Garrick Plays.

No. XV.

[From the "City Night-Cap," a Tragic-Comedy, by Robert Davenport, 1651.]

*Lorenzo Medico suborns three Slaves to swear falsely to an adultery between his virtuous Wife Abstemia, and his Friend Philippo. They give their testimony before the Duke of Verona, and the Senators.*

*Phil.* — how soon

Two souls, more precious than a pair of worlds,  
Are level'd below death!

*Abst.* Oh hark! did you not hear it?

*Sen.* What, Lady?

*Abst.* This hour a pair of glorious towers is fallen;  
Two goodly builings beaten with a breath  
Beneath the grave: you all have seen this day  
A pair of souls both cast and kiss'd away.

*Sen.* What censure gives your Grace?

*Duke.* In that I am kinsman

To the acenser, that I might not appear  
Partial in judgment, let it seem no wonder,  
If unto your Gravities I leave  
The following sentence: but as Lorenzo stands  
A kinsman to Verona, so forget not,  
Abstemia still is sister unto Venice.

*Phil.* Misery of goodness!

*Abst.* Oh Lorenzo Medico,  
Abstemia's Lover once, when he did vow,  
And when I did believe; then when Abstemia  
Denied so many princes for Lorenzo,  
Then when you swore:—Oh maids, how men can weep,  
Print protestations on their breasts, and sigh,  
And look so truly, and then weep again,  
And then protest again, and again dissemble!—  
When once enjoy'd, like strange sights, we grow stale;  
And find our comforts, like their wonder, fail.

*Phil.* Oh Lorenzo!

Look upon tears, each one of which well-valued  
Is worth the pity of a king; but thou  
Art harder far than rocks, and canst not prize  
The precious waters of truth's injured eyes.

*Lor.* Please your Grace, proceed to censure.

*Duke.* Thus 'tis decreed, as these Lords have set  
down,

Against all contradiction: Signor Philippo,  
In that you have thus grossly, Sir, dishonour'd  
Even our blood itself in this rude injury  
Lights on our kinsman, his prerogative  
Implies death on your trespass; but, (your merit  
Of more antiquity than is your trespass),  
That death is blotted out; perpetual banishment,  
On pain of death if you return, for ever  
From Verona and her signories.

*Phil.* Verona is kind.

*Sen.* Unto you, Madam,  
This censure is allotted: your high blood

Takes off the danger of the law; nay from  
Even banishment itself: this Lord, your husband,  
Sues only for a legal fair divorce,  
Which we think good to grant, the church allowing:  
And in that the injury  
Chiefly reflects on him, he hath free licence  
To marry when and whom he pleases.

*Abst.* I thank ye,

That you are favorable unto my Love,  
Whom yet I love and weep for.

*Phil.* Farewell, Lorenzo,

This breast did never yet harbour a thought  
Of thee, but man was in it, honest man:  
There's all the words that thou art worth. Of your  
Grace

I humbly thus take leave. Farewell, my Lords;—  
And lastly farewell Thou, fairest of many,  
Yet by far more unfortunate!—look up,  
And see a crown held for thee; win it, and die  
Love's martyr, the sad map of injury.—  
And so remember, Sir, your injured Lady  
Has a brother yet in Venice.

*Philippo, at an after-trial, challenges Lorenzo.*

*Phil.* — in the integrity,

And g'ory of the cause, I throw the pawn  
Of my afflicted honour; and on that  
I openly affirm your absent Lady  
Chastity's well knit abstract; snow in the fall,  
Purely refined by the bleak northern blast,  
Not freer from a soil; the thoughts of infants  
But little nearer heaven: and if these princes  
Please to permit, before their guilty thoughts  
Injure another hour upon the Lady,  
My right-drawn sword shall prove it.—

*Abstemia, decoyed to a Brothel in Milan, is attempted by the Duke's Son.*

*Prince.* Do you know me?

*Abst.* Yes, Sir, report hath given intelligence,  
You are the Prince, the Duke's son.

*Prince.* Both in one.

*Abst.* Report, sure,  
Spoke but her native language. You are none  
Of either.

*Prince.* How!

*Abst.* Were you the Prince, you would not sure be  
slaved

To your blood's passion. I do crave your pardon  
For my rough language. Truth hath a forehead free  
And in the tower of her integrity  
Sits an unvanquish'd virgin. Can you imagine,  
'Twill appear possible you are the Prince?  
Why, when you set your foot first in this house,  
You crush'd obedient duty unto death;  
And even then fell from you your respect.  
Honour is like a goodly old house, which,

If we repair not still with virtue's hand,  
Like a citadel being madly raised on sand,  
It falls, is swallow'd, and not found.

*Prince.* If thou rail upon the place, prithee how  
camest thou hither?

*Abst.* By treacherous intelligence; honest men so,  
In the way ignorant, through thieves' purlieus go.—  
Are you Son to such a Father?

Send him to his grave then,  
Like a white almond tree, full of glad days  
With joy that he begot so good a Son.  
O Sir, methinks I see sweet Majesty  
Sit with a mourning sad face full of sorrows,  
To see you in this place. This is a cave  
Of scorpions and of dragons. Oh turn back;  
Toads here engender: 'tis the steam of death;  
The very air poisons a good man's breath.

*Prince.* Let me borrow goodness from thy lips. Fare-  
well!  
Here's a new wonder; I've met heav'n in hell.

#### *Undue praise declined.*

— you are far too prodigal in praise,  
And crown me with the garlands of *your* merit;  
As we meet barks on rivers,—the strong gale  
Being best friends to us,—our own swift motion  
Makes us believe that t'other nimbler rows;  
Swift virtue thinks small goodness fastest goes.

[From the "Conspiracy," a Tragedy by  
Henry Killigrew, 1638. Author's age  
17.]

*The Rightful Heir to the Crown kept  
from his inheritance: an Angel sings to  
him sleeping.*

#### *Song.*

While Morpheus thus does gently lay  
His powerful charge upon each part,  
Making thy spirits ev'n obey  
The silver charms of his dull art;

I, thy Good Angel, from thy side,—  
As smoke doth from the altar rise,  
Making no noise as it doth glide,—  
Will leave thee in this soft surprise;

And from the clouds will fetch thee down  
A holy vision, to express  
Thy right unto an earthly crown;  
No power can make this kingdom less.

But gently, gently, lest I bring  
A start in sleep by sudden flight,  
Playing aloof, and hovering,  
Till I am lost unto the sight.

This is a motion still and soft;  
So free from noise and cry,  
That Jove himself, who hears a thought,  
Knows not when we pass by.

#### THE GOOD CLERK.

He writeth a fair and swift hand, and is  
completely versed in the four first rules of  
Arithmetic, in the Rule of Three, (which is  
sometimes called the Golden Rule,) and in  
Practice. We mention these things, that  
we may leave no room for cavillers to say,  
that any thing essential hath been omitted  
in our definition; else, to speak the truth,  
these are but ordinary accomplishments,  
and such as every understrapper at a desk  
is commonly furnished with. The charac-  
ter we treat of soareth higher.

He is clean and neat in his person; not  
from a vain-glorious desire of setting him-  
self forth to advantage in the eyes of the  
other sex, (with which vanity too many of  
our young sparks now-a-days are infected,)  
but to do credit (as we say) to the office.  
For this reason he evermore taketh care  
that his desk or his books receive no soil;  
the which things he is commonly as soli-  
citous to have fair and unblemished, as the  
owner of a fine horse is to have him appear  
in good keep.

He riseth early in the morning; not  
because early rising conduceth to health,  
(though he doth not altogether despise that  
consideration,) but chiefly to the intent that  
he may be first at the desk. There is his  
post—there he delighteth to be; unless  
when his meals, or necessity, calleth him  
away; which time he always esteemeth as  
lost, and maketh as short as possible.

He is temperate in eating and drinking,  
that he may preserve a clear head and  
steady hand for his master's service. He  
is also partly induced to this observation  
of the rules of temperance by his respect  
for religion, and the laws of his country;  
which things (it may once for all be noted)  
do add special assistances to his actions,  
but do not and cannot furnish the main  
spring or motive thereto. His first ambi-  
tion (as appeareth all along) is to be a good  
clerk, his next a good Christian, a good  
patriot, &c.

Correspondent to this, he keepeth him-  
self honest, not for fear of the laws, but  
because he hath observed how unseemly an  
article it maketh in the day-book or ledger,  
when a sum is set down lost or missing; it  
being his pride to make these books to  
agree and to tally, the one side with the  
other, with a sort of architectural symmetry  
and correspondence.

He marieth, or marieth not, as best  
suiteth with his employer's views. Some  
merchants do the rather desire to have  
married men in their counting-houses,

because they think the married state a pledge for their servants' integrity, and an incitement to them to be industrious; and it was an observation of a late lord mayor of London, that the sons of clerks do generally prove clerks themselves, and that merchants encouraging persons in their employ to marry, and to have families, was the best method of securing a breed of sober, industrious young men attached to the mercantile interest. Be this as it may, such a character as we have been describing, will wait till the pleasure of his employer is known on this point; and regulateth his desires by the custom of the house or firm to which he belongeth.

He avoideth profane oaths and jesting, as so much time lost from his employ; what spare time he hath for conversation, which in a counting-house such as we have been supposing can be but small, he spendeth in putting seasonable questions to such of his fellows, (and sometimes *respectfully* to the master himself,) who can give him information respecting the price and quality of goods, the state of exchange, or the latest improvements in book-keeping; thus making the motion of his lips, as well as of his fingers, subservient to his master's interest. Not that he refuseth a brisk saying, or a cheerful sally of wit, when it comes enforced, is free of offence, and hath a convenient brevity. For this reason he hath commonly some such phrase as this in his mouth:—

It's a slovenly look  
To blot your book.

Or,

Red ink for ornament, black for use,  
The best of things are open to abuse.

So upon the eve of any great holiday, of which he keepeth one or two at least every year, he will merrily say in the hearing of a confidential friend, but to none other:—

All work and no play  
Makes Jack a dull boy.

Or,

A bow always bent must crack at last.

But then this must always be understood to be spoken confidentially, and, as we say, *under the rose*.

Lastly, his dress is plain, without singularity; with no other ornament than the quill, which is the badge of his function, stuck under the dexter ear, and this rather for convenience of having it at hand, when he hath been called away from his desk, and expecteth to resume his seat there

again shortly, than from any delight which he taketh in foppery or ostentation. The colour of his clothes is generally noted to be black rather than brown, brown rather than blue or green. His whole deportment is staid, modest, and civil. His motto is regularity.—

This character was sketched, in an interval of business, to divert some of the melancholy hours of a counting-house. It is so little a creature of fancy, that it is scarce any thing more than a recollection of some of those frugal and economical maxims which, about the beginning of the last century, (England's meanest period,) were endeavoured to be inculcated and instilled into the breasts of the London apprentices,\* by a class of instructors who might not inaptly be termed *the masters of mean morals*. The astonishing narrowness and illiberality of the lessons contained in some of those books is inconceivable by those whose studies have not led them that way, and would almost induce one to subscribe to the hard censure which Drayton has passed upon the mercantile spirit:—

The grapple merchant, born to be the curse  
Of this brave isle. †

## Defoeana.

No. I.

### THE TRADESMAN.

I have now lying before me that curious book, by Daniel Defoe, "The complete English Tradesman." The pompous detail, the studied analysis of every little mean art, every sneaking address, every trick and subterfuge (short of larceny) that is necessary to the tradesman's occupation, with the hundreds of anecdotes, dialogues (in Defoe's liveliest manner) interspersed, all tending to the same amiable purpose, namely, the sacrificing of every honest emotion of the soul to what he calls the main chance—if you read it in an *ironical sense*, and as a piece of *covered satire*, make it one of the most amusing books which Defoe ever wrote, as much so as any of his best novels. It is difficult to say what his intention was in writing it. It is almost impossible to suppose him in earnest. Yet such is the bent of the book

\* This term designated a larger class of young men than that to which it is now confined; it took in the articulated clerks of merchants and bankers, the George Barnwells of the day.

† The Reflector.



to narrow and to degrade the heart, that if such maxims were as catching and infectious as those of a licentious cast, which happily is not the case, had I been living at that time, I certainly should have recommended to the grand jury of Middlesex, who presented the Fable of the Bees, to have presented this book of Defoe's in preference, as of a far more vile and debasing tendency. I will give one specimen of his advice to the young tradesman, on the *government of his temper*. "The retail tradesman in especial, and even every tradesman in his station, must furnish himself with a competent stock of patience; I mean that sort of patience which is needful to bear with all sorts of impertinence, and the most provoking curiosity that it is impossible to imagine the buyers, even the worst of them, are or can be guilty of. *A tradesman behind his counter must have no flesh and blood about him, no passions, no resentment*; he must never be angry, no not so much as seem to be so, if a customer tumbles him five hundred pounds worth of goods, and scarce bids money for any thing; nay, though they really come to his shop with no intent to buy, as many do, only to see what is to be sold, and though he knows they cannot be better pleased than they are, at some other shop where they intend to buy, 'tis all one, the tradesman must take it, he must place it to the account of his calling, that *'tis his business to be ill used and resent nothing*; and so must answer as obligingly to those that give him an hour or two's trouble and buy nothing, as he does to those who in half the time lay out ten or twenty pounds. The case is plain, and if some do give him trouble and do not buy, others make amends and do buy; and as for the trouble, 'tis the business of the shop." Here follows a most admirable story of a mercer, who, by his indefatigable meanness, and more than Socratic patience under affronts, overcame and reconciled a lady, who upon the report of another lady that he had behaved saucily to some third lady, had determined to shun his shop, but by the over-persuasions of a fourth lady was induced to go to it; which she does, declaring beforehand that she will buy nothing, but give him all the trouble she can. Her attack and his defence, her insolence and his persevering patience, are described in colours worthy of a Mandeville; but it is too long to recite. "The short inference from this long discourse," says he, "is this, that here you see, and I could give you many examples like this, how and in what manner a shopkeeper is

to behave himself in the way of his business; what impertinences, what taunts, flouts, and ridiculous things, he must bear in his trade, and must not show the least return, or the least signal of disgust: he must have no passions, no fire in his temper; he must be all soft and smooth; nay, if his real temper be naturally fiery and hot, he must show none of it in his shop; he must be a perfect, *complete hypocrite* if he will be a *complete tradesman*.\* It is true, natural tempers are not to be always counterfeited; the man cannot easily be a lamb in his shop, and a lion in himself; but, let it be easy or hard, it must be done, and is done: there are men who have, by custom and usage, brought themselves to it, that nothing could be meeker and milder than they, when behind the counter, and yet nothing be more furious and raging in every other part of life; nay, the provocations they have met with in their shops have so irritated their rage, that they would go up stairs from their shop, and fall into frenzies, and a kind of madness, and beat their heads against the wall, and perhaps mischief themselves, if not prevented, till the violence of it had gotten vent, and the passions abate and cool. I heard once of a shopkeeper that behaved himself thus to such an extreme, that when he was provoked by the impertinence of the customers, beyond what his temper could bear, he would go up stairs and beat his wife, kick his children about like dogs, and be as furious for two or three minutes, as a man chained down in Bedlam; and again, when that heat was over, would sit down and cry faster than the children he had abused; and after the fit, he would go down into the shop again, and be as humble, courteous, and as calm as any man whatever; so absolute a government of his passions had he in the shop, and so little out of it: in the shop, a soulless animal that would resent nothing; and in the family a madman: in the shop, meek like a lamb; but in the family, outrageous like a Lybian lion. The sum of the matter is, it is necessary for a tradesman to subject himself by all the ways possible to his business; *his customers are to be his idols: so far as he may worship idols by allowance, he is to bow down to them and worship them*; at least, he is not in any way to displease them, or show any disgust or distaste, whatsoever they may say or do; the bottom of all is,

\* As no qualification accompanies this maxim, it must be understood as the genuine sentiment of the author.

that he is intending to get money by them, and it is not for him that gets money to offer the least inconvenience to them by whom he gets it; he is to consider that, as Solomon says, the borrower is servant to the lender, so the seller is servant to the buyer." What he says on the head of *pleasures and recreations* is not less amusing:—"The tradesman's pleasure should be in his business, his companions should be his books, (he means his ledger, waste-book, &c. ;) and if he has a family, he makes his *excursions up stairs and no further*:—none of my cautions aim at restraining a tradesman from diverting himself, as we call it, with his fireside, or keeping company with his wife and children."<sup>6</sup>

### MANNERS OF A SPRUCE LONDON MERCER, AND HIS FEMALE CUSTOMER, A HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

Those who have never minded the conversation of a spruce Mercer, and a young Lady his Customer that comes to his shop, have neglected a scene of life that is very entertaining.—His business is to sell as much silk as he can, at a price by which he shall get what he proposes to be reasonable, according to the customary profits of the trade. As to the lady, what she would be at is to please her fancy, and buy cheaper by a groat or sixpence *per yard* than the things she wants are usually sold for. From the impression the gallantry of our sex has made upon her, she imagines (if she be not very deformed), that she has a fine mien and easy behaviour, and a peculiar sweetness of voice; that she is handsome, and if not beautiful, at least more agreeable than most young women she knows. As she has no pretensions to purchase the same things with less money than other people, but what are built on her good qualities, so she sets herself off to the best advantage her wit and discretion will let her. The thoughts of love are here out of the case; so on the one hand she has no room for playing the tyrant, and giving herself angry and peevish airs; and on the other, more liberty of speaking kindly, and being affable, than she can have almost on any other occasion. She knows that abundance of well-bred people come to his shop, and endeavours to render herself as amiable, as virtue and the rules of decency admit of.

Coming with such a resolution of behaviour, she cannot meet with anything to ruffle her temper.—Before her coach is yet quite stopt, she is approached by a gentleman-like man, that has every thing clean and fashionable about him, who in low obeisance pays her homage, and as soon as her pleasure is known that she has a mind to come in, hands her into the shop, where immediately he slips from her, and through a by-way, that remains visible for only half a moment, with great address intrenches himself behind the counter: here facing her, with a profound reverence and modish phrase he begs the favour of knowing her commands. Let her say and dislike what she pleases, she can never be directly contradicted: she deals with a man, in whom consummate patience is one of the mysteries of his trade; and whatever trouble she creates, she is sure to hear nothing but the most obliging language, and has always before her a cheerful countenance, where joy and respect seem to be blended with good humour, and all together make up an artificial serenity, more engaging than untaught nature is able to produce.—When two persons are so well met, the conversation must be very agreeable, as well as extremely mannerly, though they talk about trifles. Whilst she remains irresolute what to take, he seems to be the same in advising her, and is very cautious how to direct her choice; but when once she has made it, and is fixed, he immediately becomes positive that it is the best of the sort, extols her fancy, and the more he looks upon it, the more he wonders he should not have discovered the preeminence of it over any thing he has in his shop. By precept, example, and great observation, he has learned unobserved to slide into the inmost recesses of the soul, sound the capacity of his customers, and find out their blind side unknown to them: by all which he is instructed in fifty other stratagems to make her overvalue her own judgment, as well as the commodity she would purchase. The greatest advantage he has over her, lies in the most material part of the commerce between them, the debate about the price, which he knows to a farthing, and she is wholly ignorant of: therefore he no where more egregiously imposes upon her understanding; and though here he has the liberty of telling what lies he pleases, as to the prime cost and the money he has refused, yet he trusts not to them only; but, attacking her vanity, makes her believe the most incredible things in the world, concerning his own weakness and her superior

<sup>6</sup> The Reflector.

abilities. He had taken a resolution, he says, never to part with that piece under such a price, but she has the power of talking him out of his goods beyond anybody he ever sold to: he protests that he loses by his silk, but seeing that she has a fancy for it, and is resolved to give no more, rather than disoblige a lady he has such an uncommon value for, he will let her have it, and only begs that another time she will not stand so hard with him. In the mean time the buyer, who knows that she is no fool and has a voluble tongue, is easily persuaded that she has a very winning way of talking, and thinking it sufficient for the sake of good breeding to disown her merit, and in some witty repartee retort the compliment, he makes her swallow very contentedly the substance of every thing he tells her. The upshot is, that with the satisfaction of having saved ninepence *per* yard, she has bought her silk exactly at the same price as anybody else might have done, and often gives sixpence more than, rather than not have sold it, he would have taken.—

We have copied the above from Mandeville's "Fable of the Bees," Edition 1725. How far, and in what way, the practice between the same parties differs at this day, we respectfully leave to our fair shopping friends, of this present year 1827, to determine.

L.

### CURING OF HERRINGS.

*From the Works of Thomas Nash, 1599.*

"It is to bee read, or to bee heard of, howe in the punie shipe or nouage of Cerdicke sandes, when the best houses and walles there were of mudde, or canvaze, or poldavies entiltments, a fisherman of Yarmouth, having drawne so many herrings hee wist not what to do with all, hung the residue, that hee could not sel nor spend, in the sooty roofe of his shad a drying; or say thus, his shad was a cabinet in *decimo sexto*, builded on foure crutches, and he had no roome in it, but that garret in *ex-celsis*, to lodge them, where if they were drie let them be drie, for in the sea they had drunk too much, and now hee would force them doo penance for it. The weather was colde, and good fires hee kept, (as fishermen, what hardnesse soever they endure at sea, will make all smoke, but they will make

amends for it when they come to land;) and what with his fiering and smoking, or smokie fiering, in that his narrow lobby, his herrings, which were as white as whale-bone when he hung them up, nowe lookt as red as a lobster. It was four or five dayes before either hee or his wife espied it; and when they espied it, they fell downe on their knees and blessed themselves, and cride, 'A miracle, a miracle!' and with the proclaiming it among their neighbours they could not be content, but to the court the fisherman would, and present it to the King, then lying at Burrough Castle two miles off."

The same facetious author, in enumerating the excellences of herrings, says, "A red herring is wholesome in a frosty morning: it is most precious fish-merchandise, because it can be carried through all Europe. No where are they so well cured as at Yarmouth. The poorer sort make it three parts of their sustenance. It is every man's money, from the king to the peasant. The round or cob, dried and beaten to powder, is a cure for the stone. Rub a quart-pot, or any measure, round about the mouth with a red herring, the beer shall never foam or froath in it. A red herring drawn on the ground will lead hounds a false scent. A broiled herring is good for the rheumatism. The fishery is a great nursery for seamen, and brings more ships to Yarmouth than assembled at Troy to fetch back Helen."

At the end of what Nash calls "The Play in Praise of Red Herrings," he boasts of being the first author who had written in praise of fish or fishermen: of the latter he wittily and sarcastically says, "For your seeing wonders in the deep, you may be the sons and heirs of the prophet Jonas; you are all cavaliers and gentlemen, since the king of fishes chose you for his subjects; for your selling smoke, you may be courtiers; for your keeping fasting days, friar-observants; and, lastly, look in what town there is the sign of the three mariners, the huff-capped drink in that house you shall be sure of always."

Should any one desire to be informed to what farther medicinal and culinary purposes red herring may be applied with advantage, Dodd's Natural History of the Herring may be consulted. If what is there collected were true, there would be little occasion for the *faculty*, and cookery would no longer be a science.

Norwich.

G. B.

## Poetry.

## TO JOVE THE BENEFICENT.

*For the Table Book.*

Oh thou, that holdest in thy spacious hands  
 The destinies of men! whose eye surveys  
 Their various actions! thou, whose temple stands  
 Above all temples! thou, whom all men praise!  
 Of good the author! thou, whose wisdom sways  
 The universe! all bounteous! grant to me  
 Tranquillity, and health, and length of days;  
 Good will t'wards all, and reverence unto thee;  
 Allowance for man's failings, of my own  
 The knowledge; and the power to conquer all  
 Those evil things to which we are too prone—  
 Malice, hate, envy—all that ill we call.  
 To me a blameless life, Great Spirit! grant,  
 Nor burden'd with much care, nor narrow'd by much  
 want.

S. R. J.

## Varia.

## WILSON AND SHUTER.

When Wilson the comedian made his début, it was in the character formerly supported by Shuter; but upon his appearance on the stage, the audience called out for their former favourite, by crying, "Off, off—*Shuter, Shuter!*" Whereon Wilson, turning round, and with a face as stupid as art could make it, and suiting his action to his words, replied, "*Shoot her, shoot her!*" (pointing at the same time to the female performer on the stage with him,) "I'm sure she does her part very well." This well-timed sally of seeming stupidity turned the scale in his favour, and called down repeated applause, which continued during the whole of the performance.\*

## KITTY WHITE'S PARENTHESIS.

Kitty White, a pupil to old Rich, the comedian, was instructed by O'Brien, of Drury-lane, how to perform *Sylvia*, in "The Recruiting Officer." The lady reciting a passage improperly, he told her it was a *parenthesis*, and therefore required a different tone of voice, and greater volubility. "*A parenthesis!*" said Miss White, "What's that?" Her mother, who was present, blushing for her daughter's ignorance, immediately exclaimed, "Oh, what an infernal limb of an actress will you make! not to know the meaning of '*prentice*, and that it is the plural number of '*prentices!*'"

\* Monthly Mirror.

## LADY WALLIS AND MR. HARRIS.

Mr. Harris, patentee of Covent-garden theatre, having received a very civil message from lady Wallis, offering him her comedy for *nothing*, Mr. H. observed, upon his perusal, that her ladyship knew the exact value of it.\*

## SMOKY CHIMNIES.

A large bladder filled with air, suspended about half way up the chimney by a piece of string attached to a stick, and placed across a hoop, which may be easily fastened by nails, will, it is said, prevent the disagreeable effects of a smoky chimney.

## OLD ENGLISH PROVERB.

"*An ounce of mother wit is worth a pound of learning.*" seems well exemplified in the following dialogue, translated from the German:

Hans, the son of the clergyman, said to the farmer's son Frederick, as they were walking together on a fine summer's evening, "How large is the moon which we now see in the heavens?"

*Frederick.* As large as a baking-dish.

*Hans.* Ha! ha! ha! As large as a baking-dish? No, Frederick, it is full as large as a whole country.

*Frederick.* What do you tell me? as large as a whole country? How do you know it is so large?

*Hans.* My tutor told me so.

While they were talking, Augustus, another boy, came by; and Hans ran laughing up to him, and said, "Only hear, Augustus! Frederick says the moon is no bigger than a baking-dish."

"No?" replied Augustus, "The moon must me at least as big as our barn. When my father has taken me with him into the city, I have observed, that the globe on the top of the dome of the cathedral seems like a very little ball; and yet it will contain three sacks of corn; and the moon must be a great deal higher than the dome."

Now which of these three little philosophers was the most intelligent?—I must give it in favour of the last; though Hans was most in the right through the instruction of his master. But it is much more honourable to come even at all near the truth, by one's own reasoning, than to give implicit faith to the hypothesis of another.

\* Monthly Mirror..



Seal and Autograph of the Lord High Admiral,

*Howard*

Charles Lord Howard of Effingham, 1585.

## OFFICE OF LORD HIGH ADMIRAL.

An engraving of the great seal of Charles Lord Howard of Effingham, as high admiral of England, with another, his lordship's autograph, are presented to the readers of the *Table Book* from the originals, before the Editor, affixed to a commission in the first year of that nobleman's high office, granting to sir Edward Hoby, knight, the vice-admiralty of the hundred of Milton, in the county of Kent.\*

† It will be remembered, that the lord Howard of Effingham, afterwards created earl of Nottingham, was the distinguished admiral of the English fleet, which, in conjunction with the winds of heaven, dispersed and destroyed the formidable Spanish armada for the invasion of England in 1588, during the reign of queen Elizabeth. These engraved representations therefore are no mean illustrations to a short account of the office of lord high admiral, which, after having been in commission upwards of a century, is revived in the person of the heir apparent to the throne.

It is commonly said, that we have obtained the term *admiral* from the French. The first admiral of France, or that ever had been there by title of office, was Enguerrand de Bailleul, lord of Coucy, who was so created by Philip the Hardy in 1284, and under that title appointed to command a fleet for the conquest of Catalonia and other Spanish provinces from Peter of Arragon.

The French are presumed to have gained the term in the crusades a little before this period, under St. Lewis, who instituted the order of "the ship," an honour of knighthood, to encourage and reward enterprise against the Turks. The collar of this order, at the lower end whereof hung a ship, was interlaced on double chains of gold, with double scallop-shells of gold, and double crescents of silver interwoven, "which figured the sandy shore and port of Aigues-Mortes, and, with the ship, made manifest declaration that this enterprise was to fight with infidel nations, which followed the false law of Mahomet who bare the crescent."† The chief naval commander of the Saracens is said to have been called the *admirante*, and from him the French are conjectured to have gained their *amiral*: if

they did, it was the only advantage secured to France by the expedition of St. Lewis.\*

Still, however, whether the French *amiral* comes from the Saracen *admirante* is doubtful; and though the title occurs in French history, before we discover *admiral* in our own, it is also doubtful whether we derive it from our neighbours. The Saxons had an officer, whom from his duties they called "*Aen-Mere-all*, that is *All upon the sea*:"† this title therefore of our ancient ancestors may reasonably be presumed to have been the etymon of our *admiral*.

William de Leybourne was the first Englishman that had the style of admiral. At the assembly at Bruges in 1297, (25 Edward I.) he was styled *Admirallus Maris Regis*, and soon after the office became tripartite. We subsequently meet with the titles of admiralty of the north and of the west, and in 1387 (10 Richard II.) we find Richard, son of Allan, earl of Arundel and Surry, denominated *Admirallus Angliæ*: this is the earliest mention of that style.‡

Charles, lord Howard of Effingham, the illustrious high admiral of Elizabeth, held the office eighteen years under his heroic mistress, and was continued in it fourteen years longer by her successor James I. In 1619 he was succeeded in it by George, marquis (afterwards the first duke) of Buckingham, who held the dignity till 1636, (temp. Car. I.) when it was in commission for a week, and then conferred on Algernon, earl of Northumberland, and afterwards, by the parliament, on Robert, earl of Warwick. He surrendered his commission in 1645, under an ordinance that members should have no employment, and the office was executed by a committee of both houses, of whom the earl was one. In 1649, the commissioners of the admiralty under the Commonwealth were allowed three shillings each per diem.

\* "This good prince being dead of a dysentery at the camp of Carthage in Africa, the fifth day of August One thousand two hundred threescore and ten, his body was boiled in wine and water, until that the flesh was neatly divided from the bones. His flesh and entrails were given to the king of Sicily, monsieur Charles of France, brother to the king, who caused them to be interred in the monastery of Mont Reall, of the order of St. Benedict, near to the city of Palermo in Sicily. But the bones, wrapped up worthily in seare-cloth and silks, excellently embalmed with most precious perfumes, were carried to St. Denis in France: and with them those of his son, monsieur John of France, count of Nevers, dying in the camp and of the same disease." *Favine*.

† Maitland, *Cok. Just.* p. i.

‡ Godolphin's Admiralty Jurisdiction, 1746.

\* For the loan of this document, the editor is indebted to his valuable and valued correspondent J. J. K.

† Favine, b. iii. c. 4.

At the restoration of Charles II. in 1660, his brother James, duke of York, was appointed lord high-admiral; but on the passing of the test act in 1673, being a Roman Catholic, he resigned, and the office was put in commission, with prince Rupert as first lord, till 1679. It remained in commission till the end of that reign.

James II. (the duke of York just mentioned) on his accession declared himself, in council, lord high admiral, and lord general of the navy, and during his short reign managed the admiralty affairs by Mr. Secretary Pepys.

Throughout the reign of William III., the admiralty was continued in commission.

Queen Anne, in 1702, appointed her consort, prince George of Denmark, lord high admiral of England; he executed the office under that style, with a council, till 1707, when, on account of the union, he was styled lord high admiral of Great Britain, and so continued with a council as before. He died October 28, 1708, and the queen acted by Mr. Secretary Burchel, till the 29th of November, when her majesty appointed Thomas, earl of Pembroke, lord high admiral of Great Britain, with a fee of 300 marks per annum. In November, 1709, the admiralty was again put in commission, and has been so continued from that time till April 1827, when the duke of Clarence was appointed lord high admiral of Great Britain.

The lord high admiral has the management and controul of all maritime affairs, and the government of the royal navy. He commissions all naval officers, from an admiral to a lieutenant; he takes cognizance and decides on deaths, murders, maims, and all crimes and offences committed on or beyond sea, in all parts of the world, on the coasts, in all ports or havens, and on all rivers to the first bridge from the sea. He appoints deputies for the coasts, coroners for the view of dead bodies found at sea, or on the waters within his jurisdiction, and judges for his court of admiralty. To him belongs all fines and forfeitures arising from the exercise of his office, the goods of pirates, &c. maritime deodands, wrecks, salvage, sea-prize, waifs and strays, porpoises, and other great sea-fishes, called royal fishes, whale and sturgeon only excepted.\* He is conservator of rivers and public streams, and of all ships and fisheries, with power to reform unlawful nets and engines; and he arrests and seizes

ships; impresses mariners, pilots, masters, gunners, bombardiers, and any other persons wheresoever they may be met with, as often as the naval service may require.\* Formerly, in common with other admirals, he wore a whistle suspended by a gold chain, with which he cheered his men to action, but which has now descended to the boatswain.†

The powers of the commission from the lord Howard of Effingham, high admiral of England, to sir Edward Hoby, may further illustrate the nature and extent of this high office. The deed itself is in Latin, fairly engrossed on parchment, with a large and fine illumination, entirely filling the side and bottom margins, representing a branch of white roses tinged with red, entwined with a branch of honeysuckle, the leaves and flowers in fair and proper colours.

This commission empowers "sir Edward Hobbie, knight," to take cognizance of, and proceed in all civil and maritime causes, contracts, crimes, offences, and other matters, appertaining to the jurisdiction of the English admiralty of the queen in the hundred of Milton in the county of Kent, and the maritime parts thereof, and thereto adjacent, and to hear and determine the same: AND to inquire by the oath of good and loyal men of the said hundred of all traitors, pirates, homicides, and felons, and of all suicides, and questionable deaths and casualties within such admiralty jurisdiction, and of their estates, and concerning whatever appertains to the office of the lord high admiral in the said hundred. AND of and concerning the anchorage and shores and the royal fishes, viz. sturgeons, whales, shell-fish, (cetis,) porpoises, dolphins, rigge and grampuses, and generally of all other fishes whatsoever, great and small, belonging to the queen in her office of chief admiralty of England: AND to obtain and receive all pecuniary penalties in respect of crimes and offences belonging to such jurisdiction within the said hundred, and to decide on all such matters: AND to proceed against all offenders according to the statutes of the queen and her kingdom, and according to the admiralty power of mulcting, correcting, punishing, castigating, reforming, and imprisoning within the said hundred or its jurisdiction: AND to inquire concerning nets of too small mesh, and other contrivances, or illicit instruments, for the taking of fish: AND concerning the bodies of persons

\* Cowel, &c.

† Fosbroke's Ency. of Antiquities.

\* Beatson.

wrecked and drowned in the waters of the hundred: AND concerning the keeping and preservation of the statutes of the queen and her kingdom in the maritime parts of the said hundred: AND concerning the wreck of the sea: AND to exercise the office of coroner, according to the statutes in the third and fourth years of Edward the First: AND to proceed according to the statutes concerning the damage of goods upon the sea in the 27th year of Edward III.: "AND you the aforesaid sir Hobbie, our vice-admiral, commissary, and deputy in the office of vice-admiralty, in and over the aforesaid hundred of Milton, we appoint, recommending to you and your locum tenens firmness in the execution of your duty, and requiring you yearly in Easter and Michaelmas term to account to the Court of Admiralty your proceedings in the premises." — N. B. "Given at Greenwich under our great seal the twelfth day of the month of July in the year of our Lord from the incarnation one thousand five hundred and eighty-five, and in the twenty-seventh year of the reign of our most serene lady Elizabeth by the grace of God queen of England, France, and Ireland, defender of the faith, &c."

The "great seal" above mentioned is the great seal of the admiralty, engraved on a preceding page, and as there represented, of the exact size of the seal appended to the commission.

MILTON HUNDRED, KENT.

Through a different source than that, whence the commission just set forth came to hand, the Editor has now before him various original papers formerly belonging to sir Edward Hoby, concerning his private and public concerns. The two following relate to the hundred of Milton.

I.

Articles of the Queene's Majestie Lands belonging to the Mannor of *Milton* with ther yearly values as they wilbe letten, and of the other benefitts belonging to the same mannor, which are now letten by her Majestie in farme.

	<i>Aces.</i>	<i>Value.</i>
Earable Lands	276	13s. 4d. 184 <i>li.</i>
Meadowe Lands	39	20s. - 39 <i>li.</i>
Mershe Lands	12	20s. - 12 <i>li.</i>
Pasture Lands	80	15s. - 60 <i>li.</i>
(Shent ?) Lands	34	6s. 8d. 11 <i>li.</i> 6s. 8d.
Towne meade	25	5s. - 6 <i>li.</i> 5s.
	466	331 <i>li.</i> 0 8d.

Rents of Assise	- - -	115 <i>li.</i> 1s. 10d.
The Myll	- - - -	12 <i>li.</i>
Faires and Marketts	- -	10 <i>li.</i>
Relieves and Alienac'ons	-	4 <i>li.</i>
Fines and Amercemets	-	6 <i>li.</i> 13s. 4d.
Wastes Strayes Fellons	}	13 <i>li.</i> 6s. 8d.
Goods and Wrack of Sea		
		161 <i>li.</i> 1s. 10d.
		492 <i>li.</i> 2s. 6d.

Articles of the Queene's Majestie Lands and other benefitts belonging to the Hundred of *Marden* now less letten in farme.

*Aces. Value.*

Queene's Lands	- 9	- 8s.	- 3 <i>li.</i> 12s.
Rents of Assise	- - -	-	14 <i>li.</i> 9s. 5d.
Wastes Straies and Fellons goods			3 <i>li.</i> 6s. 8d.
			21 <i>li.</i> 8s. 1d.

S'm Tot. of the proffitte of bothe the mannors } 513*li.* 10s. 7d.  
It is overson'ed viij p. ann.

II.

SIR EDWARD HOBY for a Lease of the custodie of MILTON and MARDEN.

The Queene's Ma'tie by warrant of the late Lord Treasurer the sixt daye of July, in the xiiijth Yeare of her Raigne, did graunt Custodia of the Mannor of Milton, and the Hundred of Milton, and Marden, &c. vnto Thomas Randolphe for Threescore years, yieldinge 120*li.* yearly rent and vijs. viijd increase of the rent. Prouiso semper q'd si aliquis alius plus dare voluerit de incr'o per Annum pro Custod. predict sine fraude vel malo ingenio Quod tunc idem Thomas Randolphe tantum pro eadem soluere teneatur si Custod. voluerit her'e sup'dict.

The Lease is by meane conveyance colorably sett over vnto one Thomas Bodley, but the interest is in one Richard Potman, Attorney towards the Lawe.

Sr Edward Hoby knight the xxvijth of Maye xlmo Regine nunc, before the nowe Lord Treasurer and the Barons of the Exchequer did personally cum, and in wrytinge under his hande, Offer, sine fraude vel malo ingenio, to increase the Queene's rent 100*li.* yearly, which sayd Offer was accepted and attested, with Mr. Baron Clarke's hande redy to be inrolled.

Whereupon the sayd Sr Edward Hoby doth humbly praye that Yor Lo'pp wilbe



pleased to gyve warrant for the inrowlinge thereof accordingly, and that a scire facias maye presently be awarded agaynst the Leasee, to shewe cause whye the former Pattent shoulde not be repealed, and the custody aforesayd graunted to the sayd Sr Edward Hoby.

*Note.*

The lyke tender was heretofore made xxxijdo Regine Elizabeth by Richard Varney Esquier, agaynst Gregory Wolmer Esquier, for the Mannor of Torrington Magna: beinge in extent to her Ma'tie for the dett of Phillip Basset, and leased with the like Prouiso, and thereby obtayned a newe Lease from her Ma'tie.

The preceding documents are so far interesting, as they connect sir Edward Hoby with the hundred of Milton and Marden, beyond his public office of vice admiral of the former place, and show the underletting of the crown lands in the reign of Elizabeth, with something of the means employed at that time to obtain grants.

## Garrick Plays.

### No. XVI.

[From "Tottenham Court," a Comedy, by Thomas Nabbs, 1638.]

#### *Lovers Pursued.*

*Worthgood, Bellamie, as travelling together before daylight.*

*Worth.* Come, my Delight; let not such painted griefs

Press down thy soul: the darkness but presents Shadows of fear; which should secure us best From danger of pursuit.

*Bell.* Would it were day!

My apprehension is so full of horror;  
I think each sound, the air's light motion  
Makes in these thickets, is my Uncle's voice,  
Threat'ning our ruins.

*Worth.* Let his rage persist

To enterprise a vengeance, we'll prevent it.  
Wrapt in the arms of Night, that favours Lovers,  
We hitherto have 'scaped his eager search;  
And are arrived near London. Sure I hear  
The Bridge's cataracts, and such-like murmurs  
As night and sleep yield from a populous number.

*Bell.* But when will it be day? the light hath comfort:

Our first of useful senses being lost,  
The rest are less delighted,

*Worth.* Th' early Cock

Hath sung his summons to the day's approach:

!Twill instantly appear. Why startled, Bellamie?

*Bell.* Did no amazing sounds arrive thy ear?  
Pray, listen.

*Worth.* Come, come; 'tis thy fear suggests  
Illusive fancies. Under Love's protection  
We may presume of safety.

(*Within.*) Follow, follow, follow.

*Bell.* Aye me, 'tis sure my Uncle; dear Love,  
Worthgood?

*Worth.* Astonishment hath seiz'd my faculties.

My Love, my Bellamie, ha!

*Bell.* Dost thou forsake me, Worthgood?

(*Exit, as losing him.*)

*Worth.* Where's my Love?

Dart from thy silver crescent one fair beam  
Through this black air, thou Governess of Night,  
To shew me whither she is led by fear.  
Thou envious Darkness, to assist us here,  
And then prove fatal!

(*Within.*) Follow, follow, follow.

*Worth.* Silence your noise, ye clamorous ministers  
Of this injustice. Bellamie is lost;  
She's lost to me. Not her fierce Uncle's rage,  
Who whets your eager aptness to pursue me  
With threats or promises; nor his painted terrors  
Of laws' severity; could ever work  
Upon the temper of my resolute soul  
To soften it to fear, till she was lost.  
Not all the illusive horrors, which the night  
Presents unto th' imagination,  
T' affright a guilty conscience, could possess me,  
While I possess'd my Love. The dismal shrieks  
Of fatal owls, and groans of dying mandrakes,  
Whilst her soft palm warm'd mine, were music to me.—  
Their light appears.—No safety does consist  
In passion or complaints. Night, let thine arms  
Again assist me; and, if no kind minister  
Of better fate guide me to Bellamie,  
Be thou eternal.

(*Within.*) Follow, follow, follow.

#### *Bellamie, alone, in Marybone Park.*

*Bell.* The day begins to break; and trembling Light,  
As if affrighted with this night's disaster,  
Steals thro' the farthest air, and by degrees  
Salutes my weary longings.—O, my Worthgood,  
Thy presence would have checkt these passions;  
And shot delight thro' all the mists of sadness,  
To guide my fear safe thro' the paths of danger:  
Now fears assault me.—'Tis a woman's voice.  
She sings; and in her music's cheerfulness  
Seems to express the freedom of a heart,  
Not chain'd to any passions.

#### *Song, within.*

What a dainty life the Milkmaid leads!  
When over the flowery meads  
She dabbles in the dew,  
And sings to her cow;  
And feels not the pain  
Of Love or Disdain.  
She sleeps in the night, tho' she toils in the day;  
And merrily passeth her time away.

*Bell.* Oh, might I change my misery  
For such a shape of quiet!

[From the "Duchess of Suffolk," an Historical Play, by T. Heywood, 1631.]

*A Tragic Pursuit.*

*The Duchess, with her little child, preparing to escape by night from the relentless persecution of the Romanists.*

*Duch.* (to the Nurse) Give me my child, and mantle;  
—now Heaven's pleasure:  
Farewell;—come life or death, I'll hug my treasure.  
Nay, chide not, pretty babe; our enemies come:  
Thy crying will pronounce thy mother's doom.  
Be thou but still;  
This gate may shade us from their envious will.

(*Exit.*)

(*A noise of Pursuers. She re-enters.*)

*Duch.* Oh fear, what art thou? lend me wings to fly;  
Direct me in this plunge of misery.  
Nature has taught the Child obedience;  
Thou hast been humble to thy mother's wish.  
O let me kiss these duteous lips of thine,  
That would not kill thy mother with a cry.  
Now forward, whither heav'n directs; for I  
Can guide no better than thine infancy.  
Here are two Pilgrims bound for Lyon Quay,\*  
And neither knows one footstep of the way.

(*Noise again heard.*)

*Duch.* Return you? then 'tis time to shift me hence.

(*Exit, and presently Re-enters.*)

*Duch.* Thus far, but heav'n knows where, we have escaped

The eager pursuit of our enemies,  
Having for guidance my attentive fear.  
Still I look back, still start my tired feet,  
Which never till now measured London street:  
My Honours scorn'd that custom; they would ride;  
Now forced to walk, more weary pain to bide.  
Thou shalt not do so, child; I'll carry thee  
In Sorrow's arms to welcome misery.  
Custom must steel thy youth with pinching want,  
That thy great birth in age may bear with scant  
Sleep peaceably, sweet duck, and make no noise:  
Methinks each step is death's arresting voice.  
We shall meet nurse anon; a dug will come,  
To please my quiet infant: when, nurse, when?

*The Duchess, persecuted from place to place, with Bertie, her Husband, takes comfort from her Baby's smiles.*

*Duch.* Yet we have scaped the danger of our foes;  
And I, that whilom was exceeding weak

Through my hard travail in this infant's birth,  
Am now grown strong upon necessity,  
How forwards are we towards Windham Castle?  
*Berty.* Just half our way: but we have lost our  
friends,

Thro' the hot pursuit of our enemies.

*Duch.* We are not utterly devoid of friends;  
Behold, the young Lord Willoughby smiles on us:  
And 'tis great help to have a Lord our friend.

C. L.

## Theatrical Customs.

### PLAY-BILLS.

*To the Editor.*

Sir,—Conjecturing that some slight notices of the early use of play-bills by our comedians might be interesting to your readers, allow me respectfully to request the insertion of the following:—

So early as 1587, there is an entry in the Stationers' books of a license granted to John Charlewood, in the month of October, "by the whole consent of the assistants, for the onely ymprinting of all maner of bills for players. Provided that if any trouble arise hereby, then Charlewoode to bear the charges." Ames, in his *Typogr. Antiq.*, p. 342, referring to a somewhat later date, states, that James Roberts, who printed in quarto several of the dramas written by the immortal Shakspeare, also "printed bills for the players;" the license of the Stationers' Company had then probably devolved to him. The announcements of the evening's or rather afternoon's entertainment was not circulated by the medium of a diurnal newspaper, as at present, but broadsides were pasted up at the corners of the streets to attract the passer-by. The puritanical author of a "Treatise against Idleness, Vaine-playes, and Interludes," printed in black letter, without date, but possibly anterior to 1587, proffers an admirable illustration of the practice.—"They use," says he, in his tirade against the players, "to set up their bills upon postes some certain dayes before, to admonish the people to make resort to their theatres, that they may thereby be the better furnished, and the people prepared to fill their purses with their treasures." The whimsical John Taylor, the water-poet, under the head of Wit and Mirth, also alludes to the custom.—"Master Nat. Field, the player, riding up Fleet-street at a great pace, a gentleman called him, and asked what play was played that day. He being angry to be stay'd on so frivolous a

\* From which place she hopes to embark for Flanders.

demand, answered, that he might see what play was plaied on every poste. I cry your mercy, said the gentleman, I took *you* for a poste, you rode so fast."

It may naturally be inferred, that the emulments of itinerant players could not afford the convenience of a printed bill, and hence from necessity arose the practice of announcing the play by beat of drum. Will. Slye, who attended Kempe in the provincial enactment of his "Nine Men of Gotham," is figured with a drum. Parolles, in Shakspeare's "All's Well that ends Well," alludes to this occupation of some of Will. Slye's fellows, "Faith, sir, he has led the drum before the English comedians."

The long detailed titles of some of the early quarto plays induce a supposition, that the play-bills which introduced them to public notice were similarly extended. The "pleasant conceited Comedy," and "the Bloody Tragedy," were equally calculated to attract idling gazers on the book-stalls, or the "walks at St. Paul's," and to draw gaping crowds about some vociferous Autolycus, who was probably an underling belonging to the company, or a servant to one of the players; for, as they ranked as gentlemen, each forsooth had his man. A carping satirical writer, who wrote anonymously "Notes from Blackfriars," 1617, presents some traces of a play-bill crier of that period.

—————"Prithce, what's the play?

The first I visited this twelvemonth day.

They say—'A new invented boy of purple,

That jeopardd his neck to steale a girl  
Of twelve; and lying fast impounded for't,

Has hither sent his bearde to act his part,

Against all those in open malice bent,

That would not freely to the theft consent:

Faines all to 's wish, and in the epilogue

Goes out applauded for a famous—rogue.'

—Now hang me if I did not look at first,

For some such stuff, by the fond-people's thrust."

In 1642, the players, who till the subversion of the kingly prerogative in the preceding year, basked in the sunshine of court favour, and publicly acknowledged the patronage of royalty, provoked, by their loyalty, the vengeance of the stern unyielding men in power. The lords and commons, assembled on the second day of September in the former year, suppressed stage plays, during these calamitous times, by the following

#### Ordinance.

"Whereas the distressed estate of Ireland, steeped in her own blood, and the

distracted estate of England, threatened with a cloud of blood, by a Civill Warre; call for all possible meanes to appease and avert the wrath of God, appearing in these judgments; amongst which, fasting and prayer having been often tried to be very effectually, have bin lately, and are still enjoyned: And whereas public sports doe not well agree with public calamities, nor publike Stage Playes with the seasons of humiliation, this being an exercise of sad and pious solemnity, and the other spectacles of pleasure, too commonly expressing lascivious mirth and levitie: It is therefore thought fit, and ordered by the Lords and Commons in this Parliament assembled, that while these sad causes, and set times of humiliation doe continue, publike Stage Playes shall cease, and bee forborne. Instead of which, are recommended to the people of this land, the profitable and seasonable considerations of repentance, reconciliation, and peace with God, which probably may produce outward peace and prosperity, and bring againe times of joy and gladnesse to these nations."

The tenour of this ordinance was strictly enforced; many young and vigorous actors joined the king's army, in which for the most part they obtained commissions, and others retired on the scanty pittances they had earned, till on the restoration, the theatre burst forth with new effulgence. The play-bill that announced the opening of the new theatre, in Drury-lane, April 8, 1663, has been already printed in the *Every-Day Book*. The actors' names were then, for the first time, affixed to the characters they represented; and, to evince their loyalty, "Vivat Rex et Regina," was appended at the foot of the bills, as it continues to this day.

In the reign of the licentious Charles II., wherein monopolies of all kinds were granted to court favourites, licenses were obtained for the sole printing of play-bills. There is evidence in Bagford's Collections, Harl. MSS. No. 5910, vol. ii., that in August, 1663, Roger L'Estrange, as surveyor of the imprimery and printing presses, had the "sole license and grant of printing and publishing all ballads, plays, &c. not previously printed, play-bills, &c." These privileges he sold to operative printers. When that license ceased, I have yet to learn.

The play-bills at Bartholomew-fair were in form the same as those used at the regular theatres; but, as they were given among the populace, they were only half the size. One that Dogget published recently, in my

possession, had W. R. in the upper corners, as those printed in the reign of Charles II., had C. R., the royal arms being in the centre.

The luxurious mode of printing in alternate black and red lines, was adopted in Cibber's time; the bills of Covent-garden theatre were generally printed in that manner. The bills of Drury-lane theatre, within the last ten years, have issued from a private press, set up in a room below the stage of that theatre. The bills for the royal box, on his majesty's visit to either theatre, are printed on white satin.

Connected with these notices of play-bills, are the means by which they were dispersed. A century ago, they were sold in the theatres by young women, called "orange-girls," some of whom, Sally Harris and others, obtained considerable celebrity; these were succeeded by others, who neither coveted nor obtained notoriety. The "orange-girls" have *gone out*, and staid married women, who pay a weekly stipend to the box-lobby fruit-woman, now vend play-bills in the theatre, but derive most of their emolument from the sale of the "book of the play," or "the songs" of the evening. The old cry about the streets, "Choice fruit, and a bill of the play—Drury-lane or Covent-garden," is almost extinct; the barrow-women are obliged to obtain special permission to remain opposite some friendly shopkeeper's door; and the play-bills are chiefly hawked by little beggarly boys:

I am, sir, &c.

WILL O' THE WISP.

March, 1827.

## THE LINNET FANCY.

To the Editor of the Table Book.

It is my fantasie to have these things,  
For they amuse me in my moody hours;  
Their voices waft my soul into the woods;  
Where bends th' enamour'd willow o'er the stream,  
They make sweet melody.

Of all the earthly things by which the brain of man is twisted and twirled, heated and cooled, fancy is the most powerful. Like a froward wife, she invariably leads him by the nose, and almost every man is in some degree ruled by her. One fancies a horse, another an ass—one a dog, another a rabbit—one's delight is in dress, another's in negligence—one is a lover of flowers, another of insects—one's mind runs on a pigeon, another's on a hawk—

one fancies himself sick, the doctor fancies he can cure him: death—that stern reality—settles the matter, by fancying both. One, because he has a little of this life's evil assail him, fancies himself miserable, another, as ragged as a colt, fancies himself happy. One, as ugly as sin, and as hideous as death, fancies himself handsome—another, a little higher than six-penn'orth of halfpence, fancies himself a second Saul. In short, it would take a monthly part of the *Table Book* to enumerate the different vagaries of fancy—so multifarious are her forms. Leaving this, proceed we to one of the fancies which amuse and divert the mind of man in his leisure and lonely hours—the "*Linnet Fancy*."

"Linnet fancy!" I think I hear some taker-up of the *Table Book* say, "What's in a linnet?—rubbish—"

A bird that, when caught,  
May be had for a groat."

Music! I answer—melody, unrivalled melody—equal to Philomel's, that ever *she*-bird of the poets.—I wish they would call things by their proper names; for, after all, it is a cock—hens never make harmonious sounds. The fancy is possessed but by a few; and those, generally, of the "lower orders"—the weavers and cobblers of Whitechapel and Spitalfields, for instance. A good bird has been known to fetch ten sovereigns. I have frequently seen three and four given for one.

When the song of the linnet was obtained I cannot tell; but, from what I have heard the tit-lark and sky-lark do, I incline to believe that a good deal of theirs is in the song of the linnet. This song consists of a number of *jerks*, as they are called, some of which a bird will dwell on, and time with the most beautiful exactness: this is termed a "*weighed bird*." Others rattle through it in a hurried manner, and take to what is termed *battling*; these are birds often "sung" against others. It is with them as in a party where many are inclined to sing, the loudest and quickest tires them out; or, as the phrase is, "knocks them down." These *jerks* are as under. Old fanciers remember more, and regret the spoliation and loss of the good old strain. I have heard some of them say, that even larks are not so good as they were forty years ago. The reader must not suppose that the *jerks* are warbled in the apple-pie order in which he sees them here: the birds put them forth as they please: good birds always *finish* them. ;



### London Bird Catcher, 1827.

#### Jerks.

Tuck—Tuck—Fear.  
 Tuck, Tuck, Fear—Ic, Ic, Ic.  
 Tuck, Tuck, Fear—Ic quake-e-weet.  
 This is a *finished jerk*.  
 Tuck, Tuck, Joey.  
 Tuck, Tuck, Tuck, Tuck, Joey—Tolloc  
 cha, Ic quake-e-weet.  
 Tuck, Tuck, Wizzyey.  
 Tuck, Tuck, Wizzyey—Tyr, Tyr, Tyr,  
 Cher—Wye wye Cher.  
 Tolloc, Ejup, R—Weet, weet, weet.  
 Tolloc, Ejup, R—Weet, cheer.  
 Tolloc, Ejup, R—Weet, weet, weet—  
 cheer.  
 Tolloc, Tolloc, cha—Ic, Ic, Ic, Ic quake  
 —Ic, Ic.

Tolloc, Tolloc, cha—Ic, Ic, Ic, Ic, quake  
 —Ic, Ic, Tyr, Fear.  
 Tolloc, Tolloc, R—Weet, weet, weet,  
 cheer—Tolloc, cha—Ejup.  
 Tolloc, Tolloc, R—Ejup.  
 Tolloc, Tolloc, R—Cha, cea—Pipe, Pipe,  
 Pipe.  
 Tolloc, Tolloc, R—Ejup—Pipe, Pipe,  
 Pipe.  
 Lug, Lug, G—Cher, Cher, Cher.  
 Lug, Lug—Orchee, weet.  
 Lug, Lug, G—Pipe, Pipe, Pipe.  
 Lug, Lug, G—Ic, Ic, Ic, Ic, quake, e  
 Pipe Chow.  
 Lug, Lug, E chow—Lug, Ic, Ic, quake e  
 weet.  
 Lug, Lug, or—cha cea.  
 Ic Ic R—Ejup—Pipe chow.

Lug, Lug, E chow, Lug, Ic, Ic, quake-e-weet.

Ic, Ic, R—Ejup, Pipe.

Ic, Ic, R—Ejup, Pipe, chow.

Ic Ic—R cher—Wye, wye, cher.

Ic, Ic R, cher—Weet, cheer.

Ic, Ic—quake-e-weet.

Ic, chow—E chow—Ejup, weet.

Tyr, Tyr, Cher—Wye, wye, cher.

Bell, Bell, Tyr.

Ejup, Ejup, Pipe, Chow.

Ejup, Ejup, Pipe.

Ejup, Ejup, Poy.

Peu Poy—Peu Poy. This is when calling to each other.

Cluck, Cluck, Cha.

Cluck, Cluck, Cha, Wisk—R, Wisk.

Ic, quake-e-weet—R Cher.

Ic, Quake-e-Pipe—Tolloc Ic—Tolloc Ic  
Tolloc Ic—R Cher.

Fear, Fear, weet—Ejup, Pipe, Chow.

Pipe, Pipe, Pipe, Pipe—Ejup, Ejup,  
Ejup.

Ejup R—Lug, Ic, Ic, quake-e-weet.

Ic, Ic, R, Chow, Ic, Ic, R—Ic, Ic,  
quake, tyr, fear.

Most of these my own birds do. Several strains have been known of the linnet, the best of which I believe was Wilder's.

The method of raising is this. Get a good bird—as soon as *nestlings* can be had, purchase four, or even six; put them in a large cage, and feed them with boiled or scalded rape-seed, mixed with bread. This will do till about three weeks old; then throw in dry seed, rape, flax, and canary, bruised; they will pick it up, and so be weaned from the moist food. You may then cage them off in back-cages, and hang them under the old ones.

If you do not want the trouble of feeding them, buy them at a shop about a month old, when they are able to crack the seed. Some persons prefer *branchers* to nestlings; these are birds caught about July. When they are just able to fly among the trees, they are in some cases better than the others; and invariably so, if they take your old bird's song, being stronger and steadier. Nestlings lose half their time in playing about the cage.

As two heads are said to be better than one, so are two birds, therefore he who wants to raise a strain, should get two good ones, about the end of May—*stop* one of them. This is done by putting your cage in a box, just big enough to hold it, having a door in front to pull up. Some have a glass in the door to enable them to see the birds; others keep them in total

darkness, only opening their prison to give them food and water. The common way is to put the cage in the box, and close the door, by a little at a time, daily, keeping it in a warm place. This is a brutal practice, which I have never subscribed to, nor ever shall; yet it *does* improve the bird, both in feather and song. By the time he has "moulted off," the other bird will "come in" stout, and your young ones will take from him; thus you will obtain good birds.

To render your birds tame, and free in song, move them about; tie them in handkerchiefs, and put them on the table, or any where that you safely can; only let their usual place of hanging be out of sight of each other. Their seeing one another makes them fretful. To prevent this, have tin covers over their water-pots.

The man who keeps birds *should* pay attention to them: they cannot speak, but their motions will often tell him that something is wrong; and it will then be his business to discover what. He who confines birds and neglects them, deserves to be confined himself; they merit all we can do for them, and are grateful. What a fluttering of wings—what a stretching of necks and legs—what tappings with the bill against the wires of their cages have I heard, when coming down to breakfast; what a burst of song—as much as to say, "Here's master!"

Should any one be induced, from this perusal, to become a *fancier*, let him be careful with *whom*, and *how* he deals, or he will assuredly be taken in. In choosing a bird, let him see that it stands up on its perch boldly; let it be snake-headed, its feathers smooth and sleek, its temper good; this you may know by the state of its tail: a bad-tempered bird generally rubs his tail down to a mere bunch of rags. Hear the bird *sing*; and be sure to keep the seller at a distance from him; a motion of his master's hand, a turn of his head, may stop a bird when about to do something bad. Let him "go *through*" with his song uninterrupted; you will then discover his faults.

In this dissertation (if it may be so called) I have merely given what has come under my own observation; others, who are partial to linnets, are invited to convey, through the same medium, their knowledge, theoretical and practical, on the subject.

I am, sir, &c.

S. R. J.

FOUNDATION OF THE  
LONDON UNIVERSITY.

On Monday, the 30th of April, 1827, his royal highness the duke of Sussex laid the foundation-stone of the London University. The spot selected for the building is situated at the end of Gower-street, and comprehends a very extensive piece of ground. The adjacent streets were crowded with passengers and carriages moving towards the place. The day was one of the finest of this fine season. The visitors, who were admitted by cards, were conducted to an elevated platform, which was so much inclined, that the most distant spectator could readily see every particular of the ceremony. Immediately before this platform, and at about three yards distant from it, was another, upon which the foundation-stone was placed. The persons admitted were upwards of two thousand, the greatest proportion composed of well-dressed ladies. Every house in the neighbourhood, which afforded the smallest opportunity of witnessing the operations, was crowded from the windows to the roof; and even many windows in Gower-street, from which no view of the scene could be any way obtained, were filled with company. At a quarter past three o'clock, the duke of Sussex arrived upon the ground, and was greeted by the acclamations of the people both inside and outside the paling. When he descended from his carriage, the band of the third regiment of foot-guards, which had been upon the ground some time before, playing occasional airs, struck up "God save the king." The royal duke, attended by the committee and stewards, went in procession to the platform, upon which the foundation-stone was deposited. The stone had been cut exactly in two, and in the lower half was a rectangular hollow, to receive the medals and coins, and an inscription engraved upon a copper-plate:—

DEO OPT. MAX.  
SEMPITerno ORBIS ARCHITECTO  
FAVENTE  
QVOD FELIX FAVSTVM QVE SIT  
OCTAVVM REGNI ANNVN INEVNTE  
GEORGIO QVARTO BRITANNIARVM  
REGE  
CELSISSIMVS PRINCEPS AVGVSTVS FREDE-  
RICVS  
SUSSEXIAE DVX  
OMNIVM BONARVM ARTIVM PATRONVS  
ANTIQVISSIMI ORDINIS ARCHITECTONICI  
PRAESIES APVD ANGLVS SVMMVS  
PRIMVM LONDINENSIS ACADEMIAE LAPIDEM  
INTER CIVIVM ET FRATRVM

## CIRCVMSTANTIUM PLAVSVS

MANV SVA LOCAVIT  
PRID. KAL. MAII.  
OPVS  
DIV MVLTVM QVE DESIDERATVM  
VRBI PATRIAE COMMODISSIMVM  
TANDEM ALIQVANDI INCHOATVM EST  
ANNO SALVTIS HVMANAE  
MDCCCXXVII  
ANNO LVCIS NOSTRAE  
MMMMDCCCXXVII.  
NOMINA CLARISSIMORVM VIRORVN  
QVI SVNT E CONCILIO  
HENRICVS DVX NORFOLCIAE  
HENRICVS MARCHIO DE LANSDOWN  
DOMINVS IOANNES RVSSSELL  
IOANNES VICECOMES DVBLEY ET WARD  
GEORGIVS BARO DE AVCKLAND  
HONORABILIS IAC. ABERCROMBIE  
IACOBVS MACINTOSH IQVES  
ALEX. BARING GEORGIVS BIRKBECK  
HEN. BROUGHAM THOMAS CAMPBELL  
I. L. GOLDSMID OLINTHV GREGORY  
GEORGIVS GROTE IOSEPHVS HVME  
ZAC. MACAULAY IACOBVS MILL  
BENIAMINVS SHAW IOHANNES SMITH  
GVLIELMVS TOOKE HEN. WARBVRTON  
HEN. WAYMOUTH IOANNES WISHAW  
THOMAS WILSON  
GVLIELMVS WILKINS, ARCHITECTVS.

After this inscription had been read, the upper part of the stone was raised by the help of pulleys, and his royal highness having received the coins, medals, and inscription, deposited them in the hollow formed for their reception. The two parts of the stone were then fastened together, and the whole was lifted from the ground. A bed of mortar was next laid upon the ground by the workmen, and his royal highness added more, which he took from a silver plate, and afterwards smoothed the whole with a golden trowel, upon which were inscribed the following words:— "With this trowel was laid the first stone of the London University, by his royal highness Augustus duke of Sussex, on the 30th of April, 1827. William Wilkins, architect; Messrs. Lee and Co. builders." The stone was then gradually lowered amidst the cheers of the assembly, the band playing "God save the king." His royal highness, after having proved the stone with a perpendicular, struck it three times with a mallet, at the same time saying, "May God bless this undertaking which we have so happily commenced, and make it prosper for the honour, happiness, and glory, not only of the metropolis, but of the whole country."

An oration was then delivered by the Rev. Dr. Maltby, in which he offered up a prayer to the Almighty in behalf of the proposed University.

Dr. LUSHINGTON stated, that he had been chosen by the committee as the organ of their opinions. He remarked that the London University must effect good. The clouds of ignorance had passed away, and the sun had broken forth and dispelled the darkness which had hitherto prevailed. No man dared now to assert that the blessings of education should not be extended to every, even the lowest, of his majesty's subjects. He then expatiated on the advantages which were likely to arise from the establishment of a London University, and especially on its admission of Dissenters, who were excluded from the two great Universities. He concluded by passing an eloquent compliment upon the public conduct of the duke of Sussex, who, attached to no party, was a friend to liberality, and promoted by his encouragement any efforts of the subjects of this realm, whatever their political opinions, if their motives were proper and praiseworthy.

The duke of SUSSEX acknowledged the compliments paid to him, and stated, that the proudest day of his life was that upon which he had laid the first stone of the London University, surrounded as he was by gentlemen of as high rank, fortune, and character, as any in the kingdom. He was quite convinced that the undertaking must be productive of good. It would excite the old Universities to fresh exertions, and force them to reform abuses. His royal highness concluded, amidst the cheers of the assembly, by repeating that the present was the happiest day of his life.

His royal highness and the committee then left the platform, and the spectators dispersed, highly gratified with the exhibition of the day.

In the evening, the friends and subscribers to the new University dined together, in the Freemasons' Hall. On no previous occasion of a similar nature was that room so crowded; upwards of 420 persons sat down to table, with his royal highness the duke of Sussex in the chair.

The cloth having been removed, "The King" was drank with three times three.

The next toast was "The Duke of Clarence, the Lord High Admiral of England," and the rest of the royal family. As soon as the royal chairman, in proposing the above toast, stated the title of the new office held by his royal brother, the room rang with acclamations.

The duke of NORFOLK then proposed the health of his royal highness the duke of Sussex, who, he said, had added to the illustrious title which he inherited by birth, that of the friend of the arts, and the patron of every liberal institution in the metropolis. (Cheers.)

The toast was drunk with three times three.

HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS said, that he received what his noble friend had been pleased to say of him, more as an admiration than as a compliment, because it brought to his recollection the principles on which his family was seated on the throne of this country. He was rejoiced at every circumstance which occurred to refresh his memory on that subject, and never felt so happy as when he had an opportunity of proving by acts, rather than professions, how great was his attachment to the cause of liberty and the diffusion of knowledge. (Cheers.) He repeated what he had stated in the morning, that the University of London had been undertaken with no feelings of jealousy or ill-will towards the two great English Universities already existing, but only to supply a deficiency, which was notoriously felt, and had been created by changes in circumstances and time since the foundation of those two great seminaries of learning. He concluded by once more repeating, that he had never felt more proud in his life than when he was laying the foundation-stone of the new University in the presence of some of the most honest and enlightened men of whom this country could boast. (Applause.) He then proposed "Prosperity to the University of London," which was drunk with three times three, and loud applause.

Mr. BROUGHAM rose amidst the most vehement expressions of approbation. He rose, he said, in acquiescence to the command imposed upon him by the council, to return thanks to the royal chairman for the kind and cordial manner in which he had been pleased to express himself towards the new University, and also to the company present for the very gratifying manner in which they had received the mention of the toast. The task had been imposed upon him, God knew, not from any supposed peculiar fitness on his part to execute it, but from a well-grounded recollection that he was amongst the earliest and most zealous promoters of the good work they were met to celebrate. Two years had not elapsed since he had the happiness of attending a meeting, at which, peradventure, a great proportion of those



whom he was now addressing were present, for the purpose of promoting the foundation of the new University, held in the middle of the city of London, the cradle of all our great establishments, and of the civil and religious liberties of this land; the place where those liberties had first been nurtured; near the spot where they had been watered by the most precious blood of the noblest citizens; and he much deceived himself if the institution, the foundation of which they had met to celebrate, was not destined, with the blessing of Divine Providence, to have an extensive influence in rendering the liberties to which he had before alluded, eternal in England, and to spread the light of knowledge over the world. (Cheers.) On the day which he had referred to, the circumstances under which he spoke were very different from those which now surrounded him. The advocates of the University had then to endure the sneers of some, the more open taunts and jibes of others, accompanied with the timidly expressed hopes of many friends, and the ardent good wishes and fond expectations of a large body of enlightened men, balanced however by the loudly expressed and deep execrations of the enemies of human improvement, light, and liberty, throughout the world. (Applause.) Now, however, the early clouds and mists which had hung over the undertaking had disappeared, and the friends of the new University had succeeded in raising the standard of the establishment in triumph over its defeated enemies—they had succeeded in laying the foundation of the University, amidst the plaudits of surrounding thousands, accompanied by the good wishes of their kind in every corner of the globe. (Cheers.) The council had come to a fixed resolution that in the selection of teachers for the University, no such phrase as "candidate" for votes should ever be used in their presence. The appointments would be given to those who were found most worthy; and if the merits, however little known, should be found to surpass those of others the most celebrated, only in the same proportion as the dust which turned the balance, the former would certainly be preferred. Instead of teaching only four or five, or at the utmost six months in the year, it was intended that the lectures at the new University should continue nine months in the year. After each lecture, the lecturer would devote an hour to examining, in turn, each of the pupils, to ascertain whether he had understood the subject of his discourse. The

lecturer would then apply another hour, three times in the week, if not six, (the subject was under consideration,) to the further instruction of such of his pupils as displayed particular zeal in the search of knowledge. By such means, it was hoped that the pupils might not only be encouraged to learn what was already known, but to dash into untried paths, and become discoverers themselves. (Applause.) The honourable and learned gentleman then proceeded, in a strain of peculiar eloquence, to defend himself from a charge which had been made against him, of being inimical to the two great English Universities, which he designated the two lights and glories of literature and science. Was it to be supposed that because he had had the misfortune not to be educated in the sacred haunts of the muses on the Cam or the Isis, that he would, like the animal, declare the fruit which was beyond his reach to be 'sour? He hoped that those two celebrated seats of learning would continue to flourish as heretofore, and he would be the last person in the world to do any thing which could tend to impair their glory. The honourable and learned gentleman said, he would conclude by repeating the lines from one of our sweetest minstrels, which he had before quoted in reference to the undertaking which they had assembled to support. He then quoted the passage prophetically—now it was applicable as a description of past events:—

"As some tall cliff that lifts its awful form,  
Swell from the vale, and midway leaves the storm;  
Though round its breast the rolling clouds are spread,  
Eternal sunshine settles on its head."

The ROYAL CHAIRMAN then proposed "The Marquis of Lansdown, and the University of Cambridge," which was drunk with great applause.

The Marquis of LANSDOWN, on rising, was received with loud cheers. He felt himself highly honoured, he said, in having his name coupled with the University in which he had received his education. He felt the greatest veneration for that institution, and he considered it by no means inconsistent with that feeling to express the most ardent wishes for the prosperity of the new University. (Applause.) He was persuaded that the extension of science in one quarter could not be prejudicial to its cultivation in another. (Applause.)

"The Royal Society" was next drunk, then "Prosperity to the City of London,"

and Mr. Alderman Venables returned thanks.

"Prosperity to the City of Westminster" being drank, Mr. Hobhouse returned thanks.

"The health of "Lord Dudley" was drank with much applause.

Amongst the other toasts were "Prosperity to the Universities of Scotland and Ireland;" "Henry Brougham, Esq., and the Society for the Promotion of Useful Knowledge;" "The Duke of Norfolk;" "The Mechanics' Institution," &c.

The company did not separate till a late hour.\*

## Syr Delavalle ande the Moncke.

### A LEGENDE OFFE TINMOUTHE PRIORIE.

(For the Table Book.)

"**Ⓔ** horypde dede toe kylle a manne  
forre a pygges hede."—INSCRIPTION.

Quahat want ye, quahat want ye thone jollie fryare,  
Sayde Syr Delavalles Wardeire brave;  
Quahat lack ye, quahat lack ye, thone jollie fryare;—  
—— Saythe—Openne ye portalle, knave,  
Three wearye legues fro ye Pryorye  
Ive com synne ye sonne hathe smylde onne ye sea.

Nowe naye, nowe naye, thone halie fryare,  
I maie notte lett ye ynne;  
Syr Delavalles moode ys notte forre ye Roode,  
Ande hee cares nott toe shryve hys synne;  
And shoulde hee retorne quithe hys hoonde and horne,  
Hee will gare thye haliness rynne.

Forre Chryste hys sak nowe saie nott naie,  
Botte openne ye portalle toe mee;  
Ande I wyllle donne a ryche benyzonne  
Forre thye gentlesse ande cortesye:—  
Bye Masse ande bye Roode gyffe thys boone ys quith-  
stoode,  
Thone shalte perryshe bye sorcerie.

Yenne quycklie ye portalle wals opennd wyde,  
Syr Delavalles hal wals made free,  
Ande ye table wals spredde forre ye fryare quithe  
spede,  
Ande he fesstedde ryghte plentyfullie:  
Dyde a fryare wyghte everre lack off myghte  
Quhenne hee token chepe hostelrye?

Ande ye fryare hee ate, ande ye fryare hee dronke;  
Tylle ye cellarmonne wonderred fulle sore;  
And hee wysh'd hymm atte home att Saynte Oswynnes  
tombe,\*

Quithe hys relyckes ande myssall lore:  
Botte ye fryare hee ate offe ye vensonne mete,  
Ande ye fryare hee dronke ye more.

Nowe thys daie wals a daie off wassell keppt,  
Syr Delavalles byrthe daie I weene,  
And monnie a knyeghte ande ladye bryghte,  
Ynne Syr Delavalles castell wals seene;  
Botte synne ye sunne onne ye blue sea schonne,  
They'd huntedd ye woodes sse greene.

And ryche and rare wals ye feste prepardde  
Forre ye knyeghtes ande ladies gaie;  
Ande ye fyelde ande ye floode baythe yyelledd yere  
broode

Toe grace ye festalle daie;  
And ye wynnes fro Espagne wyche longe hadde layne,  
And spyces fro farre Cathaye.

Botte fyrst ande fayrest offe al ye feste,  
Bye Syr Delavalle pryzd moste dere,  
A fatte boare rostedde ynn seemlye gyze,  
Toe grace hys lordlye chere:  
Ye reke fro ye fyre sore hongerdde ye fryare,  
Ynne spyte offe refectyngere.

Ande thus thoughte ye fryare als he sate,  
Y'sse Boare ys ryghte savourie;  
I wot tys noe synn ytts hede toe wynne,  
Gyffe I mote ryghte cunnynghie;  
Ysse goddelesse knyeghte ys ane churche hatyngere  
wyghte,  
Toe fylche hymne ne knaverie.

Quithe yatt hee toke hys lethernne poke,  
Ande whettedde hys knyfe soe shene,  
Ande hee patyentlye sate atte ye kythenne yate  
Tyll ne villeins quehere thither seene;  
Yenne quithe meikle drede cutte offe ye boares hede,  
Als thoe ytte nevere hadde beene.

Yenne ye fryare hee nymblicke footedde ye swerde,  
Ande bentę hym toe halie pyle;  
Forre ance quithynne yttes sacredde shrynne,  
Hee'd lougche and joke atte hys gyle;  
Botte hie thee faste quithe thye outmoste haste,  
Forre thye gate ys monnie a myle.

Nowe Chryste ye save, quebene ye vylleins sawe,  
Ye boare quithouten ye hede,  
They wyst ande grie yatte wytherie  
Hadde donne ye featouse dede:  
Ynne sore dystraughte ye fryare they soughte  
Toe helpe y'em ynne yere nede.

Theye soughte ande soughte ande lang theye soughte,  
Ne fryare ne hede cold fynde,  
Forre fryare ande hede farre oer ye mede,  
Were scuddynge ytte lyk ye wynde:  
Botte haste, botte haste, thone jollie fryare,  
Quehere boltt ande barre wyllle bynde.

\* The Times,

\* St. Oswyn's tomb was at Tynemouth Priory.

Ye sunne wals hyghe ynne hys journeye flyghte,  
 Ande homewardde ye fysher bote rowedde,\*  
 Quehenne ye deepe soundyng horn shouddde Syr Dela-  
 valles retorne,

Quithe hys knyghtes ande ladyes proude:  
 Ye baggyppes y'sonde ande ye jeste went ronde,  
 Ande revelrye merrye ande loude.

Botte meikle, botte meikle wals ye rage,  
 Offe ye hoste and compaignie,  
 Quehenne ye tale wals tolde offe ye dede soe bolde,  
 Quilke wals layde toe wytcherie:  
 Ande howe ynne distraughte ye moncke they soughte,  
 Ye moncke offe ye Pryorie.

Now ryghtlie y wyss Syr Delavalle knewe,  
 Quehenne tould of ye fryare knave;  
 Bye mye knyghthoode I woue hee schalle derelye rue,  
 Thys trycke hee thoughte soe brave;  
 Ande awaie flewe ye knyghte, lyk ane egle's flychte,  
 Oere ye sandes of ye northerne wave.

Ande faste and faste Syr Delavalle rodde,  
 Tylle ye Pryorie yate wals ynne vyewe,  
 Ande ye knyghte wals awar offe a fryare talle,  
 Quithe ane loke baythe tiredde ande grewe,  
 Who quithe rapydde spanne oere ye grene swerde  
 ranne,

Ye wrathe offe ye knyghte toe eschewe.

Botte staie, botte staie, thou fryare knave,  
 Botte staie ande shewe toe mee,  
 Quatte thoue haste ynne yatte leatherne poke,  
 Quilke thoue mayest carrie soe hie,  
 Now Chryste ye save, sayde ye fryare knave,  
 Fire-botte forre ye Pryorie.

Thoue lyst! thoue lyst! thoue knavyshe preste,  
 Thoue lyst untoe mee,  
 Ye knyghte hee toke ye leatherne poke,  
 Ande hys boare's hede dydde espie,  
 Ande styлле ye reke fro ye scotchdedde cheke,  
 Dydde seeme rychte savourie.

Goddesswotte! botte hadde ye seene ye fryare,  
 Quithe his skynne of lividde hne,  
 Quehenne ye knyghte drewe outte ye rekyng snoutte,  
 Ande floryshedde hys huntynge thewe;  
 Gramercye, gramercye, nowe godde Syr Knyghte,  
 Als ye Vyrgynne wyllle mereye schewe.

Botte ye knyghte hee bandedde ye fryare aboutte,  
 Ande bette hys backe fulle sore;  
 Ande hee bette hym als hee rolledde onne ye swerde,  
 Tylle ye fryare dydde loudlie roare:  
 Ne mote hee spare ye fryare maire,  
 Y'anne Mahounde onne easterne shore.†

Nowe tak ye yatte ye dogge offe ane moncke,  
 Nowe tak ye yatte fro mee;  
 Ande awaie rodde ye knyghte, ynne grete delyghte,  
 Atte hys fete offe flagellrie;

Ande ye sands dydde resounde toe hys chevalx  
 boundde,\*  
 Als hee rodde nere, ye mergynnedde sea.

Botte whaes yatte hyghes fro ye Pryorie yatte,  
 Quithe a crosse soe halie ande talle,  
 Ande offe monckes a crowde al yelpyng lowde,  
 Atte quahatte mote ye fryare befalle;  
 Forre theye seene ye dede fra ye Pryorie hede,  
 Ande herde hym piteousse calle.

Ye fryare hee laye ynne sare distraughte,  
 Al wrythynge ynne grymme dismaie,  
 Eche leeshedde woundde spredde blode onne ye gronde,  
 Ande tyngedde ye daisie gait:  
 Wae fa' ye dede, ande yere laye ye hede,  
 Bothe reekyng als welle mote theye.

Ne worde hee spak, ne cryne colde mak,  
 Quehenne ye pryore cam breathlesse nyghe;  
 Botte ye teares y'ranne fro ye halie manne,  
 Als hee heavedde monie a syghe:  
 Y'anne ye pryore wals redde offe ye savourie hede,  
 Y'atte nere ye moncke dydde ly.

Y'enne theye bore ye moncke toe ye Pryorie yatte,  
 Ynne dolorousse steppe ande slowe,  
 They vengeannce vowdde, ynne curses loude,  
 Onne ye horsmanne wyghte I trowe;  
 Ye welkynne range wi yere yammerynges lange,  
 Als ye cam ye Pryorie toe.

A leache offe skylle, quithe meikle care,  
 Ande herbes ande conjurie,  
 Soone gav ye moncke hys wantedde sponke,  
 Forre hys quyppes ande knaverie;  
 Quehenne hee tould how ye knyghte, Syr Delavalle  
 hyghte,  
 Hadde donne ye batterie.

Botte woe forre thys knyghte offe hyghe degre,  
 Ande greette als welle hee maie,  
 Forre ye fryare y'wot hee batterdedde and bruyssdedde,  
 Toke ylle, als ye churchmenne saye,  
 Ande ys surelie dede quythouten remede,  
 Quithynne yere ande eke a daie.

Farewelle toe y're landes, Syr Delavalle holde,  
 Farewelle toe y're castelles thre,  
 Y're gonne fro thye heyre, tho greiveste thoue saire,  
 Y're gonne toe ye Pryorie;  
 Ande thoue moste thole a wollenne stole,  
 Ande lacke thye libertie—

Three lange lange yeres ynne dolefull gyze,  
 Ynne Tynemouthe Abbie praie,  
 Ande monie a masse toe hevenwerde passe,  
 Forre ye fryare yatte thou dyddst slaye:  
 Thoue mayest loke oere ye sea ande wyshe toe bee  
 frie,  
 Botte ye pryore offe Tynemouthe saythe naye.

\* There is an old picturesque fishing town, called Callercroats, in the direct road between the seat of the Delavals and Tynemouth abbey.

† The whipping described in this ballad was performed within about three quarters of a mile from the entrance of the Abbey, within hearing and sight of the astonished "halie monckes."

\* The nearest road from Delaval Castle to Tynemouth Abbey is a fine sandy beach, beaten hard by the ceaseless dash of the German Ocean wave.

Quehenne thoue haste spente three lange lange yeres  
 Toe ye halie londe thoue moste goe,  
 Thye falchyonne wyelde onne ye battelled fyelde,  
 Gaynste ye paynimme chevalrie ;  
 Three crescentes bryghte moste thoue wyne ynne  
 fyghte,  
 Ere thoue wynnste thye dere countrie.

Ande onne ye 'spotte quehere ye ruthless dede  
 Ystayndde ye medowe grene,  
 Al fayre toe see ynne masonrie,  
 Als talle als ane oakenne treene,  
 Thoue moste sette a stonue quithe a legende thereonne,  
 Yatte ye murtherre yere hadde beene.

Ye masses maiste gryvedde Syr Delavalle sore,  
 Botte praye he moste ande maye,  
 Hee thrummelidde hys bede, ande beate hys hede,  
 Thoroughe ye nyhte ande thoroughe ye daye,  
 Tylle ye three yeres oerre, hee lepte toe ye shore,  
 Ande cryedde toe ye battelle awaye !

Hee doffedde hys stole offe woolenne coorse,  
 Ande donnde ynne knyghtlye pryde,  
 Hys blade ande cuirasse, ande sayde ne mo masse,  
 Quehyle hee crossedde ye byllowye tyd ;  
 Ne candle, ne roode, botte ye fyghtyngre moode,  
 Wals ye moode offe ye borderre syde.

Soone soone myddst ye foes offe ye halie londe,  
 Qaehere ye launces thyckeste grewe,  
 Wals Syr Delavalle seene, quithe hys brande soe kene,  
 Onne hys stede soe stronge ande trewe ;  
 Ye Pagannes they felle, ande passdde toe helle,  
 Ande hee monie a Saracenne slewe.

Ande hee soone fra ye raukes offe Saladyne bore  
 Three crescentes off sylverre shcne,  
 Ne paganne knyghte mote quithestonde hys myghte,  
 Who foughtenne forre wyffe and wene ;  
 Sainete George, cryedde ye knyghte, ande Englande's  
 myghte,  
 Orre a bedde nethe ye hyllocke grene.

Gallantlye rodde Syr Delavalle onne  
 Qehere lethal woundes were gyvenne,  
 Ande ye onnesettes brave, lyk a swepyngre wawe,  
 Rollidde ye warriors off Chryste toe hevене :  
 Botte forre eche halie knyghte y' slayne ynne fyghte,  
 A hondredde fals hertes were ryvenne.

Nowe brave Syr Delavalles penance wals donne,  
 Hee hamewerde soughtenne hys waie ;  
 Fro ye battel playne acrossse ye mayne,  
 Toe fayre Englonndes wellcom baie ;  
 Toe see hys lone bryde, toe ye northe hee hyedde,  
 Quithoutenne stoppe orr staye.

\* \* \* \* \*  
 Ance maire ys merrye ye borderre londe,  
 Harke thoroughe ye myddnyghte gale,  
 Ye bagpypes agayne playe a wasselle strayne,  
 Ronde ronde flees ye joyaunce tale :  
 Monie a joke offe ye fryares poke  
 Ys passedde oerre hylle ande dale.

Ye Ladye Delavalle ance maire smylde,  
 Ande sange tyll herre wene onne herre knee,  
 Ande pryedde herre knyghte ynne fonde delyghte,  
 Quihile hee helde herre lovynglye :  
 Ne gryvedde hee maire offe hys dolorres sayre,  
 Tho' stryppedde offe londe ande ffee.

Atte Werkeworthe castelle, quilke proundlie lookes  
 Oerre ye stormie northernue mayne,  
 Ye Percy gretedde ye borderre knyghte,  
 Quithe hys merryste mynstrelle strayne :  
 Throngedde wals ye hal, quithe nobles alle,  
 Toe wellcom ye knyghte agayne.

Nowe at thys daye quihile yeres rolle onne,  
 Ande ye knyghte dothe cauldlike ly,  
 Ye stonne doth stande onne ye sylente londe,  
 Toe tellen toe strangers nyghe,  
 Yatte ane horrydde dede forre a pygge hys hede  
 Dydde y'ere toe hevenwerdde crye.

## ON THE ABOVE LEGEND.

*To the Editor:*

The legend of "Syr Delavalle and the Moncke" is "owre true a tale." The stone syr Delavalle was compelled to erect in commemoration of this "horryd dede" is (or rather the shattered remains of its shaft are) still lying close to a neat farmhouse, called Monkhouse, supposed to be built on the identical spot on which the "flagellrie" was effected, and is often bent over by the devout lovers of monkish antiquity.

The poem was found amongst the papers of an ingenious friend, who took pleasure in collecting such rhymes; but as he has been dead many years, I have no means of ascertaining at what period it was written, or whether it was the original channel through which the story has come down to posterity. I have some confused recollection, that I heard it stated my friend got this, and several similar ballads, from a very old man who resided at a romantic village, at a short distance from Tynemouth Priory, called "Holywell." It is possible that there may be some account of its source among my lamented friend's papers, but as they are very multitudinous and in a confused mass, I have never had courage to look regularly through them. There are several other poems of the like description, the labour of copying which I may be induced to undergo should I find that this is within the range of the *Table Book*.

ALPHA.

*London, April 14, 1827.*



### On Chatham Hill.

This sketch, in the pocket-book of an artist, suddenly startled recollection to the April of my life—the season of sunshine hopes, and stormy fears—when each hour was a birth-time of thought, and every new scene was the birth-place of a new feeling. The drawing carried me back to an October morning in 1797, when I eagerly set off on an errand to Boughton-hill, near Canterbury, for the sake of seeing the country on that side of Chatham for the first time. The day was cloudy, with gales of wind. I reached Chatham-hill, and stood close to this sign, looking over the flood of the Medway to the Nore, intently peering for a further sea-view. Flashes of fire suddenly gleamed in the dim distance, and I heard the report of cannon. Until then, such sounds from the bosom of the watery element were unknown to me, and they came upon my ear with indescribable solemnity. We were at war with France; and supposing there was a battle between two fleets off the coast, my heart beat high; my thoughts were anxious, and my eyes strained with the hope of catching something of the scene I imagined. The firing was from the fleet at the Nore, in expectation of a royal review. The king was then proceeding from Greenwich to Sheerness,

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in the royal yacht, attended by the lords of the admiralty, to go on board the Dutch ships captured by lord Duncan, at the battle of Camperdown.\* On my return to Chatham, the sign of "the Star" was surrounded by sailors, who, with their ship-mates inside the house, were drinking grog out of pewter-pots and earthen basins, and vociferating "Rule Britannia."

The following year, on the evening of a glorious summer's day, I found refuge in this house from the greatest storm I had then seen. It came with gusts of wind and peals of thunder from the sea. Standing at the bow-window, I watched the lightning sheeting the horizon, making visible the buried objects in the black gloom, and forking fearfully down, while the rain fell in torrents, and the trees bent before the furious tempest like rushes. The elements quickly ceased their strife, the moon broke out, and in a few minutes there was

The spacious firmament on high,  
And all the blue ethereal sky  
And spangled heavens, a shining frame.

\* Owing to adverse winds, his [majesty could not get farther than the Hope.

The "Star" in war time was the constant scene of naval and military orgies, and therefore rather repelled than courted other visitants. It is now a respectable inn and a stage for the refreshment of coach travellers. During a hasty trip to Canterbury a short time ago, Mr. Samuel Williams stopped there long enough to select its sign, and the character of the view beyond it, as "a bit" for his pencil, which I, in turn, seized on, and he has engraved it as a decoration for the *Table Book*.

My readers were instructed at the outset of the work that, if they allowed me to please myself, we might all be pleased in turn. If I am sometimes not their most faithful, I am never otherwise than their most sincere servant; and therefore I add that I am not always gratified by what gratifies generally, and I have, in this instance, presented a small matter of my particular liking. I would have done better if I could. There are times when my mind fails and breaks down suddenly—when I can no more think or write than a cripple can run: at other times it carries me off from what I ought to do, and sets me to something the very negative to what I wish. I then become, as it were, possessed; an untamable spirit has its will of me in spite of myself:—what I have omitted, or done, in the present instance, illustrates the fact.

## GREENGROCERS' DEVICES.

*For the Table Book.*

Dear Sir,—In my wanderings through the metropolis at this season, I observe an agreeable and refreshing novelty, an ingenious contrivance to make mustard and cress seeds grow in pleasant forms over vessels and basketwork, covered on their exterior with wet flannel, wherein the seeds are deposited, and take root and grow, to adorn the table or recess. The most curious which struck me, consisted of a "hedgehog"—a doll's head looking out of its vernal-growing clothes—a "Jack in the green"—a Dutch cheese in "a bower"—"Paul Pry"—and "Pompey's pillar."

If greengrocers proceed in these devices, their ingenuity may suggest a rivalry of signs of a more lasting nature, suitable to the shop windows of other tradesmen.

Yours, truly,

April 30, 1827.

J. R.

## Garrick Plays.

No. XVII.

[From the "Parliament of Bees;" further Extracts.]

*Oberon. Flora, a Bee.*

*Ober.* A female Bee! thy character?

*Flo.* Flora, Oberon's Gardener,  
Huswife both of herbs and flowers,  
To strew thy shrine, and trim thy bowers,  
With violets, roses, eglantine,  
Daffadown, and blue columbine,  
Hath forth the bosom of the Spring  
Pluckt this nosegay, which I bring  
From Eleusis (mine own shrine)  
To thee, a Monarch all divine;  
And, as true impost of my grove,  
Present it to great Oberon's love.

*Ober.* Honey dews refresh thy meads,  
Cowslips spring with golden heads;  
July-flowers and carnations wear  
Leaves double-streakt, with maiden-hair;  
May thy lilies taller grow,  
Thy violets fuller sweetness owe;  
And last of all, may Phœbus love  
To kiss thee: and frequent thy grove,  
As thou in service true shalt be  
Unto our crown and royalty.

*Oberon holds a Court, in which he sentences the Wasp, the Drone, and the Humble-bee, for divers offences against the Commonwealth of Bees.*

*Oberon. Prorex, his Viceroy; and other Bees.*

*Pro.* And whither must these flies be sent?

*Ober.* To Everlasting Banishment.

Underneath two hanging rocks  
(Where babbling Echo sits and mocks  
Poor travellers) there lies a grove,  
With whom the Sun's so out of love,  
He never smiles on't: pale Despair  
Calls it his Monarchal Chair.  
Fruit half-ripe hang rivell'd and shrunk  
On broken arms, torn from the trunk:  
The moorish pools stand empty, left  
By water, stol'n by cunning theft  
To hollow banks, driven out by snakes,  
Adders, and newts, that man these lakes:  
The mossy leaves, half-swelter'd, serv'd  
As beds for vermin hunger sterv'd:  
The woods are yew-trees, bent and broke  
By whirlwinds; here and there an oak,  
Half-cleft with thunder. To this grove  
We banish them.

*Culprits.* Some mercy, Jove!

*Ober.* You should have cried so in your youth,  
When Chronos and his daughter Truth  
Sojourn'd among you; when you spent

Whole years in riotous merriment,  
 Thrusting poor Bees out of their hives,  
 Seizing both honey, wax, and lives.  
 You should have call'd for mercy when  
 You impaled common blossoms; when,  
 Instead of giving poor Bees food,  
 You ate their flesh, and drank their blood.  
 Fairies, thrust 'em to their fate.

*Oberon then confirms Prorox in his  
 Government; and breaks up Session.*

*Ober.* — now adieu !  
 Prorox shall again renew  
 His potent reign: the massy world,  
 Which in glittering orbs is hurl'd  
 About the poles, be Lord of: we  
 Only reserve our Royalty—  
*Field Music.\** Oberon must away;  
 For us our gentle Fairies stay:  
 In the mountains and the rocks  
 We'll hunt the Grey, and little Fox,  
 Who destroy our lambs at feed,  
 And spoil the nests where turtles feed.

[From "David and Bethsabe," a Sacred  
 Drama, by George Peel, 1599.]

*Nathan. David.*

*Nath.* Thus Nathan saith unto his Lord the King:  
 There were two men both dwellers in one town;  
 The one was mighty, and exceeding rich  
 In oxen, sheep, and cattle of the field;  
 The other poor, having nor ox, nor calf,  
 Nor other cattle, save one little lamb,  
 Which he had bought, and nourish'd by his hand,  
 And it grew up, and fed with him and his,  
 And ate and drank as he and his were wont,  
 And in his bosom slept, and was to live  
 As was his daughter or his dearest child.—  
 There came a stranger to this wealthy man,  
 And he refused and spared to take his own,  
 Or of his store to dress or make his meat,  
 But took the poor man's sheep, partly poor man's  
 store;

And drest it for this stranger in his house.  
 What, tell me, shall be done to him for this?

*Dav.* Now, as the Lord doth live, this wicked man  
 Is judged, and shall become the child of death;  
 Fourfold to the poor man he shall restore,  
 That without mercy took his lamb away.

*Nath.* THOU ART THE MAN, AND THOU HAST JUDGED  
 THYSELF.—

David, thus saith the Lord thy God by me:  
 I thee anointed King in Israel,  
 And saved thee from the tyranny of Saul;  
 Thy master's house I gave thee to possess,  
 His wives unto thy bosom I did give,

And Juda and Jerusalem withal;  
 And might, thou know'st, if this had been too small,  
 Have given thee more.  
 Wherefore then hast thou gone so far astray,  
 And hast done evil, and sinned in my sight?  
 Urias thou hast killed with the sword,  
 Yea with the sword of the uncircumcised  
 Thou hast him slain; wherefore from this day forth  
 The sword shall never go from thee and thine:  
 For thou hast ta'en this Hithite's wife to thee,  
 Wherefore behold I will, saith Jacob's God,  
 In thine own house stir evil up to thee,  
 Yea I before thy face will take thy wives,  
 And give them to thy neighbour to possess.  
 This shall be done to David in the day,  
 That Israel openly may see thy shame.

*Dav.* Nathan, I have against the Lord, I have  
 Sinned, oh sinned grievously, and lo!  
 From heaven's throne doth David throw himself,  
 And groan and grovel to the gates of hell.

*Nath.* David, stand up; thus saith the Lord by me,  
 David the King shall live, for he hath seen  
 The true repentant sorrow of thy heart;  
 But for thou hast in this misdeed of thine  
 Stirr'd up the enemies of Israel  
 To triumph and blaspheme the Lord of Hosts,  
 And say, "He set a wicked man to reign  
 Over his loved people and his tribes;"  
 The Child shall surely die, that erst was born,  
 His Mother's sin, his Kingly Father's scorn.

*Dav.* How just is Jacob's God in all his works!  
 But must it die, that David loveth so?  
 O that the mighty one of Israel  
 Will change his doom, and says the Babe must die!  
 Mourn, Israel, and weep in Sion gates;  
 Wither, ye cedar trees of Lebanon;  
 Ye sprouting almonds with your flowing tops,  
 Droop, drown, and drench in Hebron's fearful streams:  
 The Babe must die, that was to David born,  
 His Mother's sin, his Kingly Father's scorn.

C. L.

## Dissertations on Doomsday.

For the Table Book.

### § I. NAME.

Doomsday Book, one of the most ancient records of England, is the register from which judgment was to be given upon the value, tenure, and services of lands therein described.

Other names by which it appears to have been known were Rotulus Wintoniæ, Scriptura Thesauri Regis, Liber de Wintonia, and Liber Regis. Sir Henry Spelman adds, Liber Judiciarius, Censualis Angliæ, Angliæ Notitia et Lustratio, and Rotulus Regis.

\* The hum of Bees.

## § II. DATE.

The exact time of the Conqueror's undertaking the Survey, is differently stated by historians. The Red Book of the Exchequer seems to have been erroneously quoted, as fixing the time of entrance upon it in 1080; it being merely stated in that record, that the work was undertaken at a time subsequent to the total reduction of the island to William's authority. It is evident that it was finished in 1086. Matthew Paris, Robert of Gloucester, the Annals of Waverley, and the Chronicle of Bermondsey, give the year 1083, as the date of the record; Henry of Huntingdon, in 1084; the Saxon Chronicle in 1085; Bromton, Simeon of Durham, Florence of Worcester, the Chronicle of Mailros, Roger Hovedon, Wilkes, and Hanningford, in 1086; and the Ypodigma Neustriæ and Diceto in 1087.

The person and property of Odo, bishop of Bayeux, are said to have been seized by the Conqueror in 1082.

## § III. ORIGIN AND OBJECT.

Ingulphus affirms, that the Survey was made in imitation of the policy of Alfred, who, at the time he divided the kingdom into counties, hundreds, and tithings, had an Inquisition taken and digested into a Register, which was called, from the place in which it was repositèd, the Roll of Winchester. The formation of such a Survey, however, in the time of Alfred, may be fairly doubted, as we have only a solitary authority for its existence. The separation of counties also is known to have been a division long anterior to the time of Alfred. Bishop Kennet tells us, that Alfred's Register had the name of Domeboc, from which the name of *Doomsday Book* was only a corruption.

Dom-boc is noticed in the laws of Edward the elder, and more particularly in those of Æthelstan, as the code of Saxon laws.

## § IV. MODE OF EXECUTION.

For the adjusting of this Survey, certain commissioners, called the king's justiciaries, were appointed inquisitors: it appears, upon the oaths of the sheriffs, the lords of each manor, the presbyters of every church, the reeves of every hundred, the bailiffs, and six villans of every village, were to inquire into the name of the place, who held it in the time of Edward (the Confessor,) who was the present possessor, how many hides in the manor, how many carrucates in demesne, how many homa-

gers, how many villans, how many cotarii, how many servi, what freemen, how many tenants in socage, what quantity of wood, how many meadows and pasture, what mills and fish-ponds, how much added or taken away, what the gross value in king Edward's time, what the present value, and how much each free-man or soch-man had or has. All this was to be triply estimated; first, as the estate was in the time of the Confessor; then, as it was bestowed by king William; and, thirdly, as its value stood at the formation of the Survey. *The jurors were, moreover, to state whether any advance could be made in the value.* The writer of the Saxon Chronicle, with some degree of asperity, informs us, that not a hyde or yardland, not an ox, cow, or hog, were omitted in the census.

## PRINCIPAL MATTERS NOTICED IN THIS RECORD.

## § I. PERSONS.

(1.) After the bishops and abbats, the highest persons in rank were the Norman barons.

(2.) *Taini*, tegni, teigni, teini, or teinni, are next to be mentioned, because those of the highest class were in fact nobility, or barons of the Saxon times. Archbishops, bishops, and abbats, as well as the great barons, are also called thanes.

(3.) *Valvassores*, in dignity, were next to the barons, and higher thanes. Selden says, they either held of a mesne lord, and not immediately of the king, or at least of the king as of an honour or manor and not in chief. The grantees, says sir Henry Spelman, that received their estates from the barons or capitanei, and not from the king, were called valvassores, (a degree above knights.)

(4.) The *alodarii*, alodarii, or alodiarii, tenants in allodium, (a free estate "possessio libera.") The *dinges* mentioned, tom i. fol. 298, are supposed to have been persons of the same description.

(5.) *Milites*. The term miles appears not to have acquired a precise meaning at the time of the Survey, sometimes implying a soldier, or mere military servant, and sometimes a person of higher distinction.

(6.) *Liberi Homines* appears to have been a term of considerable latitude; signifying not merely the freeman, or freeholders of a manor, but occasionally including all the ranks of society already mentioned, and indeed all persons holding in military tenure. "The ordinary freemen, before



the conquest," says Kelham, "and at the time of compiling Domesday, were under the protection of great men; but what their quality was, further than that their persons and blood were free, that is, that they were not *nativi*, or bondmen, it will give a knowing man trouble to discover to us." These freemen are called in the Survey *liberi homines comendati*. They appear to have placed themselves, by voluntary homage, under this protection: their lord or patron undertook to secure their estates and persons, and for this protection and security they paid to him an annual stipend, or performed some annual service. Some appear to have sought a patron or protector, for the sake of obtaining their freedom only; such the *liberi homines commendatione tantum* may be interpreted. According to the laws of the Conqueror, a quiet residence of a year and a day, upon the king's demesne lands, would enfranchise a villan who had fled from his lord. "*Item si servi permanserint sine calumnia per annum et diem in civitatibus nostris vel burgis in muro vallatis, vel in castris nostris, a die illa liberi afficiuntur et liberi a iugo servitutis suæ sunt in perpetuum.*" The *commendati dimidii* were persons who depended upon two protectors, and paid half to one and half to the other. *Sub commendati* were under the command of those who were themselves depending upon some superior lord. *Sub commendati dimidii* were those who were under the *commendati dimidii*, and had two patrons or protectors, and the same as they had. *Liberi homines integri* were those who were under the full protection of one lord, in contradistinction to the *liberi homines dimidii*. *Commendatio* sometimes signified the annual rent paid for the protection. *Liberi homines ad nullam firmam pertinentes* were those who held their lands independent of any lord. Of others it is said, "qui remanent in manu regis." In a few entries of the Survey, we have *liberæ feminae*, and one or two of *liberæ feminae commendatæ*.

(7.) *Sochmanni*, or *socmens*, were those inferior landowners who had lands in the soc or franchise of a great baron; privileged villans, who, though their tenures were absolutely copyhold, yet had an interest equal to a freehold.

(8.) Of this description of tenantry also were the *rachenistres*, or *radchenistres*, who appear likewise to have been called *radmanni*, or *radmans*. It appears that some of the *radchenistres*, like the *sochmen*, were less free than others. Dr. Nash conjectured that the *radmanni* and *radchenistres*

were probably a kind of freemen who served on horseback. *Rad-chnit* is usually interpreted by our glossarists *equestris homo sive miles*, and *Rabhepe equestris exercitus*.

(9.) *Villani*. The clearest notion of the tenure of villani is probably to be obtained from sir W. Blackstone's Commentaries. "With regard to folk-land," says he, "or estates held in villenage, this was a species of tenure neither strictly Feodal, Norman, nor Saxon, but mixed or compounded of them all; and which also, on account of the heriots that usually attend it, may seem to have somewhat Danish in its composition. Under the Saxon government, there were, as sir William Temple speaks, a sort of people in a condition of downright servitude, used and employed in the most servile works, and belonging, both they and their children, and their effects, to the lord of the soil, like the rest of the cattle or stock upon it. These seem to have been those who held what was called the *folk-land*, from which they were removable at the lord's pleasure. On the arrival of the Normans here, it seems not improbable that they, who were strangers to any other than a feudal state, might give some sparks of enfranchisement to such wretched persons as fell to their share, by admitting them, as well as others, to the oath of fealty, which conferred a right of protection, and raised the tenant to a kind of estate superior to downright slavery, but inferior to every other condition. This they called *villenage*, and the tenants *villeins*; either from the word *villis*, or else, as sir Edward Coke tells us, a *villa*; because they lived chiefly in villages, and were employed in rustic works of the most sordid kind. They could not leave their lord without his permission; but if they ran away, or were purloined from him, might be claimed and recovered by action, like beasts or other chatels. The villeins could acquire no property either in lands or goods; but if he purchased either, the lord might enter upon them, oust the villein, and seize them to his own use, unless he contrived to dispose of them before the lord had seized them; for the lord had then lost his opportunity. The law however protected the persons of villeins, as king's subjects, against atrocious injuries of the lord."

(10.) *Bordarii* of the Survey appear at various times to have received a great variety of interpretations. Lord Coke calls them "boors, holding a little house, with some land of husbandry, bigger than a cottage."

Some have considered them as cottagers, taking their name from living on the borders of a village or manor; but this is sufficiently refuted by Domesday itself, where we find them not only mentioned generally among the agricultural occupiers of land, but in one instance as "circa aulan manentes," dwelling near the manor-house; and even residing in some of the larger towns. Борд. bishop Kennett notices, was a cottage. The *cos-cets*, *corcecz*, *cozets*, or *cozez*, were apparently the same as the cottarii and cotmanni; cottagers who paid a certain rent for very small parcels of land.

(11.) *Bures*, *huri*, or *burs*, are noticed in the first volume of Domesday itself, as synonymous with *coliberti*. The name of *coliberti* was unquestionably derived from the Roman civil law. They are described by lord Coke as tenants in free socage by free rent. Cowel says, they were certainly a middle sort of tenants, between servile and free, or such as held their freedom of tenure under condition of such works and services, and were therefore the same landholders whom we meet with (in after-times) under the name of conditionales.

Such are the different descriptions of tenantry, and their rights more particularly noticed in Domesday.

(12.) *Servi*. It is observed by bishop Kennett, and by Morant after him, in his History of Essex, that the *servi* and *villani* are, all along in Domesday, divided from each other; but that no author has fixed the exact distinction between them. The *servi*, bishop Kennett adds, might be the pure villanes, and *villanes* in gross, who, without any determined tenure of land, were, at the arbitrary pleasure of the lord, appointed to servile works, and received their wages and maintenance at the discretion of the lord. The other were of a superior degree, and were called *villani*, because they were *villæ* or *glebæ* adscripti, i. e. held some cottage and lands, for which they were burthened with such stated servile works as their lords had annexed to them. The Saxon name for *servus* was *Œrne*. The *ancillæ* of the Survey were females, under circumstances nearly similar to the *servi*. These were disposed of in the same way, at the pleasure of the lord. The laws, however, protected their chastity; they could not be violated with impunity, even by their owners.

(13.) *Censarii*, *censores*, or *censorii*, were also among the occupiers of land. They appear to have been free persons, *censum reddentes*.

(14.) *Porcarii*. Although in one or two

instances in Domesday Survey mere swineherds seem to have been intended by *Porcarii*, yet in the generality of entries in which they are mentioned, they appear in the rank of free occupiers, who rented the privilege of feeding pigs in the woodlands, some for money, and some for payments in kind.

(15.) The *homines*, who are so frequently mentioned, included all sorts of feudatory tenants. They claimed a privilege of having their causes and persons tried only in the court of their lord, to whom they owed the duty of submission, and professed dependance.

(16.) *Angli* and *Anglici* occur frequently in the Survey among the under tenants, holding in different capacities.

(17.) Among the *offices* attached to names, we find *accipitrarii* or *ancipitrarii*, *arbalistarii* or *balistarii* *arcarii* *biga*, *camerarii* *campo*, *constabularius*, *cubicularius*, *dapifer*, *dispensator*, *equarius*, *forestarii* *huscarli* *ingeniator*, *interpres*, *lagemannii*, *Latinarius*, *legatus* *liberatores* *marescal*, or *marescalcus* *medici*, *monitor*, *pincerna* *recter* *navis* *regis*, *scutularius*, *stalre*, *stirman* or *stiremannus* *regis*, *thesaurarius* and *venatores* of a higher description.

(18.) *Offices* of an *inferior* description, and trades, are *aurifabri*, *carpentarii*, *cemetarii*, *cervisiarii*, *coci*, *coqui*, or *koci*, *fabri*, *ferrarii*, *figuli* *fossarii*, *fossator*, *granetarius*, *hostarius*, *inguardii*, *joculator* *regis*, *joculatrix*, *lanatores*, *loricati*, *lorimarius*, *loripes*, *mercatores*, *missatici*, *monetarii*, *parcher*, *parm't* *pscatores*, *pistores*, *portarius* *potarii*, or *poters*, *prebendarii* *prefecti*, *prepositi* *salinarii* *servientes*, *sutores*, *tonsor*, and *vigilantes* *homines*. Among ecclesiastical offices, we have *Capicerius*, *Æcel*. Winton the *sacrist*, and *Matricularias*, *Æcel*. S. *Johannis* *Cestriæ*. *Buzecarts* were mariners. *Hospites*, occupiers of houses.

Among the assistants in husbandry, we find *apium* *custos*, *avantes* *homines*, *berquarii* *bovarii* *caprarum* *mediator* *daia* *granatarius* *mellitarii*, *mercennarius*, *porcarii*, and *vacarius*. S. R. F.

## I. ANCIENT TENURE.

## II. MODERN ANECDOTE.

### For the Table Book.

TENURE OF THE ANCIENT MANOR OF BILSINGTON PRIORY, THE SEAT OF THOMAS CARR RIDER, ESQ.

The manor of Bilsington inferior was held in grand sergantry in the reign of Edward III. by the service of presenting three maple cups at the king's coronation;

and, at the time of the coronation of Charles II., by the additional service of carrying the last dish of the second course to the king's table. The former service was performed by Thomas Rider, who was knighted (*Mos pro Lege*) by his late majesty George III., when the king, on receiving the maple cups from the lord of the manor, turned to the mayor of Oxford, who stood at his right hand, and, having received from him for his tenure of that city a gold cup and cover, gave him these three cups in return.

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ANECDOTE OF THE ILLUSTRIOUS WASHINGTON AND THE CELEBRATED ADMIRAL VERNON, UNCLE TO THE LATE EARL OF SHIPBROOK.

When the admiral was attacking Porto Bello, with his six ships only, as is described on the medal struck on the occasion, he observed a fine young man in appearance, who, with the most intrepid courage, attended with the most perfect calmness, was always in that part of the ship which was most engaged. After the firing had ceased, he sent his captain to request he would attend upon him, which he immediately obeyed; and the admiral entering into conversation, discovered by his answers and observations that he possessed more abilities than usually fall to the lot of mankind in general. Upon his asking his name, the young man told him it was George Washington; and the admiral, on his return home, strongly recommended him to the attention of the admiralty. This great man, when he built his house in America, out of gratitude to his first benefactor, named it "Mount Vernon," and at this moment it is called so.

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## Zoology.

### I. THE KING'S OSTRICH.

### II. THE HORSE ECLIPSE.

Mr. Joshua Brookes, the eminent anatomist, gave a lecture on Wednesday evening, the 25th of April, 1827, at the house of the Zoological Society, in Bruton-street, on the body of an ostrich which his majesty had presented to the society. The lecture was attended by lord Auckland, lord Stanley, Dr. Birkbeck, and several other noblemen and gentlemen distinguished for their devotion to the interests of science. The ostrich, which was a female, and had been presented to his majesty about two years before by colonel Denham, had been kept at Windsor, and had died about three weeks previous to the lecture, of obesity, a disease

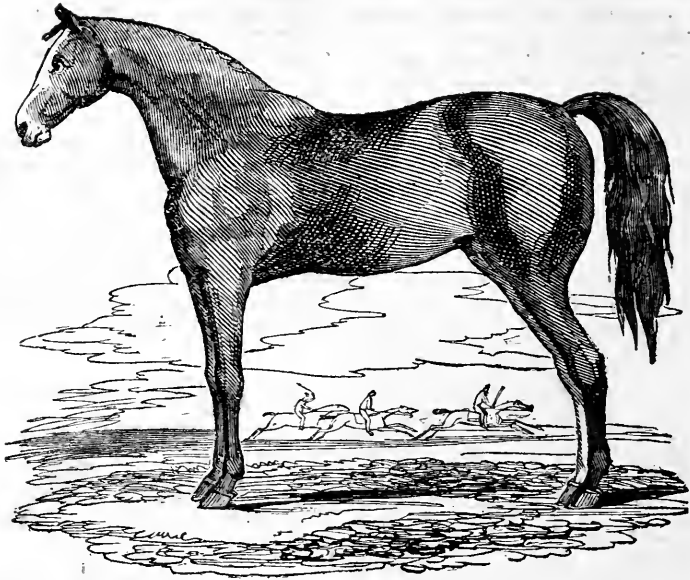
which frequently shortens the lives of wild animals of every species, when attempts are made to domesticate them.

Mr. Brookes commenced by observing, that when he retired from the practice of anatomy, he did not expect to appear again before the public; but, as the noble directors of the society had honoured him by considering that his services might be of some use in forwarding that most interesting science zoology, he had only to remark that he felt great pride in adding his mite of information to the mass with which the society was furnished from other sources. The period had arrived, when the science of natural history had fair to reach a height in this country, which would enable us to rival the establishments founded for its promotion abroad. The founder of the study of zoology in England was the great John Hunter; and he was followed by individuals well known to the scientific world, in Edinburgh, Gottingen, and Amsterdam. In the latter city, the science of zoology was pursued with great success by professor Camper, who, when he was in London, invited him (Mr. Brookes) and a professional friend to breakfast, and treated them with bones, consisting of the teeth of rats, mice, and deer, served up in dishes made out of the rock of Gibraltar. The fact was, that the professor had, shortly before, explored this celebrated rock, in search of bones, for the purposes of comparative anatomy. The learned lecturer then entered into a very minute account of the various peculiarities of the ostrich, and described with great clearness the organs by which this extraordinary bird was enabled to travel with its excessive speed. This peculiarity he ascribed to the power of the muscles, which pass from the pelvis to the foot, and cause the ostrich to stand in a vertical position, and not like other birds resembling it, on the toes.

For proof of the intimate relation between muscular power and extraordinary swiftness, Mr. Brookes mentioned that the chief professor of the Veterinary College had informed him, that upon dissecting the body of the celebrated racer Eclipse, one of the fleetest horses ever seen in this kingdom, it was found that he possessed muscles of unparalleled size. The lecturer here produced an anatomical plate of Eclipse, for the purpose of displaying his extraordinary muscular power, and observed, that if he had not told his hearers that it represented a race-horse, from the size of the muscles they might conclude, that he was showing them the plate of a cart-horse.\*

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\* The Times.



### Eclipse.

This engraving is from a drawing, in a treatise "on the proportions of Eclipse: by Mr. Charles Vial de Saint Bel, professor of the Veterinary College of London, &c." 4to. 1791. Mr. Saint Bel's work was written with a view to ascertain the mechanical causes which conspire to augment the velocity of the gallop; and no single race-horse could have been selected as a specimen of speed and strength equal to Eclipse. According to a calculation by the writer just mentioned, Eclipse, free of all weight, and galloping at liberty in his greatest speed, could cover an extent of twenty-five feet at each complete action on the gallop; and could repeat this action twice and one third in each second of time: consequently, by employing without reserve all his natural and mechanical faculties on a straight line, he could run nearly four miles in the space of six minutes and two seconds.

Eclipse was preeminent above all other

horses, from having ran repeated races, without ever having been beat. The mechanism of his frame was almost perfect; and yet he was neither handsome, nor well proportioned. Compared with a table of the geometrical portions of the horse, in use at the veterinary schools of France, Eclipse measured in height one seventh more than he ought—his neck was one third too long—a perpendicular line falling from the stifle of a horse should touch the toe; this line in Eclipse touched the ground, at the distance of half a head before the toe—the distance from the elbow to the bend of the knee should be the same as from the bend of the knee to the ground; the former, in Eclipse, was two parts of a head longer than the latter. These were some of the remarkable differences between the presumed standard of proportions in a well-formed horse, and the horse of the greatest celebrity ever bred in England.

The excellence of Eclipse in speed, blood, pedigree, and progeny, will be transmitted, perhaps, to the end of time. He was bred by the former duke of Cumberland, and, being foaled during the "great eclipse," was named "Eclipse" by the duke in consequence. His royal highness, however, did not survive to witness the very great performances he himself had predicted; for, when a yearling, Eclipse was disposed of by auction, with the rest of the stud, and a remarkable circumstance attended his sale. Mr. Wildman, a sporting gentleman, arrived after the sale had commenced, and a few lots had been knocked down. Producing his watch, he insisted that the sale had begun before the time advertised. The auctioneer remonstrated; Mr. Wildman was not to be appeased, and demanded that the lots already sold should be put up again. The dispute causing a loss of time, as well as a scene of confusion, the purchasers said, if there was any lot already sold, which he had an inclination to, rather than retard progress, it was at his service. Eclipse was the only lot he had fixed upon, and the horse was transferred to him at the price of forty-six guineas. At four, or five years old, Captain O'Kelly purchased him of Mr. Wildman for seventeen hundred guineas. He remained in Col. O'Kelly's possession, winning king's plates and every thing he ran for, until the death of his owner, who deemed him so valuable, as to insure the horse's life for several thousand guineas. He bequeathed him to his brother, Philip O'Kelly, Esq. The colonel's decease was in November, 1787. Eclipse survived his old master little more than a year, and died on the 27th of February, 1789, in the twenty-sixth year of his age. His heart weighed 13lbs. The size of this organ was presumed to have greatly enabled him to do what he did in speed and strength. He won more matches than any horse of the race-breed was ever known to have done. He was at last so worn out, as to have been unable to stand, and about six months before his death was conveyed, in a machine constructed on purpose, from Epsom to Canons, where he breathed his last.

Colonel Dennis O'Kelly, the celebrated owner of Eclipse, amassed an immense fortune by gambling and the turf, and purchased the estate of Canons, near Edgware, which was formerly possessed by the duke of Chandos, and is still remembered as the site of the most magnificent mansion and establishment of modern times. The colonel's training stables and paddocks, at

another estate near Epsom, were supposed to be the best appointed in England.

Besides O'Kelly's attachment to Eclipse, he had an affection to a parrot, which is famed for having been the best bred bird that ever came to this country. He gave fifty guineas for it at Bristol, and paid the expenses of the woman who brought it up to town. It not only talked what is usually termed "every thing," but sang with great correctness a variety of tunes, and beat time as he sang; and if perchance he mistook a note in the tune, he returned to the bar, wherein the mistake arose, and corrected himself, still beating the time with the utmost exactness. He sang any tune desired, fully understanding the request made. The accounts of this bird are so extraordinary, that, to those who had not seen and heard the bird, they appeared fabulous.

## THE EVENING LARK.

### *For the Table Book.*

I love thee better at this hour, when rest  
Is shadowing earth, than e'en the nightingale:  
The loudness of thy song that in the morn  
Rang over heaven, the day has softened down  
To pensive music.

In the evening, the body relaxed by the toil of the day, disposes the mind to quietness and contemplation. The eye, dimmed by close application to books or business, languishes for the greenness of the fields; the brain, clouded by the smoke and vapour of close rooms and crowded streets, droops for the fragrance of fresh breezes, and sweet smelling flowers.

Summer cometh,  
The bee hummeth,  
The grass springeth,  
The bird singeth,  
The flower groweth,  
And man knoweth  
The time is come  
When he may rove  
Thro' vale and grove,  
No longer dumb.

There he may hear sweet voices,  
Borne softly on the gale;  
There he may have rich choices  
Of songs that never fail;  
The lark, if he be cheerful,  
Above his head shall tower;  
And the nightingale, if fearful,  
Shall soothe him from the bower.

\* \* \*

If red his eye with study,  
 If pale with care his cheek,  
 To make them bright and ruddy,  
 The green hills let him seek.  
 The quiet that it needeth  
 His mind shall there obtain;  
 And relief from care, that feedeth  
 Alike on heart and brain.

Urged by this feeling, I rambled along the Old Kent Road, making my way through the Saturnalian groups, collected by that mob-emancipating-time Easter Monday; wearied with the dust, and the exclamations of the multitude, I turned down the lane leading to the fields, near the place wherein the fair of Peckham is held, and sought for quietness in their greenness—and found it not. Instead of verdure, there were rows of dwellings of “plain brown brick,” and a half-formed road, from whence the feet of man and horse impregnated the air with stifling atoms of vitrified dust. Proceeding over the Rye, up the lane at the side of Forest-hill, I found the solitude I needed. The sun was just setting; his parting glance came from between the branches of the trees, like the mild light of a lover’s eye, from her long dark lashes, when she receives the adieu of her beloved, and the promise of meeting on the morrow. The air was cool and fitful, playing with the leaves, as not caring to stir them; and as I strayed, the silence was broken by the voice of a bird—it was the tit-lark. I recognised his beautiful “weet” and “fe-er,” as he dropped from the poplar among the soft grass; and I lingered near the wood, in the hope of hearing the nightingale—but he had not arrived, or was disposed to quiet. Evening closed over me: the hour came

When darker shades around us thrown  
 Give to thought a deeper tone.

Retracing my steps, I reached that field which stretches from the back of the Rosemary-branch to the canal; darkness was veiling the earth, the hum of the multitude was faintly audible; above it, high in the cool and shadowy air, rose the voice of a sky-lark, who had soared to take a last look at the fading day, singing his vespers. It was a sweeter lay than his morning, or mid-day carol—more regular and less ardent—divested of the fervour and fire of his noontide song—its hurried loudness and shrill tones. The softness of the present melody suited the calm and gentle hour. I listened on, and imagined it was a bird I had heard in the autumn of last year: I recollected the lengthy and well-

timed music—the “cheer che-er,” “weet, weet, che-er”—“we-et, weet, cheer”—“che-er”—“weet, weet”—“cheer, weet, weet.” I still think it to have been the very bird of the former season. Since then he had seen

The greenness of the spring, and all its flowers;  
 The ruddiness of summer and its fruits;  
 And cool and sleeping streams, and shading bowers;  
 The sombre brown of autumn, that best suits  
 His leisure hours, whose melancholy mind  
 Is calm’d with list’ning to the moaning wind,  
 And watching sick leaves take their silent way,  
 On viewless wings, to death and to decay.

He had survived them, and had evaded the hawk in the cloud, and the snake in the grass. I felt an interest in this bird, for his lot had been like mine. The ills of life—as baleful to man, as the bird of prey and the invidious reptile to the weakest of the feathered race—had assailed me, and yet I had escaped. The notes in the air grew softer and fainter—I dimly perceived the flutter of descending wings—one short, shrill cry finished the song—darkness covered the earth—and I again sought human habitations, the abodes of carking cares, and heart-rending jealousies.

S. R. J.

April 16, 1827.

### THE VOICE OF SPRING.

I come, I come! ye have call’d me long;  
 I come o’er the mountains with light and song!  
 Ye may trace my steps o’er the wakening earth,  
 By the winds which tell of the violet’s birth,  
 By the primrose-stars in the shadowy grass,  
 By the green leaves opening as I pass.

I have breath’d on the south, and the chestnut flowers  
 By thousands have burst from the forest bowers,  
 And the ancient graves, and the fallen fanes,  
 Are veil’d with wreaths on Italian plains.  
 —But it is not for me, in my hour of bloom,  
 To speak of the ruin of the tomb!

I have pass’d o’er the hills of the stormy north,  
 And the larch has hung all his tassels forth;  
 The fisher is out on the sunny sea,  
 And the rein-deer bounds thro’ the pasture free,  
 And the pine has a fringe of softer green,  
 And the moss looks bright where my step has been.

I have sent thro’ the wood-paths a gentle sigh,  
 And call’d out each voice of the deep blue sky,  
 From the nightbird’s lay thro’ the starry time,  
 In the groves of the soft Hesperian clime,  
 To the swan’s wild note by the Iceland lakes,  
 When the dark fir-bough into verdure breaks.

From the streams and founts I have loos'd the chain,  
 They are sweeping on to the silvery main,  
 They are flashing down from the mountain-brows,  
 They are flinging spray on the forest-boughs,  
 They are bursting fresh from their starry caves,  
 And the earth resounds with the joy of waves.

Come forth, O ye children of gladness, come !  
 Where the violets lie, may be now your home ;  
 Ye of the rose-cheek and dew-bright eye,  
 And the bounding footstep, to meet me fly.  
 With the lyre, and the wreath, and the joyous lay,  
 Come forth to the sunshine, I may not stay !

Away from the dwellings of care-worn men,  
 The waters are sparkling in wood and glen,  
 Away from the chamber and dusky hearth,  
 The young leaves are dancing in breezy mirth,  
 Their light stems thrill to the wild-wood strains,  
 And youth is abroad in my green domains.

MRS. HEMANS.

## MOTHERING SUNDAY.

*For the Table Book.*

To the accounts in the *Every-Day Book* of the observance of *Mid Lent*, or "Mothering Sunday," I would add, that the day is scrupulously observed in this city and neighbourhood ; and, indeed, I believe generally in the western parts of England. The festival is kept here much in the same way as the 6th of January is with you : that day is passed over in silence with us.

All who consider themselves dutiful children, or who wish to be so considered by others, on this day make presents to their mother, and hence derived the name of "Mothering Sunday." The family all assemble ; and, if the day prove fine, proceed, after church, to the neighbouring village to eat frumerty. The higher classes partake of it at their own houses, and in the evening come the cake and wine. The "Mothering cakes" are very highly ornamented, artists being employed to paint them. This social meeting does not seem confined to the middling or lower orders ; none, happily, deem themselves too high to be good and amiable.

The custom is of great antiquity ; and long, long may it be prevalent amongst us.

Your constant reader,

JUVENIS (N.)

*Bristol, March 28, 1827.*

## Defoeana.

No. II.

MIXED BREEDS ;

OR,

EDUCATION THROWN AWAY.

I came into a public-house once in London, where there was a black Mulatto-looking man sitting, talking very warmly among some gentlemen, who I observed were listening very attentively to what he said ; and I sat myself down, and did the like ; 'twas with great pleasure I heard him discourse very handsomely on several weighty subjects ; I found he was a very good scholar, had been very handsomely bred, and that learning and study was his delight ; and more than that, some of the best of science was at that time his employment : at length I took the freedom to ask him, if he was born in England ? He replied with a great deal of good humour, but with an excess of resentment at his father, and with tears in his eyes, "Yes, yes, sir, I am a true born Englishman, to my father's shame be it spoken ; who, being an Englishman himself, could find in his heart to join himself to a negro woman, though he must needs know, the children he should beget, would curse the memory of such an action, and abhor his very name for the sake of it. Yes, yes, (said he repeating it again,) I am an Englishman, and born in lawful wedlock ; happy it had been for me, though my father had gone to the devil for wh—n, had he lain with a cook-maid, or produced me from the meanest beggar in the street. My father might do the duty of nature to his black wife ; but, God knows, he did no justice to his children. If it had not been for this black face of mine, (says he, then smiling,) I had been bred to the law, or brought up in the study of divinity : but my father gave me learning to no manner of purpose ; for he knew I should never be able to rise by it to any thing but a *learned valet de chambre*. What he put me to school for I cannot imagine ; he spoiled a good tarpawling, when he strove to make me a gentleman. When he had resolved to marry a slave, and lie with a slave, he should have begot slaves, and let us have been bred as we were born : but he has twice ruined me ; first with getting me a frightful face, and then going to paint a gentleman upon me." —It was a most affecting discourse indeed, and as such I record it ; and I found it ended in tears from the person, who was

in himself the most deserving, modest, and judicious man, that I ever met with, under a negro countenance, in my life.

### CHINESE IDOL.

It had a thing instead of a head, but no head; it had a mouth distorted out of all manner of shape, and not to be described for a mouth, being only an unshapen chasm, neither representing the mouth of a man, beast, fowl, or fish: the thing was neither any of the four, but an incongruous monster: it had feet, hands, fingers, claws, legs, arms, wings, ears, horns, every thing mixed one among another, neither in the shape or place that nature appointed, but blended together, and fixed to a bulk, not a body; formed of no just parts, but a shapeless trunk or log; whether of wood, or stone, I know not; a thing that might have stood with any side forward, or any side backward, any end upward, or any end downward; that had as much veneration due to it on one side, as on the other; a kind of *celestial hedgehog*, that was rolled up within itself, and was every thing every way; formed neither to walk, stand, go, nor fly; neither to see, hear, nor speak; but merely to instil ideas of something nauseous and abominable into the minds of men that adored it.

### MANNERS OF A LONDON WATERMAN, AND HIS FARE, A HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

What I have said last [*of the Manners of a spruce London Mercer,\**] makes me think on another way of inviting customers, the most distant in the world from what I have been speaking of, I mean that which is practised by the watermen, especially on those whom by their mien and garb they know to be peasants. It is not unpleasant to see half a dozen people surround a man they never saw in their lives before, and two of them that can get the nearest, clapping each an arm over his neck, hug him in as loving and familiar a manner as if he were their brother newly come home from an East India voyage; a third lays hold of his hand, another of his sleeve, his coat, the buttons of it, or any thing he can come at, whilst a fifth or a sixth, who has scampered twice round him already without being able to get at him, plants himself directly before the man in hold, and within three

inches of his nose, contradicting his rivals with an open-mouthed cry, shows him a dreadful set of large teeth, and a small remainder of chewed bread and cheese, which the countryman's arrival had hindered from being swallowed. At all this no offence is taken, and the peasant justly thinks they are making much of him; therefore far from opposing them he patiently suffers himself to be pushed or pulled which way the strength that surrounds him shall direct. He has not the delicacy to find fault with a man's breath, who has just blown out his pipe, or a greasy head of hair that is rubbing against his chaps: dirt and sweat he has been used to from his cradle, and it is no disturbance to him to hear half a score people, some of them at his ear, and the furthest not five feet from him, bawl out as if he was a hundred yards off: he is conscious that he makes no less noise when he is merry himself, and is secretly pleased with their boisterous usages. The hawling and pulling him about he construes in the way it is intended; it is a courtship he can feel and understand: he can't help wishing them well for the esteem they seem to have for him: he loves to be taken notice of, and admires the Londoners for being so pressing in their offers of service to him, for the value of threepence or less; whereas in the country, at the shop he uses, he can have nothing but he must first tell them what he wants, and, though he lays out three or four shillings at a time, has hardly a word spoke to him unless it be in answer to a question himself is forced to ask first. This alacrity in his behalf moves his gratitude, and unwilling to disoblige any, from his heart he knows not whom to choose. I have seen a man think all this, or something like it, as plainly as I could see the nose on his face; and at the same time move along very contentedly under a load of watermen, and with a smiling countenance carry seven or eight stone more than his own weight, to the water side.

*Fable of the Bees: 1725.*

### May.

#### MAY GOSLINGS.—MAY BATHIERS.

*For the Table Book.*

On the first of May, the juvenile inhabitants of Skipton, in Craven, Yorkshire, have a similar custom to the one in general use on the first of April. Not content with making their companions *fools* on one day,

\* See *Table Book*, p. 567.



they set apart another, to make them "May goslings," or geese. If a boy made any one a May gosling on the second of May, the following rhyme was said in reply:—

"May-day's past and gone,  
Thou's a gosling, and I'm none."

This distich was also said, *mutatis mutandis*, on the second of April. The practice of making May goslings was very common about twelve years ago, but is now dying away.

As the present month is one when very severe colds are often caught by bathers, it may not be amiss to submit to the readers of the *Table Book* the following old saying, which is very prevalent in Skipton:—

"They who bathe in May  
Will be soon laid in clay;  
They who bathe in June  
Will sing a merry tune."

T. Q. M.

## SAILORS ON THE FIRST OF MAY.

*For the Table Book.*

Sir,—You have described the ceremony adopted by our sailors, of shaving all nautical tyros on crossing the *line*,\* but perhaps you are not aware of a custom which prevails annually on the first of May, in the whale-fishery at Greenland and Davis's Straits. I therefore send you an account of the celebration which took place on board the Neptune of London, in Greenland, 1824, of which ship I was surgeon at that period.

Previous to the ship's leaving her port, the sailors collected from their wives, and other female friends, ribands "for the garland," of which great care was taken until a few days previous to the first of May, when all hands were engaged in preparing the said garland, with a model of the ship.

The garland was made of a hoop, taken from one of the beef casks; this hoop, decorated with ribands, was fastened to a stock of wood, of about four feet in length, and a model of the ship, prepared by the carpenter, was fastened above the hoop to the top of the stock, in such a manner as to answer the purpose of a vane. The first of May arrives; the tyros were kept from between decks, and all intruders excluded while the principal performers got ready the necessary apparatus and dresses. The barber was the boatswain, the barber's

mate was the cooper, and on a piece of tarpawling, fastened to the entrance of the fore-hatchway, was the following inscription:—

"NEPTUNE'S EASY SHAVING SHOP,  
*Kept by*

JOHN JOHNSON."

The performers then came forward, as follows:—First, the fiddler, playing as well as he could on an old fiddle, "See the conquering hero comes;" next, four men, two abreast, disguised with matting, rags, &c. so as to completely prevent them from being recognised, each armed with a boat-hook; then came Neptune himself, also disguised, mounted on the carriage of the largest gun in the ship, and followed by the barber, barber's mate, swab-bearer, shaving-box carrier, and as many of the ship's company as chose to join them, dressed in such a grotesque manner as to beggar all description. Arrived on the quarter-deck they were met by the captain, when his briny majesty immediately dismounted, and the following dialogue ensued:—

*Nept.* Are you the captain of this ship, sir?

*Capt.* I am.

*Nept.* What's the name of your ship?

*Capt.* The Neptune of London.

*Nept.* Where is she bound to?

*Capt.* Greenland.

*Nept.* What is your name?

*Capt.* Matthew Ainsley.

*Nept.* You are engaged in the whale fishery?

*Capt.* I am.

*Nept.* Well, I hope I shall drink your honour's health, and I wish you a prosperous fishery.

[*Here the captain presented him with three quarts of rum.*]

*Nept.* (*filling a glass.*) Here's health to you, captain, and success to our cause. Have you got any fresh-water sailors on board? for if you have, I must christen them, so as to make them useful to our king and country.

*Capt.* We have eight of them on board at your service; I therefore wish you good morning.

The procession then returned in the same manner as it came, the candidates for nautical fame following in the rear; after descending the fore-hatchway they congregated between decks, when all the offerings to Neptune were given to the deputy, (the cook,) consisting of whiskey, tobacco, &c. The barber then stood ready with his box

\* Every-Day Book, vol. ii.

of lather, and the landsmen were ordered before Neptune, when the following dialogue took place with each, only with the alteration of the man's name, as follows:—

*Nept. (to another.)* What is your name?

*Ans.* Gilbert Nicholson.

*Nept.* Where do you come from?

*Ans.* Shetland.

*Nept.* Have you ever been to sea before?

*Ans.* No.

*Nept.* Where are you going to?

*Ans.* Greenland.

At each of these answers, the brush dipped in the lather (consisting of soap-suds, oil, tar, paint, &c.) was thrust into the respondent's mouth and over his face; then the barber's-mate scraped his face with a razor, made of a piece of iron hoop well notched; his sore face was wiped with a damask towel, (a boat-swab dipped in filthy water) and this ended the ceremony. When it was over they undressed themselves, the fiddle struck up, and they danced and regaled with their grog until they were "*full three sheets in the wind.*"

I remain, sir, &c.

H. W. DEWHURST.

*Crescent-street,  
Euston-square.*

#### NAVAL ANECDOTE.

During the siege of Acre, Daniel Bryan, an old seaman and captain of the fore-top, who had been turned over from the *Blanche* into sir Sidney Smith's ship *Le Tigre*, repeatedly applied to be employed on shore; but, being an elderly man and rather deaf, his request was not acceded to. At the first storming of the breach by the French, one of their generals fell among the multitude of the slain, and the Turks, in triumph, struck off his head, and, after mangling the body with their sabres, left it a prey to the dogs, which in that country are of great ferocity, and rove in herds. In a few days it became a shocking spectacle, and when any of the sailors who had been on shore returned to their ship, inquiries were constantly made respecting the state of the French general. To Dan's frequent demands of his messmates why they had not buried him, the only answer he received was, "Go and do it yourself." One morning having obtained leave to go and see the town, he dressed himself as though for an excursion of pleasure, and went ashore with the surgeon in the jolly-boat. About an hour or two after, while the surgeon was dressing the wounded Turks in the hospital, in came honest Dan, who, in his rough,

good-natured manner, exclaimed, "I've been burying the general, sir, and now I'm come to see the sick!" Not particularly attending to the tar's salute, but fearing that he might catch the plague, which was making great ravages among the wounded Turks, the surgeon immediately ordered him out. Returning on board, the cockswain asked of the surgeon if he had seen old Dan? It was then that Dan's words in the hospital first occurred, and on further inquiry of the boat's crew they related the following circumstances:—

The old man procured a pick-axe, a shovel, and a rope, and insisted on being let down, out of a port-hole, close to the breach. Some of his more juvenile companions offered to attend him. "No!" he replied, "you are too young to be shot yet; as for me, I am old and deaf, and *my* loss would be no great matter." Persisting in his adventure, in the midst of the firing, Dan was slung and lowered down, with his implements of action on his shoulder. His first difficulty was to beat away the dogs. The French levelled their pieces—they were on the instant of firing at the hero!—but an officer, perceiving the friendly intentions of the sailor, was seen to throw himself across the file: instantaneously the din of military thunder ceased, a dead, solemn silence prevailed, and the worthy fellow consigned the corpse to its parent earth. He covered it with mould and stones, placing a large stone at its head, and another at its feet. The unostentatious grave was formed, but no inscription recorded the fate or character of its possessor. Dan, with the peculiar air of a British sailor, took a piece of chalk from his pocket, and attempted to write

"HERE YOU LIE, OLD CROP!"

He was then, with his pick-axe and shovel, hoisted into the town, and the hostile firing immediately recommenced.

A few days afterwards, sir Sidney, having been informed of the circumstance, ordered old Dan to be called into the cabin.—"Well, Dan, I hear you have buried the French general."—"Yes, your honour."—"Had you any body with you?"—"Yes, your honour."—"Why, Mr. — says you had not."—"But I had, your honour."—"Ah! who had you?"—"God Almighty, sir."—"A very good assistant, indeed. Give old Dan a glass of grog."—"Thank your honour." Dan drank the grog, and left the cabin highly gratified. He was for several years a pensioner in the royal hospital at Greenwich.

### THE "RIGHT" LORD LOVAT.

The following remarkable anecdote, communicated by a respectable correspondent, with his name and address, may be relied on as genuine.

#### *For the Table Book.*

An old man, claiming to be "the right lord Lovat," i. e. heir to him who was beheaded in 1745, came to the Mansion-house in 1818 for advice and assistance. He was in person and face as much like the rebel lord, if one may judge from his pictures, as a person could be, and the more especially as he was of an advanced age. He said he had been to the present lord Lovat, who had given him food and a little money, and turned him away. He stated his pedigree and claim thus:—The rebel lord had an only brother, known by the family name of Simon Fraser. Before lord Lovat engaged in the rebellion, Simon Fraser went to a wedding in his highland costume; when he entered the room where the party was assembled, an unfortunate wight of a bagpiper struck up the favourite march of a clan in mortal enmity with that of Fraser, which so enraged him, that he drew his dirk and killed the piper upon the spot. Fraser immediately fled, and found refuge in a mine in Wales. No law proceedings took place against him as he was absent, and supposed to have perished at sea. He married in Wales, and had one son, the old man abovenamed, who said he was about sixty. When lord Lovat was executed his lands became forfeited; but in course of time, lord L. not having left a son, the estates were granted by the crown to a collateral branch, (one remove beyond Simon Fraser,) the present lord, it not being known that Simon Fraser was alive or had left issue. It is further remarkable that the applicant further stated, that both he and his father, Simon Fraser, were called lord Lovat by the miners and other inhabitants of that spot where he was known. The old man was very ignorant, not knowing how to read or write, having been born in the mine and brought up a miner; but he said he had preserved Simon Fraser's highland dress, and that he had it in Wales.

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### FAST-PUDDING.

EXTRACT FROM THE FAMOUS HISTORIE OF  
FRIAR BACON.

*How Friar Bacon deceived his Man, that  
would fast for conscience sake.*

Friar Bacon had only one man to attend

him; and he, too, was none of the wisest, for he kept him in charity more than for any service he had of him. This man of his, named Miles, never could endure to fast like other religious persons did; for he always had, in one corner or other, flesh, which he would eat, when his master eat bread only, or else did fast and abstain from all things.

Friar Bacon seeing this, thought at one time or other to be even with him, which he did, one Friday, in this manner: Miles, on the Thursday night, had provided a great black-pudding for his Friday's fast; that pudding he put in his pocket, (thinking to warm it so, for his master had no fire on those days.) On the next day, who was so demure as Miles! he looked as though he could not have eat any thing. When his master offered him some bread, he refused it, saying, his sins deserved a greater penance than one day's fast in a whole week. His master commended him for it, and bid him take heed he did not dissemble, for if he did, it would at last be known. "Then were I worse than a Turk," said Miles. So went he forth, as if he would have gone to pray privately, but it was for nothing but to prey privily on his black-pudding. Then he pulled out, and fell to it lustily: but he was deceived, for, having put one end in his mouth, he could neither get it out again, nor bite it off; so that he stamped for help. His master hearing him; came; and finding him in that manner, took hold of the other end of the pudding, and led him to the hall, and showed him to all the scholars, saying, "See here, my good friends and fellow-students, what a devout man my servant Miles is! He loved not to break a fast-day—witness this pudding, that his conscience will not let him swallow!" His master did not release him till night, when Miles did vow never to break any fast-day while he lived.

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### CLERICAL ERRORS.

#### *For the Table Book.*

THE REV. MR. ALCOCK, OF BURNSAL,  
NEAR SKIPTON, YORKSHIRE.

Every inhabitant of Craven has heard tales of this eccentric person, and numberless are the anecdotes told of him. I have not the history of Craven, and cannot name the period of his death exactly, but I believe it happened between fifty and sixty years ago. He was a learned man and a wit—so much addicted to waggery, that he

sometimes forgot his office, and indulged in sallies rather unbecoming a minister, but nevertheless he was a sincere Christian. The following anecdotes are well known in Craven, and may amuse elsewhere. One of Mr. Alcock's friends, at whose house he was in the habit of calling previously to his entering the church on Sundays, once took occasion to unstitch his sermon and misplace the leaves. At the church, Mr. Alcock, when he had read a page, discovered the joke. "Peter," said he, "thou rascal! what's thou been doing with my sermon?" then turning to his congregation he said, "Brethren, Peter's been misplacing the leaves of my sermon, I have not time to put them right, I shall read on as I find it, and you must make the best of it that you can;" and he accordingly read through the confused mass, to the astonishment of his flock. On another occasion, when in the pulpit, he found that he had forgotten his sermon; nowise disappointed at the loss, he called out to his clerk, "Jonas, I have left my sermon at home, so hand us up that Bible, and I'll read 'em a chapter in Job worth ten of it!" Jonas, like his master, was an oddity, and used to make a practice of falling asleep at the commencement of the sermon, and waking in the middle of it, and bawling out "amen," thereby destroyed the gravity of the congregation. Mr. Alcock once lectured him for this, and particularly requested he would not say amen till he had finished his discourse. Jonas promised compliance, but on the following Sunday made bad worse, for he fell asleep as usual, and in the middle of the sermon awoke and bawled out "Amen at a venture!" The Rev. Mr. Alcock is, I think, buried before the communion-table of Skipton church, under a slab of blue marble, with a Latin inscription to his memory.

T. Q. M.

### REMARKABLE EPITAPH.

*For the Table Book.*

FRANK FRY, of Christian Malford, Wilts, whose bones lie undisturbed in the churchyard of his native village, wrote for himself the following

" EPITAPH.

" Here lies I  
Who did die;  
I lie did  
As I die did,  
Old Frank Fry!

" When the worms comes  
To pick up their crumbs,  
They'll have in I—  
A rare Frank Fry!"

The worms have had, in Frank, a lusty subject—his epitaph is recorded only in the *Table Book*. \* , \* , P.

### A MODERN MYSTERY.

*To the Editor.*

*Blackwall, April 13, 1827.*

Sir,—As I perceive you sometimes insert in your *Table Book* articles similar to the enclosed original printed Notice, you may perhaps think it worthy of a place in your amusing miscellany; if so, it is much at your service.

I am, &c.  
F. W.

*(Literal Copy.)*

NOTICE.

Saturday 30 and on Sunday 31 of the current, in the Royal Theatre of St. Charles will be represented by the Italian Company the famous Holy Drama intitled

IL TRIONFO DI GIUDITTA,

O SIA

LA MORTE D'OLOFERNE.

In the interval of the first to the second act it shall have a new and pompous Ball of the composition of John Baptista Giannini, who has by title :

IL SACRIFICIO D'ABRAMO,

in which will enter all the excellent corp of Ball, who dance at present in the said Royal Theatre; the spectacle will be finished with the second act and Ball analog to the same Drama, all with the necessary decoration.

This is who is offered to the Respectable Publick of whom is waited all the protection and concurrence :

*It will begin at 8 o'clock.*

Na Officina de Simão Thaddeo Ferreira. 1811. Com licenca.

### ODD SIGN.

*For the Table Book.*

At West-end, near Skipton in Craven, Yorkshire, a gate hangs, as a sign to a public-house, with this inscription on it—

This gate hangs well,  
And hinders none;  
Refresh and pay,  
And travel on.

J. W.



Pair of Curious Old Snuffers

*Described on the next page.*

## SNUFFERS.

Perhaps there is no implement of domestic use that we are less acquainted with, in its old form, than snuffers. I have now before me a pair, which for their antiquity and elegant workmanship seem worth attention: the engraving on the other side represents their exact size and construction.

After some research, I can only meet with particulars of one other pair, which were found in digging the foundation of a granary, at the foot of a hill adjoining to Cotton Mansion-house, (formerly the seat of the respectable family of the Mohuns,) in the parish of St. Peter, Portisham, about two miles north-east from Abbotsbury in Dorsetshire. They were of brass, and weighed six ounces. "The great difference," says Mr. Hutchins, "between these and modern utensils of the same name and use is, that these are in shape like a heart fluted, and consequently terminate in a point. They consist of two equal lateral cavities, by the edges of which the snuff is cut off and received into the cavities, from which it is not got out without particular application and trouble. There are two circumstances attending this little utensil, which seem to bespeak it of considerable age: the roughness of the workmanship, which is in all respects as rude and coarse as can be well imagined, and the awkwardness of the form." There is an engraving of the Dorsetshire snuffers in the history of that county.

The snuffers now submitted to notice are superior in design and workmanship to those found in Dorsetshire. The latter seem of earlier date, and they divide in the middle of the upper as well as the lower part, but in one respect both pairs are alike: they are each "in shape like a heart," and they each terminate in a point formed exactly in the manner shown by the present engraving. The print likewise shows that the box of the snuffers bears a boldly chased winged head of Mercury, who had more employments and occupations than any other of the ancient deities. Whether as the director of theft, as the conductor of the departed to their final destination, as an interpreter to enlighten, or as an office-bearer constantly in requisition, the portrait of Mercury is a symbol appropriate to the implement before us. The engraving shows the exact size of the instrument, and the present appearance of the chasing, which is in bold relief, and was, originally, very elegant.

These snuffers are plain on the underside, and made without legs. They were

purchased, with some miscellaneous articles, by a person who has no clue to their former possessors, but who rightly imagined that in an archæological view they would be acceptable to the *Table Book*.

## Garrick Plays.

No. XVIII.

[From "David and Bethsabe:" further Extracts.]

*Absalon, rebelling.*

Now for the crown and throne of Israel,  
To be confirm'd with virtue of my sword,  
And writ with David's blood upon the blade.  
Now, Jove,\* let forth the golden firmament,  
And look on him with all thy fiery eyes,  
Which thou hast made to give their glories light.  
To shew thou lovest the virtue of thy hand,  
Let fall a wreath of stars upon my head,  
Whose influence may govern Israel  
With state exceeding all her other Kings.  
Fight, Lords and Captains, that your Sovereign's face  
May shine in honour brighter than the sun;  
And with the virtue of my beauteous rays  
Make this fair Land as fruitful as the fields,  
That with sweet milk and honey overflowed.  
God in the whissing of a pleasant wind  
Shall march upon the tops of mulberry trees,  
To cool all breasts that burn with any griefs;  
As whilom he was good to Moyses' men,  
By day the Lord shall sit within a cloud,  
To guide your footsteps to the fields of joy;  
And in the night a pillar bright as fire  
Shall go before you like a second sun,  
Wherein the Essence of his Godhead is;  
That day and night you may be brought to peace,  
And never swerve from that delightsome path  
That leads your souls to perfect happiness:  
This he shall do for joy when I am King.  
Then fight, brave Captains, that these joys may fly  
Into your bosoms with sweet victory.

\* \* \* \* \*

*Absalon, triumphant.*

*Absalon.* First Absalon was by the trumpet's sound  
Proclaim'd thro' Hebron King of Israel;  
And now is set in fair Jerusalem  
With complete state and glory of a crown.  
Fifty fair footmen by my chariot run;  
And to the air, whose rupture rings my fame,  
Where'er I ride, they offer reverence.  
Why should not Absalon, that in his face  
Carries the final purpose of his God,  
(That is, to work him grace in Israel),

\* Jove, for Jehovah.

Endeavour to achieve with all his strength  
 The state that most may satisfy his joy—  
 Keeping his statutes and his covenants sure ?  
 His thunder is intangled in my hair,  
 And with my beauty is his lightning quenched.  
 I am the man he made to glory in,  
 When by the errors of my father's sin  
 He lost the path, that led into the Land  
 Wherewith our chosen ancestors were blest.

[From a "Looking Glass for England and London," a Tragi-comedy, by Thomas Lodge and Robert Green, 1598.]

*Alvida, Paramour to Rasni, the Great King of Assyria, courts a petty King of Cilicia.*

*Alvida.* Ladies, go sit you down amidst this bower,  
 And let the Eunuchs play you all asleep:  
 Pnt garlands made of roses on your heads,  
 And play the wantons, whilst I talk awhile.

*Ladies.* Thou beautiful of all the world, we will.

(*Exeunt.*)

*Alvida.* King of Cilicia, kind and courteous;  
 Like to thyself, because a lovely King;  
 Come lay thee down upon thy Mistress' knee,  
 And I will sing and talk of Love to thee.

*Cilicia.* Most gracious Paragon of excellence,  
 It fits not such an abject wretch as I  
 To talk with Rasni's Paramour and Love.

*Alvida.* To talk, sweet friend! who would not talk  
 with thee ?

Oh be not coy: art thou not only fair ?  
 Come twine thine arms about this snow-white neck,  
 A love-nest for the Great Assyrian King.  
 Blushing I tell thee, fair Cilician Prince,  
 None but thyself can merit such a grace.

*Cilicia.* Madam, I hope you mean not for to mock me.

*Alvida.* No, King, fair King, my meaning is to yoke  
 thee,

Hear me but sing of Love: then by my sighs,  
 My tears, my glancing looks, my changed cheer,  
 Thou shalt perceive how I do hold thee dear.

*Cilicia.* Sing, Madam, if you please; but love in jest.

*Alvida.* Nay, I will love, and sigh at every jest.

(*She sings.*)

Beauty, alas! where wast thou born,  
 Thus to hold thyself in scorn,  
 When as Beauty kiss'd to wooe thee ?  
 Thou by Beauty dost undo me.

Heigho, despise me not.

I and thou in sooth are one,  
 Fairer thou, I fairer none:  
 Wanton thou; and wilt thou, wanton,  
 Yield a cruel heart to plant on ?  
 Do me right, and do me reason;  
 Cruelty is cursed treason.

Heigho, I love; Heigho, I love;

Heigho, and yet he eyes me not.

*Cilicia.* Madam your Song is passing passionate.

*Alvida.* And wilt thou then not pity my estate ?

*Cilicia.* Ask love of them who pity may impart.

*Alvida.* I ask of thee, sweet; thou hast stole my  
 heart.

*Cilicia.* Your love is fixed on a greater King.

*Alvida.* Tut, women's love—it is a fickle thing.

I love my Rasni for my dignity:

I love Cilician King for his sweet eye.

I love my Rasni, since he rules the world:

But more I love this Kingly little world.

How sweet he looks!—O were I Cynthia's sphere,

And thou Endymion, I should hold thee dear:

Thus should mine arms be spread about thy neck,

Thus would I kiss my Love at every beek.

Thus would I sigh to see thee sweetly sleep;

And if thou wak'st not soon, thus would I weep:

And thus, and thus, and thus: thus much I love thee.

[From "Tethys' Festival," by Samuel Daniel, 1610.]

### *Song at a Court Masque.*

Are they shadows that we see  
 And can shadows pleasure give?—  
 Pleasures only shadows be,  
 Cast by bodies we conceive;  
 And are made the things we deem  
 In those figures which they seem.—  
 But these pleasures vanish fast,  
 Which by shadows are express:—  
 Pleasures are not, if they last;  
 In their passing is their best.  
 Glory is most bright and gay  
 In a flash, and so away.  
 Feed apace them, greedy eyes,  
 On the wonder you behold;  
 Take it sudden as it flies,  
 Tho' you take it not to hold:  
 When your eyes have done their part,  
 Thought must lengthen it in the heart.

C. L.

## Scylla and Charybdis.

### ANCIENT AND PRESENT STATE.

Incidit in Scyllam, cupiens vitare Charybdis.

This Latin verse, which has become  
 proverbial, is thus translated:—

He falls on Scylla, who Charybdis shuns.

The line has been ascribed to Ovid; it is not, however, in that or any other classic poet, but has been derived from Philippe Gaultier, a modern French writer of Latin verses. Charybdis is a whirlpool in the straits of Messina, on the coast of Sicily, opposite to Scylla, a dangerous rock on the coast of Italy. The danger to which mariners were exposed by the whirlpool is thus

described by Homer in Pope's translation :

Dire Scylla there a scene of horror forms,  
 And here Charybdis fills the deep with storms;  
 When the tide rushes from her rumbling caves,  
 The rough rock roars; tumultuous boil the waves:  
 They toss, they foam, a wild confusion raise,  
 Like waters bubbling o'er the fiery blaze:  
 Eternal mists obscure the aerial plain,  
 And high above the rock she spouts the main.  
 When in her gulfs the rushing sea subsides,  
 She drains the ocean with the reflux tides,  
 The rock rebellows with a thundering sound;  
 Deep, wondrous deep, below appears the ground.

Virgil imagines the origin of this terrific scene :

That realm of old, a ruin huge, was rent  
 In length of ages from the continent.  
 With force convulsive burst the isle away;  
 Through the dread opening broke the thund'ring sea:  
 At once the thund'ring sea Sicilia tore,  
 And sunder'd from the fair Hesperian shore;  
 And still the neighbouring coasts and towns divides  
 With scanty channels, and contracted tides.  
 Fierce to the right tremendous Scylla roars,  
 Charybdis on the left the flood devours.

*Pitt.*

A great earthquake in the year 1783 diminished the perils of the pass.\* Thirteen years before this event, which renders the scene less poetical, Brydone thus describes

#### SCYLLA.

May 19, 1770. Found ourselves within half a mile of the coast of Sicily, which is low, but finely variegated. The opposite coast of Calabria is very high, and the mountains are covered with the finest verdure. It was almost a dead calm, our ship scarce moving half a mile in an hour, so that we had time to get a complete view of the famous rock of Scylla, on the Calabrian side, Cape Pylorus on the Sicilian, and the celebrated Straits of the Faro that runs between them. Whilst we were still some miles distant from the entry of the Straits, we heard the roaring of the current, like the noise of some large impetuous river confined between narrow banks. This increased in proportion as we advanced, till we saw the water in many places raised to a considerable height, and forming large eddies or whirlpools. The sea in every other place was as smooth as glass. Our old pilot told us, that he had often seen ships caught in these eddies, and whirled

about with great rapidity, without obeying the helm in the smallest degree. When the weather is calm, there is little danger; but when the waves meet with this violent current, it makes a dreadful sea. He says, there were five ships wrecked in this spot last winter. We observed that the current set exactly for the rock of Scylla, and would infallibly have carried any thing thrown into it against that point; so that it was not without reason the ancients have painted it as an object of such terror. It is about a mile from the entry of the Faro, and forms a small promontory, which runs a little out to sea, and meets the whole force of the waters, as they come out of the narrowest part of the Straits. The head of this promontory is the famous Scylla. It must be owned that it does not altogether come up to the formidable description that Homer gives of it; the reading of which (like that of Shakspeare's Cliff) almost makes one's head giddy. Neither is the passage so wondrous narrow and difficult as he makes it. Indeed it is probable that the breadth of it is greatly increased since his time, by the violent impetuosity of the current. And this violence too must have always diminished, in proportion as the breadth of the channel increased.

Our pilot says, there are many small rocks that show their heads near the base of the large ones. These are probably the dogs that are described as howling round the monster Scylla. There are likewise many caverns that add greatly to the noise of the water, and tend still to increase the horror of the scene. The rock is near two hundred feet high. There is a kind of castle or fort built on its summit; and the town of Scylla, or Sciglio, containing three or four hundred inhabitants, stands on its south side, and gives the title of prince to a Calabrese family.

#### CHARYBDIS.

The harbour of Messina is formed by a small promontory or neck of land that runs off from the east end of the city, and separates that beautiful basin from the rest of the Straits. The shape of this promontory is that of a reaping-hook, the curvature of which forms the harbour, and secures it from all winds. From the striking resemblance of its form, the Greeks, who never gave a name that did not either describe the object or express some of its most remarkable properties, called this place Zanele, or the Sickle, and feigned that the sickle of Saturn fell on this spot, and gave it its form. But the Latins, who were not quite so fond

\* Bourn's Gazetteer.



of fable, changed its name to Messina, (from *Messis*, a harvest,) because of the great fertility of its fields. It is certainly one of the safest harbours in the world after ships have got in; but it is likewise one of the most difficult access. The celebrated gulf or whirlpool of Charybdis lies near to its entry, and often occasions such an intestine and irregular motion in the water, that the helm loses most of its power, and ships have great difficulty to get in, even with the fairest wind that can blow. This whirlpool, I think, is probably formed by the small promontory I have mentioned; which contracting the Straits in this spot, must necessarily increase the velocity of the current; but no doubt other causes, of which we are ignorant, concur, for this will by no means account for all the appearances which it has produced. The great noise occasioned by the tumultuous motion of the waters in this place, made the ancients liken it to a voracious sea-monster perpetually roaring for its prey; and it has been represented by their authors, as the most tremendous passage in the world. Aristotle gives a long and a formidable description of it in his 125th chapter *De Admirandis*, which I find translated in an old Sicilian book I have got here. It begins, "Adeo profundum, horridumque spectaculum, &c." but it is too long to transcribe. It is likewise described by Homer, in the *Odyssey*; Virgil, 3d *Aeneid*; Lucretius, Ovid, Sallust, Seneca, as also by many of the old Italian and Sicilian poets, who all speak of it in terms of horror; and represent it as an object that inspired terror, even when looked on at a distance. It certainly is not now so formidable; and very probably, the violence of this motion, continued for so many ages, has by degrees worn smooth the rugged rocks and jutting shelves, that may have intercepted and confined the waters. The breadth of the Straits too, in this place, I make no doubt is considerably enlarged. Indeed, from the nature of things it must be so; the perpetual friction occasioned by the current must wear away the bank on each side, and enlarge the bed of the water.

The vessels in this passage were obliged to go as near as possible to the coast of Calabria, in order to avoid the suction occasioned by the whirling of the waters in this vortex; by which means when they came to the narrowest and most rapid part of the Straits, betwixt Cape Pelorus and Scylla, they were in great danger of being carried upon that rock. From whence the proverb, still applied to those, who in attempting to avoid one evil fall into another.

There is a fine fountain of white marble on the key, representing Neptune holding Scylla and Charybdis chained, under the emblematical figures of two sea-monsters, as represented by the poets.

The little neck of land, forming the harbour of Messina, is strongly fortified. The citadel, which is indeed a very fine work, is built on that part which connects it with the main land. The farthest point, which runs out to sea, is defended by four small forts, which command the entry into the harbour. Betwixt these lie the lazaret, and a lighthouse to warn sailors of their approach to Charybdis, as that other on Cape Pelorus is intended to give them notice of Scylla.

It is probably from these lighthouses (by the Greeks called *Pharoi*) that the whole of this celebrated Strait has been denominated the *Faro* of Messina.

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According to Brydone, the hazard to sailors was less in his time than the Nestor of song, and the poet of the *Aeneid*, had depicted in theirs. In 1824, Capt. W. H. Smyth, to whom a survey of the coast of Sicily was intrusted by the lords of the Admiralty, published a "Memoir" in 1824, with the latest and most authentic accounts of these celebrated classic spots—viz.:

#### SCYLLA.

As the breadth across this celebrated strait has been so often disputed, I particularly state, that the *Faro Tower* is exactly six thousand and forty-seven English yards from that classical bugbear, the *Rock of Scylla*, which, by poetical fiction, has been depicted in such terrific colours, and to describe the horrors of which, Phalerion, a painter, celebrated for his nervous representation of the awful and the tremendous, exerted his whole talent. But the flights of poetry can seldom bear to be shackled by homely truth, and if we are to receive the fine imagery, that places the summit of this rock in clouds brooding eternal mists and tempests—that represents it as inaccessible, even to a man provided with twenty hands and twenty feet, and immerses its base among ravenous sea-dogs;—why not also receive the whole circle of mythological dogmas of Homer, who, though so frequently dragged forth as an authority in history, theology, surgery, and geography, ought in justice to be read only as a poet. In the writings of so exquisite a bard, we must not expect to find all his representations strictly confined to a mere accurate

narration of facts. Moderns of intelligence, in visiting this spot, have gratified their imaginations, already heated by such descriptions as the escape of the Argonauts, and the disasters of Ulysses, with fancying it the scourge of seamen, and that in a gale its caverns 'roar like dogs;' but I, as a sailor, never perceived any difference between the effect of the surges here, and on any other coast, yet I have frequently watched it closely in bad weather. It is now, as I presume it ever was, a common rock, of bold approach, a little worn at its base, and surmounted by a castle, with a sandy bay on each side. The one on the south side is memorable for the disaster that happened there during the dreadful earthquake of 1783, when an overwhelming wave (supposed to have been occasioned by the fall of part of a promontory into the sea) rushed up the beach, and, in its retreat, bore away with it upwards of two thousand people.

#### CHARYBDIS.

Outside the tongue of land, or Braccio di St. Rainiere, that forms the harbour of Messina, lies the Galofaro, or celebrated vortex of Charybdis, which has, with more reason than Scylla, been clothed with terrors by the writers of antiquity. To the undecked boats of the Rhegians, Locrians, Zancleans, and Greeks, it must have been formidable; for, even in the present day, small craft are sometimes endangered by it, and I have seen several men-of-war, and even a seventy-four gun ship, whirled round on its surface; but, by using due caution, there is generally very little danger or inconvenience to be apprehended. It appears to be an agitated water, of from seventy to ninety fathoms in depth, circling in quick eddies. It is owing probably to the meeting of the harbour and lateral currents with the main one, the latter being forced over in this direction by the opposite point of Pezzo. This agrees in some measure with the relation of Thucydides, who calls it a violent reciprocation of the Tyrrhene and Sicilian seas; and he is the only writer of remote antiquity I remember to have read, who has assigned this danger its true situation, and not exaggerated its effects. Many wonderful stories are told respecting this vortex, particularly some said to have been related by the celebrated diver, Colas, who lost his life here. I have never found reason, however, during my examination of this spot, to believe one of them.

#### *For the Table Book.*

#### A FRAGMENT.

FROM CORNELIUS MAY'S "JOURNEY TO THE GREATE MARKET AT OLYMPUS"—  
"SEVEN STARRS OF WITTE."

One daye when tired with worldly toil,  
Upp to the Olympian mounte  
I sped, as from soul-cankering care,  
Had ever been my wonte ;  
And there the gods assembled alle  
I founde, O strange to tell !  
Chaffering, like chapmen, and around  
The wares they had to sell.  
Eache god had sample of his goodes,  
Which he displaied on high ;  
And cried, "How lack ye ?" "What's y're neede ?"  
To every passer by.  
Quoth I, "What have you here to sell ?  
To purchase being inclined ;"  
Said one, "We've art and science here,  
And every gifte of minde."  
"What coin is current here ?" I asked,  
Spoke Hermes in a trice,  
"Industrie, perseverance, toile,  
And life the highest price."  
I saw Apollo, and went on,  
Liking his wares of olde ;  
"Come buy," said he, "this lyre of mine,  
I'll pledge it sterling golde ;  
This is the sample of its worthe,  
'Tis cheape at life, come buy !"  
So saying, he drew olde Homer forth,  
And placed him 'neath my eye.  
I turn'd aside, where in a row  
Smalle bales high piled up stood ;  
Tyed rounde with golden threades of life,  
And eache inscribed with blood,  
"Travell to far and foreign landes ;"  
"The knowledge of the sea ;"  
"Alle beastes, and birdes, and creeping thinges,  
And heaven's immensity ;"  
"Unshaken faith when alle men change,"  
"The patriot's holy heart ;"  
"The might of woman's love to stay  
When alle besides departe."  
I next saw things soe strange of forme,  
Their names I mighte not knowe,  
Unlike aught either in heaven or earthe,  
Or in the deeps below ;  
Then Hermes to my thoughte replied,  
"Strange as these thinges appeare,  
Gigantic power, the mighte of arte  
And science are laide here ;  
Yeare after yeare of toile and thoughte  
Can buy these stores alone ;  
Yet boughte, how neare the gods is man,  
What knowledge is made known !  
The power and nature of all thinges,  
Fire, aire, and earthe, and flood,  
Known and made subject to man's wille,  
For evill or for good."

Next look'd I in a darksome den,  
 Webbed o'er with spider's thread,  
 Where bookes were piled, and on each booke  
 I "metaphysics" read;  
 Spoke Hermes, "Friend, the price of these  
 Is puzzling of the brain,  
 A gulf of words which, who gets in,  
 Can ne'er get oute again."  
 I then saw "law," piled up alofte,  
 And asked its price to know;  
 "Its price is, conscience and good name,"  
 Said Hermes, whispering low.  
 Nexte, "Physic and divinity,"  
 I stood as I was loth,  
 To take or leave, with curling lip,  
 Said Hermes, "Quackery, both!"  
 "Now, friend," said I, "since of your wares  
 You no good thing can telle,  
 You are the honestest chapman  
 That e'er had wares to selle."

\* \* \* \*

## DIAMOND CUT DIAMOND :

OR,

### MANNERS OF LONDON MERCHANTS A HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

*Tempore mutato de nobis fabula narratur.*

Decio, a man of great figure, that had large commissions for sugar from several parts beyond sea, treats about a considerable parcel of that commodity with Alcander, an eminent West India merchant; both understood the market very well, but could not agree. Decio was a man of substance, and thought nobody ought to buy cheaper than himself. Alcander was the same, and not wanting money, stood for his price. Whilst they were driving their bargain at a tavern near the Exchange, Alcander's man brought his master a letter from the West Indies, that informed him of a much greater quantity of sugars coming for England than was expected. Alcander now wished for nothing more than to sell at Decio's price, before the news was public; but being a cunning fox, that he might not seem too precipitant, nor yet lose his customer, he drops the discourse they were upon, and putting on a jovial humour, commends the agreeableness of the weather; from whence falling upon the delight he took in his gardens, invites Decio to go along with him to his country house, that was not above twelve miles from London. It was in the month of May, and as it happened upon a Saturday in the afternoon, Decio, who was a single man, and would have no business in town before

Tuesday, accepts of the other's civility, and away they go in Alcander's coach. Decio was splendidly entertained that night and the day following; the Monday morning, to get himself an appetite, he goes to take the air upon a pad of Alcander's, and coming back meets with a gentleman of his acquaintancé, who tells him news was come the night before that the Barbadoes fleet was destroyed by a storm; and adds, that before he came out, it had been confirmed at Lloyd's coffee-house, where it was thought sugars would rise twenty-five per cent. by change time. Decio returns to his friend, and immediately resumes the discourse they had broke off at the tavern. Alcander who, thinking himself sure of his chap, did not design to have moved it till after dinner, was very glad to see himself so happily prevented; but how desirous soever he was to sell, the other was yet more eager to buy; yet both of them afraid of one another, for a considerable time counterfeited all the indifference imaginable, till at last Decio, fired with what he had heard, thought delays might prove dangerous, and throwing a guinea upon the table, struck the bargain at Alcander's price. The next day they went to London; the news proved true, and Decio got five hundred pounds by his sugars. Alcander, whilst he had strove to overreach the other, was paid in his own coin: yet all this is called *fair dealing*; but I am sure neither of them would have desired to be done by, as they did to each other.

*Fable of the Bees, 1725.*

## CHILTERN HUNDREDS.

The acceptance of this office, or stewardship, vacates a seat in parliament, but without any emolument or profit. Chiltern is a ridge of chalky hills crossing the county of Bucks, a little south of the centre, reaching from Tring in Hertfordshire to Henly in Oxford. This district belongs to the crown, and from time immemorial has given title to the nominal office of stewards of the Chiltern hundreds. Of this office, as well as the manor of East Hundred, in Berks, it is remarkable, that although frequently conferred upon members of parliament, it is not productive either of honour or emolument; being granted at the request of any member of that house, merely to enable him to vacate his seat by the acceptance of a nominal office under the crown; and on this account it has frequently been granted to three or four members a week.



### Tommy Bell of Houghton-le-Spring, Durham.

This is an eccentric, good-humoured character—a lover of a chirruping cup—and a favourite with the pitmen of Durham. He dresses like them, and mixes and jokes with them; and his portrait seems an appropriate illustration of the following paper, by a gentleman of the north, well acquainted with their remarkable manners.

#### THE PITMAN.

*For the Table Book.*

“O the bonny pit laddie, the cannie pit laddie,  
The bonny pit laddie for me, O!—  
He sits in a hole, as black as a coal,  
And brings all the white money to me, O!”

OLD PIT SONG.

Gentle Reader,—Whilst thou sittest  
toasting thy feet at the glowing fuel in thy

grate, watching in dreaming unconsciousness the various shapes and fantastic forms appearing and disappearing in the bright, red heat of thy fire—here a beautiful mountain, towering with its glowing top above the broken and diversified valley beneath—there a church, with its pretty spire peeping above an imagined village; or, peradventure, a bright nob, assuming the ken of human likeness, thy playful fancy picturing it the semblance of some distant friend—I say, whilst thou art sitting in this fashion, dost thou ever think of that race of mortals, whose whole life is spent beyond a hundred fathoms below the surface of mother earth, plucking from its unwilling bosom the materials of thy greatest comfort?

The pitman enables thee to set at nought the “pelting of the pitiless storm,”

and render a season of severity and pinching bitterness, one of warmth, and kindly feeling, and domestic smiles. If thou hast never heard of these useful and daring men, who

"Contemn the terrors of the mine,  
Explore the caverns, dark and drear,  
Mantled around with deadly dew;  
Where congregated vapours blue,  
Fir'd by the taper glimmering near,

Bid dire explosion the deep realms invade,  
And earth-born lightnings gleam athwart th' infernal  
shade;""

—who dwell in a valley of darkness for thy sake, and whose lives are hazarded every moment in procuring the light and heat of the flickering flame—listen with patience, if not with interest, to a short account of them, from the pen of one who is not unmindful of

"The simple annals of the poor."

The pitmen, who are employed in bringing coals to the surface of the earth, from immensely deep mines, for the London and neighbouring markets, are a race entirely distinct from the peasantry surrounding them. They are principally within a few miles of the river Wear, in the county of Durham, and the river Tyne, which traces the southern boundary of Northumberland. They reside in long rows of one-storied houses, called by themselves "pit-rows," built near the chief entrance to the mine. To each house is attached a small garden,

"For ornament or use,"

and wherein they pay so much attention to the cultivation of flowers, that they frequently bear away prizes at floral exhibitions.

Within the memory of the writer, (and his locks are not yet "silver'd o'er with age,") the pitmen were a rude, bold, savage set of beings, apparently cut off from their fellow men in their interests and feelings; often guilty of outrage in their moments of ebrious mirth; not from dishonest motives, or hopes of plunder, but from recklessness, and lack of that civilization, which binds the wide and ramified society of a great city. From the age of five or six years, their children are immersed in the dark abyss of their lower worlds; and when even they enjoy the "light of the blessed sun," it is only in the company of their immediate relations: all have the same vocation, and all stand out, a sturdy band,

separate and apart from the motley mixture of general humanity.

The pitmen have the air of a primitive race. They marry almost constantly with their own people; their boys follow the occupations of their sires—their daughters, at the age of blooming and modest maidenhood, linking their fate to some honest "*neebor's bairn*:" thus, from generation to generation, family has united with family, till their population has become a dense mass of relationship, like the clans of our northern friends, "ayont the Cheviot's range." The dress of one of them is that of the whole people. Imagine a man, of only middling stature, (few are tall or robust,) with several large blue marks, occasioned by cuts, impregnated with coal-dust, on a pale and swarthy countenance, a coloured handkerchief around his neck, a "posied waistcoat" opened at the breast, to display a striped shirt beneath, a short blue jacket, somewhat like, but rather shorter than the jackets of our seamen, velvet breeches, invariably unbuttoned and untied at the knee, on the "tapering calf" a blue worsted stocking, with white clocks, and finished downwards by a long, low-quartered shoe, and you have a pitman before you, equipped for his Saturday's cruise to "canny Newcastle," or for his Sabbath's gayest holiday.

On a Saturday evening you will see a long line of road, leading to the nearest large market town, grouped every where with pitmen and their wives or "lasses," laden with large baskets of the "stomach's comforts," sufficient for a fortnight's consumption. They only are paid for their labour at such intervals; and their weeks are divided into what they term "pay week," and "bauf week," (the etymology of "bauf,"\* I leave thee, my kind reader, to find out.)—All merry and happy—trudging home with their spoils—not unfrequently the thrifty husband is seen "half seas over," wrestling his onward way with an obstinate little pig, to whose hind leg is attached a string, as security for allegiance, while ever and anon this third in the number of "obstinate graces," seeks a sly opportunity of evading its unsteady guide and effecting a retreat over the road, and "Geordie" (a common name among them) attempts a masterly retrograde reel to regain his fugitive. A long cart, lent

\* Quære? Whether some wag has not originally given the pitman the benefit of this term from *befler* or *baffolier*, to mock or affront; "aiblins," it may be a corruption of our English term "balk," to disappoint.

by the owners of the colliery for the purpose, is sometimes filled with the women and their marketings, jogging homeward at a smart pace; and from these every wayfarer receives a shower of taunting, coarse jokes, and the air is filled with loud, rude merriment. Pitmen do not consider it any deviation from propriety for their wives to accompany them to the alehouses of the market town, and join their husbands in their glass and pint. I have been amused by peeping through the open window of a pothouse, to see parties of them, men and women, sitting round a large fir table, talking, laughing, smoking, and drinking *con amore*; and yet these poor women are never addicted to excessive drinking. The men, however, are not particularly abstemious when their hearts are exhilarated with the bustle of a town.

When the pitman is about to descend to the caverns of his labour, he is dressed in a checked flannel jacket, waistcoat, and trowsers, with a bottle or canteen slung across his shoulders, and a satchell or haversack at his side, to hold provender for his support during his subterranean sojourn. At all hours, night and day, groups of men and boys are seen dressed in this fashion wending their way to their colliery, some carrying sir Humphrey Davy's (called by them "Davy's") safety-lamp, ready trimmed, and brightened for use. They descend the pit by means of a basket or "corfe," or merely by swinging themselves on to a chain, suspended at the extreme end of the cordage, and are let down, with inconceivable rapidity, by a steam-engine. Clean and orderly, they coolly precipitate themselves into a black, smoking, and bottomless-looking crater, where you would think it almost impossible human lungs could play, or blood dance through the heart. At nearly the same moment you see others coming up, as jetty as the object of their search, drenched and tired. I have stood in a dark night, near the mouth of a pit, lighted by a suspended grate, filled with flaring coals, casting an unsteady but fierce reflection on the surrounding swarthy countenances; the pit emitting a smoke as dense as the chimney of a steam-engine; the men, with their sooty and grimed faces, glancing about their sparkling eyes, while the talking motion of their red lips disclosed rows of ivory; the steam-engines clanking and crashing, and the lissing from the huge boilers, making a din, only broken by the loud, mournful, and musical cry of the man stationed at the top of the pit "shaft," calling down to his companions

in labour at the bottom. This, altogether, is a scene as wild and fearful as a painter or a poet could wish to see.

All have heard of the dreadful accidents in coal-mines from explosions of fire-damp, inundations, &c., yet few have witnessed the heart-rending scenes of domestic calamity which are the consequence. Aged fathers, sons, and sons' sons, a wide branching family, all are sometimes swept away by a fell blast, more sudden, and, if possible, more terrible, than the deadly Sirocca of the desert.

Never shall I forget one particular scene of family destruction. I was passing along a "pit-row" immediately after a "firing," as the explosion of fire-damp is called, when I looked into one of the houses, and my attention became so rivetted, that I scarcely knew I had entered the room. On one bed lay the bodies of two men, burnt to a livid ash colour; the eldest was apparently sixty, the other about forty—father and son:—on another bed, in the same room, were "streaked" three fine boys, the oldest not more than fifteen—sons of the younger dead—all destroyed at the same instant by the same destructive blast, let loose from the mysterious hand of Providence: and I saw—Oh God! I shall never forget—I saw the vacant, maddened countenance, and quick, wild glancing eye of the fatherless, widowed, childless being, who in the morning was smiling in her domestic felicity; whose heart a few hours before was exultingly beating as she looked on her "*gudeman and bonny bairns*." Before the evening sun had set she was alone in the world; without a prop for her declining age, and every endearing tie woven around her heart was torn and dissevered. I passed into the neat little garden—it was the spring time—part of the soil was fresh turned up, and some culinary plants were newly set:—these had been the morning work of the younger father—his spade was standing upright in the earth at the last spot he had laboured at; he had left it there, ready for the evening's employment:—the garden was yet blooming with all the delightful freshness of vernal vegetation; its cultivator was withered and dead—his spade was at hand for another to dig its owner's grave.

Amidst all their dangers, the pitmen are a cheerful, industrious race of men. They were a few years ago much addicted to gambling, cock-fighting, horse-racing, &c. Their spare hours are diverted now to a widely different channel; they are for the most part members of the Wesleyan sects;

and, not unfrequently in passing their humble but neat dwellings, instead of brawls and fights you hear a peaceful congregation of worshippers, uttering their simple prayers; or the loud hymn of praise breaking the silence of the eventide.

The ancient custom of sword-dancing at Christmas is kept up in Northumberland, exclusively by these people. They may be constantly seen at that festive season with their fiddler, bands of swordsmen, Tommy and Bessy, most grotesquely dressed, performing their annual routine of warlike evolutions. I have never had the pleasure of seeing the *Every-Day Book*, but I have no doubt this custom has there been fully illustrated.

‡

Some years ago a Tynemouth vessel, called the "Northern Star," was lost, and the following ballad made on the occasion: the memory of a lady supplies the words—

*For the Table Book.*

### THE NORTHERN STAR.

The Northern Star  
Sail'd over the bar,  
Bound to the Baltic sea—  
In the morning grey  
She stretch'd away,—  
'Twas a weary day to me.

For many an hour  
In sleet and shower  
By the lighthouse rock I stray,  
And watch till dark  
For the winged bark  
Of him that is far away.

The castle's bound  
I wander round  
Amidst the grassy graves,\*  
But all I hear  
Is the north wind drear,  
And all I see are the waves.

Oh roam not there  
Thou mourner fair,  
Nor pour the useless tear;  
Thy plaint of woe  
Is all below—  
The dead—they cannot hear.

The Northern Star  
Is set afar,  
Set in the Baltic sea,  
And the waves have spread  
The sandy bed,  
That holds thy love from thee.

\* Tynemouth-castle, the grounds of which are used as a cemetery.

## British Mines.

*For the Table Book.*

Mines of gold and silver, sufficient to reward the conqueror, were found in Mexico and Peru; but the island of Britain never produced enough of the precious metals to compensate the invader for the trouble of slaughtering our ancestors.

Camden mentions gold and silver mines in Cumberland, a mine of silver in Flintshire, and of gold in Scotland. Speaking of the copper mines of Cumberland, he says that veins of gold and silver were found intermixed with the common ore; and in the reign of Elizabeth gave birth to a suit at law between the earl of Northumberland and another claimant.

Borlase, in his History of Cornwall, relates, "that so late as the year 1753, several pieces of gold were found in what the miners call stream tin; and silver is now got in considerable quantity from several of our lead mines."

A curious paper, concerning the gold mines of Scotland, is given by Mr. Pennant, in the Appendix, No. 10. to his second part of a "Tour in Scotland, in 1772;" but still there never was sufficient gold and silver enough to constitute the price of victory. The other metals, such as tin, copper, iron, and lead, are found in abundance at this day; antimony and manganese in small quantities.\*

Of the *copper* mines now working in Cornwall, "Dolcoath," situated near Camborn, is the deepest, having a 220 fathom level under the adit, which is 40 fathoms from the surface; so that the total depth is 260 fathoms, or 1560 feet: it employs upwards of 1000 persons. The "Consolidated Mines," in Gwennap, are the most productive perhaps in the world, yielding from 10*l.* to 12000*l.* a month of copper ore, with a handsome profit to the shareholders. "Great St. George" is the only productive mine near St. Agnes, and the only one producing metal to the "English Mining Association."

Of the *tin* mines, "Wheal Nor," in Breague, is an immense concern, producing an amazing quantity, and a large profit to the company. "Carnon Stream," near Perran, is now yielding a good profit on its

\* A Missouri paper states, that copper is in such abundance and purity, from the falls of St. Anthony to Lake Superior, that the Indians make hatchets and ornaments of it, without any other instrument than the hammer. The mines still remain in the possession of the Indians.

capital. It has a shaft sunk in the middle of the stream. The washings down from so many mines, the adits of which run in this stream, bring many sorts of metal, with some curious bits of gold.

Of late years the mine called *Wheal Rose*, and some others belonging to *sir Christopher Hawkins*, have been the most prolific of *lead*, mixed with a fair proportion of *silver*. *Wheal Penhale*, *Wheal Hope*, and others, promise favourably.

As yet *Wheal Sparnon* has not done much in *cobalt*; the quality found in that mine is very excellent, but quantity is the "one thing needful."

The immense quantity of *coals* consumed in the numerous fire-engines come from *Wales*; the vessels convey the copper ore, as it is brought by the copper companies, to their smelting works: it is a back freight for the shipping.

Altogether, the number of individuals who derive their living by means of the mineral district of *Cornwall* must be incalculable; and it is a great satisfaction to know, that this county suffered *less* during the recent bad times than perhaps any other county.

SAM SAM'S SON.

April 30, 1827.

## Angling

### AT THAMES DITTON.

#### *For the Table Book.*

*Thames Ditton* is a pretty little village, delightfully situated on the banks of the *Thames*, between *Kingston* and *Hampton Court* palace. During the summer and autumn, it is the much-frequented resort of the followers of *Isaac Walton's* tranquil occupation.

The *Swan inn*, only a few paces from the water's edge, remarkable for the neatness and comfort of its appearance, and for the still more substantial attractions of its internal accommodation, is kept by *Mr. John Locke*, a most civil, good-natured, and obliging creature; and, what is not of slight importance to a bon-vivant, he has a wife absolutely incomparable in the preparation of "stewed eels," and not to be despised in the art of cooking a good beef-steak, or a mutton-chop.

But what is most remarkable in this place is its appellation of "*lying Ditton*"—from what reason I have ever been unable to discover, unless it has been applied by those cockney anglers, who, chagrined at

their want of sport, have bestowed upon it that very opprobrious designation; and perhaps not entirely without foundation: for when they have been unsuccessful in beguiling the finny tribe, the fishermen, who attend them in their punts, are always prepared to assign a cause for their failure; as that the water is too low—or not sufficiently clear—or too muddy—or there is a want of rain—or there has been too much of that element—or—any thing else—except a want of skill in the angler himself, who patiently sits in his punt, watching the course of his float down the stream, or its gentle diving under the water, by which he flatters himself he has a bite, listening to the stories of his attendant, seated in calm indifference at his side, informing him of the mortality produced among the gelid tribe by the noxious gas which flows into the river from the metropolis, the alarming effects from the motion of the steam-boats on their fishy nerves, and, above all, from their feeding at that season of year on the green weeds at the bottom.

However, there are many most skilful lovers of the angle who pay weekly, monthly, or annual visits to this retired spot; amongst whom are gentlemen of fortune, professional men, and respectable tradesmen. After the toils of the day, the little rooms are filled with aquatic sportsmen, who have left the cares of life, and the great city behind them, and associate in easy conversation, and unrestrained mirth.

One evening last summer there alighted from the coach a gentleman, apparently of the middle age of life, who first seeing his small portmanteau, fishing-basket, and rods safely deposited with the landlord, whom he heartily greeted, walked into the room, and shaking hands with one or two of his acquaintances, drew a chair to the window, which he threw up higher than it was before; and, after surveying with a cheerful countenance the opposite green park, the clear river with its sedgy islands, and the little flotilla of punts, whose tenants were busily engaged on their gliding floats, he seemed as delighted as a bird that has regained his liberty: then, taking from his pocket a paper, he showed its contents to me, who happened to be seated opposite, and asked if I was a connoisseur in "single hair;" for, if I was, I should find it the best that could be procured for love or money. I replied that I seldom fished with any but gut-lines; yet it appeared, as far as I could judge, to be very fine. "Fine!" said he, "it would do for the filament of a spider's-web; and yet



I expect to-morrow to kill with it a fish of a pound weight. I recollect," continued he, "when I was but a tyro in the art of angling, once fishing with an old gentleman, whose passion for single-hair was so great, that, when the season of the year did not permit him to pursue his favourite diversion, he spent the greatest part of his time in travelling about from one end of the kingdom to the other, seeking the best specimens of this invaluable article. On his visits to the horse-dealers, instead of scrutinizing the horses in the customary way, by examining their legs, inquiring into their points and qualities, or trying their paces, to the unspeakable surprise of the venders, he invariably walked up to the nether extremities of the animals, and seized hold of their tails, by which means he was enabled to select a capital assortment of hairs for his ensuing occupation."

After the new-comer had finished his amusing anecdote, the noise of a numerous flock of starlings, which had assembled among the trees in the park preparatory to their evening adjournment to roost, attracted his notice by the babel-like confusion of their shrill notes, and led him again to entertain us with a story touching *their* peculiarities.

"I remember," said he, "when I was at a friend's house in Yorkshire last autumn, there were such immense numbers of these birds, who sought their sustenance by day on the neighbouring marshes, and at night came to roost in his trees, that at length there was not room for their entire accommodation; the consequence of which was, that it became a matter of necessity that a separation of their numbers should take place—a part to other quarters, the remainder to retain possession of their old haunts. If I might judge from the conflicting arguments which their confused chattering seemed to indicate, the contemplated arrangement was not at all relished by those who were doomed to separate from their companions—a separation, however, did take place—but the exiles would not leave the field undisputed. Birds, like aid-de-camps of an army, flew from one side to the other—unceasing voices gave note of dreadful preparation—and, at last, both sides took flight at the same instant. The whirring sound of their wings was perfectly deafening; when they had attained a great height in the air, the two forces clashed together with the greatest impetuosity; immediately the sky was obscured with an appearance like the falling of snow, descending gradually to the earth,

accompanied with a vast quantity of bodies of the starlings, which had been speared through by hostile beaks—they literally fell like hail. It was then growing rather dusk; I could merely see the contending flocks far above me for some time—it became darker—and I returned to narrate this extraordinary aerial combat to my friend, who in the morning had the curiosity to accompany me to the field of battle, where we picked up, according to an accurate calculation, 1087 of these birds, some quite dead, and others generally severely wounded, with an amazing quantity of their feathers."

I saw this amusing gentleman on the following morning sitting quietly in his punt, exercising his single-hair skill, nearly opposite to the little fishing-house.

E. J. H. -

April, 1827.

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## TICKLING TROUT.

*For the Table Book.*

It is a liberty taken by poachers with the little brook running through Castle Coombe, to catch trout by *tickling*. I instance the practice there because I have there witnessed it, although it prevails in other places. The person employed wades into the stream, puts his bare arms into the hole where trout resort, slides his fingers under the fish, feels its position, commences tickling, and the trout falls gradually into his hand, and is thrown upon the grass. This is a successful snare, destructive to the abundance of trout, and the angler's patient pleasure. The lovers of the "hook and eye" system oppose these ticklish practices, and the ticklers, when caught, are "punished according to law," while the patrons of the "rod and line" escape. Shakspeare may have hinted at retribution, when he said

"A thousand men the *fishes* gnawed upon."

Pope tell us that men are

"Pleased with a feather, *tickled*, with a straw."

P.

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## THE CLERKS OF CORNWALL.

1. In the last age there was a familiarity between the parson and the clerk and the people, which our feelings of decorum would revolt at, *e. g.*—"I have seen the ungodly flourish like a *green bay tree*."—"How can that be, maister?" said the clerk

of St. Clement's. Of this I was myself an ear-witness.

2. At Kenwyn, two dogs, one of which was the parson's, were fighting at the west-end of the church; the parson, who was then reading the second lesson, rushed out of the pew, and went down and parted them, returned to his pew, and, doubtful where he had left off, asked the clerk, "Roger, where was I?" "Why down parting the dogs, maister," said Roger.

3. At Mevagizzey, when non-resident clergymen officiated, it was usual with the squire of the parish to invite them to dinner. Several years ago, a non-resident clergyman was requested to do duty in the church of Mevagizzey on a Sunday, when the Creed of St. Athanasius is directed to be read. Before he had begun the service, the parish-clerk asked him, whether he intended to read the Athanasian Creed that morning. "Why?" said the clergyman. "Because if you do, no dinner for you at the squire's, at Penwarne."

4. A very short time since, parish-clerks used to read the first lesson. I once heard the St. Agnes clerk cry out, "At the mouth of the burning *viery vurnis*, — Shadrac, Meshac, and Abednego, *com voath and com hether*." [Daniel, chap. iii.]

The clerk of Lamorran, in giving out the Psalm, "Like a timorous bird to distant mountains fly," always said, "Like a *temmersum burde*, &c. &c." with a shake of the head, and a quavering of the voice, which could not but provoke risibility.\*

## Custom

OBSERVED BY THE

### LORD LIEUTENANTS OF IRELAND;

On the great road from London to West Chester, we find, at the principal inns, the coats of arms of several lord lieutenants of Ireland, framed, and hung up in the best rooms. At the bottom of these armorial pictures (as I may call them) is a full display of all the titles of the party, together with the date of the year when each viceroyship commenced. I have often inquired the reason of this custom, but never could procure a satisfactory answer. I do not reprobate the idea of this relique of ancient dignity, as these heraldic monuments were doubtless intended to operate as public evidences of the passage of each lord-

deputy to his delegated government. They now seem only to be preserved for the gratification of the vanity of the capital innkeepers, by showing to humble travellers that such and such lord lieutenants did them the honour to stop at their houses; and yet I will not say, but that for half-a-crown handsomely offered to his excellency's gentleman, they might likewise become part of the furniture of every ale-house in Dunstable.

After fruitless inquiry, accident furnished me with the ground of this custom, which now only serves to excite a little transitory curiosity. Having occasion to look into sir Dudley Digge's "Complete Ambassador," published in 1654, I was obliged to the editor for a solution, who, in the preface, (signed A. H.,) speaking of the reserve of the English ambassadors, in not making public their negotiations, has this observation:—"We have hardly any notion of them but by their arms, which are hung up in inns where they passed."

This paragraph at once accounts for the point before us, and is sufficient, at the same time, to show that the custom was anciently, and even in the seventeenth century, common to every ambassador, though it now only survives with those who go in the greater and more elevated line of royal representation to Ireland.

SAMUEL PEGGE.\*

*For the Table Book.*

## THE BACHELOR'S PLAINT.

AN ODE OF THE OLDEN TIME.

Hark! the curfew, friend to night,  
Banishes the cheerful light;  
Now the scholar, monk, and sage—  
All by lamp that con the page—  
All to whom the light is dear  
Sigh that sullen knell to hear!  
Labour now with day is done;  
To the wave the weary sun  
Rushes, from its cool to borrow  
Vigour for his course to-morrow:  
Yet, in kindness, scorning quite  
Thus to rob the world of light,  
He lends the moon his useful beams,  
And through the night by proxy gleams.  
Kine nyok'd, sheep safely penn'd,  
Ploughmen, hind, and shepherd wend  
To the hostel's welcome latch,  
From the tankard's draught to snatch

\* Rev. Mr. Polwhele's Recollections.

\* Curialia Miscellanea.

Strength, relax'd, which, blithe of strain,  
 Deeds of day they act again!  
 Now the nightingale's sad note  
 Through the listening air 'gins float,  
 Warning youth in warded tower,  
 Maiden in her greenwood bower;  
 'Tis the very witching time,  
 Dear alike to love and rhyme!  
 Every lover, at the strain,  
 Speeds the shady grove to gain,  
 Where awaits the treasure'd maid;  
 Where each care and toil's repaid!  
 Each fond heart now lightly veers,  
 With alternate hopes and fears;  
 Each fond heart now sweetly glows,  
 With love's rapturous joys and woes;  
 Each fond heart—ah, why not mine!—  
 Gently hails the day's decline;  
 But, alas! mine,—woe is me!—  
 Is benumb'd by apathy;  
 Is indifference' dull throne—  
 There she reigns, unmov'd, alone!  
 There one stagnant calm presides,  
 Chilling all sweet feelings' tides!  
 Ah, methinks, I fierce despair  
 Better than such calm could bear:  
 I have nought to hope or fear—  
 No emotion claims a tear—  
 No soft rapture wakes a smile,  
 Meeding centuries of toil!  
 Listless, sad, forlorn, I rove,  
 Feeling still the heart wants Love!  
 Nought to me can pleasure give,  
 Shadow of the dead I live!  
 No sweet maid's consenting blush  
 On my cheek brings rapture's flush!  
 No fond maiden's tender tear  
 Thrills my soul with transports dear!  
 No kind maiden's kiss bestows  
 Blest reward for all my woes!  
 No sweet maid's approving smile  
 Beams my labours to beguile!  
 Best incentive Love can claim,  
 Leading age to wealth and fame.  
 A lone and lonely being I,  
 Only seem to live—to die!  
 With mankind my vacant heart  
 Feels as if it had no part!  
 Love, thy slave I'd rather be,  
 Than free, if this is being free!  
 Rather feel thy worst annoy,  
 Than live and never know thy joy!  
 Come, then, let thy keenest dart,  
 Drive this loath'd Freedom from my heart:  
 I'll bear whole ages of thy pain,  
 One moment of thy bliss to gain!

W. T. M.

May, 1827.

## BRUMMELLIANA.

A great deal used to be said of Beau Nash and his witticisms; but certainly we never met with any thing of his which was at all equal to the oracular sentences of the gentleman who gives a name to this article. Of all the beaux that ever flourished—at least, of all that ever flourished on the same score—exemplary of waistcoat, and having authoritative boots from which there was no appeal—he appears to us to have been the only one who made a proper and perfect union of the coxcombical and ingenious. Other men may have been as scientific on the subject of bibs, in a draper-like point of view; and others may have said as good things, which had none of the colouring arising out of the consciousness of fashionable preeminence. Beau *Fielding*, we believe, stands on record as the handsomest of beaux. There is Beau *Skeffington*, now rather sir Lumley, who, under all his double-breasted coats and waistcoats, never had any other than a single-hearted soul; he is to be recorded as the most amiable of beaux; but Beau Brummell for your more than finished coxcomb. He could be grave enough, but he was any thing but a solemn coxcomb. He played with his own sceptre. It was found a grand thing to be able to be a consummate fop, and yet have the credit of being something greater; and he was both. Never was any thing more exquisitely conscious, yet indifferent; extravagant, yet judicious. His superiority in dress gave such importance to his genius, and his genius so divested of insipidity his superiority in dress, that the poet's hyperbole about the lady might be applied to his coat; and

“You might almost say the body thought.”

It was a moot point which had the more tact, his gloves or his fingers' ends. He played the balls of wit and folly so rapidly about his head, that they lost their distinctions in one crowning and brilliant halo.

Mr. Brummell, it is true, is no longer in favour as a settler of fashions. Why, it is not our business to inquire. But though it may be said of his waistcoat, like Troy, that it *was*, his wit *is*, and will remain; and here, for the first time, a few specimens of it are collected. If George Etheridge himself would not have acknowledged a brother in George Brummell, then are no two gloves of a colour.

To begin with what is usually reckoned the prince of his good things. Mr. Brummell having fallen out of favour with an

illustrious person, was of course to be *cut*, as the phrase is, when met in public. Riding one day with a friend, who happened to be otherwise regarded, and encountering the personage in question, who spoke to the friend without noticing Mr. Brummell, he affected the air of one who waits aloof while a stranger is present; and then, when the great man was moving off, said to his companion, loud enough for the other to hear, and placidly adjusting his bibs, "Eh! who is our fat friend?"

Having taken it into his head, at one time, to eat no vegetables, and being asked by a lady if he had never eaten any in his life, he said, "Yes, madam, I once eat a pea."

Being met limping in Bond-street, and asked what was the matter, he said he had hurt his leg, and "the worst of it was, it was his favourite leg."

Somebody inquiring where he was going to dine next day, was told that he really did not know: "they put me in my coach and take me somewhere."

He pronounced of a fashionable tailor that he made a good coat, an exceedingly good coat, all but the collar: nobody could achieve a good collar but Jenkins.

Having borrowed some money of a city beau, whom he patronised in return, he was one day asked to repay it; upon which he thus complained to a friend: "Do you know what has happened?"—"No."—"Why, do you know, there's that fellow, Tomkins, who lent me five hundred pounds, has had the face to ask me for it; and yet I had called the dog 'Tom,' and let myself dine with him."

"You have a cold, Mr. Brummell," observed a sympathizing group. "Why do you know," said he, "that on the Brighton road, the other day, that infidel, Weston, (his valet,) put me into a room with a damp stranger."

Being asked if he liked port, he said, with an air of difficult recollection, "Port? port?—Oh, *port*!—Oh, ay; what, the hot intoxicating liquor so much drank by the lower orders?"

Going to a rout, where he had not been invited, or rather, perhaps, where the host wished to mortify him, and attempted it, he turned placidly round to him, and, with a happy mixture of indifference and surprise, asked him his *name*. "Johnson," was the answer. "Jauhnsion," said Brummell, recollecting, and pretending to feel for a card; "Oh, the name, I remember, was Thau-son (Thompson;) and Jauhnsion and Thauson, you know, Jauhnsion

and Thauson, are really so much the same kind of thing!"

A beggar petitioned him for charity, "even if it was only a farthing."—"Fellow," said Mr. Brummell, softening the disdain of the appellation in the gentleness of his tone, "I don't know the coin."

Having thought himself invited to somebody's country seat, and being given to understand, after one night's lodging, that he was in error, he told an unconscious friend in town who asked him what sort of a place it was, that it was an "exceedingly good place for stopping one night in."

Speaking lightly of a man, and wishing to convey his maximum of contemptuous feeling about him, he said, "He is a fellow, now, that would send his plate up twice for soup."

It was his opinion, that port, and not porter, should be taken with cheese. "A gentleman," said he, "never *malts* with his cheese, he always *ports*."

It being supposed that he once failed in a matrimonial speculation, somebody condescended with him; upon which he smiled, with an air of better knowledge on that point, and said, with a sort of indifferent feel of his neckcloth, "Why, sir, the truth is, I had great reluctance in cutting the connection; but what could I do? (Here he looked deploring and conclusive.) Sir, I discovered that the wretch positively ate cabbage."

Upon receiving some affront from an illustrious personage, he said that it was "rather too good. By gad, I have half a mind to cut the young one, and bring old G—e into fashion."

When he went visiting, he is reported to have taken with him an elaborate dressing apparatus, including a silver basin; "For," said he, "it is impossible to spit in clay."

On being asked by a friend, during an unseasonable summer, if he had ever seen such a one? "Yes," replied B. "last winter."

On a reference being made to him as to what sum would be sufficient to meet the annual expenditure for clothes, he said, "that with a moderate degree of prudence and economy, he thought it might be managed for eight hundred per annum."

He told a friend that he was reforming his way of life, "For instance," said he, "I sup early; I take a-a-little lobster, an apricot puff, or so, and some burnt champagne, about twelve; and my man gets me to bed by three."\*

\* Literary Pocket Book.



## The Crooked Billet, on Henge Common.

*Friday, May, — 1827.*

I had appointed this morning with my friend W. for a visit to the gallery of paintings at Dulwich College; and he was to obtain from a printseller an admission ticket, and bring it with him. He came furnished with the ticket, but as the ticket provided that the public were not to be admitted on a Friday, our seeing the pictures was out of the question. Neither of us, however, was in a humour to be disappointed of a holiday; we therefore set out in the direction we had intended. A coachman hailed us from the box of a Dulwich stage; we gave him an assenting nod, and mounted the roof; and after a brisk drive through Walworth and Camberwell, which are now no other way distinguishable from the metropolis, than by the irregular forms and sizes of the houses, and the bits of sickly grass and bottle-green poplars that further diversify them, we attained to

the sight of the first out-of-town looking trees and verdure on the ascent towards Hernehill. Here we began to feel "another air;" and during the calm drive down the hill into Dulwich—the prettiest of all the village entrances in the environs of London—we had glimpses, between the elms and sycamores, of pleasant lawns and blooming gardens, with bursts of the fine distances. The calm of the scene was heightened by the note of the cuckoo: it was no "note of fear" to us—we remembered our good wives surrounded by their families; they had greeted our departure with smiles, and hopes that the day would be pleasant, and that we should enjoy ourselves;—the mother and the children rejoiced in "father's holiday" as a day of happiness to them, because it would make him happier.

Leaving Dulwich College on our right, with an useless regret, that, by our mistake as to the day, the picture-gallery was closed

to us, we indulged in a passing remark on the discrepancies of the building—the hall and west wing of the Elizabethan age; the east wing in the Vanbrugh style; and the gallery differing from each. Alighting, just beyond, at the end of the old road, and crossing to the new one in the same line, we diligently perused an awful notice from the parochial authorities against offenders, and acquainted ourselves with the rewards for apprehending them. The board seemed to be a standing argument in behalf of reading and writing, in opposition to some of the respectable inhabitants of Dulwich, who consider ignorance the exclusive property of labourers and servants, which they cannot be deprived of without injury to their morals.

Ascending the hill, and leaving on the left hand a large house, newly built by a rich timber-merchant, with young plantations that require years of growth before they can attain sufficient strength to defend the mansion from the winds, we reached the summit of the hill, and found a direction-post that pointed us to a choice of several roads. We strolled into one leading to Penge Common through enclosed woodlands. Our ears were charmed by throngs of sweet singing birds; we were in a cathedral of the feathered tribes, where "every denomination" chanted rapturous praises and thanksgivings; the vergerobins twittered as they accompanied us with their full sparkling eyes and bright liveried breasts.—

Chiefs of the choir, and highest in the heavens,  
 As emulous to join the angels' songs,  
 Were soaring larks; and some had dared so far  
 They seem'd like atoms sailing in the light;  
 Their voices and themselves were scarce discern'd  
 Above their comrades, who, in lower air  
 Hung buoyant, brooding melody, that fell  
 Streaming, and gushing, on our thirsty ears.  
 In this celestial chancel we remain'd  
 To reverence these creatures' loud *Te Deum*—  
 A holy office of their simple natures  
 To Him—the great Creator and Preserver—  
 Whom they instinctively adored.

A gate in the road was opened to us by a poor woman, who had seen our approach from her road-side dwelling; she had the care of collecting the toll from horsemen and carriage-drivers—we were *foot-passengers*, and credited our tailors for the civility. At a few yards beyond this turnpike we stopped to read a dictatorial intimation:—"All trespassers on these woods will be prosecuted, and the constables have orders to take them into custody." I am not sure that there is a "physiognomy of hand-writing," but I am a believer in the physiognomy of style, and the features of this bespoke a Buonaparte of the hundred who had partaken of the carvings under an enclosure-act. No part was fenced off from the common road, and the land had been open to all till spoliation deprived the commoners of their ancient right, and annexed the common soil to a neighbouring domain. Whose it now is, by law, I know not, nor inquired. I look around, and cottages have disappeared, and there are villas instead; and the workhouses are enlarged,

and, instead of labour, tread-mills are provided. According to a political economist of ancient times, "There is much food in the tillage of the poor;" and "He that maketh haste to be rich shall not be innocent." To whom of old was it said, "The spoil of the poor is in your houses?"

We lingered on our way, and passed a bridge over the canal, towards a well-looking public-house, called "the Old Crooked Billet." Before the door is, what is called, a "sign," which, according to modern usage, is a sign-post, with a sign-board without a sign, inscribed with the name of what the sign had been. Formerly this was a little ale-house, and to denote its use to the traveller, the landlord availed himself of one of the large old trees then before the door, and hung upon the lowest of its fine spreading branches not the "sign" of the billet, but a real "crooked billet:" this was the origin of "the Old Crooked Billet" on (what *was*) Penge Common. We had set out late and loitered, and after a brief reconnoitre entered the house in search of

refreshment. The landlord and his family were at dinner in a commodious, respectable bar. He rose to us like "a giant refreshed," and stood before us a good-humoured "Boniface"—every inch a man—who had attained to strength and fair proportion, by virtue of the ease and content wherein he lived. We found from his notable dame that we could have eggs and bacon, and spinach put into the pot from the garden, in a few minutes; nothing could have been suggested more suitable to our inclination, and we had the pleasure of being smiled into a comfortable parlour, with a bow-window view of the common. The time necessary for the preparation of our meal afforded leisure to observe the hostel. W. went out to pencil the exterior in his sketch-book. Except for the situation, and the broad, good-humoured, country face of our landlord, we might have imagined ourselves in town; and this was the only uncomfortable feeling we had. The sign-board on the other side of the road revealed the name of our entertainer—"R. Harding," and the parlour mantle-piece told that he was a "Dealer in Foreign Wines, Segars, &c." This inscription, written in clerk-like German text, framed and glazed, was transportation against my will, to the place from whence I came. Our attention was diverted by the rolling up of a gig, espied afar off by "mine host," who waited at the door with an eye to business, and his hands in the pockets of his jean jacket. The driver, a thin, sharp-featured, pock-faced man, about forty, alighted with as much appearance of kindly disposition as he could bring his features to assume, and begged the favour of an order for "a capital article." His presented card was received with a drop of the landlord's countenance, and a shake of the head. The solicitor—and he looked as keenly as a Chancery-lane one—was a London Capil-kaire-maker; he urged "a single bottle;" the landlord pleaded his usage of sugar and demurred, nor could he be urged on to trial. Our repast brought in, and finished with a glass of country brewed and a segar, W. completed his sketch, and we paid a moderate charge, and departed with "the Old Crooked Billet" as exhibited in the engraving. The house affords as "good accommodation for man and horse" as can be found in any retired spot so near London. Our stroll to it was delightful. We withdrew along the pleasant road to the village of Beckenham. Its white pointed spire, embowered in trees, had frequently caught our sight in the course of the day, and we de-

sired to obtain a near view of a church that heightened the cheerful character of the landscape. It will form another article—perhaps two.

\*

## Witchcraft.

### THE MOUNTAIN ASH.

To the Editor.

Witherslack, near Milnthorpe,  
Westmoreland.

Sir,—I think you have not celebrated in the *Every-Day Book* the virtues of the mountain ash, or as it is called in the northern counties, the *Wiggen Tree*.—Its *anti-witching* properties are there held in very high esteem. No witch will come near it; and it is believed that the smallest twig, which might cross the path of one of these communers with the powers of darkness, would as effectually stop her career, however wild it might be, or however intent she might be on the business of evil, as did the "key-stane" of the bridge of Doon stop the fiendish crew, that pursued poor Tam O'Shanter and his luckless mare Maggie.

You are well aware that there are few places, especially in the country, in which one of these agents of the devil, ycleped "witches," does not reside. She may always be known by her extreme penury and ugliness. There is generally also a protuberance of flesh on some part of the neck or jaw; by which it is known that she has sold herself to the father of lies. She has usually a large black cat, of which she is prodigiously fond, and takes special care. Some shrewdly suspect this to be the "old gentleman" himself. She is very envious, and frequently makes malicious prognostications of evil, which subsequent events but too faithfully verify. She must therefore, with all these qualifications, be the authoress of every mishap, which cannot more reasonably be accounted for. For example, should the "auld witch" call at any farmhouse during the operation of churning, and be suffered to depart without a sop being thrown to her, in the shape of a small print of butter, you will be sure to have many a weary hour of labour the next time you churn, before butter can be obtained. And, therefore, to prevent the old beldam introducing herself into the churn, the churn-staff must be made of the "*Wiggen Tree*," and you will be effectually freed

from her further interference in that case. The cattle in the stables and cow-houses, if she takes a spite against you, are frequently found, or dreaded to be found, (for many an instance of such things is recorded on undoubted testimony,) in a morning, tied together, standing on their heads, the cows milked, and every other mischievous prank played, which a malicious fiend could invent: and therefore to prevent all these dire ills, the shafts of the forks, and all other utensils used in those places, must be made of the all-powerful "Wiggen." She frequently does the same mischief in places far remote on the same night; and although old and crippled, and showing "all the variety of wretchedness" by day, at night she mounts her broomstick, and wings her airy course to the moon, if need be. All honest people, who have a due regard to undisturbed slumbers during the night, when all the world knows that

Church-yards yawn,  
And hell itself breathes forth contagion to the world,

take special care to have a branch of this never-failing antidote to witchery at their bed heads. This has been the practice of my mother ever since I can remember; she also carries a hare's foot in her pocket, to guard against all attacks in that quarter by day. You will think that these precautions are very uncalled for, perhaps, at this time of day, but such we have been in our generations, and such to a considerable extent we *now are*, and therefore pray do record us.

I remain, Sir, &c.

CARLE.

### A PARTICULAR DIRECTION.

A few months ago a letter, bearing the following curious superscription, was put into the post-office in Manchester:—"For Mr. Colwell that Keeps the Shop in Back Anderson-st. to Bee Gave to Jack Timlen that Keeps the pigs in his own Sellar in Back Anderson-st. the Irish man that has the Large family that bgs the mail from Mr. Colwell and milk to Bolton."<sup>\*</sup>

\* Bolton Express.

## Garrick Plays.

No. XIX.

[From the "Silver Age," an Historical Play, by Thomas Heywood, 1613.]

### *Proserpine seeking Flowers.*

*Pros.* O may these meadows ever barren be,  
That yield of flowers no more variety!  
Here neither is the White nor Sanguine Rose,  
The Strawberry Flower, the Paunce, nor Violet;  
Methinks I have too poor a meadow chose:  
Going to beg, I am with a Beggar met,  
That wants as much as I. I should do ill  
To take from them that need.—

### *Ceres, after the Rape of her Daughter.*

*Cer.* Where is my fair and lovely Proserpine?  
Speak, Jove's fair Daughter, whither art thou stray'd?  
I've sought the meadows, glebes, and new-reap'd fields  
Yet cannot find my Child. Her scatter'd flowers,  
And garland half-made-up, I have lit upon;  
But her I cannot spy. Behold the trace  
Of some strange wagon,\* that hath scorcht the trees,  
And singed the grass: these ruts the sun ne'er sear'd.  
Where art thou, Love, where art thou, Proserpine?—

### *She questions Triton for her Daughter.*

*Cer.* — thou that on thy shelly trumpet  
Summons the sea-god, answer from the depth.  
*Trit.* On Neptune's sea-horse with my concave trump  
Thro' all the abyss I've shrill'd thy daughter's loss.  
The channels clothed in waters, the low cities  
In which the water-gods and sea-nymphs dwell,  
I have perused; sought thro' whole woods and forests  
Of leafless coral, planted in the deeps;  
Toss'd up the beds of pearl; rouzed up huge whales,  
And stern sea-monsters, from their rocky dens;  
Those bottoms, bottomless; shallows and shelves,  
And all those currents where th' earth's springs break  
in;  
Those plains where Neptune feeds his porpoises,  
Sea-morses, seals, and all his cattle else:  
Thro' all our ebbs and tides my trump hath blazed her,  
Yet can no cavern shew me Proserpine.

### *She questions the Earth.*

*Cer.* Fair sister Earth, for all these beauteous fields,  
Spread o'er thy breast; for all these fertile crops,  
With which my plenty hath enrich'd thy bosom;  
For all those rich and pleasant wreaths of grain,  
With which so oft thy temples I have crowned;  
For all the yearly liveries, and fresh robes,  
Upon thy summer beauty I bestow—  
Shew me my Child!

*Earth.* Not in revenge, fair Ceres,  
That your remorseless ploughs have rak't my breast,

\* The car of Dis.



Nor that your iron-tooth'd harrows print my face  
So full of wrinkles; that you dig my sides  
For marle and soil, and make me bleed my springs  
Thro' all my open'd veins to weaken me—  
Do I conceal your Daughter. I have spread  
My arms from sea to sea, look'd o'er my mountains,  
Exam'n'd all my pastures, groves, and plains,  
Marshes and wolds, my woods and champain fields,  
My dens and caves—and yet, from foot to head,  
I have no place on which the Moon\* doth tread.

*Cer.* Then, Earth, thou'st lost her; and, for Proserpine,

I'll strike thee with a lasting barrenness.  
No more shall plenty crown thy fertile brows;  
I'll break thy ploughs, thy oxen murrain-strike:  
With idle agues I'll consume thy swains;  
Sow tares and cockles in thy lands of wheat,  
Whose spikes the weed and cooch-grass shall outgrow,  
And choke it in the blade. The rotten showers  
Shall drown thy seed, which the hot sun shall parch,  
Or mildews rot; and what remains, shall be  
A prey to ravenous birds.—Oh Proserpine!—  
You Gods that dwell above, and you below,  
Both of the woods and gardens, rivers, brooks, |  
Fountains and wells, some one among you all  
Shew me her self or grave: to you I call.

### *Arethusa riseth.*

*Are.* That can the river Arethusa do.

My streams you know, fair Goddess, issue forth  
From Tartary by the Tenarian isles:  
My head's in Hell where Stygian Pluto reigns.  
There did I see the lovely Proserpine,  
Whom Pluto hath rapt hence; behold her girdle,  
Which on her way dropt from her lovely waist,  
And scatter'd in my streams.—Fair Queen, adieu!  
Crown you my banks with flowers, as I tell true.

[From the "Golden Age," an Historical Play, by the same Author, 1611.]

*Sibilla, the Wife of Saturn, is by him enjoined to slay the new-born Jupiter. None can do it for his smiles.*

### *Sibilla. Vesta. Nurse.*

*Sib.* Mother, of all that ever mothers were  
Most wretched! Kiss thy sweet babe ere he die,  
That hath life only lent to suffer death.  
Sweet Lad, I would thy father saw thee smile.  
Thy beauty, and thy pretty infancy,  
Would mollify his heart, were't hew'd from flint,  
Or carved with iron tools from Corsic rock.  
Thou laugh'st to think thou must be kill'd in jest.  
Oh! if thou needs must die, I'll be thy murderess,  
And kill thee with my kisses, pretty knave.—  
And can'st thou laugh to see thy mother weep?  
Or art thou in thy chearful smiles so free,

In scorn of thy rude father's tyranny?  
I'll kiss thee ere I kill thee: for my life,  
The Lad so smiles, I cannot hold the knife.

*Vest.* Then give him me; I am his Grandmother,  
And I will kill him gently: this sad offence  
Belongs to me, as to the next of kin.

*Sib.* For heaven's sake, when you kill him, hurt him not.

*Vest.* Come, little knave, prepare your naked throat;  
I have not heart to give thee many wounds,  
My kindness is to take thy life at once.  
Now—

Alack, my pretty Grandchild, smilest thou still? |  
I have lust to kiss, but have no heart to kill.

*Nurse.* You may be careless of the King's command,  
But it concerns me; and I love my life  
More than I do a Stripling's. Give him me,  
I'll make him sure; a sharp weapon lend,  
I'll quickly bring the Youngster to his end.—  
Alack, my pretty knave, 'twere more than sin  
With a sharp knife to touch thy tender skin.  
O Madam, he's so full of angel grace,  
I cannot strike, he smiles so in my face.

*Sib.* I'll wink, and strike; come, once more reach him hither;

For die he must, so Saturn hath decreed:  
'Tis for a world I would not see him bleed.

*Vest.* Ne shall he do. But swear me secrecy;  
The Babe shall live, and we be dangerless.

C. L.

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### THE FIRST BUTTERFLY.

One of the superstitions prevailing in Devonshire is, that any individual neglecting to kill the first butterfly he may see for the season will have ill-luck throughout the year. The following recent example is given by a young lady:—"The other Sunday, as we were walking to church, we met a man running at full speed, with his hat in one hand, and a stick in the other. As he passed us, he exclaimed, 'I sha'n't hat'en now, I b'lieve.' He did not give us time to inquire what he was so eagerly pursuing; but we presently overtook an old man, whom we knew to be his father, and who being very infirm, at upwards of seventy, generally hobbled about by the aid of two sticks. Addressing me, he observed, 'My zin a took away wan a' my sticks, miss, wan't be ebble to kill'n now, though, I b'lieve.' 'Kill what?' said I. 'Why, 'tis a butterfly, miss, the *first* hee'th a zeed for the year; and they zay that a body will have cruel bad luck if a ditn'en kill a *first* a zeeth.'"<sup>22</sup>

\* Proserpine; who was also Luna in Heaven, Diana on Earth.

• Dorset Chronicle, May, 1825.

## KING JAMES I. AT DURHAM.

*To the Editor.*

Sir,—If you think the subjoined worthy of a place in your *Table Book*, I shall feel glad to see it. I believe it has never been in print; it is copied from an entry in one of the old corporation books.

Yours, very truly,

*Durham, May, 1827.*

M. J.

THE MANNER OF THE KINGES MAJESTY  
COMING TO THE CITTIE OF DURHAM,  
ANNO DOM. 1617, AS FOLLOWETH.

Upon Good Friday, being the 18th of April, 1617, Mr. Heaborne, one of his majesties gentlemen ushers spoke to George Walton, Maior, that it was his majesties pleasure to come in state unto the cittie, and that it were fitting that the maior and aldermen should be ready upon the next daie following, being Satturdaie, to give their attendance upon his majestie in some convenient place within the cittie; and the said maior to have his *foot-cloth horse* their ready to attend, which likewise was done upon Elvet Bridge, near the tower thereof, being new rayled, within the rayles of wood then made for that purpose: at which time his said majesties said gentleman usher standing by the said maior and aldermen till his majesties coming, when there was a speech delivered by the said maior to his majestie, together with the maces and staffe; and at time fitting in the same speech so made, a silver bowle gilt, with a cover, was presented by the said maior to his majestie, which appears as followeth:—

“Most gracious soveraigne. What unspeakable joy is this your highness presents unto us, your loving subjects; our tongues are not able to utter, nor our meanes to shew you welcome. Your gracious majestie, at your happie cominge hither with much peace and plentie found this cittie inabled, with divers liberties and priveledges, all sovering pittie and power spiritual and temporal being in yourself, gave unto us the same againe; and afterwards, of your gracious bountie, confirmed them under your great seal of England. We humbly beseech your majestie continue your favours towards this cittie; and in token of our love and loyaltie, crave the acceptance of this myte, and we shall be readie to the uttermost expence of our dearest bloud, to defend you and your royal progeny here on earth, as with our prayers

to God to blesse you and all yours in all eternitie.”

After which speech the maior was called by his majesties gentleman usher to take his horse, and to ride before his majestie; immediate upon which commandment made by his majesties gentleman usher, there was at the same place, about forty yards distance, certayne verses spoken by an apprentice of this cittie to his majestie, as followeth: after which, the maior was placed in rank next the sword, and so rode forward, carrying the citties mace, to the church.

*To the Kinges most Excellent Majestie.*

“Durham’s old cittie thus salutés our king  
With entertainment, she doth homlie bring;  
And cannot smyle upon his majestie  
With shew of greatness; but humilitie  
Makes her express herself in modern guise  
Dejected to this north, bare to your eyes.  
For the great prelate, which of late adorde  
His dignities, and for which we implore  
Your highnesse aide to have a continuance—  
And so confirmed by your dread — arm.  
Yet what our royal James did grant herein,  
William, our bishoppe, hath oppugnant been;  
Small task to sway down smallnesse, where man’s  
might

Hath greater force than equity or right.  
But these are only in your brest included  
From your most gracious grant. Therefore we pray,  
That the faire sunshine of your brightest daie,  
Would smyle upon this cittie with clere beams,  
To exhale the tempest off insuing streames.  
Suffer not, great prince, our ancient state,  
By one fore’d will to be depopulate,  
Tis one seeks our undoing: but to you,  
Ten thousand hearts shall pray, and knees shall bowe:  
And this dull cell of earth wherein we live,  
Unto your name immortal prayse shall give.  
Confirm our grant, good kinge. Durham’s old cittie  
Would be more powerful so it has Jame’s pittie.”

REMARK.

The complaint against the bishop arose from a suit which he had instituted against the corporation in the Exchequer, for taking all the bishop’s privileges and profits of the markets and courts into their own hands, and for driving his officers by violence out of the tollbooth on the 3d of October, (7th of James I.,) and preventing their holding the courts there as usual, as well as for several other similar matters, when judgment was given against the corporation on the 24th of June, (8th of James I.,) 1611.

## MARCH OF INTELLECT.

Every intelligent mind of right reflection accords its wishes for general enlightenment. It appears, from a fashionable miscellany, that a late distinguished writer expressed himself to that effect; the following are extracts from the article referred to. They contain, in the sequel, a forcible opinion on the tendency of the present general diffusion of literature.—

## CONVERSATIONS OF MATURIN.

Maturin's opinions of poetry, as of every thing else, were to be inferred rather than gathered. It was very difficult to draw him into literary conversation: like Congreve, he wished to be an author only in his study. Yet he courted the society of men of letters when it was to be had; but would at any time have sacrificed it to dally an hour in the drawing-room, or at the quadrille. Sometimes, however, amongst friends (particularly if he was in a splenetic mood) he freely entered into a discussion upon the living authors of England, and delivered his opinions rapidly, brilliantly, and with effect. On one occasion a conversation of this description took place, in which I had the pleasure of participating. I will recall the substance of it as well as I can. Do not expect from Maturin the turgidity of Boswell's great man, or the amiable philosophy of Franklin: you will be disappointed if you anticipate any thing profound or speculative from him; for at the best of times he was exceedingly fond of mixing up the frivolity of a fashionable conversazione with the most solid subjects.

I met him in the county of Wicklow on a pedestrian excursion in the autumn; a relaxation he constantly indulged in, particularly at that season of the year. It was in that part of the vale of Avoca, where Moore is said to have composed his celebrated song: a green knoll forms a gradual declivity to the river, which flows through the vale, and in the centre of the knoll there is the trunk of an old oak, cut down to a seat. Upon that venerable trunk, say the peasants, Moore sat when he composed a song that, like the Rans de Vache of the Swiss, will be sung amidst those mountains and valleys as long as they are inhabited. Opposite to that spot I met Maturin, accompanied by a young gentleman carrying a fishing-rod. We were at the distance of thirty miles from Dublin; in the heart of the most beautiful valley in the island; surrounded by associations of history and

poetry, with spirits subdued into tranquillity by the Italian skies above, and the peaceful gurgling of the waters below us. Neyer shall I forget Maturin's strange appearance amongst those romantic dells. He was dressed in a crazy and affectedly shabby suit of black, that had waxed into a "brilliant polish" by over zeal in the service of its master; he wore no cravat, for the heat obliged him to throw it off, and his delicate neck rising gracefully from his thrice-crested collar, gave him an appearance of great singularity. His raven hair, which he generally wore long, fell down luxuriantly without a breath to agitate it; and his head was crowned with a hat which I could sketch with a pencil, but not with a pen. His gait and manner were in perfect keeping; but his peculiarities excited no surprise in me, for I was accustomed to them. In a short time we were seated on the banks of the Avoca, the stream cooling our feet with its refreshing spray, and the green foliage protecting us from the sun.

"Moore is said to have written his song in this place."

"I don't believe a word of it," replied Maturin. "No man ever wrote poetry under a burning sun, or in the moonlight. I have often attempted a retired walk in the country at moonlight, when I had a madrigal in my head, and every gust of wind rang in my ears like the footsteps of a robber. One robber would put to flight a hundred tropes. You feel uneasy in a perfectly secluded place, and cannot collect your mind."

"But Moore, who is a poet by inspiration, could write in any circumstances?"

"There is no man of the age labours harder than Moore. He is often a month working out the tag-end of an epigram. 'Pon my honour, I would not be such a victim to literature for the reputation of Pope, the greatest man of them all."

"Don't you think that every man has his own peculiarity in writing, and can only write under particular excitements, and in a particular way?"

"Certainly. Pope, who ridiculed such a caprice, practised it himself; for he never wrote well but at midnight. Gibbon dictated to his amanuensis, while he walked up and down the room in a terrible passion; Stephens wrote on horseback in a full gallop; Montaigne and Chateaubriand in the fields; Sheridan over a bottle of wine; Molière with his knees in the fire; and lord Bacon in a small room, which he said helped him to condense his thoughts. But Moore, whose peculiarity is retirement,

would never come here to write a song he could write better elsewhere, merely because it related to the place."

"Why omit yourself in the list? you have your own peculiarity."

"I compose on a long walk; but then the day must neither be too hot, nor cold; it must be reduced to that medium from which you feel no inconvenience one way or the other; and then when I am perfectly free from the city, and experience no annoyance from the weather, my mind becomes lighted by sunshine, and I arrange my plan perfectly to my own satisfaction."

"From the quantity of works our living poets have given to the public, I would be disposed to say that they write with great facility, and without any nervous whim."

\* \* \* \* \*

"But lord Byron—he must write with great ease and rapidity?"

"That I don't know; I never could finish the perusal of any of his long poems. There is something in them excessively at variance with my notions of poetry. He is too fond of the obsolete; but that I do not quarrel with so much as his system of converting it into a kind of modern antique, by superadding tinsel to gold. It is a sort of mixed mode, neither old nor new, but incessantly hovering between both."

"What do you think of Childe Harold?"

"I do not know what to think of it, nor can I give you definitively my reasons for disliking his poems generally."

"You have taken up a prejudice, perhaps, from a passage you have forgotten, and never allowed yourself patience to examine it."

"Perhaps so; but I am not conscious of a prejudice."

"No man is."

\* \* \* \* \*

"And which of the living poets fulfils your ideal standard of excellence?"

"Crabbe. He is all nature without pomp or parade, and exhibits at times deep pathos and feeling. His characters are certainly homely, and his scenes rather unpoetical; but then he invests his subject with so much genuine tenderness and sweetness, that you care not who are the actors, or in what situations they are placed, but pause to recollect where it was you met something similar in real life. Do you remember the little story 'Delay is Danger?' I'll recite you a few lines describing my favourite scene, an autumn-evening landscape:—

"On the right side the youth a wood survey'd,  
With all its dark intensity of shade;  
Where the rough wind alone was heard to move,  
In this, the pause of nature and of love,  
When now the young are rear'd, and when the old,  
Lost to the tie, grow negligent and cold—  
Far to the left he saw the huts of men  
Half hid in mist that hung upon the fen;  
Before him swallows, gathering for the sea,  
Took their short flights, and twitter'd on the lea;  
And near the bean-sheaf stood, the harvest done,  
And slowly blacken'd in the sickly sun;  
All these were sad in nature, or they took  
Sadness from him, the likeness of his look,  
And of his mind—he ponder'd for a while,  
Then met his Fanny with a borrow'd smile."

"Except Gray's Elegy, there is scarcely so melancholy and touching a picture in English poetry."

"And whom do you estimate after Crabbe?"

"I am disposed to say Hogg. His Queen's Wake is a splendid and impassioned work. I like it for its varieties, and its utter simplicity. What a fine image is this of a devoted vessel suddenly engulfed at sea:

"Some ran to the cords, some kneel'd at the shrine,  
But all the wild elements seem'd to combine;  
'Twas just but one moment of stir and commotion,  
And down went the ship like a bird of the ocean!"

"But do not altogether take me at my word in what I say of Crabbe and Hogg. They have struck the chord of my taste; but they are not, perhaps, the first men of the day. Moore is a writer for whom I feel a strong affection, because he has done that which I would have done if I could: but after him it would be vain to try any thing."

\* \* \* \* \*

"Is it your opinion that the swarm of minor poets and writers advance the cause of literature, or that the public taste would be more refined and informed, if those who administered to it were fewer and better?"

"I object to prescribing laws to the republic of letters. It is a free republic, in which every man is entitled to publicity if he chooses it. The effect unquestionably of a swarm of minor poets is the creation of a false taste amongst a certain class; but then that is a class that otherwise would have no taste at all, and it is well to draw their attention to literature by any agency. In the next age their moral culture will improve, and we shall go on gradually diminishing the contagion."\*



"Sixpence a pound, fair cherries!"



"Troop, every one!"

## Old London Cries, No. II.

We have here a print of the cherry-woman of a hundred years ago, when cherries were so little grown, that the popular street cry was double the price of the present day. Readers of the *Every-Day Book* may remember the engraving of the "London barrow-woman," with her cherry-cry—"round and sound"—the cherry-woman (that *was*) of our own times—the recollection of whose fine person, and melodious voice, must recur to every one who saw and heard her—a real picture to the mind's eye, discoursing "most excellent music."

The man blowing a trumpet, "Troop, every one!" was a street seller of hobby-horses—toys for the children of a hundred years ago. He carried them, as represented in the engraving, arranged in a partitioned frame on his shoulder, and to each horse's head was a small flag with two bills at-

tached. The crier and his ware are wholly extinct. Now-a-days we give a boy the first stick at hand to thrust between his legs as a *Bucephalus*—the shadow of a shade:—our forefathers were better natured, for they presented him with something of the semblance of the generous animal. Is a horse now less popular with boys than then? or did they, at that time, rather imitate the galloping of the real hobby-horse in the pageants and mummeries that passed along the streets, or pranced in the shows at fairs and on the stage? Be that as it may, this is a pretty plaything for "little master;" and toy-makers would find account in reviving the manufacture for the rising generation. They have improved the little girl's doll, and baby-house: are they ignorant that boys, as soon as they can walk, demand a whip and a horse?

## MR. HOBDAY'S GALLERY.

No. 54, Pall-mall.

In addition to the associations for the exhibition and sale of pictures by living artists, Mr. Hobday opened an establishment on the 21st of May for the same purpose, adjoining the British Institution. This gentleman is known to the public as a respectable portrait painter, with a taste for art entitled to consideration for his present spirited endeavour in its behalf.

In this exhibition there are performances of distinguished merit by several eminent artists. The Upas, or poison-tree of Java, by Mr. Danby, in illustration of the legend in Darwin's Loves of the Plants, is a fine picture, already known. Another by Mr. Danby—is a wood on the sea-shore, with figures, Ulysses and Nausicaa, from Homer. A Fête Champêtre, by Mr. Stothard, is one of a class of subjects, which its venerable painter has distinguished by his magic pencil; Mr. Edwin Landseer's Lion disturbed at his repast, a forcible and well-remembered effort of his genius, stands near it. Mr. Charles Landseer's Merchant, with Slaves and Merchandise, reposing in a Brazilian Rancho; the Entombing of Christ, by Mr. Westall; landscapes, by Messrs. Daniel, Glover, Hoffland, Laporte, Linnell, W. Westall, &c.; pictures by sir W. Beechey, Messrs. Chalon, Kidd, Heaphy, Rigaud, Singleton, Stephanoff, J. Ward, &c., grace the walls of the establishment. Every picture in this gallery is for sale; and, under Mr. Hobday's management, it promises to be a means of introducing the public to an acquaintance with distinguished works of art still remaining open to the selection of its patrons.

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## Topography.

### ORIGINAL NOTICE.

*For the Table Book.*

Denton-castle, in the West Riding of Yorkshire, and on the north-west side of Otley, was once the seat of the parliament's general, Fairfax, and came to the present family of Ibbetson by relationship. Prince Rupert in passing by it on his march into Lancashire, in order to assist the king's troops in that quarter, was about to raze it, but going into the house, he observed

the pictures of the Manners and the Villiers, Fairfax's ancestors, and out of good will towards them he desisted. It, however, was afterwards unfortunately destroyed by the carelessness of a maid servant, who dropping asleep at the time she was picking feathers, the candle fell into the feathers and burnt the house to the ground. In a few years afterwards, it was rebuilt by the father of sir Henry Ibbetson, bart. in the year 1721, and has this remarkable motto in the pediment:—

“ Quod nec Jovis ira nec ignis nec poterit ferrum.”

### VERSES

To the memory of Denzil Ibbetson, fourth son of sir Henry Ibbetson, bart., who unfortunately lost his life by an accidental discharge of his gun when shooting at Cocken, near Durham, the seat of his aunt, lady Mary Carr, sister of Henry, earl of Darlington—1774.

1.

Thy fate, lamented Ibbetson, we weep,  
With an unfeign'd and sympathetic tear;  
Thy virtues, on our mem'ries graven deep,  
Recall the painful thought of what was dear

2.

Yet 'tis not for thy sufferings, but our own,  
That heaves the heartfelt melancholy sigh,  
That death, which haply cost thee not a groan,  
Leaves us to mourn with what we ne'er can vie.

3.

That life, good humour, and that manly sense,  
Those ever-pleasing ties, that friendly heart,  
Which but unwittingly could give offence,  
Disarr'd ev'n Death's grim tyrant of his dart.

4.

Without one pang or agonizing groan,  
Thy soul reliev'd forsook its vile abode,  
For joys more worthy of the good alone—  
“ The bosom of thy Father and thy God.”

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### PRONUNCIATION.

The difficulty of applying rules to the pronunciation of our language may be illustrated in two lines, where the combination of the letters *ough*, is pronounced in no less than seven different ways, viz. as *o*, *uf*, *of*, *up*, *ow*, *oo*, and *ock*.

Though the tough cough and hiccough plough me  
through;  
O'er life's dark lough my course I still pursue.

*For the Table Book.*

## EMIGRATION OF THE ROOKS

FROM

CARLTON GARDENS, 1827.

"I shall not ask Jean Jacques Rousseau,  
If birds confabulate or no :—  
'Tis certain they were always able,  
To hold discourse, at least in fable."

*Cowper.*

The mandate pass'd, the axe applied,  
The woodman's efforts echoed wide ;  
The toppling elm trees fell around,  
And cumbrous ruin strew'd the ground.  
The tuneful thrush, whose vernal song  
Was earliest heard the boughs among,  
Exil'd from grounds, where he was bred,  
To some far habitation fled ;  
Remote from court and courtly strife,  
To pass a sober, quiet life.  
O'er head the Rooks, in circles flew,  
And closer still, and closer drew ;  
Then perch'd amid the desolation,  
In senatorial consultation :  
The chairman, far advanc'd in age,  
A sapient-looking personage,  
Who long the councils of the land  
Had sway'd with a tenacious hand ;  
—For e'en among the feather'd race,  
There are, who cling to pow'r and place :—  
There wanted not, among the throng,  
Those who averr'd, that much too long  
He had, within the sable state,  
Continued to adjudicate ;—  
So tardily his judgments came,  
They injur'd his judicial fame ;  
What, though they were unting'd by bribe,  
Or fear ;—the sad impatient tribe,  
Who fed on Hope's expectancies,  
Were ruin'd—by his just decrees !  
But to our tale :—the speaker now,  
Perch'd on an elm tree's topmost bough,  
Had hush'd the multitude in awe,  
You might not hear a single "caw ;"  
He then in pride of conscious pow'r,  
Commenc'd the bus'ness of the hour,  
"Ye rooks and daws in senate met ;"  
He said, and smooth'd his breast of jet :  
"What crimes, among our sable band,  
Have brought this ruin on our land ?  
Has murder mark'd our noonday flight ?  
Or depredation in the night ?  
Has rook or daw, in thought or word,  
Rebell'd against our Sovereign Lord ?  
No ! rather say, our loyalty  
Has echo'd oft, from tree to tree !  
Have we not, when the cannon's sound  
Gave joyous intimation round,  
Of triumph won by land or sea,  
Join'd in the general jubilee ?

Why, then, ye advocates of *taste*,  
Lay ye our habitations waste ?  
Why level low our rookery,  
And blot it out from memory ?  
Man lacketh not a host of pleas,  
To vindicate his cruelties.  
'Improvement's come !' 'tis thus they rhyme,  
'Upon the rolling car of Time.'\*—  
Yes ! come, if blessings they dispense,  
With due regard to feeling—sense ;  
But when they emanate from pride,  
And scheme on scheme is multiplied,  
To beautify by acts like this,  
Their overgrown metropolis,  
To please the vitiate taste of men,  
They cease to be improvements then.  
'Tis not enough, to please the eye,  
With terrace walks, and turrets high ;  
With sloping lawns, and dark arcades ;  
With cock-boat lakes, and forest glades ;  
With schoolboy cataracts and jets ;  
With Turkish mosques and minarets !  
Or Lilliputian arches, rich,  
Spanning a vegetating ditch !  
Improvement opes a nobler field,  
Than Grecian plinth and column yield !  
'Tis when the streams of treasure flow,  
To lighten sorrow,—soften woe ;—  
Rebuild the structure, ruin raz'd,  
Relume the eye, that want hath glaz'd :  
And flowing far from revelry,  
They cheer the sons of penury,  
Who sicken in the breeze of health !  
And starve, amid a nation's wealth !  
To chase despair—ard bring relief,  
For human crime, and human grief !  
These are thy triumphs, *Virtue* ! these  
Are sparks of heav'n-born sympathies,  
That through man's denser nature shine,  
And prove his origin divine !  
Oh ! may we hope, in Britain's school,  
There are, who, free from sophist rule,  
Have learnt not, 'neath Italian skies,  
Their native genius to despise ;  
In whom, amid the bosom's throes,  
The innate love of country glows !  
Assembled birds ! it is for you  
To point the course we must pursue :  
Our monarch ne'er could contemplate,  
Amid the recent change in state,  
That we, like other rooks, should be  
Exil'd from seats of royalty !  
Then let us humbly seek the throne,  
And make our common grievance known ;  
His Majesty will ne'er consent,  
That this, our sable parliament,  
Should thus be driv'n abroad to roam,  
And banish'd from our native home."

\* Come bright Improvement on the car of Time,  
And rule the spacious world from clime to clime !

He ceas'd;—a shout of wild applause,  
 Tumultuous burst, from rooks and daws !  
 Ne'er yet, had yonder central sun,  
 Since worlds had in their orbits run,  
 Beheld upon a spot of earth  
 So much of simultaneous mirth.  
 Scarce had the turbulence subsided,  
 When, as if Fate their joy derided,  
 The hatchet reach'd with thund'ring stroke  
 The tree from whence the Chairman spoke.  
 Alas ! the triumph was but brief ;  
 The sound struck awe—like midnight thief—  
 The senate fled from falling trees,  
 And stretch'd their pinions to the breeze :  
 The shrubs behind Spring Garden-place  
 Receiv'd the emigrated race.  
 Now far from woodman's axe, with care  
 They build, and breed, and nestle there.

T. T.

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### MUSIC AND ANIMALS.

Bonaventure d'Argonne says, "Doubting the truth of those who say it is natural for us to love music, especially the sounds of instruments, and that beasts are touched with it, I one day, being in the country, endeavoured to determine the point ; and, while a man was playing on the trump marine, made my observations on a cat, a dog, a horse, an ass, a hind, cows, small birds, and a cock and hens, who were in a yard, under a window on which I was leaning. I did not perceive that the cat was the least affected ; and I even judged, by her air, that she would have given all the instruments in the world for a mouse, sleeping in the sun all the time ; the horse stopped short from time to time before the window, lifting his head up now and then, as he was feeding on the grass ; the dog continued for above an hour seated on his hind legs, looking steadfastly at the player ; the ass did not discover the least indication of his being touched, eating his thistles peaceably ; the hind lifted up her large wide ears, and seemed very attentive ; the cows slept a little, and after gazing as though they had been acquainted with us, went forward : some birds who were in an aviary, and others on the trees and bushes, almost tore their throats with singing ; but the cock, who minded only his hens, and the hens, who were solely employed in scraping on a neighbouring dunghill, did not show in any manner that they took the least pleasure in hearing the trump marine."

### IRISHMEN ON A HOLIDAY.

When they met at a "pattern," (patron, perhaps,) or merry-making, the lively dance of the girls, and the galloping jig-note of the bagpipes, usually gave place to the clattering of alpeens, and the whoops of onslaught ; when one of them sold his pig, or, under Providence, his cow, at the fair, the kicking up of a "scrimmage," or at least the plunging head foremost into one, was as much matter of course as the long draughts of ale or whiskey that closed his mercantile transaction. At the village hurling-match, the "hurlet," or crooked stick, with which they struck the ball, often changed its playful utility ; nay, at a funeral, the body was scarce laid in the grave, when the voice of petty discord might be heard above the grave's silence.

These contentions, like all great events, generally arose from very trivial causes. A drunken fellow, for instance, was in a strange public-house ; he could not content himself with the new faces near him, so struck at some three, six, or ten, as it might be ; and, in course, got soundly drubbed. On his return home he related his case of injury, exhibiting his closed eye, battered mouth, or remnant of nose ; enlisting all his relatives, "kith-and-kin ;" in fact, all his neighbours who liked "a bit of diversion," and they generally included the whole male population able to bear arms. At the head of his faction he attended the next fair, or other place of popular resort, where he might expect to meet his foes ; the noise of his muster went abroad, or he sent a previous challenge : the opposite party assembled in as much force as possible, never declining the encounter ; one or other side was beaten, and tried to avenge its disgrace on the first opportunity ; defeat again followed, and again produced like efforts and results ; and thus the solemn feud ran through a number of years and several generations.

A wicked, "devil-may-care" fellow, feverish for sport, would, at fair, pattern, or funeral, sometimes smite another without any provocation, merely to create a riot ; the standers-by would take different sides, as their taste or connections inclined them ; and the fray, thus commencing between two individuals who owed each other no ill-will, embroiled half the assembled concourse. Nay, a youth, in despair that so fine a multitude was likely to separate peaceably, stripped off his heavy outside coat, and trailed it through the puddle, daring any of the lookers on to tread upon



it; his defiance was rarely ineffectual; he knocked down, if possible, the invited offender; a general battle ensued, that soon spread like wild-fire, and every "alpeen" was at work in senseless clatter and unimaginable hostility.

The occurrence of the word "alpeen" seems to suggest a description of the weapon of which it is the name, and this can best be given in a piece of biographical anecdote.

Jack Mullally still lives in fame, though his valiant bones are dust. He was the landlord of a public-house in a mountain district; a chivalrous fellow, a righter of wrongs, the leader of a faction of desperate fighting men, and, like Arthur, with his doughty knights, a match for any four among them, though each a hero; and, above all, the armourer of his department. In Jack's chimney-corner hung bundles of sticks, suspended there for the purpose of being dried and seasoned; and these were of two descriptions of warlike weapons; shortish oaken cudgels, to be used as quarter-staves, or, *par excellence*, genuine shill-laghs; and the alpeens themselves,—long wattles with heavy knobs at the ends, to be wielded with both hands, and competent, under good guidance, to the felling of a reasonable ox.

Jack and his subjects, Jack and his alpeens, were rarely absent from any fair within twenty miles, having always business on hands in the way of their association. When a skirmish took place, the side that could enlist in its interests Jack, his alpeens, and his merry men, was sure of victory. The patriarch was generally to be found seated by his kitchen fire; business was beneath him; he left all that to the "vanithee;" and his hours lapsed, when matters of moment did not warn him to the field, either in wetting his sticks with a damp cloth, and then heating them over the turf blaze, to give them the proper curve; or, in teaching a pet starling to speak Irish, and whistle "Shaun Buoy;" or, haply, in imbibing his own ale or whiskey, and smoking his short black pipe, or *doohdeen*, as himself termed it. And here he gave audience to the numerous suitors and ambassadors who, day by day, came to seek his aid, preparatory to a concerted engagement. His answer was never hastily rendered. He promised, at all events, to be with his corps at the appointed ground; and then and there he would proclaim of which side he was the ally. This precautionary course became the more advisable, as he was always sure of a request from both factions; and time, forethought, and inquiry, were necessary

to ascertain which side might prove the weakest; for to the weakest (the most aggrieved formed no part of his calculations) Jack invariably extended his patronage.

The *vanithee*, good woman, when she heard of an approaching fair, or other popular meeting, immediately set about preparing plasters and ointments; and this resulted from a thrifty forecast; for were she to call in a doctor every time her husband's head wanted piecing, it would run away with the profits of her business. Jack, indeed, never forgot his dignity so far as to inform his wife that he intended being engaged on such occasions; but she always took it for granted, and with the bustle of a good housewife, set about her preparations accordingly: till, at length, a breach happened in his skull which set her at defiance; and ever since she lives the sole proprietor of the public-house where Jack once reigned in glory. The poor widow has thriven since her husband's death; and is now rich, not having lately had Jack's assistance in spending, (she never had it in earning.) She recounts his exploits with modest spirit; and one blessing at least has resulted from her former matronly care of the good man—she is the Lady Bountiful of her district; a quack it may be, yet sufficiently skilful for the uncomplicated ailments of her country customers.\*

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### LONDON HOLIDAYS.

Holidays, like all other natural and lively things, are good things; and the abuse does not argue against the use. They serve to keep people in mind that there is a green and glad world, as well as a world of brick and mortar and money-getting. They remind them disinterestedly of one another, or that they have other things to interchange besides bills and commodities. If it were not for holidays and poetry, and such like stumbling blocks to square-toes, there would be no getting out of the way of care and common-places.—They keep the world fresh for improvement. The great abuse of holidays is when they are too few. There are offices, we understand, in the city, in which, with the exception of Sundays, people have but one holiday or so throughout the year, which appears to us a very melancholy hilarity. It is like a single living thing in a solitude, which only adds to the solitariness. A clerk issuing forth on his exclusive Good Friday must in vain

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\* Tales of the O'Hara Family. First Series.

attempt to be merry, unless he is a very merry person at other times. He must be oppressed with a sense of all the rest of the year. He cannot have time to smile before he has to be grave again. It is a difference, a dream, a wrench, a lay-sabbath, any thing but a holiday. There was a Greek philosopher, who, when he was asked on his death-bed what return could be made him for the good he had done his country, requested that all the little boys might have a holiday on the anniversary of his birth-day. Doubtless they had many besides, and yet he would give them another. When we were at school, we had a holiday on every saint's day, and this was pretty nearly all that we, or, indeed, any one else, knew of some of those blessed names in the calendar. When we came to know that they had earned this pleasure for us by martyrdom and torment, we congratulated ourselves that we had not known it sooner; and yet, upon the principle of the Greek philosopher, perhaps a true lover of mannikin-kind would hardly object to have his old age burnt out at the stake, if he could secure to thousands hereafter the beatitude of a summer's holiday.\*

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#### THE HUSBANDMEN OF HINDU.

They are generally termed Koonbees, and on the whole they are better informed than the lower classes of our own countrymen; they certainly far surpass them in propriety and orderliness of demeanour. They are mild and unobtrusive in their manners, and quickly shrink from any thing like an opposite behaviour in others. Litigation is not a marked part of their character. They are forgetful of injury; or if they harbour animosity, they are seldom hurried by it into acts of violence or cruelty. Custom has taught them not to have much respect for their women, or rather, indeed, to look on them with contempt; but they are always indulgent to them, and never put any restraint on their liberty. The great attachment they have to their children forms an amiable part of their character. They are usually frugal, inclining to parsimony, and not improvident; but at their marriage feasts they are lavish and profuse, and on these and other occasions often contract debts that are a burden to them for life. Their religion strongly enjoins charity, and they are disposed to be hospitable, but their extreme poverty is a bar to their being

extensively so. No person, however, would ever be in want of a meal amongst them, and they are always kind and attentive to strangers when there is nothing offensive in their manners. They are just in their dealings amongst themselves, but would not be scrupulous in overreaching government or those without. Theft is scarcely known amongst them, and the voice of the community is loud against all breaches of decorum, and attaches weight and respectability to virtuous conduct in its members. The vices of this people, which they owe chiefly to their government, are dissimulation, cunning, and a disregard to truth. They are naturally timid, and will endeavour to redress their wrongs rather by stratagem than more generous means; when roused, however, they will be found not without courage, nor by any means contemptible enemies. Although not remarkable for sharpness, they are not wanting in intelligence. They are all minutely informed in every thing that relates to their own calling. They are fond of conversation, discuss the merits of different modes of agriculture, the characters of their neighbours, and every thing that relates to the concerns of the community, and many of them are not without a tolerable knowledge of the leading events of the history of their country.

The Hindu husbandman rises at cock crow, washes his hands, feet, and face, repeats the names of some of his gods, and perhaps takes a whiff of his pipe or a quid of tobacco, and is now ready to begin his labour. He lets loose his oxen, and drives them leisurely to his fields, allowing them to graze, if there is any grass on the ground, as they go along, and takes his breakfast with him tied up in a dirty cloth, or it is sent after him by one of his children, and consists of a cake (made unleavened of the flour of Badjeree or Juwaree,) and some of the cookery of the preceding day, or an onion or two. On reaching his field it is perhaps seven or eight o'clock; he yokes his oxen, if any of the operations of husbandry require it, and works for an hour or two, then squats down and takes his breakfast, but without loosing his cattle. He resumes his work in a quarter of an hour, and goes on till near twelve o'clock; when his wife arrives with his dinner. He then unyokes his oxen, drives them to drink, and allows them to graze or gives them straw; and takes his dinner by the side of a well or a stream, or under the shade of a tree if there happens to be one, and is waited on during his meal by his wife. After his dinner he is joined by any of his fellow

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\* Literary Pocket Book.

labourers who may be near, and after a chat takes a nap on his spread cumley or jota for half an hour, while his wife eats what he has left. He yokes his cattle again about two or half-past two o'clock, and works till sunset, when he proceeds leisurely home, ties up and feeds his oxen, then goes himself to a brook, bathes and washes, or has hot water thrown over him by his wife at home. After his ablutions, and perhaps on holidays anointing himself with sandal wood oil, he prays before his household gods, and often visits one or more of the village temples. His wife by this time has prepared his supper, which he takes in company with the males of the family. His principal enjoyment seems to be between this meal and bed-time, which is nine or ten o'clock. He now fondles and plays with his children, visits or is visited by his neighbours, and converses about the labour of the day and concerns of the village, either in the open air or by the glimmering light of a lamp, learns from the shopkeeper or beadle what strangers have passed or stopped at the village, and their history, and from any of the community that may have been at the city (Poohnah) what news he has brought. In the less busy times, which are two or three months in the year, the cultivators take their meals at home, and have sufficient leisure for amusement. They then sit in groups in the shade and converse, visit their friends in the neighbouring villages, go on pilgrimages, &c. &c.

The women of the cultivators, like those of other Asiatics, are seldom the subject of gallantry, and are looked on rather as a part of their live stock than as companions, and yet, contrary to what might be expected, their condition seems far from being unhappy. The law allows a husband to beat his wife, and for infidelity to maim her or else put her to death; but these severities are seldom resorted to, and rarely any sort of harsh behaviour. A man is despised who is seen much in company with women. A wife, therefore, never looks for any fondling from her husband; it is thought unbecoming in him even to mention her name, and she is never allowed to eat in company with him, from the time of their wedding dinner; but patiently waits on him during his meals, and makes her repast on what he leaves. But setting aside these marks of contempt, she is always treated with kindness and forbearance, unless her conduct is very perverse and bad, and she has her entire liberty. The women have generally the sole direction of household affairs, and if clever, notwithstanding all their disad-

vantages, not unfrequently gain as great an ascendancy over their lords as in other parts of the world.\*

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### ROUND ROBIN.

It was customary among the ancients to write names, whether of the gods, or of their friends, in a circle, that none might take offence at seeing another's name preferred to his own. The Cordeliers have formerly been known to have paid the same attention to delicacy, and when a pope has demanded the names of some priests of their order, that one might be raised to the purple, they have sent those names written circularly, that they might not seem to recommend one more than another. The race of sailors are the only people who preserve this very ancient custom in its purity, for when any remonstrance is on foot among them, they sign it in a circle, and call it a *round robin*.

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### NAMES.

Toward the middle of the fifteenth century, it was the fancy of the wits and learned men of the age, particularly in Italy, to change their baptismal names for classical ones. As Sannazarius, for instance, who altered his own plain name "Jacopo" to "Actius Syncerus." Numbers did the same, and among the rest, Platina the historian, at Rome, who, not without a solemn ceremonial, took the name of "Callimachus," instead of "Philip." Pope Paul II., who reigned about that time, unluckily chanced to be suspicious, illiterate, and heavy of comprehension. He had no idea that persons could wish to alter their names, unless they had some bad design, and actually scrupled not to employ imprisonment, and other violent methods, to discover the fancied mystery. Platina was most cruelly tortured on this frivolous account; he had nothing to confess, so the pope, after endeavouring in vain to convict him of heresy, sedition, &c. released him, after a long imprisonment.

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Formerly there were many persons surnamed *Devil*. In an old book, the title of which does not recur, mention is made of one Rogerius Diabolus, lord of Montresor.

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\* Mr. Coates in Trans. Bombay Lit. Soc.

An English monk, "Willelmus, cognomento Diabolus," and another person, "Hughes le Diable, lord of Lusignan."

Robert, duke of Normandy, son to William the Conqueror, was surnamed "the Devil."

In Norway and Sweden there were two families of the name of "Trolle," in English "Devil," and every branch of these families had an emblem of the "Devil" for their coat of arms.

In Utrecht there was a family of "Teufels," or "Devils," and another in Brittany named "Diable."

### A SEA BULL.

An Irishman, who served on board a man of war in the capacity of a waister, was selected by one of the officers to haul in a tow-line of considerable length, which was towing over the taffrail. After rowing in forty or fifty fathoms, which had put his patience severely to proof, as well as every muscle of his arms, he muttered to himself, "Sure, it's as long as to day and to-morrow! It's a good week's work for any five in the ship!—Bad luck to the arm or leg it'll leave me at last!—What! more of it yet!—Och, murder; the sa's mighty deep to be sure!"—After continuing in a similar strain, and conceiving there was little probability of the completion of his labour, he suddenly stopped short, and addressing the officer of the watch, exclaimed, "Bad manners to me, sir, if I don't think somebody's cut off the other end of it!"

### CHEERFUL FUNERAL.

Lodovick Cortusius, an eminent lawyer, who died at Padua on the 15th of July, 1518, when upon his death-bed forbad his relations to shed tears at his funeral, and even put his heir under a heavy penalty if he neglected to perform his orders. On the other hand, he ordered musicians, singers, pipers, and fiddlers, of all kinds, to supply the place of mourners, and directed that fifty of them should walk before his corpse with the clergymen, playing upon their several instruments; for this service he ordered each of them half a ducat. He likewise appointed twelve maids in green habits to carry his corpse to the church of St. Sophia, where he was buried, and that they

too as they went along should sing aloud, having each of them, as a recompense, a handsome sum of money allotted for a portion. All the clergy of Padua marched before in long procession, together with all the monks of the convent, except those wearing black habits, whom he expressly excluded by his will, lest the blackness of their hoods should throw a gloom upon the cheerfulness of the procession.

### ANECDOTE.

#### CHARLES I. AND PARLIAMENTS.

Mr. Pye, the late poet laureate, in his "Sketches," says, "When I was at Oxford, my tutor having the revival of some papers relative to the civil war, (I know not if they have been published,) showed me a letter from one of the king's secretaries, with remarks on the margin in the king's own handwriting. One expression particularly struck me, as seeming to show his determination to lay aside the use of parliaments. The paper was a circular request to some of the counties for their pecuniary assistance, I believe on the Scots' invasion. The words were, as nearly as I can recollect, (sixteen years having elapsed since I saw the letter,) 'Your obliging me in this instance will induce me to ask your aid in a manner more agreeable to yourselves.' These words had a line drawn through them; and there was written on the margin, in the king's hand: 'I have scored out these words, as they seem to imply a promise of calling a parliament, of which I have no intention.'"

### THE YANKEE CAUGHT IN HIS OWN TRAP.

#### For the Table Book.

A Pat—an odd joker—and Yankee more sly,  
Once riding together, a gallows pass'd by:  
Said the Yankee to Pat, "If I don't make too free,  
Give that gallows its due, pray where then would you  
be?"  
"Why honey," said Pat, "faith that's easily known,  
I'd be riding to town—by myself—all alone."

SAM SAM'S SON.



### Bridge on the Road to Beckenham.

—Ancient Charity let flow this brook  
 Across the road, for sheep and beggar-men  
 To cool their weary feet, and slake their thirst.

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On our way from Penge,\* W. thought this object worth sketching. He occupied himself with his pencil, and I amused myself with dropping grains of dust among a fleet of tadpoles on the yellow sands, and watching their motions: a few inches from them, in a clearer shallow, lay a shoal of stickle-backs as on their Dogger-bank: a thread and a blood-worm, and the absence of my friend, and of certain feelings in behalf of the worms, would have afforded me excellent sport. The rivulet crosses the road from a meadow, where I heard it in its narrow channel, and muttering inwardly

“the rapids are near,” from the “Canadian Boat-song,” I fell into a reverie on Wilson’s magnificent painting of the falls of Niagara, in Mr. Landseer’s painting-room. While I seated myself by the wayside, and, among ground-ivy and periwinkle, discriminating the diminutive forms of trees in the varied mosses of an old bank, I recollected descriptions I had read of transatlantic scenery, and the gigantic vegetation on the Ohio and Mississippi.

A labourer told us, that this little brook is called “Chaffinch’s River,” and that it springs from “the Alders,” near Croydon, and runs into the Ravensbourne.

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\* See p. 674.

## Garrick Plays.

No. XX.

[From "Bussy D'Ambois his Revenge," a Tragedy, by George Chapman, 1613.]

*Plays and Players.*

*Guise.* — I would have these things Brought upon Stages, to let mighty Misers See all their grave and serious mischiefs play'd, As once they were in Athens and old Rome.

*Clermont.* Nay, we must now have nothing brought on Stages

But puppetry, and pried ridiculous antics. Men thither come to laugh, and feed fool-fat ; Check at all goodness there, as being profaned : When, wheresoever Goodness comes, she makes The place still sacred, though with other feet Never so much 'tis scandal'd and polluted.

Let me learn any thing, that fits a man, In any Stables shewn, as well as Stages.—

*Baligny.* Why, is not all the World esteem'd a Stage?

*Clermont.* Yes, and right worthily ; and Stages too

Have a respect due to them, if but only For what the good Greek Moralists says of them : " Is a man proud of greatness, or of riches ? Give me an expert Actor ; I'll shew all That can within his greatest glory fall : Is a man 'fraid with poverty and lowness ? Give me an Actor ; I'll shew every eye What he laments so, and so much does fly : The best and worst of both."—If but for this them, To make the proudest outside, that most swells With things without him, and above his worth, See how small cause he has to be so blown up ; And the most poor man, to be griev'd with poorness ; Both being so easily borne by expert Actors : The Stage and Actors are not so contemptful, As every innovating Puritan, And ignorant Swearer out of jealous envy, Would have the world imagine. And besides That all things have been liken'd to the mirth Used upon Stages, and to Stages fitted ; The Splenetic Philosopher, that ever Laugh'd at them all, were worthy the enstaging : All objects, were they ne'er so full of tears, He so conceited, that he could distill thence Matter, that still fed his ridiculous humour. Heard he a Lawyer, never so vehement pleading, He stood and laugh'd. Heard he a Tradesman, swear-

ing  
Never so thriftily, selling of his wares, He stood and laugh'd. Heard he a Holy Brother, For hollow ostentation, at his prayers Ne'er so impetuously, he stood and laugh'd. Saw he a Great Man, never so insulting, Severely inflicting, gravely giving laws, Not for their good but his—he stood and laugh'd. Saw he a Youthful Widow, Never so weeping, wringing of her hands For her dead Lord, still the Philosopher laugh'd.— Now, whether he supposed all these Presentments

Were only maskeries, and wore false faces, Or else were simply vain, I take no care ; But still he laugh'd, how grave soe'er they were.

*Stoicism.*

— in this one thing all the discipline Of manners and of manhood is contain'd ; A Man to join himself with the Universe In his main sway ; and make (in all things fit) One with that All ; and go on, round as it : Not plucking from the whole his wretched part, And into straits, or into nought revert ; Wishing the complete Universe might be Subject to such a rag of it as He.

*Apparitions before the Body's Death : SCOTICE, Second Sight.*

— these true Shadows of the Guise and Cardinal, Fore-running thus their Bodies, may approve, That all things to be done, as here we live, Are done before all times in th' other life.

[From "Satiromastix," a Comedy, by Thomas Decker, 1602 : in which Ben Jonson, under the name of Horace, is reprehended, in retaliation of his "Poetaster;" in which he had attacked two of his Brother Dramatists, probably Marston and Decker, under the names of Crispinus and Demetrius.]

*Horace.* What could I do, out of a just revenge, But bring them to the Stage? they envy me, Because I hold more worthy company.

*Demetrius.* Good Horace, no; my cheeks do blush for thine,

As often as thou speaks't so. Where one true And nobly-virtuous spirit for thy best part Loves thee, I wish one ten even from my heart. I make account I put up as deep share In any good man's love, which thy worth owns, As thou thyself ; we envy not to see Thy friends with bays to crown thy Poesy. No, here the gall lies ; we that know what stuff Thy very heart is made of, know the stalk On which thy learning grows, and can give life To thy (once dying) baseness, yet must we Dance antics on thy paper.

*Crispinus.* This makes us angry, but not envious. No ; were thy warpt soul put in a new mould, I'd wear thee as a jewel set in gold.

[From the "Antipodes," a Comedy, by Richard Brome, 1633.]

*Directions to Players.*

*Nobleman.* — My actors Are all in readiness, and I think all perfect, But one, that never will be perfect in a thing

He studies; yet he makes such shifts extempore,  
 (Knowing the purpose what he is to speak to),  
 That he moves mirth in me 'bove all the rest.  
 For I am none of those Poetic Furies,  
 That threats the actor's life, in a whole Play  
 That adds a syllable, or takes away.  
 If he can fribble through, and move delight  
 In others, I am pleased.— \* \* \* \* \*  
 Let me not see you now,  
 In the scholastic way you brought to town with you,  
 With see-saw sack-a-down, like a sawyer;  
 Nor in a comic scene play Heracles Furens,  
 Tearing your throat to split the audients' ears;—  
 And you, Sir, you had got a trick of late  
 Of holding out your breech in a set speech;  
 Your fingers fibulating on your breast,  
 As if your buttons or your bandstrings were  
 Helps to your memory; let me see you in't  
 No more, I charge you. No, nor you, Sir,  
 In that o'er-action of your legs I told you of,  
 Your singles and your doubles—look you—thus—  
 Like one of the dancing-masters of the bear-garden;  
 And when you've spoke, at end of every speech,  
 Not minding the reply, you turn you round  
 As tumblers do, when betwixt every feat  
 They gather wind by firking up their breeches.  
 I'll none of these absurdities in my house;  
 But words and actions married so together,  
 That shall strike harmony in the ears and eyes  
 Of the severest, if judicious, critics.

*Players.* My Lord, we are corrected.

*Nobleman.* Go, be ready.—

But you, Sir, are incorrigible, and  
 Take licence to yourself to add unto  
 Your parts your own free fancy; and sometimes  
 To alter or diminish what the writer  
 With care and skill composed; and when you are  
 To speak to your Co-actors in the scene,  
 You hold interloquutions with the audients.

*Player.* That is a way, my Lord, has been allowed  
 On elder stages, to move mirth and laughter.

*Nobleman.* Yes, in the days of Tarleton and Kemp,  
 Before the Stage was purged from barbarism,  
 And brought to the perfection it now shines with.  
 Then Fools and Jesters spent their wits, because  
 The Poets were wise enough to save their own  
 For profitabler uses.—

C. L.

## THE DIVER OF CHARYBDIS.

*To the Editor.*

Sir,—Mr. Brydone, in the quotations you have made,\* appears to doubt the accuracy of the stories relating to Charybdis. I never recollect to have heard mention of the name of Colus, but apprehend he was the same as the famous Sicilian diver, Nicolo Pesce. Associated with Charybdis,

some notice of this extraordinary man may not be uninteresting.

The authenticity of this account depends entirely on the authority of Kircher. He assures us, he had it from the archives of the kings of Sicily; but its having so much of the marvellous in it, many have been disposed to doubt its accuracy. Historians are too fond of fiction, but we should by no means doubt their sincerity, when we find them on other subjects not contemptible authorities.

“In the time of Frederic, king of Sicily, (says Kircher,) there lived a celebrated diver, whose name was *Nicholas*, and who, from his amazing skill in swimming, and his perseverance under the water, was surnamed the *fish*. This man had from his infancy been used to the sea; and earned his scanty subsistence by diving for corals and oysters, which he sold to the villagers on shore. His long acquaintance with the sea at last brought it to be almost his natural element. He was frequently known to spend five days in the midst of the waves, without any other provisions than the fish which he caught there, and ate raw. He often swam over from Sicily into Calabria, a tempestuous and dangerous passage, carrying letters from the king. He was frequently known to swim among the gulfs of Lipari, no way apprehensive of danger.

“Some mariners out at sea one day observing something at a distance from them, regarded it as a sea-monster; but upon its approach it was known to be *Nicholas*, whom they took into their ship. When they asked him whither he was going in so stormy and rough a sea, and at such a distance from land, he showed them a packet of letters, which he was carrying to one of the towns of Italy, exactly done up in a leather bag, in such a manner that they could not be wetted by the sea. He kept them company for some time in their voyage, conversing and asking questions; and, after eating with them, took his leave, and jumping into the sea, pursued his voyage alone.

“In order to aid these powers of enduring in the deep, nature seemed to have assisted him in a very extraordinary manner; for the spaces between his fingers and toes were webbed as in a goose: and his chest became so very capacious, that he was able, at one inspiration, to take in as much breath as would serve him a whole day.

“The account of so extraordinary a person did not fail to reach the king himself;

\* At page 643, &c.

who commanded Nicholas to be brought before him. It was no easy matter to find Nicholas, who generally spent his time in the solitudes of the deep; but, at last, after much searching, he was discovered, and brought before his majesty. The curiosity of this monarch had long been excited by the accounts he had heard of the bottom of the gulf of Charybdis; he now therefore conceived that it would be a proper opportunity to obtain more certain information. He therefore commanded the poor diver to examine the bottom of this dreadful whirlpool; and, as an incitement to his obedience, he ordered a golden cup to be thrown into it. Nicholas was not insensible of the danger to which he was exposed; dangers best known only to himself, and therefore he presumed to remonstrate; but the hopes of the reward, the desire of pleasing the king, and the pleasure of showing his skill, at last prevailed. He instantly jumped into the gulf, and was as instantly swallowed up in its bosom. He continued for three quarters of an hour below, during which time the king and his attendants remained on shore anxious for his fate: but he at last appeared, holding the cup in triumph in one hand, and making his way good among the waves with the other. It may be supposed he was received with applause when he came on shore; the cup was made the reward of his adventure; the king ordered him to be taken proper care of; and, as he was somewhat fatigued and debilitated with his labour, after a hearty meal he was put to bed, and permitted to refresh himself with sleeping.

“When his spirits were thus restored, he was again brought before the king, to satisfy his curiosity with a narrative of the wonders he had seen; and his account was to the following effect:—He would never, he said, have obeyed the king’s commands, had he been apprized of half the dangers that were before him. There were four things, he said, which rendered the gulf dreadful, not only to men but to the fishes themselves. 1. The force of the water bursting up from the bottom, which required great strength to resist. 2. The abruptness of the rocks, which on every side threatened destruction. 3. The force of the whirlpool dashing against these rocks. And, 4. The number and magnitude of the polypous fish, some of which appeared as large as a man; and which, every where sticking against the rocks, projected their fibrous arms to entangle him. Being asked, how he was able so readily to find the cup that had been thrown

in, he replied, that it happened to be flung by the waves into the cavity of a rock against which he himself was urged in his descent. This account, however, did not satisfy the king’s curiosity. Being requested once more to venture into the gulf for further discoveries, he at first refused: but the king, desirous of having the most accurate information possible of all things to be found in the gulf, repeated his solicitations; and to give them greater weight, produced a larger cup than the former, and added also a purse of gold. Upon these considerations the unfortunate diver once again plunged into the whirlpool, and was never heard of more.”

This is Kircher’s account, some assertions of whom will undoubtedly excite incredibility in the minds of all. I do not wish to offer any remarks, but leave your readers to form their own opinions.

People, by being accustomed to the water from their infancy, may often, at length, not only be enabled to stay much longer under water, but putting on a kind of amphibious nature, have the use of all their faculties as well under the water as on the dry land. Most savage nations are remarkable for this; and, even among civilized nations, many persons are found capable of continuing submerged for an incredible time.

I am, &c.

A. B.

*Hackney, May, 1827.*

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#### COUNTRY LITTLE KNOWN.

We have to inform the public of a remarkable discovery, which, though partially disclosed by former travellers, has still remained, for the most part, a strange secret. It is this;—that there is actually, at this present moment, and in this our own beautiful country of Great Britain, a large tract of territory, which to nine hundred and ninety-nine thousandths of our beloved countrymen is as much an undiscovered land as the other end of New South Wales, or the Pole which they have gone to find out. We have read of places in romance, which were more shut out by magic from people’s eyes, though close to them, than if a fifty-foot wall encircled them. It would seem as if some such supernatural prohibition existed with regard to the land in question; for the extremities of it reach to within a short distance from the metropolis, which it surrounds on all sides; nay, we have heard of persons riding through it,



without seeing any thing but a sign-post or some corn; and yet it is so beautiful, that it is called emphatically "the country."

It abounds in the finest natural productions. The more majestic parts of it are at a distance, but the zealous explorer may come upon its gentler beauties in an incredibly short time. Its pastures and cattle are admirable. Deer are to be met with in the course of half a day's journey; and the traveller is accompanied, wherever he goes, with the music of singing birds. Immediately towards the south is a noble river, which brings you to an upland of the most luxuriant description, looking in the water like a rich-haired beauty in her glass: yet the place is in general solitary. Towards the north, at a less distance, are some other hilly spots of ground, which partake more of the rudely romantic, running however into scenes of the like sylvan elegance; and yet these are still more solitary. The inhabitants of these lands, called the country-people, seem, in truth, pretty nearly as blind to their merits as those who never see them; but their perceptions will doubtless increase, in proportion as their polished neighbours set the example. It should be said for them, that some causes, with which we have nothing to do in this place, have rendered them duller to such impressions than they appear to have been a century or two ago; but we repeat, that they will not live in such scenes to no purpose, if those who know better take an interest in their improvement. Their children have an instinct that is wiser, till domestic cares do it away. They may be seen in the fields and green lanes, with their curly locks and brown faces, gathering the flowers which abound there, and the names of which are as pretty as the shapes and colours. They are called wild roses, primroses, violets, the rose campion, germander, stellaria, wild anemone, bird's-eye, daisies and buttercups, lady-smocks, ground-ivy, hare-bells or blue-bells, wake-robin, lillies of the valley, &c. &c. The trees are oaks, elms, birches, ash, poplar, willow, wild cherry, the flowering may-bush, &c. &c. all, in short, that we dote upon in pictures, and wish that we had about us when it is hot in Cheapside and Bond-street. It is perfectly transporting, in fine weather, like the present for instance, to lounge under the hedge-row elms in one of these sylvan places, and see the light smoke of the cottages fuming up among the green trees, the cattle grazing or lying about with a heavy placidity accordant to the time and scene, "painted jays" glancing about the glens,

the gentle hills sloping down into water, the winding embowered lanes, the leafy and flowery banks, the green oaks against the blue sky, their ivied trunks, the silver-bodied and young-haired birches, and the mossy grass treble-carpeted after the vernal rains. Transporting is it to see all this; and transporting to hear the linnets, thrushes, and blackbirds, the grave gladness of the bee, and the stock-dove "brooding over her own sweet voice." And more transporting than all is it to be in such places with a friend, that feels like ourselves, in whose heart and eyes (especially if they have fair lids) we may see all our own happiness doubled, as the landscape itself is reflected in the waters.\*

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## SPECTROLOGY.

### A REMARKABLE NARRATIVE.

Nicolai, the celebrated German bookseller, a member of the royal society of Berlin, presented to that institution a memoir on the subject of a complaint with which he was affected, and one of the singular consequences of which was, the representation of various spectres. M. Nicolai for some years had been subject to a congestion in the head, and was blooded frequently for it by leeches. After a detailed account of the state of his health, on which he grounds much medical as well as psychological reasoning, he gives the following interesting narrative:—

In the first two months of the year 1791, I was much affected in my mind by several incidents of a very disagreeable nature; and on the 24th of February a circumstance occurred which irritated me extremely. At ten o'clock in the forenoon my wife and another person came to console me; I was in a violent perturbation of mind, owing to a series of incidents which had altogether wounded my moral feelings, and from which I saw no possibility of relief: when suddenly I observed at the distance of ten paces from me a figure—the figure of a deceased person. I pointed at it, and asked my wife whether she did not see it. She saw nothing, but being much alarmed endeavoured to compose me, and sent for the physician. The figure remained some seven or eight minutes, and at length I became a little more calm; and as I was extremely exhausted, I soon afterwards fell into a troubled kind of slumber, which

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\* The Indicator.

lasted for half an hour. The vision was ascribed to the great agitation of mind in which I had been, and it was supposed I should have nothing more to apprehend from that cause; but the violent affection having put my nerves into some unnatural state, from this arose further consequences, which require a more detailed description.

In the afternoon, a little after four o'clock, the figure which I had seen in the morning again appeared. I was alone when this happened; a circumstance which, as may be easily conceived, could not be very agreeable. I went therefore to the apartment of my wife, to whom I related it. But thither also the figure pursued me. Sometimes it was present, sometimes it vanished; but it was always the same standing figure. A little after six o'clock several stalking figures also appeared; but they had no connection with the standing figure. I can assign no other reason for this apparition than that, though much more composed in my mind, I had not been able so soon entirely to forget the cause of such deep and distressing vexation, and had reflected on the consequences of it, in order, if possible, to avoid them; and that this happened three hours after dinner, at the time when the digestion just begins.

At length I became more composed with respect to the disagreeable incident which had given rise to the first apparition; but though I had used very excellent medicines, and found myself in other respects perfectly well, yet the apparitions did not diminish, but, on the contrary, rather increased in number, and were transformed in the most extraordinary manner.

After I had recovered from the first impression of terror, I never felt myself particularly agitated by these apparitions, as I considered them to be what they really were, the extraordinary consequences of indisposition; on the contrary, I endeavoured as much as possible to preserve my composure of mind, that I might remain distinctly conscious of what passed within me. I observed these phantoms with great accuracy, and very often reflected on my previous thoughts, with a view to discover some law in the association of ideas, by which exactly these or other figures might present themselves to the imagination.— Sometimes I thought I had made a discovery, especially in the latter period of my visions; but, on the whole, I could trace no connection which the various figures that thus appeared and disappeared to my sight had, either with my state of mind or with my employment, and the other thoughts

which engaged my attention. After frequent accurate observations on the subject, having fairly proved and maturely considered it, I could form no other conclusion on the cause and consequence of such apparitions than that, when the nervous system is weak, and at the same time too much excited, or rather deranged, similar figures may appear in such a manner as if they were actually seen and heard; for these visions in my case were not the consequence of any known law of reason, of the imagination, or of the otherwise usual association of ideas; and such also is the case with other men, as far as we can reason from the few examples we know.

The origin of the individual pictures which present themselves to us, must undoubtedly be sought for in the structure of that organization by which we think; but this will always remain no less inexplicable to us than the origin of these powers by which consciousness and fancy are made to exist.

The figure of the deceased person never appeared to me after the first dreadful day; but several other figures showed themselves afterwards very distinctly; sometimes such as I knew, mostly, however, of persons I did not know, and amongst those known to me, were the resemblances of both living and deceased persons, but mostly the former; and I made the observation, that acquaintances with whom I daily conversed never appeared to me as phantasms; it was always such as were at a distance. When these apparitions had continued some weeks, and I could regard them with the greatest composure, I afterwards endeavoured, at my own pleasure, to call forth phantoms of several acquaintance, whom I for that reason represented to my imagination in the most lively manner, but in vain.— For however accurately I pictured to my mind the figures of such persons, I never once could succeed in my desire of seeing them *externally*; though I had some short time before seen them as phantoms, and they had perhaps afterwards unexpectedly presented themselves to me in the same manner. The phantasms appeared to me in every case involuntarily, as if they had been presented externally, like the phenomena in nature, though they certainly had their origin internally; and at the same time I was always able to distinguish with the greatest precision phantasms from phenomena. Indeed, I never once erred in this, as I was in general perfectly calm and self-collected on the occasion. I knew extremely well, when it only appeared to me that the

door was opened, and a phantom entered, and when the door really was opened and any person came in.

It is also to be noted, that these figures appeared to me at all times, and under the most different circumstances, equally distinct and clear. Whether I was alone, or in company, by broad daylight equally as in the nighttime, in my own as well as in my neighbour's house; yet when I was at another person's house, they were less frequent; and when I walked the public street they very seldom appeared. When I shut my eyes, sometimes the figures disappeared, sometimes they remained even after I had closed them. If they vanished in the former case, on opening my eyes again nearly the same figures appeared which I had seen before.

I sometimes conversed with my physician and my wife, concerning the phantasms which at the time hovered around me; for in general the forms appeared oftener in motion than at rest. They did not always continue present—they frequently left me altogether, and again appeared for a short or longer space of time, singly or more at once; but, in general, several appeared together. For the most part I saw human figures of both sexes; they commonly passed to and fro as if they had no connection with each other, like people at a fair where all is bustle; sometimes they appeared to have business with one another. Once or twice I saw amongst them persons on horseback, and dogs and birds; these figures all appeared to me in their natural size, as distinctly as if they had existed in real life, with the several tints on the uncovered parts of the body, and with all the different kinds of colours of clothes. But I think, however, that the colours were somewhat *paler* than they are in nature.

None of the figures had any distinguishing characteristic; they were neither terrible, ludicrous, nor repulsive; most of them were ordinary in their appearance—some were even agreeable.

On the whole, the longer I continued in this state, the more did the number of phantasms increase, and the apparitions became more frequent. About four weeks afterwards I began to hear them speak: sometimes the phantasms spoke with one another; but for the most part they addressed themselves to me: those speeches were in general short, and never contained any thing disagreeable. Intelligent and respected friends often appeared to me, who endeavoured to console me in my grief, which still left deep traces in my

mind. This speaking I heard most frequently when I was alone; though I sometimes heard it in company, intermixed with the conversation of real persons; frequently in single phrases only, but sometimes even in connected discourse.

Though at this time I enjoyed rather a good state of health, both in body and mind, and had become so very familiar with these phantasms, that at last they did not excite the least disagreeable emotion, but on the contrary afforded me frequent subjects for amusement and mirth; yet as the disorder sensibly increased, and the figures appeared to me for whole days together, and even during the night, if I happened to awake, I had recourse to several medicines, and was at last again obliged to have recourse to the application of leeches.

This was performed on the 20th of April, at eleven o'clock in the forenoon. I was alone with the surgeon, but during the operation the room swarmed with human forms of every description, which crowded fast one on another; this continued till half-past four o'clock, exactly the time when the digestion commences. I then observed that the figures began to move more slowly; soon afterwards the colours became gradually paler; and every seven minutes they lost more and more of their intensity, without any alteration in the distinct figure of the apparitions. At about half-past six o'clock all the figures were entirely white, and moved very little; yet the forms appeared perfectly distinct; by degrees they became visibly less plain, without decreasing in number, as had often formerly been the case. The figures did not move off, neither did they vanish, which also had usually happened on other occasions. In this instance they dissolved immediately into air; of some even whole pieces remained for a length of time, which also by degrees were lost to the eye. At about eight o'clock there did not remain a vestige of any of them, and I have never since experienced any appearance of the same kind. Twice or thrice since that time I have felt a propensity, if I may be so allowed to express myself, or a sensation, as if I saw something which in a moment again was gone. I was even surprised by this sensation whilst writing the present account, having, in order to render it more accurate, perused the papers of 1791, and recalled to my memory all the circumstances of that time. So little are we sometimes, even in the greatest composure of mind, masters of our imagination.



### The Porch of Beckenham Church-yard.

Beyond the *Lich-gate* stand ten ancient yews—  
 Branching so high they seem like giant mutes,  
 With plumes, awaiting rich men's funerals  
 And poor men's bury'ngs :—stretching, over all,  
 An arch of triumph for Death's victories.

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Over the wickets to many of the church-yards in Kent is a shed, or covered way, of ancient structure, used as a resting-place for funerals, and for the shelter of the corpse until the minister arrives to commence the service for the dead. This at Beckenham is one of the most perfect in the county: the footway beyond, to the great entrance-door of the church, is canopied by a grove of trees, "sad sociate to graves." These old church-yard buildings, now only seen in villages, were formerly called *lich-gates*, and the paths to them were called *lich-lanes*, or *lich-ways*.

The word *lich* signified a corpse. Hence

the death-owl was anciently called the *lich-owl*.

The shrieking *Litch-owl*, that doth never cry  
 But boding death, and quick herself inters  
 In darksome graves, and hollow sepulchres.

*Drayton.*

Also, from *lich* is derived the name of the city of *Lichfield*, so called because of a massacre on that spot.

A thousand other saints whom Amphibal had taught,  
 Flying the pagan foe, their lives that strictly sought,  
 Were slain where *Litchfield* is, whose name doth rightly  
 sound

There, of those Christians slain, *dead field*, or burying  
 ground.

*Drayton.*

*For the Table Book.*

## THE TWO GRAVES.

In yonder cowslip's sprinkled mead  
A church's tapering spire doth rise,  
As if it were directing us

Unto a fairer paradise;  
Within the yard, so fair and green,  
Full many a grave is to be seen.

Often upon a summer's eve  
The church-yard's smooth, green sward I've trod!  
Reading the rugged epitaphs

Of those who lie beneath the sod;  
But in one spot two graves were seen,  
Which always stopp'd my wandering.

Upon one stone's expansive front  
Was writ, in language stiff and cold,  
That he, who lay beneath that slab,  
Had died when he was very old;  
And at its close a simple line  
Said, that his age was ninety-nine.

Another small and polish'd stone  
Beside the former did appear;  
It said, that that grave's occupant  
Had died when in his third year:  
How eloquent the polish'd praise  
Lavish'd on that child's winning ways!

The old man lay beneath the stone,  
Where nought in praise of him was told;  
It only said, that there he lay,  
And that he died when he was old:  
It did not chronicle his years,  
His joys and sorrows—hopes and fears!

Ninety-nine years of varying life  
On gliding pinions by had fled,  
(Oh what long years of toil and strife!)  
Ere he was number'd with the dead;  
But yet no line was left to tell  
How he had liv'd, or how he fell!

Had he no wife,—no child,—no friend?  
To cheer him as he pass'd away;  
No one who would his name commend,  
And wail as he was laid in clay?  
Of this the record nought supplied,—  
It only said he liv'd and died!

How must his soul have been oppress'd,  
As intimates dropp'd from his side!  
And he, almost unknown, was left  
Alone,—upon this desert wide!  
Wife—children—friends—all, all were gone,  
And he left in the world alone!

His youthful friends had long grown old,  
And then were number'd with the dead;  
His step had totter'd, sight grown dim,  
And ev'ry source of pleasure fled;  
By nature's law such must have been,  
Th' effect of the long years he'd seen!

But then the record nought supplied,  
How he had spent this length'ned life;  
Whether in peace and quietness,  
Or had he worried been with strife:  
Perhaps the muse to him had given  
Visions of glory, fire from Heaven!

All is conjecture! He was laid  
Beneath the cold, unfeeling clay;  
His fame—if he had sigh'd for fame—  
Had from remembrance pass'd away.  
Hope, joy, fear, sorrow, all were fled,  
And he lay number'd with the dead!

Oh! cold and cheerless is the thought,  
That I shall be as he is now;  
My very name remember'd not,  
And fame's wreath wither'd on my brow:  
Of me no record be supplied,  
But that I liv'd, and that I died!

Such is the tone of sorrowing thought  
That through my heart has often past,  
As, on a summer's brightening eve,  
A look upon those graves I've cast,  
Where youth and age together lie,  
Emblems of frail mortality!

O. N. Y.

## THE WHITE LADY.

## A ROMANTIC AND TRUE ANECDOTE.

At Nottingham, a year or two ago, Sophia Hyatt, in consequence of extreme deafness, was accidentally run over by a carrier's cart, at the entrance of the Maypole inn-yard, and unfortunately killed. She had arrived that morning in a gig from Newstead Papplewick, or somewhere in that neighbourhood, and had been, for the three or four preceding years, a lodger in one of the farm-houses belonging to colonel Wildman, at Newstead Abbey. No one knew exactly from whence she came, nor what were her connections. Her days were passed in rambling about the gardens and grounds of the abbey, to which, from the kindness of colonel Wildman, she had free access. Her dress was invariably the same; and she was distinguished by the servants at Newstead, as the "white lady." She had ingratiated herself with the Newfoundland dog which came from Greece with the body of lord Byron, by regularly feeding him; and on the evening before the fatal accident, she was seen, on quitting the gardens, to cut off a small lock of the dog's hair, which she carefully placed in her handkerchief. On that evening also, she delivered to Mrs. Wildman a sealed packet,

with a request that it might not be opened till the following morning. The contents of the packet were no less interesting than surprising; they consisted of various poems in manuscript, written during her solitary walks, and all of them referring to the bard to whom Newstead once belonged. A letter, addressed to Mrs. Wildman, was enclosed with the poetry, written with much elegance of language and native feeling; it described her friendless situation, alluded to her pecuniary difficulties, thanked the family for their kind attention towards her, and stated the necessity she was under of removing for a short period from Newstead. It appeared from her statement, that she had connections in America, that her brother had died there, leaving a widow and family, and she requested colonel Wildman's assistance to arrange certain matters, in which she was materially concerned. She concluded with declaring, that her only happiness in this world consisted in the privilege of being allowed to wander through the domain of Newstead, and to trace the various spots which had been consecrated by the genius of lord Byron. A most kind and compassionate note was conveyed to her immediately after the perusal of this letter, urging her, either to give up her journey, or to return to Newstead as quickly as possible. With the melancholy sequel the reader is acquainted. Colonel Wildman took upon himself the care of her interment, and she was buried in the church-yard of Hucknall, as near as possible to the vault which contains the body of lord Byron. The last poem she composed was the following: it seems to have been dictated by a melancholy foreboding of her fate.

#### MY LAST WALK IN THE GARDENS OF NEWSTEAD ABBEY.

Here no longer shall I wander  
Lone, but in communion high,  
Kindred spirits greet me—yonder  
Glow the form that's ever nigh.

Wrapt in blissful contemplation,  
From that hill no more I gaze  
On scenes as fair as when creation  
Rose—the theme of seraphs' lays.

And thou, fair sylph, that round its basis  
Driv'st thy car, with milk-white steed;  
Oft I watch'd its gentle paces—  
Mark'd its track with curious heed.

Why? oh! why thus interesting,  
Are forms and scenes to me unknown?  
Oh you, the Muses' power confessing,  
Define the charm your bosoms own.

Why love to gaze on playful fountain,  
Or lake, that bore him on its breast?  
Lonely to wander o'er each mountain,  
Grove, or plain, his feet have press'd?

It is because the Muses hover,  
And all around, a halo shed;  
And still must every fond adoror  
Worship the shrine, the idol fled.

But 'tis past; and now for ever  
Fancy's vision's bliss is o'er;  
But to forget thee, Newstead—never,  
Though I shall haunt thy shades no more.\*

#### DUELS.

Duelling in England was carried to its greatest possible excess in the reigns of James I. and of the two Charles's. In the reign of the latter Charles, the seconds always fought as well as their principals; and as they were chosen for their courage and adroitness, their combats were generally the most fatal. Lord Howard, of Carlisle, in the reign of Charles II., gave a grand fête champêtre at Spring Gardens, near the village of Charing, the Vauxhall of that day. This fête was to facilitate an intrigue between lord Howard and the profligate duchess of Shrewsbury: but the gay and insinuating Sidney flirted with the duchess, abstracted her attention from Howard, and ridiculed the fête. The next day his lordship sent a challenge to Sidney, who chose as his second a tall, furious, adroit swordsman, named Dillon; Howard selected a young gentleman, named Rawlings, just come into possession of an estate of 10,000*l.* a year. Sidney was wounded in two or three places, whilst his second was run through the heart, and left dead on the field. The duke of Shrewsbury became afterwards so irritated as to challenge the infamous Buckingham for intriguing with his wife. The duchess of Shrewsbury, in the disguise of a page, attended Buckingham to the field, and held his horse whilst he fought and killed her husband. The profligate king, in spite of every remonstrance from the queen, received the duke of Buckingham with open arms, after this brutal murder.

In 172 duels fought during the last sixty years, 69 persons were killed; (in three of these duels, neither of the combatants survived;) 96 persons were wounded, 48 desperately and 48 slightly; and 188 escaped unhurt. Thus, rather more than one-fifth lost their lives, and nearly one-half

\* Nottingham Review.

received the bullets of their antagonists. It appears also, that out of this number of duels, eighteen trials took place; six of the arraigned were acquitted, seven found guilty of manslaughter, and three of murder; two were executed, and eight imprisoned for different periods.

About thirty years ago, there was a duelling society held in Charleston, South Carolina, where each "gentleman" took precedence according to the numbers he had killed or wounded in duels. The president and deputy had killed many. It happened that an old weather-beaten lieutenant of the English navy arrived at Charleston, to see after some property which had devolved upon him, in right of a Charleston lady, whom he had married; and on going into a coffee-house, engaged in conversation with a native, whose insults against England were resented, and the English lieutenant received a challenge. As soon as the affair was known, some gentlemen waited upon the stranger to inform him, that the man who had called him out was a duellist, a "dead shot," the president of the duellist club; they added, that the society and all its members, though the wealthiest people of the place, were considered so infamous by really respectable persons, that he would not be held in disesteem by not meeting the challenger. The lieutenant replied, that he was not afraid of any duellist; he had accepted the challenge, and would meet his man. They accordingly did meet, and at the first fire the lieutenant mortally wounded his antagonist. In great agony, and conscience-stricken, he invoked the aid of several divines, and calling the "duellist society" to his bedside, lectured them upon the atrocity of their conduct, and begged, as his dying request, that the club might be broken up. The death of this ruffian suppressed a society which the country did not possess sufficient morals or gentlemanly spirit to subdue.

In Virginia, a Mr. Powell, a notorious duellist, purposely met and insulted an English traveller, for having said, that "the Virginians were of no use to the American Union, it requiring one half of the Virginians to keep the other half in order;" the newspapers took it up as a national quarrel, and anticipated the meeting, without the magistracy having decency, morals, or public spirit sufficient to interfere. The Englishman, therefore, got an American duellist as his second, went into training and practice, and met his adversary amidst a mob of many thousands to witness the

fight. Mr. Powell was killed on the first shot, and the Englishman remained unhurt.

The brother of general Delancey, the late barrack-master general, having high words with a "gentleman" in a coffee-house at New York, the American immediately called for pistols, and insisted upon fighting in the public coffee-room, across one of the tables. None of the "gentlemen" present interfered; they fought across the table, and the American dishonestly firing before his time, the Englishman was shot dead upon the spot. Lately, at Nashville, a gentleman was shot dead before his own door, in a duel, in the principal square of the city.

In 1763, the secretary of the English treasury, Mr. Martin, notoriously trained himself as a duellist, for the avowed purpose of shooting Mr. Wilkes, whom he first insulted in the House of Commons, and afterwards wounded in the park. This gave rise to Churchill's poem of "The Duellist;" the House of Commons ordered his majesty's serjeant surgeon to attend Mr. Wilkes, and Mr. Martin was considered to "have done the state some service."

At that period duels were frequent among clergymen. In 1764, the *Rev.* Mr. Hill was killed in a duel by cornet Gardener, of the carabineer. The *Reverend* Mr. Bate fought two duels, and was subsequently created a baronet, and preferred to a deanery after he had fought another duel. The *Reverend* Mr. Allen killed a Mr. Delany in a duel, in Hyde Park, without incurring any ecclesiastical censure, though judge Buller, on account of his extremely bad conduct, strongly charged his guilt upon the jury.

In 1765, occurred a celebrated duel between the father of the late lord Byron and Mr. Chaworth, a famous duellist. They quarrelled at a club-dinner at the Star and Garter, Pall Mall, about game; Chaworth was a great game preserver, and lord Byron had argued upon the cruelty and impolicy of the game laws. They agreed to fight in an adjoining room, by the light of only one candle. Lord Byron entered first; and, as Chaworth was shutting the door, turning his head round, he beheld lord Byron's sword half undrawn; he immediately whipped his own weapon out, and making a lunge at his lordship, ran it through his waistcoat, conceiving that his sword had gone through his body: lord Byron closed, and, shortening his sword, stabbed Mr. Chaworth in the belly. The challenge had proceeded from Chaworth. Lord Byron read his defence to the House of Lords,

and was found guilty of manslaughter; and, upon the privilege of his peerage, was discharged on paying his fees.

In 1772, a Mr. McLean was challenged and killed by a Mr. Cameron; and the mother of Mr. McLean, on hearing of the shocking event, instantly lost her senses, whilst a Miss McLeod, who was to have been married to the deceased, was seized with fits, and died in three days.

In Mr. Sheridan's duel with Mr. Mathews, the parties cut and slashed at each other, *à la mode de théâtre*, until Mr. Mathews left a part of his sword sticking in Mr. Sheridan's ear.

In a famous duel in which Mr. Riddell was killed, and Mr. Cunningham very severely wounded, the challenge, by mistake, had fallen in the first instance into the hands of sir James Riddell, father to Mr. Riddell, who, on having it delivered to him, did no more than provide surgeons for the event.

In 1789, colonel Lennox conceived himself to have been insulted by the late duke of York having told him, before all the officers on the parade of St. James's, "that he desired to derive no protection from his rank of prince." The colonel accordingly fought his royal highness, it was said, with cork bullets; but be that as it may, he contrived to disturb one of the huge rows of curls which it was then the fashion to wear on the side of the head.

In 1790, a captain Macrae fought and killed sir George Ramsay, for refusing to dismiss a faithful old servant who had insulted captain Macrae. Sir George urged, that even if the servant were guilty, he had been sufficiently punished by the cruel beating that captain Macrae had given him. As soon as the servant heard that his master had been killed on his account, he fell into strong convulsions, and died in a few hours. Captain Macrae fled, and was outlawed.

In 1797, colonel Fitzgerald, a married man, eloped from Windsor with his cousin, the daughter of lord Kingston. Colonel King, the brother, fought colonel Fitzgerald in Hyde Park. They fired six shots each without effect; and the powder being exhausted, colonel King called his opponent "a villain," and they resolved to fight again next day. They were, however, put under an arrest, when colonel Fitzgerald had the audacity to follow lord Kingston's family to Ireland, to obtain the object of his seduction from her parents. Colonel King hearing of this, repaired to the inn where colonel Fitzgerald put up. Colonel Fitz-

gerald had locked himself in his room, and refused admission to colonel King, who broke open the door, and running to a case of pistols, seized one, and desired colonel Fitzgerald to take the other. The parties grappled, and were fighting, when lord Kingston entered the room; and perceiving, from the position of the parties, that his son must lose his life, instantly shot Fitzgerald dead on the spot.

In 1803, a very singular duel took place in Hyde Park, between a lieutenant W., of the navy, and a captain I., of the army. Captain I. had seduced the lieutenant's sister. Lieutenant W. seemed impressed with a deep sense of melancholy: he insisted that the distance should be only six paces. At this distance they fired, and the shot of captain I. struck the guard of lieutenant W.'s pistol, and tore off two fingers of his right hand. The lieutenant deliberately wrapped his handkerchief round the wound, and looking solemnly to heaven, exclaimed, "I have a left hand, which never failed me." They again took their ground. Lieutenant W. looked steadfastly at captain I., and casting his eyes up to heaven, was heard to utter "forgive me." They fired, and both fell. Captain I. received the ball in his head, and died instantly: the lieutenant was shot through the breast. He inquired if captain I.'s wound was mortal. Being answered in the affirmative, he thanked heaven that he had lived so long. He then took his mourning ring off his finger, and said to his second, "Give this to my sister, and tell her it is the happiest moment I ever knew." He had scarcely uttered the last word, when a quantity of blood gushed from his wound, and he instantly expired.

These are practices in a *Christian* country.

#### ANSWER TO A CHALLENGE.

At a late meeting under a commission of bankruptcy, at Andover, between Mr. FLEET and Mr. MANN, both respectable solicitors of that town, some disagreement arose, which ended in the former sending the latter a challenge, to which the following answer was returned.

#### *To Kingston Fleet, Esq.*

I am honour'd this day, sir, with challenges two, The first from friend Langdon, the second from you; As the one is to *fight*, and the other to *dine*, I accept his "engagement," and yours must decline. Now, in giving this preference, I trust you'll admit I have acted with prudence, and done what was fit;



Since, encountering *him*, and my weapon a knife,  
 There is some little chance of *preserving* my life;  
 Whilst a bullet from you, sir, *might* take it away,  
 And the maxim, you know, is to live while you may.  
 If, however, you still should suppose I ill-treat you,  
 By sternly rejecting this challenge to meet you,  
 Bear with me a moment, and I will adduce  
 Three powerful reasons by way of excuse:  
 In the first place, unless I am grossly deceiv'd,  
 I myself am in conscience the party aggriev'd;  
 And therefore, good sir, if a challenge *must* be,  
 Pray wait till that challenge be *tender'd* by me.  
 Again, sir, I think it by far the more sinful,  
 To stand and be shot, than to sit for a skinful;  
 From whence you'll conclude (as I'd have you, indeed)  
 That fighting composes not part of my creed—  
 And my courage (which, though it was never disputed,  
 Is not, I imagine, too, too deeply rooted)  
 Would prefer that its fruit, sir, what'er it may yield,  
 Should appear at "the *table*," and not in "the *field*."  
 And, lastly, *my life*, be it never forgot,  
 Possesses a value which *yours*, sir, does not;\*  
 So I mean to preserve it as long as I can,  
 Being justly entitled "a family *Man*,"  
 With three or four children, (I scarce know how many,)  
 Whilst *you*, sir, have not, or *ought* not, to have any.  
 Besides, that the contest would be too unequal,  
 I doubt not will plainly appear by the sequel:  
 For e'en *you* must acknowledge it would not be meet  
 That one small "*Mann of war*" should engage "a  
 whole *Fleet*."

*Andover, July 24, 1826.*

## SIGNS OF LOVE, AT OXFORD.

*By an Inn-consolable Lover.*

She's as light as the *Greyhound*, and fair as the *Angel*;  
 Her looks than the *Mitre* more sanctified are;  
 But she flies like the *Roebuck*, and leaves me to  
 range ill,  
 Still looking to her as my true polar *Star*.  
 Now *Inn*-ventions I try, with new art to adore,  
 But my fate is, alas! to be voted a *Boar*;  
 My *Goats* I forsook to contemplate her charms,  
 And must own she is fit for our noble *King's Arms*.  
 Now *Cross'd*, and now *Jockey'd*, now sad, now elate,  
 The *Chequers* appear but a map of my fate;  
 I blush'd like a *Blue-cur* to send her a *Pheasant*,  
 But she call'd me a *Turk*, and rejected my present;  
 So I moped to the *Barley-mow*, griev'd in my mind,  
 That the *Ark* from the flood ever rescu'd mankind!  
 In my dreams *Lions* roar, and the *Green Dragon* grins  
 And fiends rise in shape of the *Seven deadly sins*.  
 When I ogle the *Bells*, should I see her approach,  
 I skip like a *Nag* and jump into the *Coach*.  
 She is crimson and white, like a *Shoulder of Mutton*,  
 Not the red of the *Or* was so bright, when first put on:  
 Like the *Hollybush* prickles, she scratches my liver,  
 While I moan, and I die like the *Swan* by the river!

\* Mr. Fleet is a bachelor.

## Prolific Writers.

The copiousness and the multiplicity of the writings of many authors, have shown that too many find a pleasure in the act of composition, which they do not communicate to others. Great erudition and everyday application is the calamity of that voluminous author, who, without good sense, and what is more rare, without that exquisite judgment which we call good taste, is always prepared to write on any subject, but at the same time on no one reasonably. We are astonished at the fertility and the size of our own writers of the seventeenth century, when the theological war of words raged, spoiling so many pages and brains. They produced folio after folio, like almanacks. The truth is, that it was then easier to write up to a folio, than in our days to write down to an octavo; for correction, selection, and rejection, were arts as yet unpractised. They went on with their work, sharply or bluntly, like witless mowers, without stopping to whet their scythes. They were inspired by the scribbling demon of that rabbin, who, in his oriental style and mania of volume, exclaimed, that were "the heavens formed of paper, and were the trees of the earth pens, and if the entire sea run ink, these only could suffice" for the monstrous genius he was about to discharge on the world.

WILLIAM PRYNNE.

Mr. Prynne seldom dined: every three or four hours he munched a manchet, and refreshed his exhausted spirits with ale brought to him by his servant; and when "he was put into this road of writing," as Anthony a Wood telleth, he fixed on "a long quilted cap, which came an inch over his eyes, serving as an umbrella to defend them from too much light;" and then, hunger nor thirst did he experience, save that of his voluminous pages. Prynne has written a library, amounting, perhaps, to nearly two hundred books. Our unlucky author, whose life was involved in authorship, and his happiness, no doubt, in the habitual exuberance of his pen, seems to have considered the being debarred from pen, ink, and books, during his imprisonment, as an act more barbarous than the loss of his ears. The extraordinary perseverance of Prynne in this fever of the pen appears in the following title of one of his extraordinary volumes, "Comfortable Corridials against discomfortable Fears of Imprisonment; containing some Latin Verses,

Sentences, and Texts of Scripture, written by Mr. Wm. Prynne on his Chamber Walls, in the Tower of London, during his Imprisonment there; translated by him into English Verse, 1641." Prynne literally verified Pope's description:—

"Is there, who, locked from ink and paper, scrawls,  
With desperate charcoal round his darkened walls."

We have also a catalogue of printed books, written by Wm. Prynne, Esq., of Lincoln's Inn, in these classes,

BEFORE,  
DURING,  
and  
SINCE } *his imprisonment,*

with this motto, "Jucundi acti labores," 1643. The secret history of this voluminous author concludes with a characteristic event: a contemporary who saw Prynne in the pillory at Cheapside, informs us, that while he stood there they "burnt his huge volumes under his nose, which had almost suffocated him."

#### FRENCH PAMPHLETEER.

One Catherinot all his life was printing a countless number of *feuilles volantes* in history and on antiquities; each consisting of about three or four leaves in quarto: Lenglet du Fresnoy calls him "Grand auteur des petits livres." This gentleman liked to live among antiquaries and historians; but with a crooked head-piece, stuck with whims, and hard with knotty combinations, all overloaded with prodigious erudition, he could not ease it at a less rate than by an occasional dissertation of three or four quarto pages. He appears to have published about two hundred pieces of this sort, much sought after by the curious for their rarity: Brunet complains he could never discover a complete collection. But Catherinot may escape "the pains and penalties" of our voluminous writers, for De Bure thinks he generously printed them to distribute among his friends. Such endless writers, provided they do not print themselves into an alms-house, may be allowed to print themselves out; and we would accept the apology which Monsieur Catherinot has framed for himself, which is preserved in *Beyeri Memoria Librorum Rariorum*. "I must be allowed my freedom in my studies, for I substitute my writings for a game at the tennis-court, or a club at the tavern; I never counted among my honours these *opuscula* of mine, but

merely as harmless amusements. It is my partridge, as with St. John the Evangelist; my cat, as with Pope St. Gregory; my little dog, as with St. Dominick; my lamb, as with St. Francis; my great black mastiff, as with Cornelius Agrippa; and my tame hare, as with Justus Lipsius." Catherinot could never get a printer, and was rather compelled to study economy in his two hundred quartos of four or eight pages; his paper was of inferior quality, and when he could not get his dissertations into his prescribed number of pages, he used to promise the end at another time, which did not always happen. But his greatest anxiety was to publish and spread his works; in despair he adopted an odd expedient. Whenever Monsieur Catherinot came to Paris, he used to haunt the *quais* where books are sold, and while he appeared to be looking over them, he adroitly slid one of his own dissertations among these old books. He began this mode of publication early, and continued it to his last days. He died with a perfect conviction that he had secured his immortality; and in this manner he disposed of more than one edition of his unsaleable works.\*

#### LOVE'S PROGRESS OF A TOBACCONIST.

##### For the Table Book.

1.

When bless'd with Fanny's rosy smiles,  
I thought myself in heaven;  
Fanny is blooming twenty-two,  
And I am—*thirty-seven*.

2.

I thought her lack'd with every grace,  
Without one vice to jar,  
Fresh as new carrot was her face,  
And sweet as *Macabar*.

3.

Besides a person fair to view  
She had a thousand pounds;  
Not to be sneezed at—I had two,  
And credit without bounds.

4.

Our courtship oft consisted in  
Slight taps and gentle knocks;  
And when I gave her a small pinch,  
She quick return'd a *bor*.

5.

Howe'er, one morning, in a rage,  
With me herself she put,  
She call'd me *blackguard*, and declar'd  
I was from thence *short cut*.

6.

In vain I tried the cause to *smoke*,  
 When she had ta'en offence;  
 In vain recall'd the words I spoke,  
 That she had deem'd *bad scents*.

7.

But soon a mutual friend contriv'd  
 Our quarrel up to botch;  
 Fanny confess'd her temper warm—  
 'Twas natural—she was *Scotch*.

8.

We married—snugly in my shop  
 Fanny's become a fixture,  
 And all the neighbourhood declare,  
 We're quite a *pleasant mixture*.

SAM SAM'S SON.

### THE LORD CHANCELLOR.

The title of chancellor originated with the Romans. It was adopted by the church, and became a half ecclesiastic, and half lay office. The chancellor was intrusted with all public instruments which were authenticated; and when seals came into use, the custody of them was confided to that officer. The mere delivery of the king's great seal, or the taking it away, is all the ceremony that is used in creating or unmaking a chancellor, the officer of the greatest weight and power subsisting in the kingdom. The first chancellor in England was appointed in the reign of William the Conqueror, and with only one exception, it was enjoyed by ecclesiastics until the time of Elizabeth, when such officers were called keepers of the great seal. From the time of sir Thomas More's appointment, which took place in the reign of Henry VIII., there is only one instance of a clergyman having been elevated to the office—namely, Dr. Williams, dean of Westminster, in the time of James I.—The chancellor is a privy counsellor by office, and speaker of the house of lords by prescription. To him belongs the appointment of all justices of the peace throughout the kingdom. When the chancellor was an ecclesiastic, he became keeper of the king's conscience, and remained so. He is also visitor of all hospitals and colleges of the king's foundation. He is patron of all livings under twenty pounds per annum in the king's book. He is the general guardian of all infants, idiots, and lunatics, and has the superintendance of all charitable institutions in the kingdom. He takes precedent of every temporal lord, except the royal family, and of all others, except the archbishop of Canterbury. It

is declared treason by statute of Edward III. to slay the chancellor in his place, and doing his office.—In the year 1689, there were commissioners appointed for executing the office of lord chancellor.

### Anonymiana.

#### THE GREAT LORD CHANCELLOR.

Sir Thomas More, when at the bar, is said to have undertaken only such causes as appeared just to his conscience, and never to have accepted a fee from a widow, orphan, or poor person; yet he acquired by his practice the considerable sum, in those days, of four hundred pounds per annum. When he rose to the height of his profession, his diligence was so great, that one day being in court he called for the next cause, on which it was answered, that there were no more suits in chancery. This made a punning bard of that time thus express himself:—

When *More* some years had chancellor been,  
 No more suits did remain;  
 The same shall never more be seen,  
 Till *More* be there again.

#### CHANCERY.

*Cancellæ* are lattice-work, by which the chancels being formerly parted from the body of the church, they took their names from thence. Hence, too, the court of *chancery* and the lord *chancellor* borrowed their names, that court being enclosed with open work of that kind. And, so, to *cancel* a writing is to *cross* it out with the pen, which naturally makes something like the figure of a lattice.

#### DILIGENCE AND DELIGHT.

It is a common observation, that unless a man takes a *delight* in a thing, he will never pursue it with pleasure or assiduity. *Diligentia*, diligence, is from *diligo*, to love.

#### PAMPHLET, PALM, PALMISTRY.

*Pamphlet*.—This word is ancient, see Lile's *Euphnes*, p. 5; Lambarde's *Perambulation of Kent*, p. 188; Hearne's *Cur. Disc.* p. 130; Hall's *Chronicle*, in Edward V. f. 2; Richard III. f. 32; Skelton, p. 47; Caxton's *Preface* to his *Virgil*, where it is written *pamphlethis*; Oldys's *British Librarian*, p. 128; Nash, p. 3, 64; and also his *preface*, wherein he has the phrase, "to *pamphlet* on a person," and *pamphleter*, p. 30.

The French have not the word pamphlet, and yet it seems to be of French extraction, and no other than *palm-feuille*, a leaf to be held in the hand, a book being a thing of a greater weight. So the French call it now *feuille volante*, retaining one part of the compound.

*Palm* is the old French word for *hand*, from whence we have *palmistry*, the *palm* of the hand, a *palm* or span, and to *palm* a card, and from thence the metaphor of *palm*ing any thing upon a person.

#### CAMBRIDGE WIT.

A gentleman of St. John's College, Cambridge, having a clubbed foot, which occasioned him to wear a shoe upon it of a particular make, and with a high heel, one of the college wits called him *Billard the shuhite*.

#### GRADUAL REFORM.

When lord Muskerry sailed to Newfoundland, George Rooke went with him a volunteer: George was greatly addicted to lying; and my lord, being very sensible of it, and very familiar with George, said to

him one day, "I wonder you will not leave off this abominable custom of lying, George." "I can't help it," said the other. "Puh!" says my lord, "it may be done by degrees; suppose you were to begin with uttering one truth a day."

#### PRIVATE AND PUBLIC.

Charles II. spending a cheerful evening with a few friends, one of the company, seeing his majesty in good humour, thought it a fit time to ask him a favour, and was so absurd as to do so: after he had mentioned his suit, Charles instantly and very acutely replied, "Sir, you must ask your *king* for that."

#### A HUNDRED TO ONE.

"There were a hundred justices," says one, "at the monthly meeting." "A hundred," says another. "Yes," says he, "do you count, and I will name them. There was justice Balance, put down one; justice Hall, put down a cipher, he is nobody; justice House, you may put down another cipher for him—one and two ciphers are a *hundred*."

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### THE CHILD OF MIGHT.

#### *For the Table Book.*

War was abroad, and the fleeting gale  
 Loud, o'er the wife's and the daughter's wail,  
 Brought the summoning sound of the clarion's blast—  
 Age and affection looked their last  
 On the valour and youth that went forth to the tomb—  
 Young eyes were bright at the nodding plume—  
 Banner and spear gleam'd in the sun—  
 And the laugh was loud as the day were won:  
 But the sun shall set, and—ere 'tis night,—  
*Woe* to thee, Child of Pride and Might.

'Tis the hour of battle, the hosts are met,  
 Pierc'd is the hauberk, cleft the bass'net:  
 Like a torrent the legions thunder'd on—  
 Lo! like its foam, they are vanish'd and gone.  
 Thou whom this day beauty's arms carest,  
 The hoof of the fleeing spurns thy crest—  
 Thy *pride* yet lives on thy dark brow's height,  
 But, where is thy *power*, CHILD OF MIGHT?



## The old Water Carrier.

“ Any New-River water here.”

This is another of the criers of a hundred years ago, and, it seems, he cried “ *New-River water.*” The cry is scarce, though scarcely extinct, in the environs of London.

I well remember the old prejudices of old-fashioned people in favour of water brought to the door, and their sympathy with the complaints of the water-bearer. “ Fresh and fair new River-water! none of your pipe sludge!” vociferated the water-bearer. “ Ah dear!” cried his customers, “ Ah dear! Well, what’ll the world come to!—they wo’n’t let poor people live at all by and by—here they’re breaking up the ground, and we shall be all under water some day or other with their goings on—I’ll stick to the carrier as long as he has a pail-full and I’ve a penny, and when we haven’t we must all go to the workhouse together.” This was the talk and the reasoning of many honest people within my recollection, who preferred taxing themselves to the daily payment of a penny and often twopence to

the water-carrier, in preference to having “ *Company’s-water*” at eighteen shillings per annum. Persons of this order of mind were neither political economists nor domestic economists: they were, for the most part, simple and kind-hearted souls, who illustrated the ancient saying, that “ the destruction of the poor is their poverty ”—they have perished for “ lack of knowledge.”

The *governing* principle of Napoleon was, that “ every thing must be done for the people, and nothing by them:” the ruling practice of the British people is to do every thing for themselves; and by the maintenance of this good old custom they have preserved individual freedom, and attained to national greatness. All our beneficial national works have originated with ourselves—our roads, our bridges, our canals, our water-companies, have all been constructed by our own enterprise, and in the order of our wants.

## Garrick Plays.

## No. XXI.

[From Sir Richard Fanshew's Translation of "Querer Por Solo Querer"—"To love for love's sake"—a Romantic Drama, written in Spanish by Mendoza: 1649.]

*Felisbravo, Prince of Persia, from a Picture sent him of the brave Amazonian Queen of Tartary, Zelidaura, becoming enamoured, sets out for that realm; in his way thither disenchant's a Queen of Araby; but first, overcome by fatigue, falls asleep in the Enchanted Grove, where Zelidaura herself coming by, steals the Picture from him. The passion of the Romance arises from his remorse at being taken so negligent; and her disdain that he should sleep, having the company of her Picture. She here plays upon him, who does not yet know her, in the disguise of a Rustic.*

*Fel.* What a spanking Labrador!

*Zel.* You, the unken Knight, God ye gud mora!\*

*Fel.* The time of day thou dost mistake.

*Zel.* — and joy—

*Fel.* — of what?

*Zel.* That I discover,

By a sure sign, you are awake.

*Fel.* Awake? the sign—

*Zel.* Your being a lover.

*Fel.* In love am I?

*Zel.* — and very deep.

*Fel.* Deep in love! how is that seen?

*Zel.* Perfectly. You do not sleep.

*Fel.* Rustic Excellence, unscreen,

And discover that sweet face,

Which covers so much wit and grace.

*Zel.* You but dream so: sleep again,

And forget it.

*Fel.* Why, now, Saint?

*Zel.* Why, the Lady, that went in, †

Looks as if that she did paint.

*Fel.* What has that to do with sleeping?

She is indeed angelical.

*Zel.* That picture now's well worth your keeping.

For why? 'tis an original.

*Fel.* Is this Shepherdess a Witch?

Or saw the sleeping treason, which

I committed against Love

Erst, in the Enchanted Grove?

Me hast thou ever seen before?

*Zel.* Seen? aye, and know thee for a man

That will turn him, and sleep more

Than a dozen dunces can.

Thou ken'st little what sighs mean.

*Fel.* Unveil, by Jove, that face serene.

*Zel.* What, to make thee sleep again?

*Fel.* Still in riddles?

*Zel.* Now he sees:

This pinching wakes him by degrees.

*Fel.* Art thou a Nymph?

*Zel.* Of Parnass Green.

*Fel.* Sleep I indeed, or am I mad?

*Zel.* None serve thee but the Enchanted Queen?

I think what dull conceits ye have had

Of the bird Phoenix, which no eye

E'er saw; an odoriferous Lye:

How of her beauty's spells she's told;

That by her spirit thou art haunted;

And, having slept away the old,

With this new Mistress worse enchanted.

*Fel.* I affect not, Shepherdess,

Myself in such fine terms to express;

Sufficeth me an humble strain:

Too little happy to be vain.—

Unveil!

*Zel.* Sir Gallant, not so fast.

*Fel.* See thee I will.

*Zel.* See me you shall:

But touch not fruit you must not taste.

(*She takes off her veil.*)

What says it, now the leaf doth fall?

*Fel.* It says, 'tis worthy to comprize

The kernel of so rare a wit:

Nor, that it grows in Paradise;

But Paradise doth grow in it.

The tall and slender trunk no less divine,

Tho' in a lowly Shepherdesses rine.

(*He begins to know her.*)

This should be that so famous Queen

For unquell'd valour and disdain.—

In these Enchanted Woods is seen

Nothing but illusions vain.

*Zel.* What stares the man at?

*Fel.* I compare

A Picture—I once mine did call—

With the divine Original.

*Zel.* Fall'n again asleep you are:

We poor human Shepherd Lasses

Nor are pictured, nor use glasses.

Who skip their rank, themselves and betters wrong:

To our Dames, god bless 'em, such quaint things belong.

Here a tiny brook alone,

Which fringed with borrow'd flowers (he has

Gold and silver enough on his own)

Is heaven's proper looking-glass,

Copies us: and its reflections,

Shewing natural perfections,

Free from soothing, free from error,

Are our pencil, are our mirror.

*Fel.* Art thou a Shepherdess?

*Zel.* — and bore

On a mountain, called THERE.

*Fel.* Wear'st thou ever heretofore

Lady's clothes?

*Zel.* I Lady's gear?—

Yes—what a treacherous poll have I!—

In a Country Comedy

I once enacted a main part;

\* She affects rusticity.

† The Enchanted Queen of Araby, of whom Zelidaura is jealous.

Still I have it half by heart :  
 The famous History it was  
 Of an Arabian—let me see—  
 No, of a Queen of Tartary,  
 Who all her sex did far surpass  
 In beauty, wit, and chivalry :  
 Who with invincible disdain  
 Would fool, when she was in the vein,  
 Princes with all their wits about 'em ;  
 But, an they slept, to death she'd flout 'em.  
 And, by the mass, with such a mien  
 My Majesty did play the Queen ;  
 Our Curate had my Picture made,  
 In the same robes in which I play'd.

To my taste this is fine, elegant, Queen-like raillery ; a second part of Love's Labours Lost, to which title this extraordinary Play has still better pretensions than even Shakspeare's : for after leading three pair of Royal Lovers thro' endless mazes of doubts, difficulties ; oppositions of dead fathers' wills ; a labyrinth of losings and findings ; jealousies ; enchantments ; conflicts with giants, and single-handed against armies ; to the exact state in which all the Lovers might with the greatest propriety indulge their reciprocal wishes—when, the deuce is in it, you think, but they must all be married now—suddenly the three Ladies turn upon their Lovers ; and, as an exemplification of the moral of the Play, " Loving for loving's sake," and a hyper-platonic, truly Spanish proof of their affections—demand that the Lovers shall consent to their mistresses' taking upon them the vow of a single life ; to which the Gallants with becoming refinement can do less than consent.—The fact is that it was a Court Play, in which the Characters ; males, giants, and all ; were played by females, and those of the highest order of Grandeeship. No nobleman might be permitted amongst them ; and it was against the forms, that a great Court Lady of Spain should consent to such an unrefined motion, as that of wedlock, though but in a play.

Appended to the Drama, the length of which may be judged from its having taken nine days in the representation, and me three hours in the reading of it—hours well wasted—is a poetical account of a fire, which broke out in the Theatre on one of the nights of its acting, when the whole Dramatis Personæ were nearly burnt, because the common people out of " base fear," and the Nobles out of " pure respect," could not think of laying hands upon such " great Donnas ;" till the young King, breaking the etiquette, by snatching up his Queen, and bearing her through the

flames upon his back, the Grandees, (dilatatory Æneases), followed his example, and each saved one (Anchises-fashion), till the whole Courtly Company of Comedians were got off in tolerable safety.—Imagine three or four stout London Firemen on such an occasion, standing off in mere respect !

C. L.

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### THE STUART PAPERS, IN POSSESSION OF THE KING.

In the year 1817 the public, or, more correctly speaking, the English public at Rome, were much excited by the report of a very singular discovery. The largest and the most interesting collection of papers relating to the Stuart family, probably existing, was suddenly recovered. The circumstances connected with the discovery are curious. Dr. W., whose residence on the continent for many years had been unceasingly devoted to every species of research which could tend to throw light on the antiquities of his country and the history of her kings, had in the Scotch college at Paris, after much patient investigation, arrived at the knowledge of some Gaelic MSS., and, what may be perhaps deemed of more consequence, of several papers relating to the dethroned family. The Gaelic MSS., it was imagined, would throw some light on the quarrel *de lana caprina* of the Ossian " remains," a name which, as it has been given to the Iliad and Odyssey, cannot be considered as an insult to the claims of the Irish or Scottish phantom which has been conjured up under the name of Ossian : but the Journals, &c., though they added little to his actual information, and communicated few facts not hitherto before the public, had at least the merit of placing the end of the clue in his hand, and hinting first the probability of a more productive inquiry elsewhere. It occurred to him that after the demise of James II., as the majority of the family habitually resided at Rome, much the greater number of interesting documents ought still to be discoverable in that city, and, whatever facilities might originally have existed, they must have been increased considerably, and indeed enhanced by the late extinction of the direct line in the person of the cardinal de York.\* His journey

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\* His Royal Highness the Cardinal de York, or as he was sometimes called, " Your Majesty," reposes in the subterraneous church of St. Peter, under a plain sar-

to Rome, and the results of his perseverance fully justified these conjectures. There was nothing in Dr. W.'s appearance or manner, nothing in the circumstances of his long absence from his country, which could offer motives of encouragement; no man carried less before him, as far as externals were in question, that letter of recommendation to which the most uncourteous are compelled to yield. He was in bad odour with his own government, and consequently with every thing legitimate and subservient on the continent, and one of the worst calculated individuals that Providence could have selected, if not for a discovery, at least for its preservation. Dr. W. was known to few of his countrymen at Rome; and as well as I recollect, they were exclusively Scotch, but his acquaintance amongst the natives was extensive and useful. He had been engaged in some cotton speculations in the Campagna, which had altogether failed; more, I believe, from want of funds and public spirit, than from any error in the project or its execution. The soil was favourable, the climate favourable, and the specimen I saw scarcely inferior to the Asiatic. But whatever may have been the causes, the results were salutary, and productive at least of this advantage, that it served to introduce him to the "mezzo ceto" circles of the capital. A mercantile *di Campagna* is a personage in nowise inferior to a lawyer, and Dr. W. knew how to preserve his importance amongst his competitors. The information which he gained here was a new source of encouragement. After much sagacious and persevering inquiry, and occasional but partial disappointments, he at last chanced in a happy hour on the great object of all his labours. He was informed in rather a circuitous manner, that a considerable portion of the late cardinal de York's effects

lay still in the hands of the executors, but could not at first ascertain whether they comprehended any large masses of his papers. Enough, however, had been detected to lead him much farther: he seized the hint, profited by it, and in a few weeks satisfactorily assured himself that the papers were, as he suspected, included, and were at that very moment at Rome. He lost no time in addressing himself to the proper quarter, but monsignor — was out of town, (the acting executor of the cardinal,) and it was very doubtful whether his agent, the abbate Lupi, was sufficiently authorized or empowered to dispose of them in his absence; the abbate Lupi, less scrupulous, or more ignorant than persons in situations of such high trust, smiled at the communication, and conducted the doctor without delay to the premises where these cartacci, or paper-rubbish, as he termed them, were still lying in confusion. It was a dark and dreary garret or gallery, at the top of the house. The abbate pushed back a crazy door, and showed them heaped up, in large lots, in various parts of the chamber. The garret was crumbling, the wind and rain entered *ad libitum* through the broken tiles, the rats prowled and plundered at full discretion, like the followers of Omar, and had now lived for many years at free quarters on the spoils; but neither decay, nor the seasons and their ravages, nor the rats and their incursions, nor the appearance of daily loss, were sufficient to rouse the habitual indolence of the administrators to the least effort for the preservation of the remainder. There was a sufficient quantity, however, left to surpass the most ardent anticipations of the doctor: he gazed in silence and astonishment; it was a moment of true and unalloyed delight—an instant which, in the estimate of the enthusiast, will outbalance the sufferings of months and years, like the "Land! land!" of Columbus, or the *eureka* of Pythagoras. He hesitated, he doubted—he took up the paper that was nearest to him; his warmest wishes were realized; it was an autograph of James II. A glance over the rest was sufficient; it was with difficulty he could suppress the feeling of exultation which shivered and fled over his whole frame. After an affected question or two, the abbate accepted his proposal, and very near five hundred thousand documents, of unquestionable authenticity and of the first historic importance and authority, were knocked down to him for not more than three hundred Roman crowns. Dr. W. still meditated, paused, appeared reluctant,

cophagus, which bears the name of Hen. IX. No one will dispute the title of a few handfuls of dust, but it is worth observing that something very similar reappears on the monument in St. Peter's itself. This is consistent in a Roman: legitimacy, like the priesthood, is indelible, and cannot be rubbed out by misfortune or wrong. The sketch in Forsyth is interesting and delicate, though rather Jacobite and Scotch. I met many persons who retained recollections of him at Rome, but none of these recollections are worth noticing. He seems to have rendered himself more remarkable by petty peculiarities, than any great quality of heart or head. He was supposed to be the quickest driver for a cardinal of the whole college, and sometimes came in from Frascati, (his bishopric and habitual residence,) a distance of about fourteen miles, in an hour and a quarter. This was thought in the first instance marvellous, and in the next indecorous. The only honours he retained were his titles great and little, and the privilege of mounting the Vatican in a sedan-chair.



inquired for the letter of attorney, examined it, and finding all in order, and powers as he imagined sufficiently full, the arrangement in a few moments was completed. Two carts were brought to the door, the papers were thrown into them confusedly, and so little did the abbate value their utility, that on two or three packets falling into the street, they undoubtedly would have lain there with other rubbish, had not the doctor immediately hastened to take them up and carried them himself to his lodgings.

The prize was now won, and a collection perhaps unrivalled in Europe, an El Dorado of imaginary wealth and glory, was safely lodged in the precincts of his own apartment. Joy is talkative, and for once the doctor altogether forgot his caution, and in the dangerous moment of a first triumph, rushed to his countrymen, and proclaimed his *veni, vidi, vici* to their envy and astonishment. They were invited to inspect them. Rome, the capital of a considerable state, is still a provincial town, and events of this kind hardly require newspapers. In a few days the news of all the poets and barbers was the singular good fortune of the doctor. What it was no one knew, except the duchess of D—. Her drawing-room was not only the rendezvous of every stranger, and particularly of every Englishman at Rome, but, what ought to have been considered as of infinitely more moment and indeed danger, was a sort of antechamber to the Vatican. Her acquaintance with the cardinal secretary intimately connected her with the Papal government; and, during her life and his administration, the English might almost be said to be, in the language of the modern city, the assistants of the pontifical throne. The duchess requested a cabinet peep. The doctor expostulated;—he ought to have done so, but on the contrary he was gratified by the compliment, and a little conversazione packet was made up with expedition for her next evening party. The doctor had time to judge of his acquisition, and made a judicious selection, but so unfortunately inviting, that his noble patroness could with difficulty confine to her own breast the sentiments she felt of surprise and admiration. Besides, it would be selfish to conceal the gratification from her friends; the papers were of course in a few days to start for England. Who could tell when they were likely to be out? Then there was an enjoyment, not likely to be resisted by a duchess and a protectress, of all that was literary at Rome, in tumbling over an

original MS.—and such a MS.—and reading and judging the important work, before it was even dreamt of by the rest of the world. She had been favoured, and could not be blamed for extending, like the doctor, the favour to others. She had two or three very dear friends, and she could not reflect without pain on what they might say, and with so much justice, should they discover, some days afterwards, that she had been in possession of such a treasure, though for a few hours, without kindly participating her pleasures with her acquaintances.

These reasons, cogent at any time, were altogether invincible under the circumstances of the case. The duchess had many friends, but the most intimate of these many was the cardinal secretary. The practised eye of that statesman could not be so easily seduced. He was one of the chief invited of the evening, and as usual appeared amongst the earliest of the guests. The papers were on the table on his entry; they became the chief, the first, and soon the only topic of conversation. They were examined; the cardinal read, folded them up, and was silent; but ere daylight the next morning a guard of the pope's carabinieri attacked Dr. W.'s apartment, which was not the castle of an Englishman, and very important papers were irrecoverably lost to him, and perhaps to the public for ever.

The next morning, all the valets de place in Rome knew, and took care to inform their masters, that during the night the abbate Lupi had been arrested, and lay actually in prison for a gross violation of his trust; but it was not understood till much later in the day, that the moment the cardinal had left the apartments of the duchess, orders had been also given to have the papers immediately put under the seal and wardship of the state. The doctor was consequently awakened, as we have seen, rather earlier than usual, in the most unceremonious manner imaginable, and requested, in rather a peremptory manner, to point out the treasury room. Tortures were not used, but threats were. The sanctuary was easily discovered; the inviolable seal was fixed on the door; and a guard put over the house, during the remainder of the day.

The arrest of the abbate was followed up by a measure of more rigour, and of far greater importance. The contract itself was annulled on the ground of incompetence in the seller—the three hundred crowns were ordered to be paid back, and

Dr. W. permitted to appeal, and satisfy himself with civil answers as well as he could, and with what every juriconsult of the Curia Innocenziana had decided, or would decide if called upon by the secretary, to be the ancient and existing law of Rome.

The doctor made, through himself and others, the ordinary applications, each of which were received and answered in the ordinary manner. This was encouraging; and he vented his indignation amongst his acquaintances; and, when the access and struggle was over, lay like Gulliver, fatigued on his back.

In the mean time, a vessel arrived from England at Cività Vecchia, and a boat's crew a little after from Fiumicino at Rome. The papers were released and embarked. The doctor expostulated, and the cardinal secretary received him with his usual urbanity. His visit was quite as satisfactory as any of the preceding, and as conclusive as such visits generally are at Rome. The cardinal heard every thing with the most dignified composure, and simply replied, that any application to him personally was now unavailing, and that he could not do better than apply to the king of England, in whose hands the papers in question would probably be found in the course of another month.

The doctor bowed and took the advice,—but, in leaving the room, it occurred to him that he might not meet a more favourable reception at Downing-street than at the Vatican. A friend at that time resident at Rome proposed to act as his representative to the minister, and acquitted himself in the sequel with a fidelity as rare amongst ambassadors as attorneys.

I never heard any thing decisive of the result of this interview;—but I have no doubt the cardinal was in the right. No inquiries at all disquieting were made, or questions asked, of the keeper of the king's conscience, on the adjudication of the court of Rome. The king of England, in right of his Stuart blood, keeps, and will leave to his descendants, probably, the care of publishing all the Stuart MSS.

But in the momentous interval between the discovery of the papers, and their voyage to England, more eyes than those of an English duchess and a cardinal secretary of state contrived to glance over the treasure. For a day or two they were exposed to the inspection of the privileged few, at the head of whom was the late professor Playfair, lord S——, lord of session, &c.: to one of these favoured individuals I am

indebted for most of the particulars which follow.

On entering the chamber where they were arranged, which was a small room, on the first floor, of a small apartment in a secondary quarter of Rome, he found the walls to a great height literally covered with piles of paper of every size and quality. They were packed so close, had been so long unopened, and had so much suffered from the humidity, that each packet was found to contain, on examination, a very much larger quantity than had at first been expected. They were arranged in the most perfect order, and classed according to the age, country, or writer. Several were autographs, and copies, where they existed, were in the best preservation, and generally under the eye, and by the order of the first authority. The series commenced about the period of the king's arrival in France, and were continued down, with scarcely any interruption or hiatus, to the demise of the last direct heir, the cardinal de York. They embraced not only every document connected with political matters, but entered into the most minute details on the domestic and personal affairs of the illustrious individuals, to whom they related, and threw a very singular light on transactions which have been long concealed, or viewed under very partial bearings, by the British public. Not only the private and confidential correspondence between the different members of the royal family, but references to the most trivial circumstances connected with the interior of the royal household, and various other matters of similar interest, were everywhere observable. The revenues, the expenditure, were regularly noted; a large volume or ledger, almost completely filled with items of this kind, gave no bad scale of the gradation or diminution of expense, calculated on country, time, and situation, and therefore a very fair estimate of their means under the successive fortunes to which they had been exposed. But by far the most interesting documents of the collection referred to the important political transactions of that memorable epoch. James II. occupies a considerable, and, indeed, a principal portion of this interest. His letters to his son, written and corrected in his own hand, give a very flattering portrait, and perhaps a very authentic one, of his character in almost all his domestic relations, without much claim, but also without much pretension, to style—the sin of that age, and not less of the succeeding: they are not without a certain tinge of the

elegance of manner, which, though by no means his apanage, had more or less been contracted in those dissolute circles which had inspired Hamilton. But there were other qualities with which they abounded, of much higher value and importance, greater depth of feeling than what usually exists in courts, paternal affection in all the bitterness of an unrequited fondness, and a settled and unavailing despair (he died, indeed, of a lethargy) of the future destinies of his house, grounded on the frail support he could anticipate from the depraved habits of his son. The reproaches addressed to him are frequent, and fraught with the overflowing waters of fatherly disappointment; the *brouillon*, or rough draft of the letter, which was sometimes preserved, was often blotted, and the wavering and agitation of his mind betrayed itself very visibly in his very hand. The general view which they give is favourable, and presents a kindlier aspect of his character than what we are habituated to meet with in the generality of the Whig writers.\*

## THE PLANETS.

### THEIR COMPARATIVE SIZES AND POSITIONS.

To assist the mind in framing a conception of the magnitude and relative distances of the primary planets, let us have recourse to the following method. The dome of St. Paul's is 145 feet in diameter. Suppose a globe of this size to represent the Sun; then a globe of  $9\frac{7}{10}$  inches will represent Mercury; one of  $17\frac{2}{10}$  inches, Venus; one of 18 inches, the Earth; one of 5 inches diameter, the Moon, (whose distance from the earth is 240,000 miles;) one of 10 inches, Mars; one of 15 feet, Jupiter; and one of  $11\frac{1}{2}$  feet, Saturn, with his ring four feet broad, and at the same distance from his body all round.

In this proportion, suppose the Sun to be at St. Paul's, then

♁ Mercury might be at the Tower of London,

♀ Venus at St. James's Palace,

♁ The Earth at Marylebone,

♂ Mars at Kensington,

♃ Jupiter at Hampton Court,

♄ Saturn at Clifden;

all moving round the cupola of St. Paul's as ☉ their common centre.

## ACCOUNT OF THE BEE-EATER

*Of Selborne, Hampshire.*

BY THE REV. GILBERT WHITE, 1789.

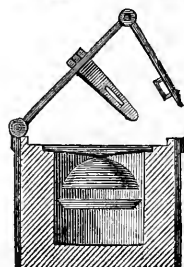
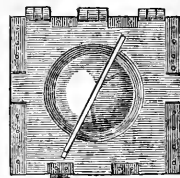
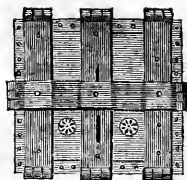
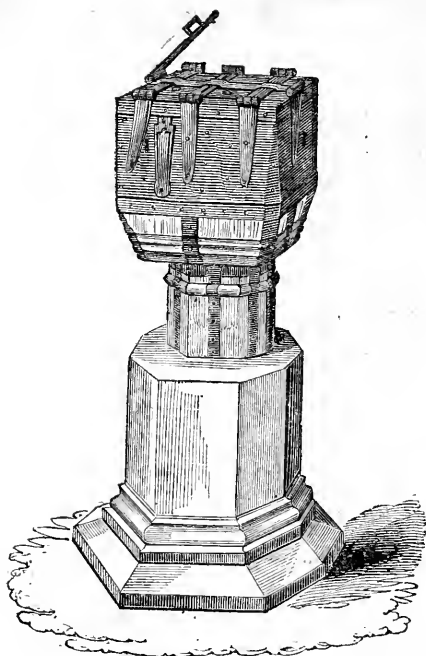
We had in this village, more than twenty years ago, an idiot boy, whom I well remember, who, from a child, showed a strong propensity to bees: they were his food, his amusement, his sole object; and as people of this cast have seldom more than one point in view, so this lad exerted all his few faculties on this one pursuit. In the winter he dosed away his time, within his father's house, by the fire-side, in a kind of torpid state, seldom departing from the chimney-corner; but in the summer he was all alert, and in quest of his game in the fields and on sunny banks. Honey-bees, humble-bees, and wasps, were his prey, wherever he found them: he had no apprehensions from their stings, but would seize them *nudis manibus*, and at once disarm them of their weapons, and suck their bodies for the sake of their honey-bags. Sometimes he would fill his bosom between his shirt and his skin with a number of these captives; and sometimes would confine them in bottles. He was a very *merops apiaster*, or *bee-bird*, and very injurious to men that kept bees; for he would slide into their bee-gardens, and, sitting down before the stools, would rap with his finger on the hives, and so take the bees as they came out. He has been known to overturn hives for the sake of the honey, of which he was passionately fond. Where metheglin was making, he would linger round the tubs and vessels, begging a draught of what he called *bee-wine*. As he ran about, he used to make a humming noise with his lips, resembling the buzzing of bees. This lad was lean and sallow, and of a cadaverous complexion; and, except in his favourite pursuit, in which he was wonderfully adroit, discovered no manner of understanding. Had his capacity been better, and directed to the same object, he had perhaps abated much of our wonder at the feats of a more modern exhibiter of bees; and we may justly say of him now,

"Thou,

Had thy presiding star propitious shone,  
Should'st *st Wildman* be."

When a tall youth, he was removed from hence to a distant village, where he died, as I understand, before he arrived at manhood.

\* New Monthly Magazine.



### Poor's-Box in Cawston Church, Norfolk.

Before the Reformation, says Anthony à Wood, "in every church was a poor man's box, but I never remembered the use of it; nay, there was one at great inns, as I remember it was, before the wars."

Poor-boxes are often mentioned in the twelfth century. At that period pope Innocent III. extended papal power to an inordinate height; absolved subjects from allegiance to their sovereigns; raised crusades throughout Europe for the recovery of the holy sepulchre; laid France under an interdict; promised paradise to all who would slaughter the Albigenses; excommunicated John, king of England; and ordered hollow trunks to be placed in all the churches, to receive alms for the remission of the sins of the donors.\*

A communication to the Antiquarian Society, accompanied by drawings of the poor-boxes on this and the opposite page, briefly describes them.† The common poor-box in the churches appears to have been a shaft of oak, hollowed out at the top, covered

by a hinged lid of iron, with a slit in it, for the money to fall through into the cavity, and secured by one or two iron locks.

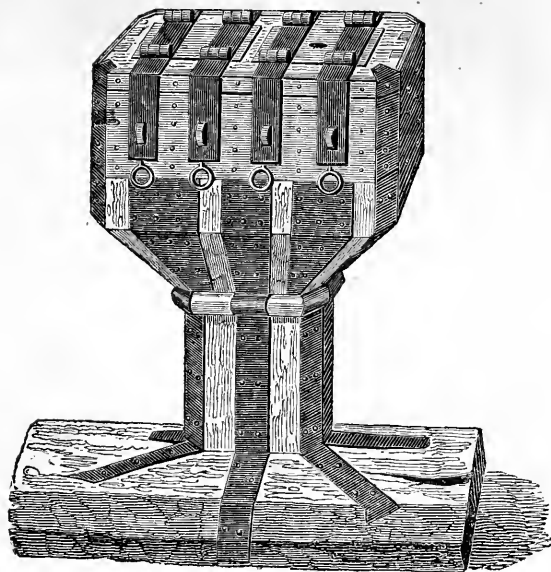
Perhaps the most curiously constructed of the ancient poor-boxes now remaining, is that in the church of Cawston, near Aylsham. The church was built between 1385 and 1414. The poor-box was provided with three keys, two of which were for the churchwardens, and the third was most probably for the clergyman, as one of the key-holes is more ornamented than the others. The most singular part of this box is an inverted iron cup, for preventing the money from being taken out by means of any instrument through the holes on the top of the box.

The engravings above represent—1. this poor-box, as it stands on an octagonal stone basement; 2. a perfect view of the lid; 3. another of the interior, with the manner wherein the cup is suspended for the security of the money; 4. a section of the box.

In places where the presumed richness of the boxes rendered them liable to be plundered, they were strongly bound or clamped with iron plates, as shown in the present engravings.

\* Fosbroke's Encyclopædia of Antiquities.

† This communication from J. A. Repton, Esq., is printed, with engravings from his drawings, in the "Archæologia," 1821.



### Poor's-Box in Loddon Church, Norfolk.

The church of Loddon, in the south-eastern angle of the county of Norfolk, about five miles from Bungay, was built about 1495, and contains a depository of this description, with two separate boxes, each of them secured by two padlocks: over one of these is a hole in the lid for the offerings. When a sufficient sum was collected, it was taken out and placed in the adjoining box in the presence of the two churchwardens.

Ben Jonson, in his "Masque of the Metamorphosed Gipsies, as it was thrice presented before king James, 1621, &c." makes a gipsy tell Tom Ticklefoot, a rustic musician,—

"On Sundays you rob the poor's-box with your tabor,  
The collectors would do it, you save them a labour."

Whereunto a countryman answers,

"Faith, but a little: they'll do it *non-upstant*."\*

\* *Non-upstant*, notwithstanding.

From this we gather that it was customary at that time to put money in the parish poor's-box on Sundays, and that the trustees of the poor were sometimes suspected of misapplying it.

The neglect of this mode of public contribution is noted in Hogarth's marriage scene of the "Rake's Progress," by a cobweb covering the poor's-box in the church. There is an intimation to the same effect in one of Beaumont and Fletcher's plays, which further intimates that poor's-boxes had posies—

The poor man's box is there too: if ye find any thing  
Besides the posy, and that half rubb'd out too,  
For fear it should awaken too much charity,  
Give it to pious uses: that is, spend it.

*Spanish Curate, 1647.*

The posies or mottoes on poor's-boxes were short sentences to incite benevolence—such as, "He that giveth to the poor lendeth to the Lord," &c.

## Poetry.

## ANGEL. HELP.\*

This rare Tablet doth include  
 Poverty with Sanctitude.  
 Past midnight this poor Maid hath spun,  
 And yet the work not half is done,  
 Which must supply from earnings scant  
 A feeble bed-rid parent's want.  
 Her sleep-charged eyes exemption ask,  
 And Holy hands take up the task;  
 Unseen the rock and spindle ply,  
 And do her earthly drudgery.

Sleep, saintly Poor One, sleep, sleep on,  
 And, waking, find thy labours done.

Perchance she knows it by her dreams;  
 Her eye hath caught the golden gleams,  
 (Angelic Presence testifying.)  
 That round her everywhere are flying;  
 Ostents from which she may presume  
 That much of Heaven is in the room.  
 Skirting her own bright hair they run,  
 And to the Sunny add more Sun:  
 Now on that aged face they fix,  
 Streaming from the Crucifix;  
 The flesh-clogg'd spirit disabusing,  
 Death-disarming sleeps infusing,  
 Prelibations, foretastes high,  
 And equal thoughts to live or die.

Gardener bright from Eden's bower,  
 Tend with care that Lily Flower;  
 To its leaves and root infuse  
 Heaven's sunshine, Heaven's dew;  
 'Tis a type and 'tis a pledge  
 Of a Crowning Privilege:  
 Careful as that Lily Flower,  
 This Maid must keep her precious dower;  
 Live a Sainted Maid, or die  
 Martyr to Virginity.

Virtuous Poor Ones, sleep, sleep on,  
 And, waking, find your labours done.

C. LAMB.

New Monthly Magazine,  
 June 1, 1827.

\* Suggested by a picture in the possession of Charles Aders, Esq. Euston-square, in which is represented the Legend of a poor female Saint, who, having spun past midnight to maintain a bed-rid mother, has fallen asleep from fatigue, and Angels are finishing her work. In another part of the chamber, an Angel is tending a lily, the emblem of her purity.

## COWPER.

The poet of "The Sofa," when "in merry pin," trifled pleasantly. As an instance of his manner, there remains the following

## LETTER TO THE REV. J. NEWTON.

July 12, 1781.

My very dear Friend,—I am going to send, what, when you have read, you may scratch your head, and say, I suppose there's nobody knows, whether what I have got, be verse or not; by the tune or the time, it ought to be rhyme; but if it be, did you ever see, of late or of yore, such a ditty before?

I have writ Charity, not for popularity, but as well as I could, in hopes to do good; and if the reviewers should say "to be sure, the gentleman's muse wears Methodist shoes; you may know by her pace, and talk about grace, that she and her bard, have little regard, for the taste and fashions, and ruling passions, and hoidening play, of the modern day: and though she assume a borrowed plume, and now and then wear a tittering air, 'tis only her plan, to catch if she can, the giddy and gay, as they go that way, by a production, on a new construction; she has baited her trap, in hopes to snap, all that may come, with a sugar plum."—This opinion in this will not be amiss: 'tis what I intend, my principal end; and if I succeed, and folks should read, till a few are brought, to a serious thought, I should think I am paid for all I have said, and all I have done, though I have run, many a time, after a rhyme, as far from hence, to the end of my sense, and by hook or crook, write another book, if I live and am here, another year.

I have heard before, of a room with a floor, laid upon springs, and such like things, with so much art, in every part, that when you went in, you was forced to begin a minuet pace, with an air and a grace, swimming about, now in and now out, with a deal of state, in a figure of eight, without pipe or string, or any such thing. And now I have writ, in a rhyming fit, what will make you dance, and as you advance, will keep you still, though against your will, dancing away, alert and gay, till you come to an end of what I have penned; which that you may do, ere madam and you are quite worn out, with jiggling about, I take my leave, and here you receive a

bow profound, down to the ground, from  
your humble me—

W. C.

## HIGHLAND DEER AND SHEEP.

### "THE LAST DEER OF BEANN DORAN."

When prevented by rains and floods from  
visiting the lady who suggested "The  
Task," Cowper beguiled the time by writ-  
ing to her the following lines, and after-  
wards printing them with his own hand.  
He sent a copy of these verses, so printed,  
to his sister, accompanied by the subjoined  
note written upon his topographical labours.

To watch the storms, and hear the sky  
Give all the almanacks the lie ;  
To shake with cold, and see the plains  
In autumn drown'd with wintry rains :  
'Tis thus I spend my moments here,  
And wish myself a Dutch mynheer ;  
I then should have no need of wit,  
For lumpish Hollander unfit ;  
Nor should I then repine at mud,  
Or meadows delug'd with a flood ;  
But in a bog live well content,  
And find it just my element ;  
Should be a clod, and not a man,  
Nor wish in vain for sister Anne,  
With charitable aid to drag  
My mind out of its proper quag ;  
Should have the genius of a boor,  
And no ambition to have more.

My dear Sister,—You see my beginning ;  
I do not know but in time I may proceed  
to the printing of halfpenny ballads. Ex-  
cuse the coarseness of my paper ; I wasted  
so much before I could accomplish any  
thing legible, that I could not afford finer.  
I intend to employ an ingenious mechanic  
of this town to make me a longer case, for  
you may observe that my lines turn up  
their tails like Dutch mastiffs ; so difficult  
do I find it to make the two halves exactly  
coincide with each other.

We wait with impatience for the de-  
parture of this unseasonable flood. We  
think of you, and talk of you ; but we can  
do no more till the waters subside. I do  
not think our correspondence should drop  
because we are within a mile of each other ;  
it is but an imaginary approximation, the  
flood having in reality as effectually parted  
us, as if the British Channel rolled be-  
tween us.

Yours, my dear sister, with Mrs. U.'s  
best love,

WILLIAM COWPER.

Monday, Aug. 12, 1782.

A note to a poem, with this title, by  
John Hay Allan, Esq., relates, that in for-  
mer times the barony of Glen Urcha was  
celebrated for the number and the superior  
race of its deer. When the chieftains re-  
linquished their ancient character and their  
ancient sports, and sheep were introduced  
into the country, the want of protection,  
and the antipathy of the deer to the intrud-  
ing animals, gradually expelled the former  
from the face of the country, and obliged  
them to retire to the most remote recesses  
of the mountains. Contracted in their  
haunts from corrai to corrai, the deer of  
Glen Urcha at length wholly confined  
themselves to Beann Doran, a mountain  
near the solitary wilds of Glen Lyon, and  
the vast and desolate mosses which stretch  
from the Black Mount to Loch Ranach. In  
this retreat they continued for several years ;  
their dwelling was in a lonely corrai at the  
back of the hill, and they were never seen  
in the surrounding country, except in the  
deepest severity of winter, when, forced by  
hunger and the snow, a straggler ventured  
down into the straits. But the hostility  
which had banished them from their ancient  
range, did not respect their last retreat.  
The sheep continually encroached upon  
their bounds, and contracted their resources  
of subsistence. Deprived of the protection  
of the laird, those which ventured from  
their haunt were cut off without mercy or  
fair chase ; while want of range, and the  
inroads of poachers, continually diminished  
their numbers, till at length the race became  
extinct.

About the time of the disappearance of  
the deer from these wilds, an immense stag  
was one evening seen standing upon the  
side of Beann Donachan. He remained  
for some time quietly gazing towards the  
lake, and at length slowly descended the  
hill, and was crossing the road at Stron-  
milchon, when he was discovered by some  
herdsmen of the hamlet. They immediately  
pursued him with their coolies ; and the  
alarm being given, the whole strait, men,  
women, and children, gathered out to the  
pursuit. The noble animal held them a  
severe chase till, as he passed through the  
copse on the north side of Blairachuran,  
his antlers were entangled in the boughs,  
he was overtaken by the pursuers, and  
barbarously slaughtered by the united on-  
set, and assault of dogs, hay-forks, and  
"Sgian an Dubh." When divided, he

proved but a poor reward for the fatigue; for he was so old, that his flesh was scarcely eatable. From that time the deer were seen no more in Beann Doran; and none now appear in Glen Urcha, except when, in a hard winter, a solitary stag wanders out of the forest of Dalness, and passes down Glen Strae or Corrai Fhuar.

The same cause which had extirpated the deer from Glen Urcha has equally acted in most part of the Highlands. Wherever the sheep appear, their numbers begin to decrease, and at length they become totally extinct. The reasons of this apparently singular consequence is, the closeness with which the sheep feed, and which, where they abound, so consumes the pasturage, as not to leave sufficient for the deer: still more is it owing to the unconquerable antipathy which these animals have for the former. This dislike is so great, that they cannot endure the smell of their wool, and never mix with them in the most remote situations, or where there is the most ample pasturage for both. They have no abhorrence of this kind to cattle, but, where large herds of these are kept, will feed and lie among the stirks and steers with the greatest familiarity.

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### HIGHLAND MEALS.

Among the peculiarities of highland manners is an avowed contempt for the luxuries of the table. A highland hunter will eat with a keen appetite and sufficient discrimination: but, were he to stop in any pursuit, because it was meal time, to growl over a bad dinner, or visibly exult over a good one, the manly dignity of his character would be considered as fallen for ever.\*

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### TREAD MILLS.

At Lewes, each prisoner walks at the rate of 6,600 feet in ascent per day; at Ipswich, 7,450; at St. Alban's, 8,000; at Bury, 8,650; at Cambridge, 10,176; at Durham, 12,000; at Brixton, Guildford, and Reading, the summer rate exceeds 13,000; while at Warwick, the summer rate is about 17,000 feet in ten hours. †

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\* Mrs. Grant.

† The Times.

### EXTRAORDINARY ORAN-OUTANG,

#### THE WILD MAN OF THE WOODS.

The largest and most remarkable oran-outang ever seen by Europeans, was discovered by an officer of the ship *Mary Anne Sophia*, in the year 1824, at a place called Ramboon, near Touromon, on the west coast of Sumatra.

When the officer alluded to first saw the animal, he assembled his people, and followed him to a tree in a cultivated spot, on which he took refuge. His walk was erect and waddling, but not quick, and he was obliged occasionally to accelerate his motion with his hands; but with a bough which he carried, he impelled himself forward with great rapidity. When he reached the trees his strength was shown in a high degree, for with one spring he gained a very lofty branch, and bounded from it with the ease of the smaller animals of his kind. Had the circumjacent land been covered with wood, he would certainly have escaped from his pursuers, for his mode of travelling by bough or tree was as rapid as the progress of a very fleet horse: but at Ramboon there are but few trees left in the midst of cultivated fields, and amongst these alone he jumped about to avoid being taken. He was first shot on a tree, and after having received five balls, his exertion was relaxed, owing, no doubt, to loss of blood; and the ammunition having been by that time expended, his pursuers were obliged to have recourse to other measures for his destruction. One of the first balls probably penetrated his lungs, for immediately after the infliction of the wound, he slung himself by his feet from a branch with his head downwards, and allowed the blood to flow from his mouth. On receiving a wound, he always put his hand over the injured part, and the human-like agony of his expression had the natural effect of exciting painful feelings in his assailants. The peasantry seemed as amazed at the sight of him as the crew of the ship; for they had never seen one before, although living within two days' journey from the vast and impenetrable forests on the island. They cut down the tree on which he was reclining exhausted; but the moment he found it falling, he exerted his remaining strength, and gained another, and then a third, until he was finally brought to the ground, and forced to combat his unrelenting foes, who now gathered very thickly round, and discharged



spears and other missiles against him. The first spear, made of a very strong supple wood, which would have resisted the strength of the strongest man, was broken by him like a carrot; and had he not been in almost a dying state, it was feared that he would have severed the heads of some of the party with equal ease. He fell, at length, under innumerable stabs inflicted by the peasantry.

The animal is supposed to have travelled some distance from the place where he was killed, as his legs were covered with mud up to the knees. His hands and feet had great analogy to human hands and feet, only that the thumbs were smaller in proportion, and situated nearer the wrist-joint. His body was well proportioned; he had a fine broad expanded chest and a narrow waist; but his legs were rather short, and his arms very long, though both possessed such sinew and muscle as left no doubt of their strength. His head was well proportioned with his body, and the nose prominent; the eyes were large, and the mouth larger than the mouth in man. His chin was fringed, from the extremity of one ear to the other, with a shaggy beard, curling luxuriantly on each side, and forming altogether an ornamental, rather than a frightful appendage to his visage. When he was first killed, the hair of his coat was smooth and glossy, and his teeth and whole appearance indicated that he was young, and in the full possession of his physical powers. He was nearly eight feet high.

The skin and fragments of this surprising oran-outang were presented to the Asiatic Society at Calcutta; and on the 5th of January, 1825, Dr. Abel examined them, and read the observations he had made. The height already mentioned is according to the estimate of those who saw the animal alive, but the measurement of the skin went far to determine this question. The skin, dried and shrivelled as it was, in a straight line from the top of the shoulder to the point whence the ankle had been removed, measured five feet ten inches; the perpendicular length of the neck in the preparation, was three inches and a half; the length of the face, from the forehead to the chin, nine inches; and of the skin attached to the foot, from the line of its separation from the body to the heel, eight inches. The measurements were made by Dr. Abel himself. Thus we have one foot eight inches and a half to be added to the five feet ten inches, in order to approximate his real stature, which would

make seven feet six inches and a half; and allowing the six inches and a half for the shortening that would result from the folding of the skin over the shoulders, the height would then be full seven feet. This is the greatest ascertained height of any tail-less monkey mentioned in the several notices which Dr. Abel collected from different writers on man-like apes.

The skin itself was of a dark leaden colour; the hair a brownish red, shaggy, and long over the shoulders and flanks.

Dr. Abel remarked, that of the small animals more particularly known in Europe, under the designation of oran-outang, one was an inhabitant of Africa, and the other of the east. Several living specimens of both have been seen in Europe, but all were of small stature, and very young, never exceeding three feet in height, or as many years of age. These animals were long considered as varieties of the same species, although in point of fact they are very distinctly separated by external character and anatomical distinctions. The African animal being always black with large ears, the eastern specimens as invariably having reddish brown hair, and very small ears; the former also are unprovided with the sacs communicating with the windpipe, which are always found in the latter.\*

Different naturalists have deemed the oran-outang to be the connecting link between the brute and the human being.

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### A LITTLE LEARNING

— “not a dangerous thing.”

*Mr. Thomas Campbell* having been chosen lord rector of the university of Glasgow, made his inaugural speech on the 12th of April, 1827, wherein are the following estimable remarks on desultory attainments:—

“In comparing small learned acquisitions with none at all, it appears to me to be equally absurd to consider a little learning valueless, or even dangerous, as some will have it, as to talk of a little virtue, a little wealth, or health, or cheerfulness, or a little of any other blessing under heaven, being worthless or dangerous.

“To abjure any degree of information, because we cannot grasp the whole circle of the sciences, or sound the depths of erudition, appears to be just about as sensible as if we were to shut up our windows,

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\* Calcutta Government Gazette, Jan. 13, 1825.

because they are too narrow, or because the glass has not the magnifying power of a telescope.

“For the smallest quantity of knowledge that a man can acquire, he is bound to be contentedly thankful, provided his fate shuts him out from the power of acquiring a larger portion—but whilst the possibility of farther advancement remains, be as proudly discontented as ye will with a little learning. For the value of knowledge is like that of a diamond, it increases according to its magnitude, even in much more than a geometrical ratio.—One science and literary pursuit throws light upon another, and there is a connection, as Cicero remarks, among them all—

“‘Omnes Artes, quæ ad humanitatem pertinent, habent quoddam commune vinculum, et quasi cognatione quadam inter se continentur.’

“No doubt a man ought to devote himself, in the main, to one department of knowledge, but still he will be all the better for making himself acquainted with studies which are kindred *to* and *with* that pursuit.—The principle of the extreme division of labour, so useful in a pin manufactory, if introduced into learning, may produce, indeed, some minute and particular improvements, but, on the whole, it tends to cramp human intellect.

“That the mind may, and especially in early youth, be easily distracted by too many pursuits, must be readily admitted. But I now beg leave to consider myself addressing those among you, who are conscious of great ambition, and of many faculties; and what I say, may regard rather the studies of your future than of your present years.

“To embrace different pursuits, diametrically opposite, in the wide circle of human knowledge, must be pronounced to be almost universally impossible for a single mind.—But I cannot believe that any strong mind weakens its strength, in any one branch of learning, by diverging into cognate studies; on the contrary, I believe that it will return home to the main object, bringing back illustrative treasures from all its excursions into collateral pursuits.”

## FIGURES, AND NUMBERS.

Respecting the origin of the numeral figures 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, there are various opinions, but the one most generally received, is, that they were brought into

Europe from Spain; that the Spaniards received them from the Moors, the Moors from the Arabians, and the Arabians from the Indians.

Bishop Huet, however, thinks it improbable that the Arabians received figures from the Indians, but, on the contrary, that the Indians obtained them from the Arabians, and the Arabians from the Grecians; from whom, in fact, they acquired a knowledge of every science they possessed. The shape of the figures they received underwent a great alteration; yet if we examine them, divested of prejudice, we shall find very manifest traces of the Grecian figures, which were nothing more than letters of their alphabet.

A small comma, or dot, was their mark for units.

The letter  $\beta$  (b) if its two extremities are erased, produces the figure 2.

If we form the letter  $\gamma$  (g) with more inclination to the left than usual, shorten the foot, and give some rotundity to the left horns near the left side, we shall make the figure 3.

The letter  $\Delta$  (D) is the figure 4, as we should find on giving the left leg a perpendicular form, and lengthening it below the base, which also should be enlarged towards the left.

From the  $\epsilon$  (e short) is formed the 5, by only bringing towards the right side the demicircle which is beneath inclining to the left.

From the figure 5 they made the 6, by leaving out the foot, and rounding the body.

Of the  $z$  (Z) they make the 7, by leaving out the base.

If we turn the four corners of the  $H$  (e long) towards the inside, we shall make the figure 8.

The  $\theta$  (th) was the figure 9 without any alteration.

The *nought* was only a point which they added to their figures, to make them ten times more; it was necessary that this point should be made very distinctly, to which end they formed it like a circle, and filled it up; this method we have neglected.

Theophanus, the Eastern, chronologist, says in express terms, that the Arabians had retained the Grecian numbers, not having sufficient characters in their own language to mark them.

Menage says, they were first employed in Europe in 1240, in the Alphonsian Tables, made under the direction of Alphonso, son to king Ferdinand of Castile, by Isaac Hazan, a Jew of Toledo, and Abel Ragel,

an Arabian. Dr. Wallis conceives they were generally used in England about the year 1130.

In the indexes of some old French books these figures are called Arabic ciphers, to distinguish them from Roman numerals.

### NUMBER X, 10.

It is observed by Huet as a remarkable circumstance, that for calculation and numerical increase the number 10 is always used, and that decimal progression is preferred to every other. The cause of this preference arises from the number of our fingers, upon which men accustom themselves to reckon from their infancy. First, they count the units on their fingers, and when the units exceed that number, they have recourse to another ten. If the number of tens increase, they still reckon on their fingers; and if they surpass that number, they then commence a different species of calculation by the same agents; as thus—reckoning each finger for tens, then for hundreds, thousands, &c.

From this mode of reckoning by the fingers then, we have been led to prefer the number ten, though it is not so convenient and useful a number as twelve. Ten can only be divided by two and five, but twelve can be divided by two, three, four, and six.

The Roman numbers are adduced in proof of the origin of reckoning by the number ten, viz.—

The units are marked by the letter I, which represent a finger.

The number five is marked by the letter V, which represents the first and last finger of a hand.

Ten, by an X, which is two V's joined at their points, and which two V's represent the two hands.

Five tens are marked by an L; that is half the letter E, which is the same as C, the mark for a hundred.

Five hundred is marked by a D, half of the letter  $\infty$ , which is the same as M, the mark for a thousand.

According to this, the calculation of the Roman numbers was from five to five, that is, from one hand to the other. Ovid makes mention of this mode, as also of the number ten:—

“ Hic numeris magno tunc in honore fuit.  
Seu quia tot digiti per quos numerare solemnus,  
Seu quia bis quino femina mense parit.  
Seu quod ad usque decem numero crescente venitur:  
Principium spatii sumitur inde novis.”

Vitruvius also makes the same remark; he says, “ Ex manibus denarius digitorum numerus.”

We have refined, however, upon the convenience which nature has furnished us with to assist us in our calculations; for we not only use our fingers, but likewise various figures, which we place in different situations, and combine in certain ways, to express our ideas.

Many unlettered nations, as the inhabitants of Guinea, Madagascar, and of the interior parts of America, know not how to count farther than ten. The Brasilians, and several others, cannot reckon beyond five; they multiply that number to express a greater, and in their calculations they use their fingers and toes. The natives of Peru use decimal progression; they count from one to ten; by tens to a hundred; and by hundreds to a thousand. Plutarch says, that decimal progression was not only used among the Grecians, but also by every uncivilized nation.

## Omniana.

### FOX, THE QUAKER.

This individual, many years deceased, was a most remarkable man in his circle; a great natural genius, which employed itself upon trivial or not generally interesting matters. He deserved to have been known better than he was. The last years of his life he resided at Bristol. He was a great Persian scholar, and published some translations of the poets of that nation, which were well worthy perusal. He was self-taught, and had patience and perseverance for any thing. He was somewhat eccentric, but had the quickest reasoning power, and consequently the greatest coolness, of any man of his day, who was able to reason. His house took fire in the night; it was situated near the sea; it was uninsured, and the flames spread so rapidly nothing could be saved. He saw the consequences instantly, made up his mind to them as rapidly, and ascending a hill at some distance in the rear of his dwelling, watched the picture and the reflection of the flames on the sea, admiring its beauties, as if it were a holiday bonfire.

## DIVING-BELLS.

The first diving-bell we read of was nothing but a very large kettle, suspended by ropes, with the mouth downwards, and planks to sit on fixed in the middle of its concavity. Two Greeks at Toledo, in 1588, made an experiment with it before the emperor Charles V. They descended in it, with a lighted candle, to a considerable depth. In 1683, William Phipps, the son of a blacksmith, formed a project for unloading a rich Spanish ship sunk on the coast of Hispaniola. Charles II. gave him a ship with every thing necessary for his undertaking; but being unsuccessful, he returned in great poverty. He then endeavoured to procure another vessel, but failing, he got a subscription, to which the duke of Albemarle contributed. In 1687, Phipps set sail in a ship of two hundred tons, having previously engaged to divide the profits according to the twenty shares of which the subscription consisted. At first all his labours proved fruitless; but at last, when he seemed almost to despair, he was fortunate enough to bring up so much treasure, that he returned to England with the value of 200,000*l.* sterling. Of this sum he got about 20,000*l.*, and the duke 90,000*l.* Phipps was knighted by the king, and laid the foundation of the fortunes of the present noble house of Mulgrave. Since that time diving-bells have been often employed. On occasion of the breaking in of the water of the Thames during the progress of the tunnel under the Thames, Mr. Brunel frequently descended in one to the bed of the river.

## GAMING.

—“The ruling passion strong in death.”

In “Arliquiniana” avarice, and love of gaming, are exemplified by the following anecdote:—

A French woman, who resided on her estate in the country, falling ill, sent to the village curate, and offered to play with him. The curate being used to gaming, gladly entertained the proposal, and they played together till he lost all his money. She then offered to play with him for the expenses of her funeral, in case she should die. They played, and the curate losing these also, she obliged him to give her his note of hand for so much money lent, as her funeral expenses would amount to. She delivered the note to her son, and died

within eight or ten days afterwards, and the curate was paid his fees in his own note of hand.

## THE TANNER.

## AN EPIGRAM.

A Bermondsey tanner would often engage,  
In a long *tête-à-tête* with his dame,  
While trotting to town in the Kennington stage,  
About giving their villa a name.  
A neighbour, thus hearing the skin-dresser talk,  
Stole out, half an hour after dark,  
Pick'd up in the roadway a fragment of chalk,  
And wrote on the palings—“*Hide Park!*”\*

## FRIENDSHIP ON THE NAIL.

When Marigny contracted a friendship with Menage, he told him he was “upon his *nail*.” It was a method he had of speaking of all his friends; he also used it in his letters; one which he wrote to Menage begins thus: “Oh! illustrious of my *nail*.”

When Marigny said, “you are upon my *nail*,” he meant two things—one, that the person was always present, nothing being more easy than to look at his nail; the other was, that good and real friends were so scarce, that even he who had the most, might write their names on his nail.

## Notice

## TO THE CHANCE CUSTOMERS

OF THE

## COMPANY OF FLYING STATIONERS.

Formerly there was a numerous class who believed every thing they saw in print. It is just possible that a few of these persuadable persons may survive; I therefore venture to remark, that my name printed on the squibs now crying about the streets is a forgery.

W. HONE.

June 8, 1827.

\* New Monthly Magazine.



### Beckenham Church, Kent.

The parish of Beckenham lends its name to the hundred, which is in the lath of Sutton-at-Hone. It is ten miles from London, two miles north from Bromley, and, according to the last census, contains 196 houses and 1180 inhabitants. The living is a rectory valued in the king's books at 16*l.* 18*s.* 9*d.* The church is dedicated to St. George.

— Beyond "Chaffinch's River" there  
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is an enticing field-path to Beckenham, but occasional sights of noble trees kept us along the high road, till the ring of the blacksmith's hammer signalled that we were close upon the village. We wound through it at a slow pace, vainly longing for something to realize the expectations raised by the prospect of it on our way.

Beckenham consists of two or three old farm-like looking houses, rudely encroached

upon by a number of irregularly built dwellings, and a couple of inns; one of them of so much apparent consequence, as to dignify the place. We soon came to an edifice which, by its publicity, startles the feelings of the passenger in this, as in almost every other parish, and has perhaps greater tendency to harden than reform the rustic offender—the “cage,” with its accessory, the “pound.” An angular turn in the road, from these lodgings for men and cattle when they go astray, afforded us a sudden and delightful view of

“The decent church that tops the neighbour’ing hill.”

On the right, an old, broad, high wall, flanked with thick buttresses, and belted with magnificent trees, climbs the steep, to enclose the domain of I know not whom; on the opposite side, the branches, from a plantation, arch beyond the footpath. At the summit of the ascent is the village church with its whitened spire, crowning and pinnac’ing this pleasant grove, pointing from amidst the graves—like man’s last only hope—towards heaven.

This village spire is degradingly noticed in “An accurate Description of Bromley and Five Miles round, by Thomas Wilson, 1797.” He says, “An extraordinary circumstance happened here near Christmas, 1791; the steeple of this church was destroyed by lightning, but a new one was put up in 1796, made of copper, in the form of an extinguisher.” The old spire, built of shingles, was fired on the morning of the 23d of December, in the year seventeen hundred and ninety, in a dreadful storm. One of the effects of it in London I perfectly remember:—the copper roofing of the new “Stone Buildings” in Lincoln’s Inn was stripped off by the wind, and violently carried over the opposite range of high buildings, the Six Clerks’ offices, into Chancery Lane, where I saw the immense sheet of metal lying in the carriage way, exactly as it fell, rolled up, with as much neatness as if it had been executed by machinery. As regards the present spire of Beckenham church, its “form,” in relation to its place, is the most appropriate that could have been devised—a picturesque object, that marks the situation of the village in the forest landscape many miles round, and indescribably graces the nearer view.

We soon came up to the corpse-gate of the church-yard, and I left W. sketching it,\* whilst I retraced my steps into the village in

search of the church-keys at the parish-clerk’s, from whence I was directed back again, to “the woman who has the care of the church,” and lives in the furthest of three neat almshouses, built at the church-yard side, by the private benefaction of Anthony Rawlings, in 1694. She gladly accompanied us, with the keys clinking, through the mournful yew-tree grove, and threw open the great south doors of the church. It is an old edifice—despoiled of its ancient font—deprived, by former beautifyings, of carvings and tombs that in these times would have been remarkable. It has remnants of brasses over the burial places of deceased rectors and gentry, from whence dates have been wantonly erased, and monuments of more modern personages, which a few years may equally deprave.

There are numerous memorials of the late possessors of Langley, a predominant estate in Beckenham. One in particular to sir Humphry Style, records that he was of great fame, in his day and generation, in Beckenham: he was “Owner of Langley in this parish, Knight and Baronet of England and Ireland, a gentleman of the privy chamber in ordinary to James I, one of the cupbearers in ordinary to King Charles, and by them both intrusted with the weighty affairs of this countye: Hee was justice of peace and quorum, Deputy lieutenant, and alsoe (an hono’r not formerly conferred upon any) made Coronell of all the trayned band horse thereof.”

The possession of Langley may be traced, through the monuments, to its last heritable occupant, commemorated by an inscription; “Sacred to the Memory of Peter Burrell, Baron Gwydir, of Gwydir, Deputy Great Chamberlain of England, Born July 16, 1754; Died at Brighton, June 29th, 1820, aged 66 years.” After the death of this nobleman Langley was sold. The poor of Beckenham speak his praise, and lament that his charities died with him. The alienation of the estate deprived them of a benevolent protector, and no one has arisen to succeed him in the character of a kind-hearted benefactor.

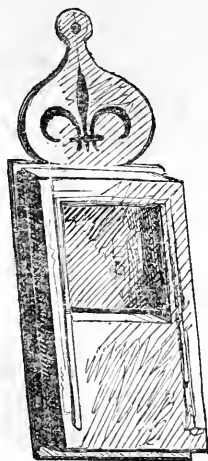
A tablet in this church, to “Harriet, wife of (the present) J. G. Lambton, Esq. of Lambton Hall, Durham,” relates that she died “in her twenty-fifth year.”

Within the church, fixed against the northern corner of the west end, is a plate of copper, bearing an inscription to this import:—Mary Wragg, of St. John’s, Westminster, bequeathed 15*l.* per annum for ever to the curate of Beckenham, in trust for the following uses; viz. a guinea to

\* Mr. W.’s engraving of his sketch is on p. 715.

himself for his trouble in taking care that her family vault should be kept in good repair; a guinea to be expended in a dinner for himself, and the clerk, and parish officers; 12*l.* 10*s.* to defray the expenses of such repairs; if in any year the vault should not require repair, the money to be laid out in eighteen pennyworth of good beef, eighteen pennyworth of good bread, five shillings worth of coals, and 4*s.* 6*d.* in money, to be given to each of twenty of the poorest inhabitants of the parish; if repairs should be required, the money left to be laid out in like manner and quantity, with 4*s.* 6*d.* to as many as it will extend to; and the remaining 8*s.* to be given to the clerk. In consequence of Mary Wragg's bequest, her vault in the church-yard is properly maintained, and distribution made of beef, bread, and money, every 28th of January. On this occasion there is usually a large attendance of spectators; as many as please go down into the vault, and the parochial authorities of Beckenham have a holiday, and "keep wassel."

There is carefully kept in this church a small wooden hand-box, of remarkable shape, made in king William's time, for the receipt of contributions from the congregation when there are collections. As an ecclesiastical utensil with which I was unacquainted, W. took a drawing, and has made an engraving of it.



This collecting-box is still used. It is carried into the pews, and handed to the cupants, who drop any thing or nothing, as they please, into the upper part. When money is received, it passes through an

open slit left between the back and the top enclosure of the lower half; which part, thus shut up, forms a box, that conceals from both eye and hand the money deposited. The contrivance might be advantageously adopted in making collections at the doors of churches generally. It is a complete security against the possibility of money being withdrawn instead of given; which, from the practice of holding open plates, and the ingenuity of sharpers, has sometimes happened.

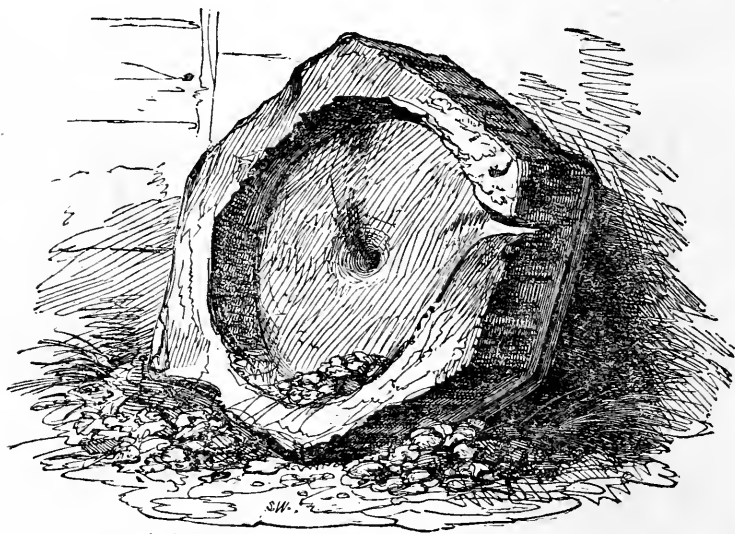
In the middle of two family pews of this church, which are as commodious as sitting parlours, there are two ancient reading desks like large music stands, with flaps and locks for holding and securing the service books when they are not in use. These pieces of furniture are either obsolete in churches, or peculiar to that of Beckenham; at least I never saw desks of the like in any other church.

Not discovering any thing further to remark within the edifice, except its peal of five bells, we strolled among the tombs in the church-yard, which offers no inscriptions worth notice. From its solemn yew-tree grove we passed through the "Lichgate," already described. On our return to the road by which we had approached the church, and at a convenient spot, W. sketched the view he so freely represents in the engraving. The melodists of the groves were in full song. As the note of the parish-clerk rises in the psalm above the common voice of the congregation, so the loud, confident note of the blackbird exceeds the united sound of the woodland choir: one of these birds, on a near tree, whistled with all his might, as if conscious of our listening, and desirous of particular distinction.

Wishing to reach home by a different route than that we had come, we desired to be acquainted with the way we should go, and went again to the almshouses which are occupied by three poor widows, of whom our attendant to the church was one. She was alone in her humble habitation making tea, with the tokens of her office-bearing, the church keys, on the table before her. In addition to the required information, we elicited that she was the widow of Benjamin Wood, the late parish-clerk. His brother, a respectable tradesman in London, had raised an excellent business, "Wood's eating-house," at the corner of Seething-lane, Tower-street, and at his decease was enabled to provide comfortably for his family. Wood, the parish-clerk, had served Beckenham in that capa-

city many years till his death, which left his widow indigent, and threw her on the cold charity of a careless world. She seems to have outlived the recollection of her husband's relatives. After his death she struggled her way into this almshouse, and gained an allowance of two shillings a week; and on this, with the trifle allowed for her services in keeping clean the church, at past threescore years and ten, she somehow or other contrives to exist.

We led dame Wood to talk of her "domestic management," and finding she brewed her own beer with the common utensils and fire-place of her little room, we asked her to describe her method: a tin kettle is her boiler, she mashes in a common butter-firkin, runs off the liquor in a "crock," and tuns it in a small-beer-barrel. She is of opinion that "poor people might do a great deal for themselves if they knew *how*: *but*," says she, "where there's a *will*, there's a *way*." \*



### The old Font of Beckenham Church.

A font often denotes the antiquity, and frequently determines the former importance of the church, and is so essential a part of the edifice, that it is incomplete without one. According to the rubrick, a church may be without a pulpit, but not without a font; hence, almost the first thing I look for in an old church is its old stone font. Instead thereof, at Beckenham, is a thick wooden baluster, with an unseemly circular flat lid, covering a sort of wash-hand-basin, and this the "gentlemen

of the parish" call a "font!" The odd-looking thing was "a present" from a parishioner, in lieu of the ancient stone font which, when the church was repaired after the lightning-storm, was carried away by Mr. churchwarden Bassett, and placed in his yard. It was afterwards sold to Mr. Henry Holland, the former landlord of the "Old Crooked Billet," on Penge Common, who used it for several years as a cistern, and the present landlord has it now in his garden, where it appears as repre-



sented in the engraving. Mr. Harding expresses an intention of making a table of it, and placing it at the front of his house: in the interim it is depicted here, as a hint, to induce some regard in Beckenham people, and save the venerable font from an exposure, which, however intended as a private respect to it by the host of the "Crooked Billet," would be a public shame to Beckenham parish.

*For the Table Book.*

GONE OR GOING.

1.

Fine merry franiens,  
Wanton companions,  
My days are ev'n banyans  
    With thinking upon ye;  
How Death, that last stringer,  
Finis-writer, end-bringer,  
Has laid his chill finger,  
    Or is laying, on ye.

2.

There's rich Kitty Wheatley,  
With footing it featly  
That took me completely,  
    She sleeps in the Kirk-house;  
And poor Polly Perkin,  
Whose Dad was still ferking  
The jolly ale firkin—  
    She's gone to the Work-house:

3.

Fine gard'ner, Ben Carter  
(In ten counties no smarter)  
Has ta'en his departure  
    For Proserpine's orchards;  
And Lily, postillion,  
With cheeks of vermilion,  
Is one of a million  
    That fill up the church-yards.

4.

And, lusty as Dido,  
Fat Clemitson's widow  
Flits now a small shadow  
    By Stygian hid ford;  
And good Master Clapton  
Has thirty years nap't on  
The ground he last hap't on;  
    Intomb'd by fair Widford;

5.

And gallant Tom Docwra,  
Of Nature's finest crockery,  
Now but thin air and mockery,  
    Lurks by Avernus;  
Whose honest grasp of hand,  
Still, while his life did stand,  
At friend's or foe's command,  
    Almost did burn us.

6.

(Roger de Coverly  
Not more good man than he),  
Yet is he equally  
    Push'd for Cocytus,  
With cuckoldy Worral,  
And wicked old Dorrel,  
'Gainst whom I've a quarrel—  
    His death might affright us!

7.

Had he mended in right time,  
He need not in night time,  
(That black hour, and fright-time,)  
    Till sexton interr'd him,  
Have groan'd in his coffin,  
While demons stood scoffing—  
You'd ha' thought him a coughing—  
    My own father\* heard him!

8.

Could gain so importune,  
With occasion opportune,  
That for a poor Fortune,  
    That should have been ours,†  
In soul he should venture  
To pierce the dim center,  
Where will-forgers enter,  
    Amid the dark Powers?—

9.

Kindly hearts I have known;  
Kindly hearts, they are flown;  
Here and there if but one  
    Linger, yet uneffaced,—  
Imbecile, tottering elves,  
Soon to be wreck'd on shelves,  
These scarce are half themselves,  
    With age and care crazed.

10.

But this day, Fanny Hutton  
Her last dress has put on;  
Her fine lessons forgotten,  
    She died, as the dunce died;  
And prim Betsey Chambers,  
Decay'd in her members,  
No longer remembers  
    Things, as she once did:

11.

And prudent Miss Wither  
Not in jest now doth *wither*,  
And soon must go—whither  
    Nor I, well, nor you know;  
And flaunting Miss Waller—  
That soon must befall her,  
Which makes folks seem taller, †—  
    Though proud, once, as Juno!

ELIA.

\* Who sat up with him.

† I have this fact from Parental tradition only.

‡ Death lengthens people to the eye.

## Scottish Legends.

### HIGHLAND SCENERY.

The scenery and legend of Mr. James Hay Allan's poem, "The Bridal of Caöl-chairn," are derived from the vicinity of Cruachan, (or Cruachan-Beinn,) a mountain 3390 feet above the level of the sea, situated at the head of Loch Awe, a lake in Argyleshire. The poem commences with the following lines: the prose illustrations are from Mr. Allan's descriptive notes.

Grey Spirit of the Lake, who sit'st at eve  
At mighty Cruächan's gigantic feet;  
And lov'st to watch thy gentle waters heave  
The silvery ripple down their glassy sheet;  
How oft I've wandered by thy margin sweet,  
And stood beside the wide and silent bay,  
Where the broad Urcha's stream thy breast doth meet,  
And Caölchairn's forsaken Donjon grey  
Looks from its narrow rock upon thy watery way.

Maid of the waters! in the days of yore  
What sight yon setting sun has seen to smile  
Along thy spreading bound, on tide, and shore,  
When in its pride the fortress reared its pile,  
And stood the abbey on "the lovely isle;"  
And Fraöch Elan's refuge tower grey  
Looked down the mighty gulf's profound defile.  
Alas! that Scottish eye should see the day,  
When bower, and field, and hall, in shattered ruin lay.

What deeds have past upon thy mountain shore;  
What sights have been reflected in thy tide;  
But dark and dim their tales have sunk from lore:  
Scarce is it now remembered on thy side  
Where fought Mac Colda, or Mac Phadian died.  
But lend me, for a while, thy silver shell,  
'Tis long since breath has waked its echo wide;  
Then list, while once again I raise its swell,  
And of thy olden day a fearful legend tell—

### INISHAIL.

"—— the convent on the *lovely isle*."

Inishail, the name of one of the islands in Loch Awe, signifies in Gaëlic "the lovely isle." It is not at present so worthy of this appellation as the neighbouring "Fraöch Elan," isle of heather, not having a tree or shrub upon its whole extent. At the period when it received its name, it might, however, have been better clothed; and still it has a fair and pleasant aspect: its extent is larger than that of any other island in the lake, and it is covered with a green turf, which, in spring, sends forth an abundant growth of brackens.

There formerly existed here a convent of Cistercian nuns; of whom it is said, that they were "memorable for the sanctity of

their lives and the purity of their manners: at the Reformation, when the innocents were involved with the guilty in the sufferings of the times, their house was suppressed, and the temporalities granted to Hay, the abbot of Inchaffrey, who, abjuring his former tenets of religion, embraced the cause of the reformers.\* Public worship was performed in the chapel of the convent till the year 1736: but a more commodious building having been erected on the south side of the lake, it has since been entirely forsaken; nothing now remains of its ruin but a small part of the shell, of which only a few feet are standing above the foundation. Of the remaining buildings of the order there exists no trace, except in some loose heaps of stones, and an almost obliterated mound, which marks the foundation of the outer wall. But the veneration that renders sacred to a Highlander the tombs of his ancestors, has yet preserved to the burying-ground its ancient sanctity. It is still used as a place of interment, and the dead are often brought from a distance to rest there among their kindred.

In older times the isle was the principal burying-place of many of the most considerable neighbouring families: among the tombstones are many shaped in the ancient form, like the lid of a coffin, and ornamented with carvings of fret-work, running figures, flowers, and the forms of warriors and two-handed swords. They are universally destitute of the trace of an inscription.

Among the chief families buried in Inishail were the Mac Nauchtans of Fraöch Elan, and the Campbells of Inbherau. Mr. Allan could not discover the spot appropriated to the former, nor any evidence of the gravestones which must have covered their tombs. The place of the Campbells, however, is yet pointed out. It lies on the south side of the chapel, and its site is marked by a large flat stone, ornamented with the arms of the family in high relief. The shield is supported by two warriors, and surmounted by a diadem, the signification and exact form of which it is difficult to decide; but the style of the carving and the costume of the figures do not appear to be later than the middle of the fifteenth century.

On the top of the distant hill over which the road from Inverara descends to Cladich there formerly stood a stone cross, erected on the spot where Inishail first became visible to the traveller. These crosses were

\* Statistical Account, vol. viii. p. 347.

general at such stations in monastic times, and upon arriving at their foot the pilgrims knelt and performed their reverence to the saint, whose order they were approaching. From this ceremony, the spot on the hill above-mentioned was and is yet called "the cross of bending."

### FRAOCH ELAN.

"The refuge tower grey  
Looked down the mighty gulf's profound defile."

The little castellated isle of "Fràoch Elan" lies at a short distance from Inishail, and was the refuge hold of the Mac Naughtans. It was given to the chief, Gilbert Mac Naughtan, by Alexander III. in the year 1276, and was held by the tenure of entertaining the king whenever he should pass Loch Awe. The original charter of the grant was lately in possession of Mr. Campbell of Auchlian, and a copy is to be found in "Sir James Balfour's Collection of Scottish Charters." The islet of "Fràoch Elan" is in summer the most beautiful in Scotland. On one side the rock rises almost perpendicular from the water. The lower part and the shore is embowered in tangled shrubs and old writhing trees. Above, the broken wall and only remaining gable of the castle looks out over the boughs; and on the north side a large ash-tree grows from the foundation of what was once the hall, and overshadows the ruin with its branches. Some of the window-niches are yet entire in the keep, and one of these peeping through the tops of the trees, shows a view of fairie beauty over the waters of the lake, and the woody banks of the opposite coast. In the summer, Fràoch Elan, like most of the islands in Loch Awe, is the haunt of a variety of gulls and wild fowl. They come from the sea-coast, a distance of twenty-four miles, to build and hatch their young. At this season, sheldrakes, grey gulls, kitaweaks, white ducks, teal, widgeon, and divers, abound in the Loch. Fràoch Elan is chiefly visited by the gulls, which hold the isle in joint tenure with a water-eagle who builds annually upon the top of the remaining chimney.

It is not very long since this beautiful isle has been delivered over to these inhabitants; for a great aunt of a neighbouring gentleman was born in the castle, and in "the forty-five," preparations were privately made there for entertaining the prince had he passed by Loch Awe.

From the name of Fràoch Elan some

have erroneously, and without any authority of tradition, assigned it as the dragon's isle,\* in the ancient Gælic legend of "Fràoch and the daughter of Mey." There is, in truth, no farther relation between one and the other, than in a resemblance of name between the island and the warrior. The island of the tale was called "Elan na Bheast," the Monster's Isle, and the lake in which it lay was named Loch Luina. This is still remembered to have been the ancient appellation of Loch Avich, a small lake about two miles north of Loch Awe. There is here a small islet yet called "Elan na Bheast," and the tradition of the neighbourhood universally affirms, that it was the island of the legend.

### RIVAL CHIEFS.

"Where fought Mac Colda, and Mac Phadian died."

"Alaister Mac Coll Cedach." Alexander, the son of left-handed Coll, was a Mac Donald, who made a considerable figure in the great civil war: he brought two thousand men to the assistance of Montrose, and received from him a commission of lieutenancy in the royal service. He is mentioned by contemporary writers, under the corrupted name of Kolkitto; but time has now drawn such a veil over his history, that it is difficult to ascertain with any degree of certainty from what family of the Mac Donalds he came. By some it is asserted, that he was an islesman; but by the most minute and seemingly authentic tradition, he is positively declared to have been an Irishman, and the son of the earl of Antrim.

Of his father there is nothing preserved but his name, his fate, and his animosity to the Campbells, with whom, during his life, he maintained with deadly assiduity the feud of his clan. It was his piper who was hanged at Dunaväig in Ceantir, and in his last hour saved the life of his chieftain by composing and playing the inexpressibly pathetic pibroch, "Colda mo Roon." But though he escaped at this juncture, Colda was afterwards taken by the Campbells, and hung in chains at Dunstaffnage. His death was the chief ground of that insatiate vengeance with which his son ever after pursued the followers of Argyle. Long after the death of his father, Alaister chanced to pass by Dunstaffnage in return from a descent which he had made in the Campbell's country. As he sailed near the

\* Statistical Account of Scotland, vol. viii. p. 346; and Pennant's Tour in Scotland, 1774, p. 217.

castle, he saw the bones of his father still hanging at the place where he had suffered, and swinging in the sea-breeze. He was so affected at the sight of the lamentable remains, that he solemnly vowed to revenge them by a fearful retribution, and hastening his return to Ireland gathered what force he was able, and sailing back to Scotland offered his services to Montrose. He was gladly accepted; and during the various adventures of the marquis in the Hielands, Alaister Mac Colda was one of the most valuable of his adherents; and his followers were accounted among the bravest and best experienced in the royal army. Some of their exploits are recorded in the "Leobhair Dearg," or "Red Book of Clanranald," and fully justify the fame which they received.

Alaister was present at the battle of Inbherlochic, and after the action he was sent with his followers to the country of Argyle. He entered the Campbell lands by Glen Eitive, and wherever he came put all who bore the name of that clan to fire and sword. As he marched down Glen Eitive, he crossed the bounds of the Mac Intires in Glen O, and in passing the house of their chieftain, a circumstance occurred, which gives a lively picture of the extent of the ancient respect paid by a clansman to the ties of his blood. The Mac Intires were originally descended from the Mac Donalds, and lived from time immemorial upon the border of the Campbells, between that race and the south-east march of the Clan Donald in Glen Coe. Upon the decline of the vast power of this sept after the fatal battle of Harlow, and upon the subsequent increase of power to the Campbells, the Mac Intires placed themselves under the latter clan, and lived with them as the most powerful of their followers. When Alaister Mac Colda passed through Glen O, he was not acquainted with the name of the place nor the race of its inhabitants; but knowing that he was within the bounds of the Campbells, he supposed that all whom he met were of that clan. Glen O was deserted at his approach, and it is probable that the men were even then in service with Argyle. Alaister, in his usual plan of vengeance, ordered fire to the house of the chieftain. A coal was instantly set in the roof, and the heather of which it was made was quickly in a blaze. Before, however, the flames had made much progress, Alaister was told that the house which he was burning was that of the chieftain of Mac Intire. The man of Mac Donald immediately commanded his people

to do their endeavour to extinguish the fire; "for," said he, "it is the house of our own blood."\* The flames were soon overcome, and Colda passed through the glen of the Mac Intires in peace into Glen Urcha, where he burnt and destroyed all within his reach. From hence he marched entirely round Loch Awe, carrying devastation through the ancient and original patrimony of the Campbells. As he passed by the Loch of Balle mòr, the inhabitants (a small race named Mac Chorchadell, and dependant upon the former clan) retired from their huts into the little castle of their chieftain, which is situated in the midst of the Loch. Being in no way connected with his enemies by blood, Alaister did not conceive that with them he held any feud, and quietly marched past their deserted habitations, without laying a hand upon their property. But as his men were drawing from the lake, one of the Mac Chorchadells fired upon their rear, and wounded a Mac Donald. Alaister instantly turned: "Poor little Mac Chorchadell," said he in Gaëlic, "I beg your pardon for my want of respect in passing you without stopping to pay my compliments; but since you will have it so, I will not leave you without notice."—He returned, and burnt every house in Balle mòr.

The power of the Campbells had been so broken at Inbherlochic, that it was not until Mac Colda had arrived near the west coast of their country, that they were again in a condition to meet him in a pitched fight. At length they encountered him on the skirt of the moss of Crenan, at the foot of a hill not far from Auchandaroch. The battle was fought with all the fury of individual and deadly hatred, but at last the fortune of Alaister prevailed, and the Campbells were entirely routed, and pursued with great slaughter off the field of battle. Some time afterwards they again collected what numbers they could gather, and once more offered battle to Alaister, as he was returning to Loch Awe. The conflict was fought at the ford of Ederline, the eastern extremity of the lake; but here the success of the Mac Donalds forsook them. They were entirely beaten and scattered, so that not six men were left together; and those who escaped from the field were cut off by their enemies, as they endeavoured

\* When the chieftain returned to his house, the coal which had so near proved its destruction, was found in the roof; it was taken out by order of Mac Intire, and preserved with great care by his descendants, till the late Glen O was driven to America by the misfortunes of the Highlands and the oppression of his superior.

to lurk out of their country. Of Alaister's fate each clan and each district has a different story. The Argyle Campbells say that he was killed at the ford, and a broadsword said to have been his, and to have been found on the field of battle, is at this day in the possession of Peter Mac Lellich (smith), at the croft of Dalmallie. The Louden Campbells, on the contrary, assert, that Alaister escaped from the overthrow, and wandering into Ayrshire, was slain by them while endeavouring to find a passage into Ireland. The Mac Donalds do not acknowledge either of these stories to be true, but relate that their chieftain not only escaped from the battle, but (though with much difficulty) effected his flight to Ireland, where a reward being set upon his head, he was at length, in an unguarded moment, when divested of his arms, slain by one of the republican troopers, by whom he was sought out.

The fate of Alaister Mac Colda is said to have been governed by that fatality, and predicted by that inspiration, which were once so firmly believed among the Highlanders. His foster-mother, says tradition, was gifted with the second sight; and, previous to his departure from Ireland, the chieftain consulted her upon the success of his expedition. "You will be victorious over all born of woman," replied the seer, "till you arrive at Goch-dum Gho; but when you come to that spot, your fortune shall depart for ever."—"Let it be so," said Alaister, "I shall receive my glory." He departed, and the spirit of his adventure and the hurry of enterprise, perhaps, banished from his mind the name of the fatal place. It was indeed one so insignificant and remote, that its knowledge was most probably confined to the circle of a few miles, and not likely to be restored to the notice of Mac Colda, by mention or inquiry. It was on the eve of his last battle, as his "bratach" was setting up at the ford of Ederline, that his attention was caught by a mill at a little distance; for some accidental reason he inquired its name:—"Mullian Goch-dum Gho," replied one of his men. The prediction was at once remembered. The enemy were at hand, and Alaister knew that he should fall. Convinced of the fatality of the prophecy, he sought not to retreat from the evil spot: the bourne of his fortune was past, and he only thought of dying as became him in the last of his fields. He made no comment upon the name of the place; but, concealing from his followers the connection which it bore with his fate, gave

directions for the proceedings of the approaching morning. In the battle he behaved as he was wont, and in the close of the day was seen fighting furiously with two of the Campbells, who appeared unable to overcome him. Nothing more was heard of him: his body was never discovered; but when the slain were buried by the conquerors, his claidh-mòr was found beneath a heap of dead.

Mac Phadian was an Irish captain, who, with a considerable body of his countrymen, assisted Edward I. of England in his war to subvert the independence of Scotland; but though he took a very active part in the turbulent period in which he lived, and possessed sufficient courage and talents to raise himself from obscurity to power, yet we have nothing left of his history but the account of his last enormities, and the overthrow and death which they finally brought. It is probable, that we are even indebted for this information to the celebrity of the man by whom he fell, and which in preserving the victory of the conqueror, has also perpetuated the memory of the vanquished.

The scene of the last actions of Mac Phadian lay in Lorn and Argyle; and the old people in the neighbourhood of Loch Awe still retain a tradition, which marks out the spot where he fell. Time, however, and the decay of recitation during the last century, have so injured all which remained of oral record, that the legend of Mac Phadian is now confined to a very few of the elder fox-hunters and shepherds of the country, and will soon pass into oblivion with those by whom it is retained—

Some time in the latter end of the year 1297, or the beginning of the year 1298, Edward made a grant to Mac Phadian of the lordships of Argyle and Lorn. The first belonged to sir Niel Campbell, knight, of Loch Awe, and chief of his clan; the second was the hereditary patrimony of John, chief of Mac Dougall. Sir Niel did his endeavour to resist the usurpation of his lands, and though fiercely beset by the traitor lords, Buchan, Athol, and Mentieth, he for some time maintained his independence against all their united attempts. But John of Lorn, who was himself in the interest and service of the English, and at that time in London, concurred with king Edward in the disposing of his territories, and received in remuneration a more considerable lordship. Mac Phadian did not, however, remain in quiet possession of his

ill-acquired domains; he was strongly opposed by Duncan of Lorn, uncle to the lord; but joining with Buchan, Athol, and Mentieth, he at length drove out his enemy, and compelled him to seek shelter with sir Niel Campbell. Upon this success the above-mentioned allies, at the head of a mixed and disorderly force gathered from all parts, and from all descriptions, Irish and Scots, to the amount of fifteen thousand men, made a barbarous inroad into Argyle, and suddenly penetrating into the district of Nether Loch Awe, wasted the country wherever they came, and destroyed the inhabitants without regard to age or sex. In this exigency the Campbell displayed that constancy and experience which had rendered his name celebrated among his countrymen. Unable to resist the intoxicated multitude of his enemies, with Duncan of Lorn, and three hundred of his veteran clansmen, he retired by the head of Loch Awe and the difficult pass of Brandir to the inaccessible heights of Craiganuni, and breaking down the bridge over the Awe below, prevented the pursuit of the enemy to his position. Nothing could be more masterly than the plan of this retreat.

Mac Phadian, thus baffled and outmanœuvred, not only failed in his object of offence, but found himself drawn into an intricate and desolate labyrinth, where his multitude encumbered themselves: the want of subsistence prevented him from remaining to blockade sir Niel, and his ignorance of the clues of the place made it difficult to extricate himself by a retreat. In this exigency he was desirous of returning to Nether Loch Awe, where there was abundance of cattle and game for the support of his men. At length he discovered a passage between the rocks and the water; the way was only wide enough for four persons to pass abreast; yet, as they were not in danger of pursuit, they retired in safety, and effected their march to the south side of the lake.

The measures employed by Wallace to relieve the Campbell, and to reach the fastness wherein Mac Phadian had posted himself, were romantic and daring——

Mac Phadian's followers were completely surprised and taken at disarray. They snatched their arms, and rushed to defend the pass with the boldest resolution. At the first onset the Scots bore back their enemies over five acres of ground; and Wallace, with his iron mace, made fearful havoc among the enemy. Encouraged, however, by Mac Phadian, the Irish came to the rescue; the battle thickened with

more stubborn fury; and for two hours was maintained with such obstinate eagerness on both sides, that neither party had any apparent advantage. At length the cause and valour of Wallace prevailed. The Irish gave way and fled, and the Scots of their party threw down their arms, and kneeled for mercy. Wallace commanded them to be spared for their birth sake, but urged forward the pursuit upon the Irish. Pent in by the rocks and the water, the latter had but little hope in flight. Many were overtaken and slain as they endeavoured to climb the crags, and two thousand were driven into the lake and drowned. Mac Phadian, with fifteen men, fled to a cave, and hoped to have concealed himself till the pursuit was over; but Duncan of Lorn having discovered his retreat, pursued and slew him with his companions; and having cut off the head of the leader, brought it to Wallace, and set it upon a stone high in one of the crags as a trophy of the victory.

In one of the steeps of Cruächan, nearly opposite the rock of Brandir, there is a secret cave, now only known to a very few of the old fox-hunters and shepherds: it is still called "Uagh Phadian," Mac Phadian's cave; and is asserted by tradition to be the place in which Mac Phadian died. The remembrance of the battle is nearly worn away, and the knowledge of the real cave confined to so few, that the den in which Mac Phadian was killed is generally believed to be in the cliffs of Craiganuni: this is merely owing to the appearance of a black chasm in the face of that height, and to a confusion between the action of Mac Phadian with Wallace, and his pursuit of sir Niel Campbell. But the chasm in Craiganuni, though at a distance it appears like the mouth of a cave, is but a cleft in the rock; and the few who retain the memory of the genuine tradition of the battle of the Wallace, universally agree that the cave in the side of Cruächan was that in which Mac Phadian was killed.

The "Bridal of Caölchain" is a legendary poem, founded upon a very slight tradition, concerning events which are related to have occurred during the absence of sir Colin Campbell on his expedition to Rome and Arragon. It is said by the tale, that the chieftain was gone ten years, and that his wife having received no intelligence of his existence in that time, she accepted the addresses of one of her husband's vassals, Mac Nab of Barachastailan. The

bridal was fixed; but on the day when it was to have been solemnized, the secret was imparted to sir Colin in Spain, by a spirit of the nether world. When the knight received the intelligence, he bitterly lamented the distance which prevented him from wreaking vengeance upon his presumptuous follower. The communicating spirit, either out of love for mischief, or from a private familiarity with sir Colin, promised to obviate this obstacle; and on the same day, before the bridal was celebrated, transported the chieftain in a blast of wind from Arragon to Glen Urcha. In what manner sir Colin proceeded, tradition does not say; it simply records, that the bridal was broken, but is silent upon the nature of the catastrophe. The legend is now almost entirely forgotten in the neighbourhood where its events are said to have taken place. "As far as I know," says Mr. Allan, "it is confined to one old man, named Malcolm Mac Nab, who lives upon the hill of Barachastailan; he is between eighty and ninety years of age, and the last of the race of ancient smiths, who remains in the place of his ancestors. A few yards from his cottage there is the foundation of one of those ancient circular forts built by the Celts, and so frequently to be met in the Highlands: these structures are usually ascribed by the vulgar to Fion and his heroes. In a neighbouring field, called 'Larich nam Fion,' there were formerly two others of these buildings; their walls of uncemented stone were not many years since entire, to the height of eight or nine feet; but they have since been pulled down and carried away to repair the neighbouring cottages: it is from these buildings that the hill received its name of 'Bar-a-chastailan,' the 'eminence of the castles.'"

The tide of centuries has rolled away  
O'er Innishail's solitary isle,  
The wind of ages and the world's decay  
Has swept upon the Campbells' fortress pile:  
And far from what they were is changed the while  
The monks' grey cloister, and the baron's keep.  
I've seen the sun within the dungeon smile,  
And in the bridal bower the ivy creep.  
I've stood upon the fane's foundation stone,  
Heard the grass sigh upon the cloister's heap,  
And sat upon the holy cross o'erthrown,  
And marked within the cell where warriors sleep,  
Beneath the broad grey stone the timorous rabbit peep.

The legend of the dead is past away  
As the dim eve amid the night doth fail.  
The memorie of the fearful bridal day  
Is parted from the people of the vale;  
And none are left to tell the weary tale,  
Save on yon lone green hill by Fion's tower

Yet lives a man bowed down with age and ail:  
Still tells he of the fearful legend's hour—  
It was his father fell within the bridal bower.

But though with man there is a weary waste,  
It is not so beyond the mortal way;  
With the unbodied spirits nought is spaced;  
But when the aged world has worn away,  
They look on earth where once their dwelling lay,  
And to their never-closing eye doth show  
All that has been—a fairie work of day;  
And all which here their mortal life did show,  
Yet lives in that which never may decay;  
When thought, and life, and memorie below  
Has sunk with all it bore of gladness or of woe.

At eventime on green Inchail's isle  
A dim grey form doth sit upon the hill:  
No shadow casts it in the moonshine smile,  
And in its folded mantle bowed and still  
No feature e'er it showed the twilight chill,  
But seems beneath its hood a void grey.  
The owl, when it comes, cries wild and shrill;  
The moon grows dim when shows it in its ray,  
None saw it e'er depart;—but it is not at day.

By Caolchairn at night when all is still,  
And the black otter issues from his lair,  
He hears a voice along the water chill,  
It seems to speak amid the cloudy air;  
But some have seen beyond the Donjon stair  
Where now the floor from the wall is gone,  
A form dim standing 'mid the ether fair,  
No light upon its fixed eye there shone,  
And yet the blood seems wet upon its bosom wan.

## MY ARM-CHAIR.

### *For the Table Book.*

In my humble opinion an arm-chair is far superior to a sofa; for although I bow to Cowper's judgment, (who assigned the superiority to the sofa,) yet we must recollect that it was in compliance with the request of a fair lady that he chose that subject for praise: he might have eulogized in equal terms an arm-chair, had he consulted his own feelings and appreciation of comfort. I acknowledge the "soft recumbency of outstretched limbs," so peculiar to the sofa—the opportunity afforded the fair sex of displaying grace and elegance of form, while reposing in easy negligence on a Grecian couch—but then think of the snug comfort of an easy-chair. Its very name conveys a multitude of soothing ideas: its commodious repose for your back; its generous and unwearied support of your head; its outstretched arms wooing you to its embraces:—think on these things, and ask yourself if it be possible to withstand its affectionate and disinterested advances.

On entering a room where there is an easy-chair, you are struck by the look of conscious self-importance which seems to distinguish it as the monarch of all the surrounding chairs; there is an appearance of regal superiority about it, blended, however, with such a charming condescension, that you immediately avail yourself of its gracious inclination to receive the *burden* of your homage.

There is one kind of arm-chair for which I entertain a very resentful feeling, it *assumes* the title of an *easy*-chair to induce you to believe it one of that amiable fraternity, whereas it only claims kindred on account of its shape, and is in reality the complete antipodes of ease—I mean the horse-hair arm-chair. Its arms, like those of its brethren, invite you to repose; but, if you attempt it, you are repulsed by an ambush of sharp shooting prickles. It is like a person who has a desire to please and obtain you for his friend, but who is of so incorrigibly bad a temper that attachment is impossible. If you try to compose yourself with one of these pretenders, by endeavouring to protect the back of your head with your pocket-handkerchief for a pillow, you either dream that you are under the hands of a surgeon who is cupping you on the cheek, or that you are transformed into your cousin Lucy, and struggling to avoid being kissed by old Mr. D—, who does not shave above once a week. When you awake, you discover that your face has slipped off the handkerchief, and come immediately in contact with the *chevaux de frise* of bristles.

As an excellent specimen of an easy-chair, I select the one I at present occupy. Its ancient magnificence of red damask silk—embossed in wavy flowers and curved arabesques, surrounded by massive gilt carving—is now shrouded with an unostentatious covering of white dimity. This, however, does not compromise its dignity—it is rather a resignation of fatiguing splendour, and the assumption of the ease suitable to retirement in old age. Perhaps a happy father once sat in it surrounded by his smiling offspring: some climbing up the arms; others peeping over the lofty back, aiming to cling round his neck; his favourite little girl insinuating herself behind him, while he gazes with affectionate but anxious thoughts on the countenance of his eldest son, standing between his knees. Perhaps two lovers once sat in it *together*, although there were plenty of other chairs in the room. (For fear some of my fair readers should be incredulous, I beg leave

to assure them that it is quite possible for two people to sit together in an arm-chair, if they choose to be accommodating; therefore I would not have them dislike an easy-chair on the plea of its being *unsocial*.) Perhaps it may have been the means of concealment—in a similar way with the arm-chair in “*Le Nozze di Figaro*.” Often have I when a child curled myself round in it, and listened to my old nurse’s wonderful stories, till I have fallen fast asleep. Often have I since enjoyed many a delightful book, while lolling indolently enclosed in its soft, warm, cushioned sides—

M. H.

## Garrick Plays.

No. XXII.

[From “*Querere Por Solo Querere* :” concluded from last Number.]

### *Address to Solitude.*

Sweet Solitude! still Mirth! that fear’st no wrong,  
Because thou dost none: Morning all day long!  
Truth’s sanctuary! Innocency’s spring!  
Inventions Limbeck! Contemplation’s wing!  
Peace of my soul, which I too late pursued;  
That know’st not the world’s vain inquietude:  
Where friends, the thieves of time, let us alone  
Whole days, and a man’s hours are all his own.

### *Song in praise of the Same.*

Solitude, of friends the best,  
And the best companion;  
Mother of truths, and brought at least  
Every day to bed of one:  
In this flowery mansion  
I contemplate how the rose  
Stands upon thorns, how quickly goes  
The dismaying jessamine:  
Only the soul, which is divine,  
No decay of beauty knows.  
The World is Beauty’s Mirror. Flowers,  
In their first virgin purity,  
Flatt’ers both of the nose and eye.—  
To be cropt by paramours  
Is their best of destiny:  
And those nice darlings of the land,  
Which seem’d heav’n’s painted bow to scorn,  
And bloom’d the envy of the morn,  
Are the gay trophy of a hand.

### *Unwilling to love again.*

—sadly I do live in fear,  
For, though I would not fair appear,  
And though in truth I am not fair,  
Haunted I am like those that are;



And here, among these rustling leaves,  
 With which the wanton wind must play,  
 Inspired by it, my sense perceives  
 This snowy Jasmin whispering say,  
 How much more frolic, white, and fair  
 In her green lattice she doth stand,  
 To enjoy the free and cooler air,  
 Than in the prison of a hand.\*

*Loving without hope.*

I look'd if underneath the cope  
 Were one that loved, and did not hope ;  
 But from his nobler soul remove  
 That *modern heresy in love* :  
 When, hearing a shrill voice, I turn,  
 And lo ! a sweet-tongued Nightingale,  
 Tender adorer of the Morn,—  
 In him I found that One and All.  
 For that same faithful bird and true,  
 Sweet and kind and constant lover,  
 Wond'rous passion did discover,  
 From the terrace of an eugh.  
 And tho' ungrateful she appear'd  
 Unmoved with all she saw and beard ;  
 Every day, before 'twas day,  
 More and kinder things he'd say.  
 Courteous, and never to be lost,  
 Return'd not with complaints, but praise ;  
 Loving, and all at his own cost ;  
 Suffering, and without hope of ease ;  
 For with a sad and trembling throat  
 He breathes into her breast this note :  
 " I love thee not, to make thee mine ;  
 But love thee, 'cause thy form's divino."

*The True Absence in Love.*

Zelidaura, star divine,  
 That do'st in highest orb of beauty shine ;  
 Pardon'd Murd'ress, by that heart  
 Itself, which thou dost kill, and coveted smart :  
 Though my walk so distant lies  
 From the sunshine of thine eyes ;  
 Into sullen shadows hurl'd,  
 To lie here buried from the world ;  
 'Tis the least reason of my moan,  
 That so much earth is 'twixt us thrown.  
 'Tis absence of another kind,  
 Grieves me ; for where you are present too,  
 Love's Geometry does find,  
 I have ten thousand miles to you.  
 'Tis not absence to be far,  
 But to abhor is to absent ;  
 To those who in disfavour are,  
 Sight itself is banishment.†

*To a Warriouress.*

Heav'n, that created thee thus warlike, stole  
 Into a woman's body a man's soul.  
 But nature's law in vain dost thou gainsay ;  
 The woman's valour lies another way.

The dress, the tear, the blush, the witching eye,  
 More witching tongue, are beauty's armoury :  
 To raily ; to discourse in companies,  
 Who's fine, who courtly, who a wit, who wise ;  
 And with the awing sweetness of a Dame,  
 As conscious of a face can tigers tame,  
 By tasks and circumstances to discover,  
 Amongst the best of Princes, the best Lover ;  
 (The fruit of all those flowers) who serves with most  
 Self diffidence, who with the greatest boast ;  
 Who twists an eye of Hope in braids of Fear ;  
 Who silent (made for nothing but to bear  
 Sweet scorn and injuries of love) envies  
 Unto his tongue the treasure of his eyes :  
 Who, without vaunting shape, hath only wit ;  
 Nor knows to hope reward, tho' merit it :  
 Then, out of all, to make a choice so rare,  
 So lucky-wise, as if thou wert not fair.\*

*All mischiefs reparable but a lost Love.*

1.

A second Argo, freighted  
 With fear and avarice,  
 Between the sea and skies  
 Hath penetrated  
 To the new world, unworn  
 With the red footsteps of the snowy morn,

2.

Thirsty of mines ;  
 She comes rich back ; and (the curl'd rampire past  
 Of watry mountains, cast  
 Up by the winds)  
 Ungrateful shelf near home  
 Gives her usurped gold a silver home.

3.

A devout Pilgrim, who  
 To foreign temple bare  
 Good pattern, fervent prayer,  
 Spurr'd by a pious vow ;  
 Measuring so large a space,  
 That earth lack'd regions for his plants† to trace ;

4.

Joyful returns, tho' poor :  
 And, just by his abode,  
 Falling into a road  
 Which laws did ill secure,  
 Sees plunder'd by a thief  
 (O happier man than I ! for 'tis) his life.

5.

Conspicuous grows a Tree,  
 Which wanton did appear,  
 First fondling of the year.  
 With smiling bravery,  
 And in his blooming pride  
 The Lower House of Flowers did deride :

\* Claridiana, the Enchanted Queen, speaks this, and the following speech.

† Claridoro, rival to Felisbravo, speaks this.

\* Addressed to Zelidaura.

† Soles of his feet.

6.

When his silk robes and fair  
 (His youth's embroidery,  
 The crownet of a spring,  
 Narcissus of the air)  
 Rough Boreas doth confound,  
 And with his trophies strews the scorned ground.

7.

Trusted to tedious hope  
 So many months the Corn;  
 Which now begins to turn  
 Into a golden crop:  
 The lusty grapes, (which plump  
 Are the last farewell of the summer's pomp)

8.

How spacious spreads the vine!—  
 Nursed up with how much care,  
 She lives, she thrives, grows fair;  
 'Bout her loved Elm doth twine:—  
 Comes a cold cloud; and lays,  
 In one, the fabric of so many days.

9.

A silver River small  
 In sweet accents  
 His music vents,  
 (The warbling virginal,  
 To which the merry birds do sing—  
 Timed with stops of gold\* the silver string);

10.

He steals by a greenwood  
 With fugitive feet;  
 Gay, jolly, sweet:  
 Comes me a troubled flood;  
 And scarcely one sand stays,  
 To be a witness of his golden days.—

11.

The Ship's upweigh'd;  
 The Pilgrim made a Saint;  
 Next spring re-crowns the Plant;  
 Winds raise the Corn, was laid;  
 The Vine is pruned;  
 The Rivulet new tuned:—  
 But in the Ill I have  
 I'm left alive only to dig my grave.

12.

Lost Beauty, I will die,  
 But I will thee recover;  
 And that I die not instantly,  
 Shews me more perfect Lover:  
 For (my Soul gone before)  
 I live not now to live, but to deplore.

C. L.

## WELSH WEDDINGS.

*From a Lady—To the Editor.*

Sir,—If a brief account of the manner of celebrating marriage in some parts of Wales should afford entertainment to your readers, I shall feel gratified.

The early part of my life was spent at a village in the mountainous part of Glamorganshire, called Myrther Tidvel. Since then it has become a considerable place for the manufactory of iron, and I expect both the manners and inhabitants are much changed: the remembrance of its rural and lovely situation, and of the simplicity of its humble villagers, when I lived amongst them, often produces in my mind the most pleasing sensations.

Some weeks previous to a wedding taking place, a person, well-known in the parish, went round and invited all, without limitation or distinction, to attend. As the ceremonies were similar I shall select one, as an illustration, in which I took part as bride's-maid to a much valued servant.

On the evening previous to the marriage, a considerable company assembled at the bride's father's, and in a short time the sound of music proclaimed the approach of the bridegroom. The bride and her company were then shut up in a room, and the house-doors locked; great and loud was the cry for admittance from without, till I was directed, as bride's-maid, by an elderly matron, to open the window, and assist the bridegroom to enter, which being done the doors were set open, and his party admitted. A room was set apart for the young people to dance in, which continued for about an hour, and having partaken of a common kind of cake and warm ale, spiced and sweetened with sugar, the company dispersed.

At eight, next morning, I repaired to the house of the bridegroom, where there had assembled in the course of an hour about one hundred and fifty persons: he was a relation to the dissenting minister, a man highly esteemed; and he was much respected on that as well as his own account. The procession set out, preceded by a celebrated harper playing "Come, haste to the wedding;" the bridegroom and I came next, and were followed by the large company. At the door of the bride's father we were met by the bride, led by her brother, who took their station behind the bridegroom and me; her company joining, and adding nearly as many again to the procession: we then proceeded to the church, the music playing as before. After the

\* Allusion to the Tagus, and golden sands.

ceremony the great door of the church was opened, and the bride and her maid having changed their partners were met at it by the harper, who struck up "Joy to the bridegroom," and led the way to a part of the church-yard never used as a burial-ground; there placing himself under a large yew-tree the dancers immediately formed, the bride and bridegroom leading off the two first dances,—“The beginning of the world,” and “My wife shall have her way:” these are never danced but on like occasions, and then invariably.

By this time it was twelve o'clock, and the bride and bridegroom, followed by a certain number, went into the house, where a long table was tastefully set out with bread of two kinds, one plain and the other with currants and seeds in it; plates of ornamented butter; cold and toasted cheese; with ale, some warmed and sweetened. The bride and her maid were placed at the head of the table, and the bridegroom and her brother at the bottom. After the company had taken what they liked, a plate was set down, which went round, each person giving what they chose, from two to five shillings; this being done, the money was given to the bride, and the company resigned their places to others; and so on in succession till all had partaken and given what they pleased. Dancing was kept up till seven, and then all dispersed. At this wedding upwards of thirty pounds was collected.

In an adjoining parish it was the custom for the older people to go the evening before, and take presents of wheat, meal, cheese, tea, sugar, &c., and the young people attended next day, when the wedding was conducted much in the way I have described, but smaller sums of money were given.

This method of forwarding young people has always appeared to me a pleasing trait in the Welsh character; but it only prevails amongst the labouring classes.

When a farmer's daughter, or some young woman, with a fortune of from one hundred to two hundred pounds, marries, it is generally very privately, and she returns to her father's house for a few weeks, where her friends and neighbours go to see her, but none go empty-handed. When the appointed time arrives for the young man to take home his wife, the elderly women are invited to attend the *starald*, that is, the furniture which the young woman provides; in general it is rather considerable. It is conveyed in great order, there being fixed rules as to the arti-

cles to be moved off first, and those which are to follow. I have thought this a pleasing sight, the company being all on horseback, and each matron in her appointed station, the nearest relations going first; all have their allotted basket or piece of small furniture, a horse and car following afterwards with the heavier articles. The next day the young couple are attended by the younger part of their friends, and this is called a *turmant*, and is frequently preceded by music. The derivation of *starald* and *turmant* I never could learn, though I have frequently made the inquiry.

I am, sir, &c. &c.

A. B.

### CUMBERLAND WEDDINGS.

In Cumberland, and some other parts of the north of England, they have a custom called a “bridewain,” or the public celebration of a wedding. A short time after a match is entered into, the parties give notice of it; in consequence of which the whole neighbourhood, for several miles round, assemble at the bridegroom's house, and join in various pastimes of the county. This meeting resembles the wakes or revels celebrated in other places; and a plate or bowl is fixed in a convenient place, where each of the company contributes in proportion to his inclination and ability, and according to the degree of respect the parties are held in; by which laudable custom a worthy couple have frequently been benefited with a supply of money, from fifty to a hundred pounds. The following advertisements are from Cumberland newspapers:—

#### INVITATION.

Suspend for one day your cares and your labours,  
And come to this wedding, kind friends and good neighbours.

NOTICE is hereby given, that the marriage of Isaac Pearson with Frances Atkinson, will be solemnized in due form in the parish church of Lamplugh, in Cumberland, on Tuesday next, the 30th of May inst. (1786); immediately after which the bride and bridegroom, with their attendants, will proceed to Lonefoot, in the said parish, where the nuptials will be celebrated by a variety of rural entertainments.

Then come one and all  
At Hymen's soft call,

From Whitehaven, Workington, Harington, Dean,  
Hail, Ponsobly, Elaing, and all places between;  
From Egremont, Cocker-mouth, Barton, St. Bee's,  
Cint, Kinnyside, Calder, and parts such as these;  
And the country at large may flock in if they please.

Such sports there will be as have seldom been seen,  
Such wrestling and fencing, and dancing between,  
And races for prizes, for frolic and fun,  
By horses and asses, and dogs, will be run,  
That you'll go home happy—as sure as a gun.  
In a word, such a wedding can ne'er fail to please;  
For the sports of Olympus were trifles to these.

*Nota Bene*—You'll please to observe that the day  
Of this grand bridal pomp is the thirtieth of May,  
When 'tis hop'd that the sun, to enliven the sight,  
Like the flambeau of Hymen, will deign to burn bright.

#### Another Advertisement.

##### BRIDEWAIN.

There let Hymen oft appear,  
In saffron robe and taper clear,  
And pomp and feast and revelry,  
With mask and antic pageantry;  
Such sights as youthful poets dream,  
On summer eyes by haunted stream.

George Hayto, who married Anne, the daughter of Joseph and Dinah Colin, of Crosby mill, purposes having a Bridewain at his house at Crosby, near Maryport, on Thursday, the 7th day of May next, (1789), where he will be happy to see his friends and well-wishers; for whose amusement there will be a variety of races, wrestling-matches, &c. &c. The prizes will be—a saddle, two bridles, a pair of *gands d'amour*, gloves, which, whoever wins, is sure to be married within the twelvemonths; a girdle (*ceinture de Venus*) possessing qualities not to be described; and many other articles, sports, and pastimes, too numerous to mention, but which can never prove tedious in the exhibition.

From fashion's laws and customs free,  
We welcome sweet variety;  
By turns we laugh, and dance, and sing;  
Time's for ever on the wing;  
And nymphs and swains on Cumbria's plain,  
Present the golden age again.

#### A GOOD EXCUSE.

In the Court of Session in Scotland, the judges who do not attend, or give a proper excuse for their absence, are, by law, liable to a fine; but it is common, on the first day of the session, for the absentee to send an excuse to the lord president. Lord Stonefield having sent such an excuse, on the president mentioning it, the late lord justice clerk Braxfield said, in his broad dialect, "What excuse can a stout fallow like him hae?" "My lord," said the president, "he has lost his wife." The justice, who was fitted with a Xanthippe, replied, "Has he? that is a gude excuse indeed; I wish we had a' the same."

#### EARLY RISING.

Buffon rose always with the sun, and he used often to tell by what means he had accustomed himself to get out of bed so early. "In my youth," said he, "I was very fond of sleep; it robbed me of a great deal of my time; but my poor Joseph (his domestic) was of great service in enabling me to overcome it. I promised to give Joseph a crown every time that he could make me get up at six. The next morning he did not fail to awake and torment me; but he received only abuse. The day after he did the same, with no better success, and I was obliged at noon to confess that I had lost my time. I told him, that he did not know how to manage his business; that he ought to think of my promise, and not to mind my threats. The day following he employed force; I begged for indulgence, I bid him begone, I stormed, but Joseph persisted. I was therefore obliged to comply, and he was rewarded every day for the abuse which he suffered at the moment when I awoke, by thanks, accompanied with a crown, which he received about an hour after. Yes, I am indebted to poor Joseph for ten or a dozen of the volumes of my work."

#### PUNCTUALITY.

"A QUARTER BEFORE."

Industry is of little avail, without a habit of very easy acquirement—punctuality: on this jewel the whole machinery of successful industry may be said to turn.

When lord Nelson was leaving London on his last, but glorious, expedition against the enemy, a quantity of cabin furniture was ordered to be sent on board his ship. He had a farewell dinner party at his house; and the upholsterer having waited upon his lordship, with an account of the completion of the goods, he was brought into the dining-room, in a corner of which his lordship spoke with him. The upholsterer stated to his noble employer, that every thing was finished, and packed, and would go in the waggon, from a certain inn, at *six o'clock*. "And you go to the inn, Mr. A., and see them off." "I shall, my lord; I shall be there punctually at *six*." "A quarter before six, Mr. A.," returned lord Nelson; "be there a quarter before: to that *quarter of an hour* I owe every thing in life."



## Reading the Newspaper.

The folio of four pages, happy work!  
Which not even critics criticize.—*Cowper.*

A venerable old man is, as the reader of a newspaper, still more venerable; for his employment implies that nature yet lives in him; — that he is anxious to learn how much better the world is on his leaving it, than it was when he came into it. When he reads of the meddlings of over-legislation, he thinks of “good old times,” and feels with the poet—

But times are alter'd; trade's unfeeling train  
Usurp the laud and dispossess the swain;  
Along the lawn where scatter'd hamlets rose,  
Unwieldy wealth and cumbrous pomp repose;  
And ev'ry want to luxury ally'd,  
And ev'ry pang that folly pays to pride.  
Those gentle hours that plenty bade to bloom,  
Those calm desires that ask'd but little room;  
Those healthful sports that grac'd the peaceful scene,  
Liv'd in each look, and brighten'd all the green;

These, far departing, seek a kinder shore,  
And rural mirth and manners are no more.

He reads of proposals for extending the poor-laws to one part of the United Kingdom not yet cursed with that sure and certain means of increasing the growth of poverty—he reads of schemes of emigration for an alleged surplus of human beings from all parts of the empire—he reads of the abundance of public wealth, and of the increase of private distress—and he remembers, that

A time there was, ere England's griefs began,  
When ev'ry rood of ground maintain'd its man;  
For him light labour spread her wholesome store,  
Just gave what life requir'd, but gave no more:  
His best companions, innocence and health;  
And his best riches, ignorance of wealth.

The old man, who thus reads and recollects, has seen too much of factions to be a partisan. His only earthly interest is the good of his country. A change in the administration is to him of no import, if it bring not blessings to the present generation that entail a debt of gratitude upon posterity. Alterations in public affairs, if violently effected, he scarcely expects will be lasting, and loves human nature too well to desire them; yet he does not despair of private undertakings on account of their novelty or vastness; and therefore he was among the earliest promoters of vaccination, and of Winsor's plan for lighting the streets with gas. He was a proprietor of the first vessel navigated by steam, and would rather fail with Brunel than succeed at court.

The old man's days are few. He has discovered that the essential requisites of human existence are small in number; and that in strength itself there is weakness. He speculates upon ruling mankind by the law of kindness; and, as a specimen of the possibility, he kindles good-will with the materials of strife.

\*

## Garrick Plays.

### No. XXIII.

[From the "Downfall of Robert, Earl of Huntingdon," an Historical Play, by T. Heywood, 1601.]

#### *Chorus ; Skelton, the Poet.*

*Skelton, (to the Audience).* The Youth that leads yon virgin by the hand;

As doth the Sun the Morning richly clad,  
Is our Earl Robert—or your Robin Hood—  
That in those days was Earl of Huntingdon.

*Robin recounts to Marian the pleasures of a forest life.*

*Robin.* Marian, thou see'st, tho' courtly pleasures want,

Yet country sport in Sherwood is not scant:  
For the soul-ravishing delicious sound  
Of instrumental music, we have found  
The winged quiristers, with divers notes  
Sent from their quaint recording pretty throats,  
On every branch that compasseth our bower,  
Without command contenting us each hour.  
For arras hangings and rich tapestry,  
We have sweet Nature's best embroidery.  
For thy steel glass, wherein thou won't'st to look,  
Thy chrystal eyes gaze in a chrystal brook.  
At Court a flower or two did deck thy head;  
Now with whole garlands it is circled:

For what we want in wealth, we have in flowers;  
And what we lose in halls, we find in bowers.

*Marian.* Marian hath all, sweet Robert, having thee;  
And guesses thee as rich in having me.

*Scarlet recounts to Scathlock the pleasures of an Outlaw's life.*

*Scarlet.* It's full seven years since we were outlaw first,

And wealthy Sherwood was our heritage.  
For all those years we reigned uncontroll'd,  
From Barnsdale shrogs to Nottingham's red cliffs.  
At Blithe and Tickhill were we welcome guests;  
Good George-a-green at Bradford was our friend,  
And wanton Wakefield's Pinner loved us well.  
At Barnsley dwells a Potter tough and strong,  
That never brook'd we brethren should have wrong.  
The Nuns of Farnsfield, pretty Nuns they be,  
Gave napkins, shirts, and bands, to him and me.  
Bateman of Kendal gave us Kendal green,  
And Sharpe of Leeds sharp arrows for us made.  
At Rotherham dwelt our Bowyer, God him bliss;  
Jackson he hight, his bows did never miss.

*Fitzwater, banished, seeking his daughter Matilda (Robin's Marian) in the forest of Sherwood, makes his complaint.*

*Fitz.* Well did he write, and mickle did he know,  
That said "This world's felicity was woe,  
Which greatest states can hardly undergo."  
Whilom Fitzwater in fair England's Court  
Possest felicity and happy state,  
And in his hall blithe Fortune kept her sport;  
Which glee one hour of woe did ruinate.  
Fitzwater once had castles, towns, and towers;  
Fair gardens, orchards, and delightful bowers;  
But now nor garden, orchard, town, nor tower,  
Hath poor Fitzwater left within his power.  
Only wide walks are left me in the world,  
Which these stiff limbs will hardly let me tread:  
And when I sleep, heavn's glorious canopy  
Me and my mossy couch doth overspread.

*He discovers Robin Hood sleeping; Marian strewing flowers over him.*

*Fitz.* — in good time see where my comfort stands,  
And by her lies dejected Huntingdon.  
Look how my Flower holds flowers in her hands,  
And flings those sweets upon my sleeping son.

*Feigns himself blind, to try if she will know him.*

*Marian.* What aged man art thou? or by what chance

Camest thou thus far into the wayless wood?

*Fitz.* Widow, or wife, or maiden, if thou be;  
Lend me thy hand: thou see'st I cannot see.  
Blessing betide thee! little feel'st thou want;  
With me, good child, food is both hard and scant.  
These smooth even veins assure me, He is kind,  
Whate'er he be, my girl, that thee doth find.

I poor and old am rest of all earth's good ;  
And desperately am crept into this wood,  
To seek the poor man's patron, Robin Hood.

*Marian.* And thou art welcome, welcome, aged man,  
Aye ten times welcome to Maid Marian.  
Here's wine to cheer thy heart ; drink, aged man.  
There's venison, and a knife ; here's manchet fine.—  
*My Robin stirs : I must sing him asleep.*

### A Judgment.

#### A Wicked Prior. *Servantman.*

*Prior.* What news with you, Sir ?

*Serv.* Ev'n heavy news, my Lord ; for the light fire,  
Falling in manner of a fire-drake  
Upon a barn of yours, hath burnt six barns,  
And not a strike of corn reserv'd from dust.  
No hand could save it ; yet ten thousand hands  
Labour'd their best, though none for love of you :  
For every tongue with bitter cursing bann'd  
Your Lordship, as the viper of the land.

*Prior.* What meant the villains ?

*Serv.* Thus and thus they cried :

" Upon this churl, this hoarder up of corn,  
This spoiler of the Earl of Huntingdon,  
This lust-defiled, merciless, false Prior,  
Heav'n raineth judgment down in shape of fire."  
Old wives that scarce could with their crutches creep,  
And little babes that newly learn'd to speak,  
Men masterless that thorough want did weep,  
All in one voice with a confused cry  
In execrations bann'd you bitterly.  
' Plague follow plague," they cried ; " he hath undone  
The good Lord Robert, Earl of Huntingdon."

[From " *Phyllis of Scyros*," a Dramatic  
Pastoral, Author Unknown, 1655.]

### True Love irremovable by Death.

#### *Serpilla.* *Phyllis.*

*Serpilla.* *Thyrsis* believes thee dead, and justly may  
Within his youthful breast then entertain  
New flames of love, and yet therein be free  
From the least show of doing injury  
To that rich beauty which he thinks extinct,  
And happily hath mourn'd for long ago :  
But when he shall perceive thee here alive,  
His old lost love will then with thee revive.

*Phyllis.* That love, *Serpilla*, which can be removed  
With the light breath of an imagined death,  
Is but a faint weak love ; nor care I much  
Whether it live within, or still lie dead.  
Ev'n I myself believ'd him long ago  
Dead, and enclosed within an earthen urn ;  
And yet, abhorring any other love,  
I only loved that pale-faced beauty still ;  
And those dry bones, dissolved into dust :  
And underneath their ashes kept alive  
The lively flames of my still-burning fire.

*Celia*, being put to sleep by an ineffectual  
poison, waking believes herself to be among  
the dead. The old Shepherd *Narete* finds

her, and re-assures her of her still being  
alive.

*Shepherd.* *Celia*, thou talkest idly ; call again  
Thy wandering senses ; thou art yet alive.  
And, if thou wilt not credit what I say,  
Look up, and see the heavens turning round ;  
The sun descending down into the west,  
Which not long since thou saw'st rise in the east ;  
Observe, that with the motion of the air  
These fading leaves do fall :—  
In the infernal region of the deep  
The sun doth never rise, nor ever set ;  
Nor doth a falling leaf there e'er adorn  
Those black eternal plants.  
Thou still art on the earth 'mongst mortal men,  
And still thou livest. I am *Narete*. These  
Are the sweet fields of *Scyros*. Know'st thou not  
The meadow where the fountain springs ? this wood ?  
*Euro's* great mountain, and *Ormino's* hill ;  
The hill where thou wert born ?

*Thyrsis*, upbraided by *Phyllis* for loving  
another, while he supposed her dead, re-  
plies—

*Thyrsis.* O do not turn thy face another way.  
Perhaps thou thinkest, by denying thus  
That lovely visage to these eyes of mine,  
To punish my misdeeds ; but think not so.  
Look on me still, and mark me what I say,  
(For, if thou know'st it not, I'll tell thee then),  
A more severe revenger of thy wrongs  
Thou canst not have than those fair eyes of thine,  
Which by those shining beams that wound my heart  
Punish me more than all the world can do.  
What greater pain canst thou inflict on me,  
Than still to keep as fire before my face  
That lovely beauty, which I have betray'd ;  
That beauty, I have lost ?

### NIGHT breaks off her speech.\*

NIGHT.—But stay ! for there methinks I see the  
Sun,  
Eternal Painter, now begin to rise,  
And limn the heavens in vermilion dye ;  
And having dipt his pencil, aptly framed,  
Already in the colour of the morn,  
With various temper he doth mix in one  
Darkness and Light : and drawing curiously  
Strait golden lines quite thro' the dusky sky,  
A rough draught of the day he seems to yield,  
With red and tawny in an azure field.—  
Already, by the clattering of their bits,  
Their gingling harness, and their neighing sounds,  
I hear *Eous* and fierce *Pirous*  
Come panting on my back ; and therefore I  
Must fly away. And yet I do not fly,  
But follow on my regulated course,  
And those eternal Orders I received  
From the First Mover of the Universe.

C. L.

\* In the Prologue.

## The Drama.

The following communication from "a-matter-of-fact" correspondent, controverts an old dramatist's authority on an historical point. It should be recollected, however, that poets have large license, and that few playwrights strictly adhere to facts without injury to poetical character and feeling. The letter is curious, and might suggest an amusing parallel in the manner of Plutarch, between the straightforward character and the poetical one.

### KING JOHN AND MATILDA.

*To the Editor.*

Sir,—Having been in the country during the publication of the first parts of the *Table Book*, I have but now just bought them; and on perusing them, I find in part 1, col. 112 et infra, Mr. C. Lamb's first specimen of the Garrick Plays, called "King John and Matilda;" wherein the said Matilda, the daughter of the old baron Fitzwater\* is supposed to be poisoned by King John's order, in a nunnery. She is especially entitled therein as "immaculate"—"Virtue's white virgin,"—and "maid and martyr." Now, sir, I presume it to be well known, that in the best legends extant of the times of Richard I. and John, this identical Matilda, or Maud Fitzwater, is chronicled as the *chère amie* and companion of the outlawed Robert Fitzooth, earl of Huntingdon, whom, as "Robin Hood," she followed as "*Maid Marian*;" and with whom, on his restoration to his honours by king Richard, (to his earldom and estates.) she intermarried, and became countess of Huntingdon, and was in every respect a wife, though we have no records whether she ever became a mother; and that when by king John the earl was again outlawed, and driven to the wilds of Sherwood forest, his countess also again shared his misfortunes, and a second time took the name of "*Maid Marian*," (then rather a misnomer,) as he did that of "*Robin Hood*."

During the first outlawry of Robin Hood, and while Marian, or more properly Matilda, was yet a *maid*, John (then prince John, Richard being in Palestine) made overtures to the old baron Fitzwalter for his daughter as a mistress, and being refused, and finding she was in the society of Robin Hood and his merry men, attacked them, and a bloody fray ensued; during

which, John and Matilda (in the *male* costume of forest green) met, and fought: John required her to yield, and she as resolutely desired him, in a reproachful taunt, to *win* her first; and so stoutly did she belabour him, as the rest of the foresters did his party also, that he was constrained to yield, and to withdraw from a contest in which nothing was to be got but blows.

We hear nothing more of any attempts of John's to molest her or her party till after the death of Richard, and his own accession to the throne, when he spitefully ousted the earl and countess from their honours and possessions, and confiscated all to his own use; and thus this unfortunate pair, as I have above stated, were again constrained to quit the castle for the forest.

But it is certain, that long before John became king, Matilda, alias Maud, alias Marian, had ceased to be a maid; and we have no account of any attempts whatsoever made by king John upon or against the quondam Matilda Fitzwalter, afterwards alternately Maid Marian and countess of Huntingdon. Indeed all the legends of Robin Hood's life present "*Maid Marian*" as having lived with him unmolested by any such attempts during the whole of his *second outlawry*, and as having survived Robin's tragical end; though of her subsequent fate, they are all silent, expressing themselves indeed ignorant of what was her destiny. Certainly she may then have retired into a nunnery, but at all events not as Matilda Fitzwalter; for she had been legally married and formally acknowledged by Richard I. as countess of Huntingdon; and as she spent the last part of her fellowship with her husband in Sherwood forest under her romantic forest appellation, it is scarcely probable that she would resume her title on entering into a nunnery. I would presume, therefore, that however and whenever she ended her days, it must have been under the cognomen of "*Maid Marian*." And as her husband lived for some years in the forest after the accession of John, I should think it scarcely likely that after such a great lapse of time, and after the change which had taken place in Matilda both as regards her worldly station and age, and I should presume person, (from such a continued exposure to the air and weather,) John should renew any attempt upon her. I should therefore feel exceedingly gratified if either yourself or Mr. C. Lamb could adduce any historical facts to reconcile all these discrepancies, and to show how the facts, as supposed in the play of "King John and Matilda," could,

\* This is an error of the poet's. His real name was Fitz-Walter, i. e. the son of Walter.



in the natural course of events, and in the very teeth of the declarations made in the history of Robin Hood and his consort, have taken place.

Mark this also;—the historians of Robin Hood and Maid Marian (and their history was written, if not by contemporaries, yet in the next generation; nor is it likely that such a renowned personage should be unnoticed in chronicles for any space of time) all declare that they could not ascertain the fate of Marian after the death of Robin. *His* death and burial are well known, and the inscription to his memory is still extant; but *she* was lost sight of from the time of his decease. How comes it then that Robert Davenport, in the 17th century, should be so well informed, as to know that Matilda ended her days in a nunnery by poison administered by order of king John, when there is *no tradition extant* of the time or manner of *her* decease? We have no other authority than this of Davenport's tragedy on the subject; and I should therefore be inclined to think that he was misinformed, and that the event recorded by him never happened. As to its being *another* Matilda Fitzwalter, it is highly preposterous to imagine. Is it likely that at the same time there should be two barons of that name and title, each having a daughter named Matilda or Maud? Davenport calls his baron the *old* baron Fitzwater; and the father of Maid Marian is described as the *old* baron: both must therefore have lived in the reign of Richard I., and also in that of John till their death. Indeed we have proof that the baron was alive in John's reign, because Richard I. having restored him at the same time that he pardoned Fitzooth, *John dispossessed them both* on his accession.

I think it therefore highly improbable that there should have been so remarkable a coincidence as *two* barons Fitzwalter, and *two* Matildas at the same time, and both the latter subject to the unwelcome addresses of John: consequently I cannot give credence, without *proofs*, to the incident in Davenport's play.

I am, Sir,  
respectfully yours,  
"THE VEILED SPIRIT."

May 17, 1827.

P. S.—Since writing the above, my friend F. C. N. suggests to me, that there was a baron Fitzwalter in John's reign, proprietor of Castle Baynard, whose daughter Matilda John saw at a tourney, and being smitten

with her charms, proposed to her father for her as his mistress, (precisely the events connected with Maid Marian;) and being refused, he attacked Castle Baynard, and ultimately destroyed it. However, for the reasons I have before stated, I am decidedly of opinion, that if such a baron was proprietor of Castle Baynard, it must have been the father of Maid Marian, as I cannot suppose that there were *two*. I cannot precisely remember, nor have I any thing at hand to refer to, but I believe it was at a tourney somewhere, that *prince* John first saw *Maud*.

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*For the Table Book.*

THE PHANTOM LIGHT.

What phantom light from yonder lonely tower,  
Glimmers yet paler than the pale moon beam;—  
Breaking the darkness of the midnight hour,—  
What bodes its dismal, melancholy gleam?

'Tis not the brightness of that glorious light,  
That bursts in splendour from the hoary north;  
'Tis not the pharos of the dangerous night,  
Mid storms and winds benignly shining forth.

Still are the waves that wash this desert shore,  
No breath is there to fill the fisher's sail;  
Yet round yon isle is heard the distant roar  
Of billows writhing in a tempest's gale.

Doomed are the mariners that rashly seek  
To land in safety on that dreadful shore;  
For once engulfed in the forbidden creek,  
Their fate is sealed—they're never heard of more.

For spirits there exert unholy sway—  
When favoured by the night's portentous gloom—  
Seduce the sailor from his trackless way,  
And lure the wretch to an untimely doom.

A demon tenant's yonder lonely tower,  
A dreadful compound of hell, earth, and air;  
To-night he visits not his favourite bower,  
So pale the light that faintly glimmers there.

In storms he seeks that solitary haunt,  
And, with their lord, a grim unearthly crew;  
Who, while they join in wild discordant chant,  
The mystic revels of their race pursue.

But when the fiends have gained their horrid lair,  
The light then bursts forth with a blood-red glare;  
And phantom forms will flit along the wave,  
Whose corsers long had tenanted the grave.

## A GROVE

THE FORMATION OF ONE WITH A VIEW  
TO THE PICTURESQUE.

The prevailing character of a grove is *beauty*; fine trees are lovely objects; a grove is an assemblage of them; in which every individual retains much of its own peculiar elegance; and whatever it loses is transferred to the superior beauty of the whole. To a grove, therefore, which admits of endless variety in the disposition of the trees, differences in their shapes and their greens are seldom very important, and sometimes they are detrimental. Strong contrasts scatter trees which are thinly planted, and which have not the connection of underwood; they no longer form one plantation; they are a number of single trees. A thick grove is not indeed exposed to this mischief, and certain situations may recommend different shapes and different greens for their effects upon the *surface*; but in the *outline* they are seldom much regarded. The eye attracted into the depth of the grove passes by little circumstances at the entrance; even varieties in the form of the line do not always engage the attention: they are not so apparent as in a continued thicket, and are scarcely seen, if they are not considerable.

But the surface and the outline are not the only circumstances to be attended to. Though a grove be beautiful as an object, it is besides delightful as a spot to walk or to sit in; and the choice and the disposition of the trees for effects *within* are therefore a principal consideration. Mere irregularity alone will not please: strict order is there more agreeable than absolute confusion; and some meaning better than none. A regular plantation has a degree of beauty; but it gives no satisfaction, because we know that the same number of trees might be more beautifully arranged. A disposition, however, in which the lines only are broken, without varying the distances, is less natural than any; for though we cannot find straight lines in a forest, we are habituated to them in the hedge-rows of fields; but neither in wild nor in cultivated nature do we ever see trees equidistant from each other: that regularity belongs to art alone. The distances therefore should be strikingly different; the trees should gather into groups, or stand in various irregular lines, and describe several figures: the intervals between them should be contrasted both in shape and in dimensions: a large space should in some places be quite open; in others the trees should be so close

together, as hardly to leave a passage between them; and in others as far apart as the connection will allow. In the forms and the varieties of these groups, these lines, and these openings, principally consists the interior beauty of a grove.

The consequence of variety in the disposition, is variety in the light and shade of the grove; which may be improved by the choice of the trees. Some are impenetrable to the fiercest sunbeam; others let in here and there a ray between the large masses of their foliage; and others, thin both of boughs and of leaves, only check the ground. Every degree of light and shade, from a glare to obscurity, may be managed, partly by the number, and partly by the texture of the trees. Differences only in the manner of their growths have also corresponding effects; there is a closeness under those whose branches descend low and spread wide, a space and liberty where the arch above is high, and frequent transitions from the one to the other are very pleasing. These still are not all the varieties of which the interior of a grove is capable; trees, indeed, whose branches nearly reach the ground, being each a sort of thicket, are inconsistent with an open plantation; but though some of the characteristic distinctions are thereby excluded, other varieties more minute succeed in their place; for the freedom of passage throughout brings every tree in its turn near to the eye, and subjects even differences in foliage to observation. These, slight as they may seem, are agreeable when they occur; it is true they are not regretted when wanting, but a defect of ornament is not necessarily a blemish.

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*For the Table Book.*

## GROVES AND HIGH PLACES.

The heathens considered it unlawful to build temples, because they thought no temple spacious enough for the sun. Hence the saying, *Mundus universus est templum solis*, "The whole world is a temple of the sun." Thus their god Terminus, and others, were worshipped in temples open-roofed. Hills and mountains became the fittest places for their idolatry; and these consecrated hills are the "high places" so often forbidden in the sacred writings. As the number of their gods increased, so the number of their consecrated hills multiplied; and from them their gods and goddesses took names, as Mercurius Cylleus, Venus Erycina, Jupiter Capitolinus. To beautify these holy hills, the places of their idola-

trous worship, they beset them with trees; and thence arose the consecration of groves and woods, from whence also their idols were often named. At length certain choice and select trees began to be consecrated. The French magi, termed Dryadæ, worshipped the oak; the Etrurians worshipped the elm-tree; and amongst the Celtæ, a tall oak was the very idol of Jupiter.

Amongst the Israelites, idolatry began under the judges Othniel and Ehud, and became so common, that they had peculiar priests, whom they termed the prophets of the grove and idols of the grove.

Christians, in the consecration of their churches, make special choice of peculiar saints, by whose name they are called. The heathens consecrated their groves to peculiar idols; whence in profane authors we read of Diana Nemorensis, Diana Arduenna, Albunea Dea, &c., all receiving their names from the groves in which they were worshipped. The idol itself is sometimes called a grove—"Josiah brought out *the grove* from the house of the Lord." It is probable, that in this idol was portrayed the form and similitude of a grove, and that from thence it was called a grove, as those similitudes of Diana's temple, made by Demetrius, were termed temples of Diana.

These customs appear exemplified by inscriptions on coins, medals, in churchyards, and the various buildings commemorated by marble, flowers, and durable and perishing substances. J. R. P.

\* \* The groves round London within a few years have been nearly destroyed by the speculating builders.

J. R. P.'s note may be an excuse for observing, that the "grove" best known, perhaps, to the inhabitants of London is that at Camberwell—a spacious roadway and fine walks, above half a mile in length, between rows of stately trees, from the beginning of the village and ascending the hill to its summit, from whence there is, or rather was, the finest burst of scenery the eye can look upon within the same distance from London. The view is partially obstructed by new buildings, and the character of the "grove" itself has been gradually injured by the breaking up of the adjacent grounds and meadows into brick-fields, and the flanking of its sides with town-like houses. This grove has been the theme of frequent song. Dr. Lettson first gave celebrity to it by his writings, and pleasant residence on its eastern extremity;

and it was further famed by Mr. Maurice in an elegant poem, with delightful engravings on wood. After the death of the benevolent physician, and before the decease of the illustrator of "Indian Antiquities," much of the earth, consecrated by their love and praise, "passed through the fire" in sacrifice to the Moloch of improvement. In a year or two "Grove Hill" may be properly named "Grove Street."

Hampstead, however, is the "place of groves;"—how long it may remain so is a secret in the bosom of speculators and builders. Its first grove, toward, is the noble private avenue from the Hampstead-road to Belsize-house, in the valley between Primrose hill and the hill whereon the church stands, with Mr. Memory-Corner Thompson's remarkable house and lodge at the corner of the pleasant highway to the little village of West-end. In the neighbourhood of Hampstead church, and between that edifice and the heath, there are several old groves. Winding southwardly from the heath, there is a charming little grove in Well Walk, with a bench at the end; whereon I last saw poor Keats, the poet of the "Pot of Basil," sitting and sobbing his dying breath into a handkerchief,—gleaning parting looks towards the quiet landscape he had delighted in—musing, as in his Ode to a Nightingale.

My heart aches, and a drowsy numbness pains  
My sense, as though of hemlock I had drunk,  
Or emptied some dull opiate to the drains  
One minute past, and Lethe-wards had sunk:  
'Tis not through envy of thy happy lot,  
But being too happy in thine happiness,—  
That thou, light-winged Dryad of the trees,  
In some melodious plot

Of beechen green, and shadows numberless,  
Singest of summer in full-throated ease.  
O, for a draught of vintage! that hath been  
Cool'd a long age in the deep-delved earth,  
Tasting of Flora and the country green,  
Dance, and Provencal song, and sunburnt mirth!  
O for a heaker full of the warm south,  
Full of the true, the blushful Hippocrene,  
With beaded bubbles winking at the brim,  
And purple-stained mouth;  
That I might drink, and leave the world unseen,  
And with thee fade away into the forest dim:  
Fade far away, dissolve, and quite forget  
What thou among the leaves hast never known,  
The weariness, the fever, and the fret  
Here, where men sit and hear each other groan;  
Where palsy shakes a few, sad, last gray hairs,  
Where youth grows pale, and spectre-thin, and dies;  
Where but to think is to be full of sorrow  
And leaden-eyed despairs,  
Where beauty cannot keep her lustrous eyes,  
Or new love pine at them beyond to-morrow.



### West Wickham Church, Kent.

—From Beckenham church we walked about two miles along a nearly straight road, fenced off from the adjoining lands, till we reached West Wickham. It was from a painted window in this church that I made the tracing of St. Catherine engraved in the *Every-Day Book*, where some mention is made of the retired situation of this village.

“Wickham Court,” the ancient manor-house adjacent to the church, was formerly the residence of Gilbert West, the translator of Pindar, and author of the “Observations on the Resurrection of Christ,” for which the university of Oxford conferred on him the degree of doctor of laws. “He was very often visited by Lyttelton and Pitt, who, when they were weary of faction and debates, used, at Wickham, to find books and quiet, a decent table, and literary conversation.”\* It was in West’s

society, at Wickham, that lord Lyttelton was convinced of the truth of Christianity. Under that conviction he wrote his celebrated “Dissertation on the Conversion and Apostleship of St. Paul,” which, until the appearance of Paley’s “*Horæ Paulinae*,” was an unrivalled treatise. Mr. Pitt, (the great earl of Chatham,) during his intimacy with West, formed a walk at Wickham Court. In a summer-house of the grounds, Mr. West inscribed the following lines, in imitation of Ausonius, a Latin poet of the fourth century, “*Ad Villam* :”—

Not wrapt in smoky London’s sulphurous clouds,  
And not far distant stands my rural cot ;  
Neither obnoxious to intruding crowds,  
Nor for the good and friendly too remote.

And when too much repose brings on the spleen,  
Or the gay city’s idle pleasures cloy ;  
Swift as my changing wish I change the scene,  
And now the country, now the town enjoy.

\* Dr. Johnson.

The ancient manor of West Wickham was vested in sir Samuel Lennard, bart., from whom it passed to his daughter Mary, the present dowager lady Farnaby, who resides in the manor-house, and with whose permission we were permitted a look at the hall of the mansion, which contains in the windows some painted remains of armorial bearings on glass, removed from the windows of the church. A view in Hasted's "History of Kent" represents the towers of this mansion to have been surmounted by sextagon cones, terminated at the top with the fleur de lis, a bearing in the family arms; these pinnacles have been taken down, the roofs of the towers flattened, and the walls castellated. By a charter of free warren, in the eleventh year of Edward II., a weekly market was granted to West Wickham, but it is no longer held, and Wickham, as a town, has lost its importance.

The manor-house and church are distant from the village about half a mile, with an intervening valley beautifully pleasant, in which is a road from Hayes Common to Addington and Croydon. The church is on a hill, with an old lich-gate, like that at Beckenham, though not so large. At this spot W. sat down, and made the sketch here represented by his graver. Although I had been in the edifice before, I could not avoid another visit to it. At the north-east corner, near the communion table, are many ancient figured tiles sadly neglected, loose in the pavement; some displaced and lying one upon the other. Worst of all,—and I mean offence to no one, but surely there is blame somewhere,—the ancient stone font, which is in all respects perfect, has been removed from its original situation, and is thrown into a corner. In its place, at the west end, from a nick (not a niche) between the seats, a little trivet-like iron bracket swings in and out, and upon it is a wooden hand-bowl, such as scullions use in a kitchen sink; and in this hand-bowl, of about twelve inches diameter, called a font, I found a common blue-and-white Staffordshire-ware halfpint basin. It might be there still; but, while inveighing to my friend W. against the depravation of the fine old font, and the substitution of such a paltry modicum, in my vehemence I fractured the crockery. I felt that I was angry, and, perhaps, I sinned; but I made restitution beyond the extent that would replace the baptismal slop-basin.

The fragments of old painted glass in the windows of this church are really fine.

The best are, St. Anne teaching the virgin to read; whole lengths of St. Christopher wading, with the infant Saviour bearing the globe in his hand; an elderly female saint, very good; and a skeleton with armour before him. Some years ago, collectors of curiosities paid their attentions to these windows, and carried off specimens: since then wires have been put up on the outside. On the walls are hung pennons, with an iron helmet, sword, spurs, gloves, and other remains of a funereal pageant. A small organ stands on the floor: the partitions of some of the pews are very ancient

## Topography.

### GODSTOW NUNNERY,

#### NEAR OXFORD.

The wild-flower waves, in lonely bloom,  
On Godstow's desolated wall:  
There thin shades fit through twilight gloom,  
And murmured accents feebly fall.  
The aged hazel nurtures there  
Its hollow fruit, so seeming fair,  
And lightly throws its humble shade,  
Where Rosamonda's form is laid,

The rose of earth, the sweetest flower  
That ever graced a monarch's breast,  
In vernal beauty's loveliest hour,  
Beneath that sod was laid to rest.  
In vain the bower of love around  
The Dædalæan path was wound:  
Alas! that jealous hate should find  
The clue for love alone designed!

The venom'd bowl,—the mandate dire,—  
The menaced steel's uplifted glare,—  
The tear, that quenched the blue eye's fire,—  
The humble, ineffectual prayer:—  
All these shall live, recorded long  
In tragic and romantic song,  
And long a moral charm impart,  
To melt and purify the heart.  
A nation's gem, a monarch's pride,  
In youth, in loveliness, she died:  
The morning sun's ascending ray  
Saw none so fair, so blest, so gay:  
Ere evening came, her funeral knell  
Was tolled by Godstow's convent bell.

The marble tomb, the illumined shrine,  
Their ineffectual splendour gave:  
Where slept in earth the maid divine,  
The votive silk was seen to wave.  
To her, as to a martyred saint,  
His vows the weeping pilgrim poured:

The drooping traveller, sad and faint,  
 Kneelt there, and found his strength restored:  
 To that fair shrine, in solemn hour,  
 Fend youths and blushing maidens came,  
 And gathered from its mystic power  
 A brighter, purer, holier flame:  
 The lightest heart with awe could feel  
 The charm her hovering spirit shed:  
 But superstition's impious zeal  
 Distilled its venom on the dead!

The illumined shrine has passed away;  
 The sculptured stone in dust is laid:  
 But when the midnight breezes play  
 Amid the barren hazel's shade,  
 The lone enthusiast, lingering near,  
 The youth, whom slighted passion grieves,  
 Through fancy's magic spell may hear  
 A spirit in the whispering leaves;  
 And dimly see, while mortals sleep,  
 Sad forms of cloistered maidens move,  
 The transient dreams of life to weep,  
 The fading flowers of youth and love!

#### NOTE.

A small chapel, and a wall, enclosing an ample space, are all now remaining of the Benedictine nunnery at Godstow. A hazel grows near the chapel, the fruit of which is always apparently perfect, but is invariably found to be hollow.

This nunnery derives its chief interest from having been the burial-place of Rosamond. The principal circumstances of her story are thus related by Stowe: "Rosamond, the fair daughter of Walter lord Clifford, concubine to Henry II., (poisoned by queen Eleanor, as some thought,) died at Woodstock, (A. D. 1177,) where king Henry had made for her a house of wonderful working; so that no man or woman might come to her, but he that was instructed by the king, or such as were right secret with him touching the matter. This house, after some, was named Labyrinthus, or Dædalus work, which was wrought like unto a knot in a garden, called a maze: but it was commonly said, that lastly the queen came to her by a clue of thread, or silk, and so dealt with her, that she lived not long after: but when she was dead, she was buried at Godstow, in a house of nuns, beside Oxford, with these verses upon her tomb:

Hic jacet in tumbâ, Rosa mundi, non Rosa munda:  
 Non redolet, sed olet, quæ redolere solet."

After her death, she appears to have been considered as a saint, from the following inscription on a stone cross, which, Leland says, was erected near the nunnery:

Qui meat huc, oret, signumque salutis adoret,  
 Utque sibi detur veniam, Rosamunda precetur.

A fanatical priest, Hugh, bishop of Lincoln, visiting the nunnery at Godstow, and observing a tomb covered with silk, and splendidly illuminated, which he found, on inquiry, to be the tomb of Rosamond, commanded her to be taken up, and buried without the church, lest the Christian religion should grow into contempt. This brutal order was instantly obeyed: but "the chaste sisters," says Speed, "gathered her bones, and put them in a perfumed bag, enclosing them so in lead, and laid them again in the church, under a fair large grave-stone, about whose edges a fillet of brass was inlaid, and thereon written her name and praise: these bones were at the suppression of the nunnery so found."\*

#### ST. MARY MAGDALEN, BERMONDSEY, SURREY.

In the parish register of this church is the following very singular entry:

"The forme of a solemn vowe made betwixt a man and his wife, having been long absent, through which occasion the woman being married to another man, took her again as followeth:

#### THE MAN'S SPEECH.

"Elizabeth, my beloved wife, I am right sorie that I have so long absented myself from thee, whereby thou shouldst be occasioned to take another man to be thy husband. Therefore I do now vowe and promise, in the sight of God and this company, to take thee again as mine owne; and will not onlie forgive thee, but also dwell with thee, and do all other duties unto thee, as I promised at our marriage."

#### THE WOMAN'S SPEECH.

"Raphé, my beloved husband, I am righte sorie that I have in thy absence taken another man to be my husband; but here, before God and this companie, I do renounce and forsake him, and do promise to keep mysealfe only to thee duringe life, and to performe all the duties which I first promised to thee in our marriage."

Then follows a short occasional prayer, and the entry concludes thus:—

\* From the "Genius of the Thames, a Lyrical Poem, with Notes, by Thomas Love Peacock," 1810.

"The first day of August, 1604, Raphe Goodchilde, of the parish of Barking, in Thames-street, and Elizabeth, his wife, were agreed to live together, and thereupon gave their hands one to another, making either of them a solemn vow so to do in the presence of us,

"WILLIAM STERE,—*Parson.*

"EDWARD COKER; and

"RICHARD EYERS,—*Clerk.*"

There is also in the same register the following entry:—

"James Herriot, Esq. and Elizabeth Josey, gent. were married June 4th, 1624-5.—N. B. This James Herriott was one of the *forty* children of his father, a Scotchman."

*Query.*—Was this James Herriot related to George Heriot, the munificent founder of the hospital at Edinburgh, who died at London in January of the same year?

## BROUGH, WESTMORELAND.

The church at Brough is a pretty large handsome building. The steeple is not so old; having been built about the year 1513, under the direction of Thomas Blenkinsop, of Helbeck, Esq. There are in it four excellent bells, by much the largest in the county, except the great bell at Kirkby Thore. Concerning these bells at Brough, there is a tradition that they were given by one *Brunskill*, who lived upon Stanemore, in the remotest part of the parish, and had a great many cattle. One time it happened that his bull fell a bellowing, which, in the dialect of the country, is called *cruning*, (this being the Saxon word to denote that vociferation.) Whereupon he said to one of his neighbours, "Hearest thou how loud this bull crunes? If these cattle should all crune together, might they not be heard from Brough hither?" He answered, "Yea." "Well, then," says *Brunskill*, "I'll make them all crune together." And he sold them all; and with the price thereof he bought the said bells, (or perhaps he might get the old bells new cast and made larger.)—There is a monument in the church, in the south wall, between the highest and second windows, under which, it is said, the said *Brunskill* was the last that was interred.

The pulpit is of stone. There was heretofore a handsome *reading desk*, given by sir *Cuthbert Buckle*, knight, vintner in London, who was born upon Stanemore in this parish, and was lord mayor of London in the year 1593. His name was upon the desk thus:—"By Cuthbert Buckle, Anno Domini 1576." He built also a bridge upon Stanemore, which still bears the name of *Buckle's Bridge*; and gave eight pounds a year to a school upon Stanemore.

## For the Table Book.

### TO MY PSEUDO-MUSE.

Hence, thou tormenting wayward Being!  
For ever courting, trifling, sneering,  
Thou *Erysipelas* of thrall:  
For ever, with thine addled hatch,  
I'll shun thee as an arrant Scratch,  
Unworthy to be scratch'd at all.

Thy Sonnets, staves, and stanzas rhyming  
To every key, to every chiming,  
St. *Vitus' Dance* is ease to Thee:  
Thou shalt no more provoke my Quill  
To deeds of labour, or of skill,  
Thou *cacoëthes mise-re*.

Promethean fire—Parnassus smiling,  
Helicon's spirituous drops beguiling,—  
Where'er thou com'st—whate'er thou be;  
The *Vagrant Act* may take thee in;  
I'll drive thee out as Satan's sin  
Thou worse than *fire of Anthony*.

Hence Jade! tormentress of the feelings;—  
Thou *Witch of End-or* like revealings:—  
Go—haunt the brains, not frenzy past:  
I'll haste to Monmouth Street and buy  
A suit of Prose—then joyful cry  
*Ecce Stultus!* grown wise at last.

If thou shou'd'st to my brain-door, knocking,  
Come with thy wheedling-pamby, mocking;  
I'll catch thee *vi et armis*:—then  
By *Habeas Corpus* to the *Pleas*—  
—*Sure* I will rob thee of degrees,  
And scare thee from my *Smithfield Pen*.

If I'm asleep—then thou art waiting,  
Angler-like, with thy couplets baiting,  
To drag my crazy thought to light:  
Awake! thy float, with stanza-hook,  
Is ever dipping in *Mal-Brook*—  
I'll brook no more—if sense is right.

## BATHING.

I do not know any author who has reckoned man among the amphibious race of animals; neither do I know any animal that better deserves it. Man is lord of the little ball on which he treads, one half of which, at least, is water. If we do not allow him to be amphibious, we deprive him of half his sovereignty. He justly bears that name, who can *live* in the water. Many of the disorders incident to the human frame are prevented, and others cured, both by fresh and salt bathing; so that we may properly remark, "*He lives in the water* who can find life, nay, even *health* in that friendly element."

The greatest treasure on earth is health; but a treasure, of all others, the least valued by the owner. Other property is best rated when in possession, but this can only be rated when lost. We sometimes observe a man, who, having lost this inestimable jewel, seeks it with an ardour equal to its worth; but when every research by land is eluded, he fortunately finds it in the water. Like the fish, he pines away upon shore, but, like that, recovers again in the deep.

The cure of disease among the Romans, by bathing, is supported by many authorities; among others, by the number of baths frequently discovered, in which pleasure, in that warm climate, bore a part. But this practice seemed to decline with Roman freedom, and never after held the eminence it deserved. Can we suppose the physician slept between the disease and the bath to hinder their junction; or, that he lawfully holds by prescription the tenure of sickness in *fee*?

## Rural Sports.

## ANGLING.

When genial spring a living warmth bestows,  
And o'er the year her verdant mantle throws,  
No swelling inundation hides the grounds,  
But crystal currents glide within their bounds;  
The finny brood their wonted haunts forsake,  
Float in the sun, and skim along the lake,  
With frequent leap they range the shallow streams,  
Their silver coats reflect the dazzling beams.  
Now let the fisherman his toils prepare,  
And arm himself with every wat'ry snare;  
His hooks, his lines peruse with careful eye,  
Increase his tackle, and his rode retie.

When floating clouds their spongy fleeces drain,  
Troubling the streams with swift-descending rain,  
And waters tumbling down the mountain's side,  
Bear the loose soil into the swelling tide;  
Then, soon as vernal gales begin to rise,  
And drive the liquid burthen thro' the skies,  
The fisher to the neighbouring current speeds,  
Whose rapid surface purls, unknown to weeds;  
Upon a rising border of the brook  
He sits him down, and ties the treach'rous hook;  
Now expectation cheers his eager thought,  
His bosom glows with treasures yet uncaught;  
Before his eyes a banquet seems to stand,  
Where every guest applauds his skilful hand.

Far up the stream the twisted hair he throws,  
Which down the murr'ring current gently flows;  
When if or chance, or hunger's pow'ful sway,  
Directs the roving trout this fatal way,  
He greedily sucks in the twining bait,  
And tugs and nibbles the fallacious meat:  
Now, happy fisherman, now twitch the line!  
How thy rod bends! behold, the prize is thine!  
Cast on the bank, he dies with gasping pains,  
And trickling blood his silver mail distains.

You must not ev'ry worm promiscuous use,  
Judgment will tell thee proper bait to choose;  
The worm that draws a long immoderate size  
The trout abhors, and the rank morsel flies;  
And if too small, the naked fraud's in sight,  
And fear forbids, while hunger does invite.  
Those baits will best reward the fisher's pains,  
Whose polish'd tails a shining yellow stains:  
Cleanse them from filth, to give a tempting gloss,  
Cherish the sully'd reptile race with moss;  
Amid the verdant bed they twine, they toil,  
And from their bodies wipe their native soil.

But when the sun displays his glorious beams,  
And shallow rivers flow with silver streams,  
Then the deceit the scaly breed survey,  
Bask in the sun, and look into the day.  
You now a more delusive art must try,  
And tempt their hunger with the curious fly.

To frame the little animal, provide  
All the gay hues that wait on female pride:  
Let nature guide thee; sometimes golden wire  
The shining bellies of the fly require;  
The peacock's plumes thy tackle must not fail,  
Nor the dear purchase of the sable's tail.  
Each gaudy bird some slender tribute brings,  
And lends the growing insect proper wings:  
Silks of all colours must their aid impart,  
And ev'ry fur promote the fisher's art.  
So the gay lady, with expensive care,  
Borrows the pride of land, of sea, and air;  
Furs, pearls, and plumes, the glittering thing displays,  
Dazzles our eyes, and easy hearts betrays.

Mark well the various seasons of the year,  
How the succeeding insect race appear;  
In this revolving moon one colour reigns,  
Which in the next the fickle trout disdains.



Of have I seen a skilful angler try  
 The various colours of the treach'rous fly;  
 When he with fruitless pain hath skimm'd the brook,  
 And the coy fish rejects the skipping hook,  
 He shakes the boughs that on the margin grow,  
 Which o'er the stream a waving forest throw;  
 When if an insect fall, (his certain guide)  
 He gently takes him from the whirling tide;  
 Examines well his form with curious eyes,  
 His gaudy vest, his wings, his horns, and size.  
 Then roud his hook the chosen far he winds,  
 And on the back a speckled feather binds;  
 So just the colours shine thro' every part,  
 That Nature seems to live again in art,  
 Let not thy wary steps advance too near,  
 While all thy hope hangs on a single hair:  
 The new-form'd insect on the water moves,  
 The speckled trout the curious snare approves;  
 Upon the curling surface let it glide,  
 With nat'ral motion from thy hand supply'd,  
 Against the stream now gently let it play,  
 Now in the rapid eddy roll away.  
 The scaly shoals float by, and seiz'd with fear,  
 Behold their fellows toss'd in thinner air;  
 But soon they leap, and catch the swimming bait,  
 Plunge on the hook, and share an equal fate.

When a brisk gale against the current blows,  
 And all the wat'ry plain in wrinkles flows,  
 Then let the fisherman his art repeat,  
 Where bubbling eddies favour the deceit.  
 If an enormous salmon chance to spy  
 The wanton errors of the floating fly,  
 He lifts his silver gills above the flood,  
 And greedily sucks in th' unfaithful food;  
 Then downward plunges with the fraudulent prey,  
 And bears with joy the little spoil away.  
 Soon in smart pain he feels the dire mistake,  
 Lashes the wave, and beats the foamy lake:  
 With sudden rage he now aloft appears,  
 And in his eye convulsive anguish bears;  
 And now again, impatient of the wound,  
 He rolls and wreaths his shining body round;  
 Then headlong shoots beneath the dashing tide,  
 The trembling fins the boiling wave divide;  
 Now hope exalts the fisher's beating heart,  
 Now he turns pale, and fears his dubious art:  
 He views the tumbling fish with longing eyes;  
 While the line stretches with th' unwieldy prize;  
 Each motion humours with his steady hands,  
 And one slight hair the mighty bulk commands:  
 Till tir'd at last, despoil'd of all his strength,  
 The game athwart the stream unfolds his length.  
 He now, with pleasure, views the gasping prize  
 Gnash his sharp teeth, and roll his blood-shot eyes;  
 Then draws him to the shore, with artful care,  
 And lifts his nostrils in the sick'ning air:  
 Upon the burthen'd stream he floating lies,  
 Stretching his quivering fins, and gasping dies.

Would you preserve a num'rous finny race?  
 Let your fierce dogs the rav'nous otter chase;  
 Th' amphibious monster ranges all the shores,  
 Darts through the waves, and ev'ry haunt explores:

Or let the gin his roving steps betray,  
 And save from hostile jaws the scaly prey.

I never wander where the bordering reeds  
 O'erlook the muddy stream, whose tangling weeds  
 Perplex the fisher; I, nor choose to bear  
 The thievish nightly net, nor barbed spear;  
 Nor drain I ponds the golden carp to take,  
 Nor troll for pikes, dispeoplers of the lake.  
 Around the steel no tortur'd worm shall twine,  
 No blood of living insect stain my line;  
 Let me, less cruel, cast the feather'd hook,  
 With pliant rod athwart the pebbled brook,  
 Silent along the mazy margin stray,  
 And with the fur-wrought fly delude the prey.

Gay.

## GOOD-LIVING.

### A DOMESTIC SCENE.

*Gent.* I wish, my dear, you would not keep the carriage an hour always at the door, when we go to a party.

*Lady.* Surely, my dear, it could not have waited half so long; and that was owing to the unusual length of our rubber.

*Gent.* I feel exceedingly unwell this evening, my head aches confoundedly, and my stomach is very uneasy.

*Lady.* You know, my dear, Mr. Abernethy told you, that after such a severe fit you ought to be very careful and moderate in your living.

*Gent.* Mr. Abernethy is a fool. Can any body be more moderate than I am? you would have me live upon water-gruel, I suppose. The rich pudding, indeed, that Mrs. Belcour made me eat, might possibly not have sat quite easy on the soup, and the salmon, and the chicken and ham, and the harrico, and the turkey and sausages; or, it is possible, the patties I eat before dinner might not perfectly agree with me, for I had by no means a good appetite when I sat down to dinner.

*Lady.* And then, you know, you eat so many cakes, and such a quantity of almonds and raisins, and oranges after dinner.

*Gent.* How could I have got down Belcour's insufferable wine, that tasted of the cork, like the fag bottle at a tavern dinner, without eating something?

*Lady.* And I am sure you drank a glass of Madeira with every mouthful almost at dinner; for I observed you.

*Gent.* Why how could one swallow such ill-dressed things, half cold too, without drinking? I can't conceive what makes me feel so unwell this evening; these flatu-

lencies will certainly kill me. It must be the easterly wind we have had for these three days that affects me: indeed, most of my acquaintance are complaining, and the doctors say, disorders are very prevalent now.—What can I *have*? John, make me a tumbler of brandy and water—make it strong, and put ginger enough in it. I have not the least appetite—what *can* I have?

*Lady.* There is ham, and, I believe, some chicken—

*Gent.* Why, do you think I have the stomach of a ploughman, that I can eat such insipid things! Is there nothing else?

*Lady.* There is a loin of pork—perhaps you could relish a chop, nicely done?

*Gent.* Why, if it *was* nicely done, *very* nicely, perhaps I *could*; I'll *try*—but remember it must be done *to a moment*, or I shan't be able to touch it—and made *hot*—and some nice gravy. Confound these parties!—could any thing be more stupid. While Martin was sleeping on one side of me, there was Bernard on the other did nothing but bore me about his horses, and his wines, and his pictures, till I wished them all at old Harry—I think I shall have done with parties.

*Lady.* I am sure, my dear, they are no pleasure to me; and, if they were, I pay dear enough for it: for you generally come home in an ill humour—and your health and your pocket too suffer for it. Your *last* bill came to more than ninety pounds, besides your expenses at Cheltenham—and the *next* thing, I suppose, will be a voyage to Madeira, or Lisbon—and then what will *become* of us?

*Gent.* What, do you grudge me the necessities of life? It is I that am the sufferer—

*Lady.* Not entirely so: I am sure I feel the effects of it, and so do the servants. Your temper is so entirely changed, that the poor children are afraid to go near you—you make every body about you miserable, and you know Smith lost his cause from your not being able to attend at the last assizes, which will be nearly the ruin of him and his family. Two days before you were tolerably well, but after you had dined at —'s, you were laid up.

*Gent.* Nay, I was as much concerned at it as any body could be; and I think I had reason to be so, for I lost three hundred pounds myself—but who can help illness? Is it not a visitation of Providence? I am sure nobody can live more temperately than I do—do you ever see me drunk?

A'n't I as regular as clockwork? Indeed, my dear, if you cannot talk more rationally, you had better go to bed. John! why don't you bring the brandy and water! and see if the chop is ready; if I am not better in the morning, I am sure I shall not be able to attend my appointment in the city—

There will always be a few ready to receive the hints of experience, and to them only can this scene be useful.

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## DRINKING.

Lime applied to trees makes them put forth leaves and flourish, and produce fruit early, but then it kills them. Wine cheers and stimulates men, and makes them thrust forth flowers of wit; but, then, there is no doubt it shortens life.\*

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## KNOWLEDGE OF THE WORLD.

BY ST. EVREMOND.

The first thing by which we know men, is the physiognomy, the colour, and the lineaments of the face; the briskness, the air, the motion of the body, the action, the sound of the voice, the aspect, &c.: and there is no man, but at first sight we are either well or ill affected towards him. Every man makes some impressions upon us of what he is; but these impressions, being sudden, are not always certain, a little frequent conversation with him perfects our knowledge of him.

Heat the man with whom you keep company; endeavour to draw him in to make a long discourse, and then you will easily perceive the greatness or meanness of his wit, his civility, his inclination to vice or virtue, and to what kind of vice or virtue he is most inclined; whether he be sincere in his speech or a man of artifice; whether he aggravates matters, if he be a liar, or a proud man, and to what degree he carries his good or bad qualities.

Study well the persons with whom you converse familiarly, and with least circumspection. Examine them when they are sedate, in an obliging humour; and when they are in anger, in a disdainful and morose humour. When something vexes or

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\* Perron.

pleases them, observe them in their sorrow and disgrace, in their pleasures, in their advancement, and in their humiliation. Be attentive to their discourse in all these several states, consider their behaviour, their sentiments, their projects, and the different motions which their passions, their ranks, and their affairs, produce in them.

Moreover, endeavour also to know yourself very well; consider in all the different states, wherein good or bad fortune has placed you, the designs which you pursue, and the resolutions for doing good or evil, you are capable of making. These several observations upon yourself and others will infallibly make you know mankind. And the reason of it is this:—all men, and even philosophers themselves, are, more or less, subject to the same passions, and all of them think very nearly after the same manner.

Of the most excellent qualities, that of knowing the world is most necessary for our behaviour, and for our fortune:—for our *behaviour*, because otherwise our life is liable to continual crosses, and is nothing else but one continued series of extravagancies, which will bring upon us a thousand bad businesses:—for our *fortune*, because if we do not know men, we cannot make use of them in that way which is most convenient with respect to our interest. It is necessary therefore to know them, and to behave ourselves with each of them after such a manner as is most agreeable to their character. A prudent man, with respect to others, is like a master who knows all the springs of an engine, and makes them play as he pleases, either for his pleasure or advantage.

It seems to me, that our first motion should be to distrust the world in general, and even to have a bad opinion of it. The world, such as it should be, is full of virtue; but as we see it, it is full of wickedness and malice; and this latter world is that we should endeavour to know well, because we live in it, and it concerns us very much to avoid its deceptions.

But why should we have so bad an opinion of the world? Why, because men are born with a bad disposition, and they carry in their heart at their birth the source of all vices, and an aversion to all virtues, which would hinder their singularity; and which they cannot acquire but by such pains as they are not willing to take. Yet I do not say that we must therefore think ill of all particular persons, but it is good to know them.

## THE TONGA ISLANDS.

Wild and straggling as the flowers  
Is human nature there;  
Uncultivated all its powers  
In that secluded air:  
The passions fiery, bold, and strong,  
Impetuous urge their course along,  
Like mountain torrent rolling,  
More rapid as the more confined,  
Far leaving Reason's rules behind,  
No curb of law controlling!  
The spectre Superstition there  
Sits trembling on her gloomy throne!  
Pale child of Ignorance and Fear,  
Embodying shapes of things unknown:  
When, when shall rise the glorious morn  
Of heavenly radiance unconfined?  
When shall the mental veil be torn,  
And God be known by all mankind?

Full many a ray must pierce the soul,  
Ere darkness quits the southern pole:  
Yet here are maidens kind and true  
As ever northern pencil drew;  
And here are warriors brave and young  
As ever northern minstrel sung!  
And see, upon the valley's side  
With fairy footstep lightly glide  
A train of virgins soft and fair,  
With sparkling eyes and shining hair,  
As beauteous as the flowers they bear—  
Fresh flowers of every scent and hue,  
Besprinkled with the morning dew,  
Which they have risen before the sun  
To gather for some favourite one.

It is a custom at Tonga for the young women to gather flowers in the earlier part of the morning, and twine them on their return into various ornaments, for themselves, and their relations and friends. They gather them at sunrise while the dew of the morning is still fresh on them; because, when plucked at that time, their fragrance is of longer continuance.\*

## SENSIBILITY IN A RAVEN.

In 1785 there was living at the Red Lion inn, Hungerford, Wiltshire, a raven, respecting which a correspondent communicated to "Mr. Urban" the following anecdote:—

His name, I think, is "Rafe:" and you must know, that going into that inn, my chaise ran over, or bruised, the leg of my Newfoundland dog. While we were examining the injury done to the dog's foot,

\* From the "Ocean Cavern, a Tale of the Tonga Islands," 1819.

Rafe was evidently a concerned spectator ; for, the minute the dog was tied up under the manger with my horses, Rafe not only visited, but fetched him bones, and attended upon him with particular and repeated marks of kindness. The bird's notice of the dog was so marked, that I observed it to the hostler. John then told me, that the raven had been bred from his pin-feather in intimacy with a dog ; that the affection between them was mutual ; and that all the neighbourhood had often been witnesses of the innumerable acts of kindness they had conferred upon each other. Rafe's poor dog, after a while, unfortunately broke his leg ; and during the long time he was confined, Rafe waited upon him constantly, carried him his provisions daily, and never scarce left him alone. One night, by accident, the hostler had shut the stable door, and Rafe was deprived of the company of his friend the whole night ; but the hostler found in the morning the bottom of the door so pecked away, that, had it not been opened, Rafe would, in another hour, have made his own entrance-port. I then inquired of my landlady, (a sensible woman,) and heard what I have related confirmed by her, with several other singular traits of the kindnesses this bird showed to all dogs in general, but particularly to maimed or wounded ones.

### DIAMONDS.

And the sparkling stars began to shine,  
Like scatter'd gems in the diamond mine.

The diamond is chiefly found in the provinces of Golconda and Visiapour, and also in that of Bengal. Raolconda, in Visiapour, and Gandicotta, are famed for their mines ; as is Coulour in Golconda. The diamond is generally found in the narrow crevices of the rocks, loose, and never adherent to the fixed stratum. The miners, with long iron rods, which have hooks at the ends, pick out the contents of the fissures, and wash them in tubs, in order to extricate the diamonds. In Coulour they dig on a large plain, to the depth of ten or fourteen feet ; forty thousand persons are employed ; the men to dig, and the women and children to carry the earth to the places where it is deposited till the search is made.\*

\* A note to the "Ocean Cavern."

### STOICAL WIT.

Zeno detected his slave in a theft, and ordered him to be *flogged*. The slave having in mind the dogmas of his master, and thinking to compliment him, in order to save himself from punishment, exclaimed—"It was *fated* that I should commit this theft."—"And *also* that you should be *flogged* for it," replied Zeno.

### CAMBRIDGE WIT.

When Dr. Jeggon, afterwards bishop of Norwich, was master of Bennet College, Cambridge, he punished all the under graduates for some general offence ; and because he disdained to convert the penalty-money into private use, it was expended on new whitening the hall of the college. A scholar hung the following verses on the screen :—

"Dr. Jeggon, Bennet College master,  
Broke the scholars' heads, and gave the walls a plaster."

The doctor, perusing the paper, wrote underneath, extempore :—

"Knew I but the wag that writ these verses in bravery,  
I'd commend him for his wit, but whip him for his knavery."

### SENTENCES

#### WORTHY TO BE GOT BY HEART.

As you cannot overtake time, the best way is to be always a few minutes before him.

Whatever your situation in life may be, lay down your plan of conduct for the day. The half hours will glide smoothly on, without crossing or jostling each other.

When you set about a good work, do not rest till you have completed it.

In the morning, think on what you are to do in the day, and at night, think on what you have done.

Religion is the best armour, but the worst cloak.

If you make an intentional concealment of any thing in a court of judicature, it will lie like lead upon your conscience all the days of your life.

Do as you wish to be done by. Follow this rule, and you will need no force to keep you honest.

# INDEXES.

- I. GENERAL INDEX.
- II. CORRESPONDENTS' INDEX.
- III. INDEX TO THE POETRY.
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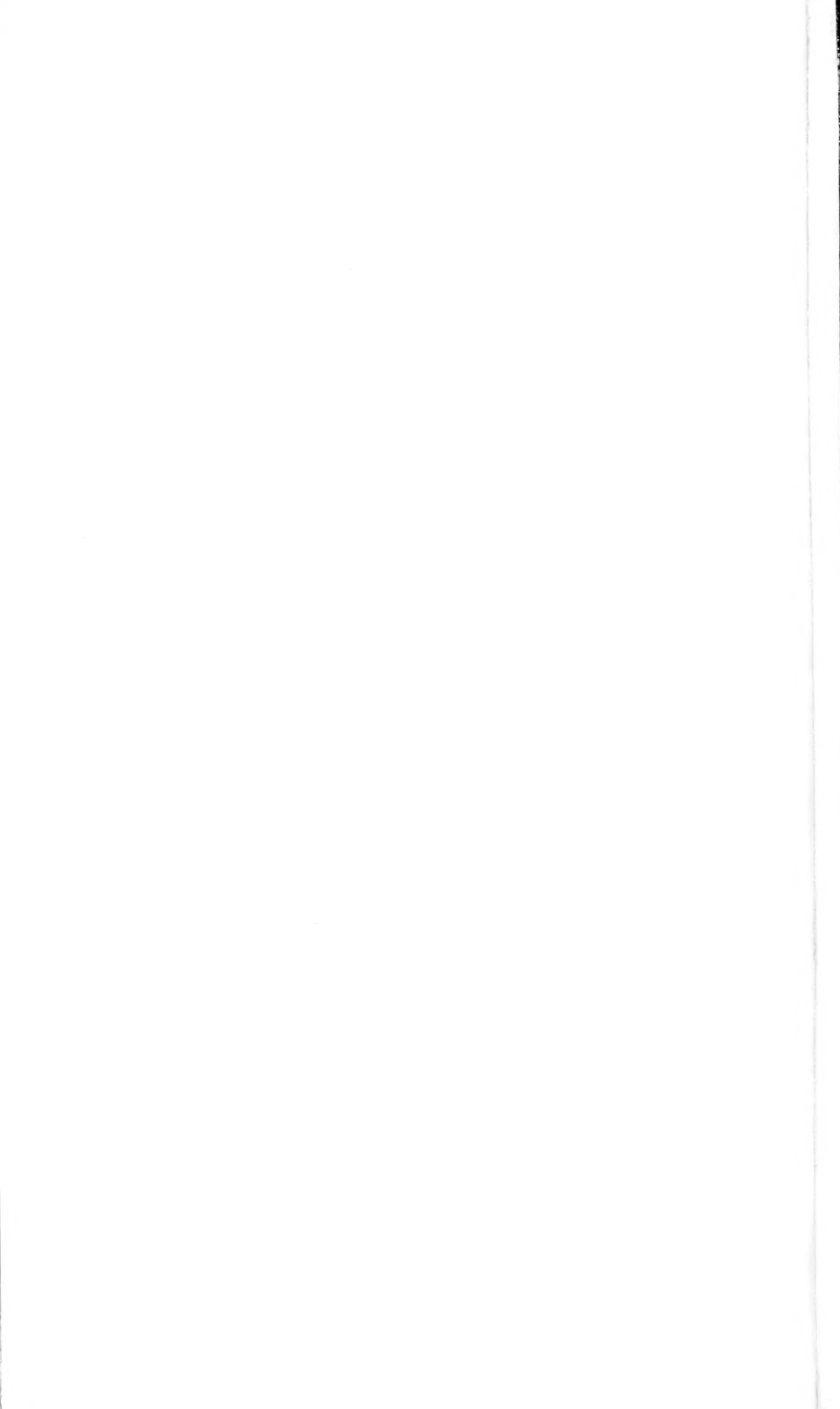
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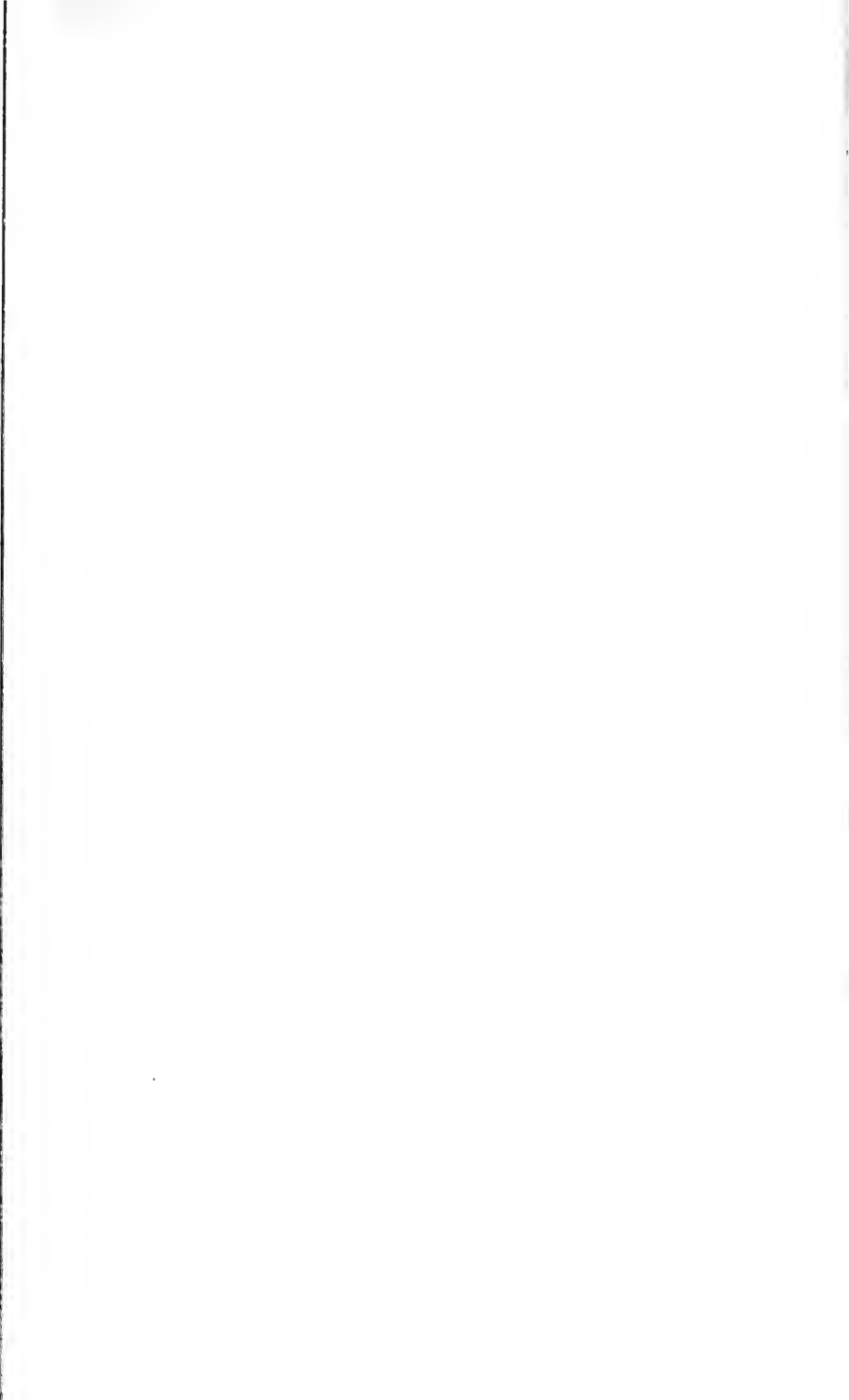
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